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THE

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XIV.

On the third morning after Torrini's expulsion from the yard, Mr. Slocum walked into the studio with a printed slip in his hand. A similar slip lay crumpled under a work-bench, where Richard had tossed it. Mr. Slocum's kindly visage was full of trouble and perplexity as he raised his eyes from the paper, which he had been re-reading on the way up-stairs.

"Look at that!"

"Yes," remarked Richard, "I have been honored with one of those documents."

"What does it mean?"

"It means business."

The paper in question contained a series of resolutions unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Marble Workers Association of Stillwater, held in Grimsey's Hall the previous night. Dropping the preamble, these resolutions, which were neatly printed with a type-writing machine on a half letter sheet, ran as follows: —

Resolved, That on and after the First of June proximo, the pay of carvers in Slocum's Marble Yard shall be $2.75 per day, instead of $2.50 as heretofore.

Resolved, That on and after the same date, the rubbers and polishers shall have $2.00 per day, instead of $1.75 as heretofore.

Resolved, That on and after the same date the millmen are to have $2.00 per day, instead of $1.75 as heretofore.

Resolved, That during the months of June, July, and August the shops shall knock off work on Saturdays at five P. M., instead of at six P. M.

Resolved, That a printed copy of these Resolutions be laid before the Proprietor of Slocum's Marble Yard, and that his immediate attention to them be respectfully requested.

Per order of Committee M. W. A.

"Torrini is at the bottom of that," said Mr. Slocum.

"I hardly think so. This arrangement, as I told you the other day before I had the trouble with him, has been in contemplation several weeks. Undoubtedly Torrini used his influence to hasten the movement already planned. The Association has too much shrewdness to espouse the quarrel of an individual."

"What are we to do?"

"If you are in the same mind you were when we talked over the possibility of an unreasonable demand like this, there is only one thing to do."

"Fight it?"

"Fight it."

"I have been resolute, and all that sort of thing, in times past," observed Mr. Slocum, glancing out of the tail of his eye at Richard's face to see if it denoted any incredulity, "and have always come off second best. The Association has drawn up most of my rules for me, and had its own way generally."

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"Since my time you have never been in so strong a position to make a stand. We have got all the larger contracts out of the way. Foreseeing what was likely to come, I have lately fought shy of taking new ones. Here are heavy orders from Rafter & Son, the Builders Company and others. We must decline them by to-night's mail."

"Is it really necessary?" asked Mr. Slocum, knitting his forehead into what would have been a scowl if his mild pinkish eyebrows had permitted it.

"I think so."

"I hate to do that."

"Then we are at the mercy of the Association."

"If we do not come to their terms, you seriously believe they will strike?"

"I do," replied Richard, "and we should be in a pretty fix."

"But these demands are ridiculous."

"The men are not aware of our situation; they imagine we have a lot of important jobs on hand, as usual at this season. Formerly the foreman of a shop had access to the order-book, but for the last year or two I have kept it in the safe here. The other day Dexter came to me and wanted to see what work was set down ahead in the blotter; but I had an inspiration and did n't let him post himself."

"Is not some kind of compromise possible?" suggested Mr. Slocum, looking over the slip again. "Now this fourth clause, about closing the yard an hour earlier on Saturdays, I don't strongly object to that, though with eighty hands it means, every week, eighty hours' work which the yard pays for and does n't get."

"I should advise granting that request. Such concessions are never thrown away. With that one hour in prospect, the men would do more work on Saturday than on any other day in the week. You would likely enough lose nothing there. But, Mr. Slocum, this is not going to satisfy them. They have thrown in one reasonable demand merely to flavor the rest. I happen to know that they are determined to stand by their programme to the last letter."

"You know that?"

"I have a friend at court. Of course this is not to be breathed, but Denyven, without being at all false to his comrades, talks freely with me. He says they are resolved not to give in an inch."

"Then we will close the works."

"That is what I wanted you to say, sir!" cried Richard.

"There is no other course. The demands are preposterous. No city yard is paying carvers two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, or anything like it. With this new scale of prices and plenty of work, we might probably come out a little ahead the next six months; but it would n't pay for the trouble and the capital invested. Then when trade slackened, we should be running at a loss, and there 'd be another wrangle over a reduction. No, I can better afford to shut up shop, Richard."

"Stick to that, sir, and may be it will not be necessary."

"But if they strike" —

"They won't all strike. At least," added Richard, "I hope not. I have indirectly sounded several of the older hands, and they have half promised to hold on; only half promised, for every man of them at heart fears the trades-union more than No-bread — until No-bread comes."

"Whom have you spoken with?"

"Lumley, Giles, Peterson, and some others, — your pensioners, I call them."

"Yes, they were in the yard in my father's time; they have not been worth their salt these ten years. When the business was turned over to me I did n't discharge any old hand who had given his best days to the yard. Somehow I could n't throw away the squeezed lemons. An employer owes a good workman something beyond the wages paid."

"And a workman owes a good employer something beyond the work done. You stood by these men after they outlived their usefulness, and if they do not stand by you now, they 're a shabby set."

"I think they will, Richard."

"I think they had better, and I wish they would. We have enough odds and ends to keep them busy awhile, and I should n't like to have the clinking of chisels die out altogether under the old sheds."

"Nor I," returned Mr. Slocum, with a touch of sadness in his intonation. "It has grown to be a kind of music to me," and he paused to listen to the sounds of ringing steel that floated up from the workshops.

"Whatever happens, that music shall not cease in the yard except on Sundays, if I have to take mallet and chisel and go at a slab all alone."

"Slocum's Yard with a single workman in it would be a pleasing spectacle," said Mr. Slocum, smiling ruefully.

"It would n't be a bad time for *that* workman to strike," returned Richard with a laugh.

"He could dictate his own terms," returned Mr. Slocum, soberly. "Well, I suppose you cannot help thinking about Margaret; but don't think of her now. Tell me what answer you propose to give the Association, — how you mean to put it; for I leave the matter wholly to you. I shall have no hand in it, further than to indorse your action."

"To-morrow, then," said Richard, "for it is no use to hurry up a crisis, I shall go to the workshops and inform them that their request for short hours on Saturdays is granted, but that the other changes they suggest are not to be considered. There will never be a better opportunity, Mr. Slocum, to settle another question which has been allowed to run too long."

"What 's that?"

"The apprentice question."

"Would it be wise to touch on that at present?"

"While we are straightening out matters and putting things on a solid basis, it seems to me essential to settle that. There was never a greater imposition, or one more short-sighted, than this rule which prevents the training of sufficient workmen. The trades-union will discover their error some day when they have succeeded in forcing manufacturers to import skilled labor by the wholesale. I would like to tell the Marble Workers Association that preambles-and-resolutions is a game for two, and that Slocum's Yard has resolved to employ as many apprentices each year as there is room for."

"I would n't dare risk it!"

"It will have to be done, sooner or later. It would be a capital flank movement now. They have laid themselves open to an attack on that quarter."

"I might as well close the gates for good and all."

"So you will, if it comes to that. You can afford to close the gates, and they can't afford to have you. In a week they 'd be back, asking you to open them. Then you could have your pick of the live hands, and drop the deadwood. If Giles or Peterson or Lumley or any of those desert us, they are not to be let on again. I hope you will promise me that, sir."

"If the occasion comes, you shall reorganize the shops in your own way. I have n't the nerve for this kind of business, though I have seen a great deal of it in the village, first and last. Strikes are terrible mistakes. Even when they succeed, what pays for the lost time and the money squandered over the tavern-bar? What makes up for the days or weeks when the fire was out on the hearth and the children had no bread? That is what happens, you know."

"There is no remedy for such calamities," Richard answered. "Yet I can imagine occasions when it would be bet-

ter to let the fire go out and the children want for bread."

"You are not advocating strikes!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum.

"Why not?"

"I thought you were for fighting them."

"So I am, in this instance. I have read all the books I could come across on the subject, and I think I am able to look at the question from the inside as well as from the outside. Every man has the right to set a price on his own labor, and to refuse to work for less; the wisdom of it is another matter. He puts himself in the wrong only when he menaces the person or the property of the man who has an equal right not to employ him. That is the blunder strikers usually make in the end, and one by which they lose public sympathy even when they are fighting an injustice. Now, sometimes it *is* an injustice that is being fought, and then it is right to fight it with the only weapon a poor man has to wield against a power which possesses a hundred weapons,—and that 's a strike. For example, the smelters and casters in the Miantowona Iron Works are meanly underpaid."

"What, have they struck?"

"There 's a general strike threatened in the village; foundry-men, spinners, and all."

"So much the worse for everybody! I did not suppose it was as bad as that. What has become of Torrini?"

"He landed on his feet, like a cat. The day after he left us he was taken on as forgeman at Dana's."

"I 'm glad Dana has got him!"

"At the meeting, last night, Torrini gave in his resignation as secretary of the Association; being no longer a marble worker, he was not qualified to serve."

"We unhorsed him, then?"

"Rather. I am half sorry, too."

"Richard," said Mr. Slocum halting in one of his nervous walks up and down the room, "you are the oddest composition of hardness and softness I ever saw."

"Am I?"

"One moment you stand braced like a lion to fight the whole yard, and the next moment you are pitying a miscreant who would have laid your head open without the slightest compunctions."

"Oh, I forgive him," said Richard. "I was a trifle hasty myself. Margaret thinks so too."

"Much Margaret knows about it!"

"I was inconsiderate, to say the least. When a man picks up a tool by the wrong end he must expect to get cut."

"You did n't have a choice."

"I should n't have touched Torrini. After discharging him and finding him disposed to resist my order to leave the yard, I ought to have called in a constable. Usually it is very hard to anger me; but three or four times in my life I have been carried away by a devil of a temper which I could n't control, it seized me so unawares. That was one of the times."

The mallets and chisels were executing a blithe staccato movement in the yard below, and making the sparks dance. No one walking among the diligent gangs, and observing the placid faces of the men as they bent over their tasks, would have suspected that they were awaiting the word that meant bread and meat and home to them.

Richard Shackford was in no eagerness to pronounce the word. Another day's work would complete the last heavy contract on hand, and it was vital to have that finished. To-morrow he would pronounce it.

As he passed through the shops, dropping a word to a workman here and there, the man addressed looked up cheerfully and made a furtive dab at the brown paper cap, and Richard returned the salute smilingly; but he was sad within. "The foolish fellows," he said to himself, "they are throwing

away a full loaf and are likely to get none at all." Giles and two or three of the ancients were squaring a block of marble under a shelter by themselves. Richard made it a point to cross over and speak to them. In past days he had not been exacting with these old boys, and they always had a welcome for him.

Slocum's Yard seldom presented a serener air of contented industry than it wore that morning; but in spite of all this smooth outside it was a foregone conclusion with most of the men that Slocum, with Shackford behind him, would never submit to the new scale of wages. There were a few who had protested against those resolutions and still disapproved of them, but were forced to go with the Association, which had really been dragged into the current by the other trades.

The Dana Mills and the Miantowona Iron Works were paying lighter wages than similar establishments nearer the great city. The managers contended that they were paying as high if not higher rates, taking into consideration the cheaper cost of living in Stillwater. "But you get city prices for your wares," retorted the union; "you don't pay city rents, and you shall pay city wages." Meetings were held at Grimsey's Hall and the subject was canvassed, at first calmly and then stormily. Among the molders, and possibly the sheet-iron workers, there was cause for dissatisfaction; but the dissatisfaction spread to where no grievance existed; it seized upon the spinners, and finally upon the marble workers. Torrini fanned the flame there. Taking for his text the rentage question, he argued that Slocum was well able to give a trifle more for labor than his city competitors. "The annual rent of a yard like Slocum's would be four thousand or five thousand dollars in the city. It does n't cost Slocum two hundred dollars. It is no more than just that the laborer should have a share — he only asks a beggarly share — of the prosperity which he has helped to build up." This was specious and taking. Then there came down from the great city a glib person disguised as The Workingman's Friend, — no workingman himself, mind you, but a ghoul that lives upon subscriptions and sucks the senses out of innocent human beings, — who managed to set the place by the ears. The result of all which was that one May morning every shop, mill, and factory in Stillwater was served with a notice from the trades-union, and a general strike threatened.

But our business at present is exclusively with Slocum's yard.

XV

"Since we are in for it," said Mr. Slocum the next morning, "put the case to them squarely."

Mr. Slocum's vertebræ had stiffened over night.

"Leave that to me, sir," Richard replied. "I have been shaping out in my mind a little speech which I flatter myself will cover the points. They have brought this thing upon themselves, and we are about to have the clearest of understandings. I never saw the men quieter."

"I don't altogether admire that. It looks as if they had n't any doubt as to the issue."

"The clearest-headed have no doubt; they know as well as you and I do the flimsiness of those resolutions. But the thick heads are in a fog. Every man naturally likes his pay increased; if a simple fellow is told five or six hundred times that his wages ought to be raised, the idea is so agreeable and insidious that by and by he begins to believe himself grossly underpaid, though he may be getting twice what he is worth. He does n't reason about it; that 's the last thing he 'll do for you. In this mood

he lets himself be blown away by the breath of some loud-mouthed demagogue, who has no interest in the matter beyond hearing his own talk and passing round the hat after the meeting is over. That is what has happened to our folks below. But they *are* behaving handsomely."

"Yes, and I don't like it."

Since seven o'clock the most unimpeachable decorum had reigned in the workshops. It was now nine, and this brief dialogue had occurred between Mr. Slocum and Richard on the veranda, just as the latter was on the point of descending into the yard to have his talk with the men.

The workshops — or rather the shed in which the workshops were, for it was one low structure eighteen or twenty feet wide and open on the west side — ran the length of the yard, and with the short extension at the southerly end formed the letter L. There were no partitions, an imaginary line separating the different gangs of workers. A person standing at the head of the building could make himself heard more or less distinctly in the remotest part.

The grating lisp of the wet saws eating their way into the marble bowlder, and the irregular quick taps of the seventy or eighty mallets were not suspended as Richard took his stand beside a tall funereal urn at the head of the principal workshop. After a second's faltering he rapped smartly on the lip of the urn with the key of his studio-door.

Instantly every arm appeared paralyzed, and the men stood motionless, with the tools in their hands.

Richard began in a clear but not loud voice, though it seemed to ring on the sudden silence: —

"Mr. Slocum has asked me to say a few words to you, this morning, about those resolutions, and one or two other matters that have occurred to him in this connection. I am no speech-maker; I never learned that trade" —

"Never learned any trade," muttered Durgin, inaudibly.

— "but I think I can manage some plain, honest talk, for straight-forward men."

Richard's exordium was listened to with painful attention.

"In the first place," he continued, "I want to remind you, especially the newer men, that Slocum's Yard has always given steady work and prompt pay to Stillwater hands. No hand has ever been turned off without sufficient cause, or kept on through mere favoritism. Favors have been shown, but they have been shown to all alike. If anything has gone crooked, it has been straightened out as soon as Mr. Slocum knew of it. That has been the course of the yard in the past, and the Proprietor does n't want you to run away with the idea that that course is going to be changed. One change, for the time being, is going to be made at your own suggestion. From now, until the 1st of September, this yard will close gates on Saturdays at five P. M. instead of at six P. M."

Several voices cried, "Good for Slocum!" "Where's Slocum?" "Why don't Slocum speak for himself?" cried one voice.

"It is Mr. Slocum's habit," answered Richard, "to give his directions to me, I give them to the foremen, and the foremen to the shops. He follows that custom on this occasion. I wish to remind you of another fact. Two years ago trade fell off suddenly. The bad time caught us with a big stock of material. Mr. Slocum thought business would come up again in a few weeks; but it did n't, nor in a few months either. Every other shop in the village was running on half time, or cutting down its force. Not a man was dropped from Slocum's Yard. Slocum's Yard was run at a loss for twelve months and ten days, as I can show you by the books; but Slocum's men had their greenbacks every

Saturday afternoon at six by the clock. [Applause.] It's a bad memory that forgets a thing like that. And it's a precious good memory that can recall the time when Rowland Slocum did not pay the highest price paid anywhere to marble workers. He has always done so, and always expects to; but he does n't expect to do more. With regard to the new scale of wages which the Association has submitted to him, he refuses to accept it, or any modification of it."

A low murmur ran through the workshops.

"What's a modificashun, sir?" asked Jemmy Willson, stepping forward, and scratching his left ear diffidently.

"A modification," replied Richard, considerably embarrassed to give an instant definition, "is a — a" —

"A splitting of the difference, by ——!" shouted somebody in the third shop.

"Thank you," said Richard, glancing in the direction of his impromptu Webster Unabridged. "Mr. Slocum does not propose to split the difference. The wages in every department are to be just what they are, — neither more nor less. If anybody wishes to make a remark," he added, observing a restlessness in several of the men, "I beg he will hold on until I get through. I shall not detain you much longer, as the parson says before he has reached the middle of his sermon.

"What I say now, I was charged to make particularly clear to you. It is this: In future Mr. Slocum intends to run Slocum's Yard himself. Neither you, nor I, nor the Association is to run it for him. [Sensation.] Until now the Association has tied him down to two apprentices a year. From this hour, out, Mr. Slocum will take on, not two, or twenty, but two hundred apprentices if the business warrants it."

The words were not clearly off Richard's lips when the foreman of the shop in which he was speaking picked up a couple of small drills, and knocked them together with a sharp click. In an instant the men laid aside their aprons, bundled up their tools, and marched out of the shed two by two, in dead silence. That same click was repeated almost simultaneously in the second shop, and the same evolution took place. Then click, click, click! went the drills, sounding fainter and fainter in the more distant departments; and in less than three minutes there was not a soul left in Slocum's Yard except the Orator of the Day.

Richard had anticipated some demonstration, either noisy or violent, perhaps both; but this solemn, orderly desertion dashed him.

He stepped into the middle of the yard, and, glancing up, beheld Margaret and Mr. Slocum standing on the veranda. Even at that distance he could perceive the pallor on one face, and the consternation written all over the other.

Hanging his head with sadness, Richard crossed the yard, which gave out mournful echoes to his footfalls, and swung to the large gate, nearly catching old Giles by the heel as he did so. Looking through the slats, he saw Lumley and Peterson hobbling arm in arm down the street, — after more than twenty-five years of kindly treatment.

"Move number one," said Richard, lifting the heavy cross-piece into its place and fastening it with a wooden pin. "Now I must go and prop up Mr. Slocum."

XVI.

There is no solitude or silence which comes so near being tangible as that of a vast empty workshop, crowded a moment since. The busy, intense life that has gone from it mysteriously leaves behind enough of itself to make the stillness poignant. One might imagine the invisible ghost of doomed Toil wandering from bench to bench, and noiselessly

fingering the dropped tools, still warm with the workman's palm. Perhaps this impalpable presence is the artisan's anxious thought, stolen back to brood over the uncompleted task.

Though Mr. Slocum had spoken lightly of Slocum's Yard with only one workman in it, when he came to contemplate the actual fact he was struck by the pathos of it, and the resolution with which he awoke that morning began to desert him.

"The worst is over," exclaimed Richard, joining his two friends on the veranda, "and everything went smoother than I expected."

"Everything went, sure enough," said Mr. Slocum, gloomily; "they all went, — old Giles, and Lumley, and everybody."

"We somewhat expected that, you know."

"Yes, I expected it, and was n't prepared for it."

"It was very bad," said Richard, shaking his head.

The desertion of Giles and his superannuated mates especially touched Mr. Slocum.

"Bad is no word; it was damnable."

"Oh, papa!"

"Pardon me, dear; I could n't help it. When a man's pensioners throw him over, he must be pretty far gone!"

"The undertow was too strong for them, sir, and they were swept away with the rest. And they all but promised to stay. They will be the very first to come back."

"Of course we shall have to take the old fellows on again," said Mr. Slocum, relenting characteristically.

"Never!" cried Richard.

"I wish I had some of your grit."

"I have none to spare, sir. To tell the truth, when I stood up there to speak, with every eye working on me, like a half-inch drill, I would have sold myself at a low figure."

"But you were a perfect what 's-his-name, — Demosthenes," said Mr. Slocum, with a thin, faint smile. "We could hear you."

"I don't believe Demosthenes ever moved an audience as I did mine!" cried Richard gayly. "If his orations produced a like effect, I am certain that the Grecian lecture-bureau never sent him twice to the same place."

"I don't think, Richard, I would engage you over again."

"I am sure Richard spoke very well," interrupted Margaret. "His speech was short" —

"Say shortened, Margaret, for I had n't got through when they left."

"No, I will not jest about it. It is too serious for jesting. What is to become of the families of all these men suddenly thrown out of employment?"

"They threw themselves out, Mag," said her father.

"That does not mend the matter, papa. There will be great destitution and suffering in the village with every mill closed; and they are all going to close, Bridget says. Thank Heaven that this did not happen in the winter!"

"They always pick their weather," observed Mr. Slocum.

"It will not be for long," said Richard encouragingly. "Our own hands and the spinners, who had no ground for complaint, will return to work shortly, and the managers of the iron mills will have to yield a point or two. In a week at the outside everything will be running smoothly, and on a sounder foundation than before. I believe the strike will be an actual benefit to everybody in the end."

By dint of such arguments and his own sanguine temperament Richard succeeded in reassuring Mr. Slocum for the time being, though Richard did not hide from himself the gravity of the situation. There was a general strike in the village. Eight hundred men were without work. That meant, or would mean in a few days, two or three thousand

women and children without bread. It does not take the wolf long to reach a poor man's door when it is left ajar.

The trades-union had a fund for emergencies of this sort, and some outside aid might be looked for; but such supplies are in their nature precarious and soon exhausted. It is a noticeable feature of strikes that the moment the workman's pay stops his living expenses increase. Even the more economical becomes improvident. If he has money, the tobacco shop and the tavern are likely to get more of it than the butcher's cart. The prolonged strain is too great to be endured without stimulant.

XVII.

During the first and second days of the strike, Stillwater presented an animated and even a festive appearance. Throngs of operatives in their Sunday clothes strolled through the streets, or lounged at the corners chatting with other groups; some wandered into the suburbs, and lay in the long grass under the elms. Others again, though these were few, took to the turnpike or the railroad track, and tramped across country.

It is needless to say that the bar-room of the tavern was crowded from early morning down to the hour when the law compelled Mr. Snelling to shut off his gas. After which, John Brown's "soul" could be heard "marching on" in the darkness, through various crooked lanes and alleys, until nearly daybreak.

Among the earliest to scent trouble in the air was Han-Lin, the Chinaman before mentioned. He kept a small laundry in Mud Lane, where his name was painted perpendicularly on a light of glass in the basement window of a tenement house. Han-Lin intended to be buried some day in a sky-blue coffin in his own land, and have a dozen packs of fire-crackers decorously exploded over his remains. In order to reserve himself for this and other ceremonies involving the burning of a great quantity of gilt paper, he quietly departed for Boston at the first sign of popular discontent. As Dexter described it, "Han-Lin coiled up his pig-tail, put forty grains of rice in a yallar bag, — enough to last him a month! — and toddled off in his two-story wooden shoes." He could scarcely have done a wiser thing, for poor Han-Lin's laundry was turned wrong side out within thirty-six hours afterwards.

The strike was popular. The spirit of it spread, as fire and fever and all elemental forces spread. The two apprentices in Brackett's bakery had a dozen minds about striking that first morning. The younger lad, Joe Wiggin, plucked up courage to ask Brackett for a day off, and was lucky enough to dodge a piece of dough weighing nearly four pounds.

Brackett was making bread while the sun shone. He knew that before the week was over there would be no cash customers, and he purposed then to shut up shop.

On the third and fourth days there was no perceptible fall in the barometer. Trade was brisk with Snelling, and a brass band was playing national airs on a staging erected on the green in front of the post-office. Nightly meetings took place at Grimsey's Hall, and the audiences were good-humored and orderly. Torrini advanced some Utopian theories touching a universal distribution of wealth, which were listened to attentively, but failed to produce deep impression.

"That 's a healthy idea of Torrini's about dervidin' up property," said Jemmy Willson. "I 've heerd it afore; but it 's sing'ler I never knowd a feller with any property to have that idea."

"Ther' 's a great dale in it, I can tell ye," replied Michael Hennessey, with a well-blackened Woodstock pipe between his teeth and his hands tucked under his

coat-tails. "Is n't ther', Misther Stavens?"

When Michael had on his bottle-green swallow-tailed coat with the brass buttons, he invariably assumed a certain lofty air of ceremony in addressing his companions.

"It is sorter pleasant to look at," returned Stevens, "but it don't seem to me an idea that would work. Suppose that, after all the property was divided, a fresh ship-load of your friends was to land at New York or Boston; would there be a new deal?"

"No, sur! by no manes!" exclaimed Michael excitedly. "The furreners is counted out!"

"But you 're a foreigner yourself, Mike."

"Am I, then? Bedad, I 'm not! I 'm a rale American Know Nothing."

"Well, Mike," said Stevens maliciously, "when it comes to a reg'lar division of lands and greenbacks in the United States, I go in for the Chinese having their share."

"The Chinase!" shouted Michael. "Oh, murther, Misther Stavens! Ye would n't be fur dividin' with thim blatherskites!"

"Yes, with them, — as well as the rest," returned Stevens dryly.

Meanwhile the directors and stockholders of the various mills took counsel in a room at the rear of the National Bank. Mr. Slocum, following Richard's advice, declined to attend the meeting in person, or to allow his name to figure on the list of vice-presidents.

"Why should we hitch our good cause to their doubtful one?" argued Richard. "We have no concessions or proposals to make. When our men are ready to come back to us, they will receive just wages and fair treatment. They know that. We do not want to fight the molders. Let the iron-mills do their own fighting;" and Richard stolidly employed himself in taking an account of stock, and forwarding by express to their destination the ten or twelve carved mantel-pieces that happily completed the last contract.

Then his responsibilities shrunk to winding up the office clock and keeping Mr. Slocum firmly on his legs. The latter was by far the more onerous duty, for Mr. Slocum ran down two or three times in the course of every twenty-four hours, while the clock once wound was fixed for the day.

"If I could only have a good set of Waltham works put into your father," said Richard to Margaret, after one of Mr. Slocum's relapses, "he would go better."

"Poor papa! he is not a fighter, like you."

"Your father is what I call a belligerent non-combatant."

Richard was seeing a great deal of Margaret these days. Mr. Slocum had invited him to sleep in the studio until the excitement was past. Margaret was afraid to have him take that long walk between the yard and his lodgings in Lime Street, and then her father was an old man to be without any protection in the house in such untoward times.

So Richard slept in the studio, and had his plate at table, like one of the family. This arrangement was favorable to many a stolen five minutes with Margaret, in the hall or on the staircase. In these fortuitous moments he breathed an atmosphere that sustained him in his task of dispelling Mr. Slocum's recurrent fits of despondency. Margaret had her duties, too, at this period, and the forenoons were sacred to them.

One morning as she passed down the street with a small wicker basket on her arm, Richard said to Mr. Slocum, —

"Margaret has joined the strikers."

The time had already come to Stillwater when many a sharp-faced little urchin — as dear to the warm, deep bosom that had nursed it as though it were a crown prince — would not have had a crust to gnaw if Margaret Slocum had

not joined the strikers. Sometimes her heart drooped on the way home from these errands, upon seeing how little of the misery she could ward off. On her rounds there was one cottage in a squalid lane where the children asked for bread in Italian. She never omitted to halt at that door.

"Is it quite prudent for Margaret to be going about so?" queried Mr. Slocum.

"She is perfectly safe," said Richard, — "as safe as a Sister of Charity, which she is."

Indeed, Margaret might then have gone loaded with diamonds through the streets at midnight. There was not a rough man in Stillwater who would not have reached forth an arm to shield her.

"It is costing me nearly as much as it would to run the yard," said Mr. Slocum, "but I never put out any stamps more willingly."

"You never took a better contract, sir, than when you agreed to keep Margaret's basket filled. It is an investment in real estate — hereafter."

"I hope so," answered Mr. Slocum, "and I know it 's a good thing now."

Of the morals of Stillwater at this time, or at any time, the less said the better. But out of the slime and ooze below sprang the white flower of charity.

The fifth day fell on a Sabbath, and the churches were crowded. The Rev. Arthur Langly selected his text from S. Matthew, chap. xxii. v. 21: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." But as he did not make it quite plain which was Cæsar, — the trades-union or the Miantowona Iron Works, — the sermon went for nothing, unless it could be regarded as a hint to those persons who had stolen a large piece of belting from the Dana Mills. On the other hand, Father O'Meara that morning bravely told his children to conduct themselves in an orderly manner while they were out of work, or they would catch it in this world and in the next.

On the sixth day a keen observer might have detected a change in the atmosphere. The streets were thronged as usual, and the idlers still wore their Sunday clothes, but the holiday buoyancy of the earlier part of the week had evaporated. A turn-out on the part of one of the trades, though it was accompanied by music and a banner with a lively inscription, failed to arouse general enthusiasm. A serious and even a sullen face was not rare among the crowds that wandered aimlessly up and down the village.

On the seventh day it required no penetration to see the change. There was decidedly less good-natured chaffing and more drunkenness, though Snelling had invoked popular contumely and decimated his bar-room by refusing to trust for drinks. Brackett had let his ovens cool, and his shutters were up. The treasury of the trades-union was nearly drained, and there were growlings that too much had been fooled away on banners and a brass band for the iron men's parade the previous forenoon. It was when Brackett's eye sighted the banner with "Bread or Blood," on it that he had put up his shutters.

Torrini was now making violent harangues at Grimsey's Hall to largely augmented listeners, whom his words irritated without convincing. Shut off from the tavern, the men flocked to hear him and the other speakers, for born orators were just then as thick as unripe whortleberries. There was nowhere else to go. At home were reproaches that maddened, and darkness, for the kerosene had given out.

Though all the trades had been swept into the movement, it is not to be understood that every workman was losing his head. There were men who owned their cottages and had small sums laid by in the savings-bank; who had always

sent their children to the district school, and listened themselves to at least one of Mr. Langly's sermons or one of Father O'Meara's discourses every Sunday. These were anchored to good order; they neither frequented the bar-room nor attended the conclaves at Grimsey's Hall, but deplored as deeply as any one the spirit that was manifesting itself. They would have returned to work now — if they had dared. To this class belonged Stevens.

"Why don't you come up to the hall, nights?" asked Durgin, accosting him on the street, one afternoon. "You'd run a chance of hearing me hold forth some of these evenings."

"You 've answered your own question, William. I should n't like to see you making an idiot of yourself."

"This is a square fight between labor and capital," returned Durgin with dignity, "and every man ought to take a hand in it."

"William," said Stevens meditatively, "do you know about the Siamese twins?"

"What about 'em, — they 're dead, ain't they?" replied Durgin, with surprise.

"I believe so; but when they was alive, if you was to pinch one of those fellows, the other fellow would sing out. If you was to black the eye of the left-hand chap, the right-hand chap would n't have been able to see for a week. When either of 'em fetched the other a clip, he knocked himself down. Labor and capital is jined just as those two was. When you 've got this fact well into your skull, William, I shall be pleased to listen to your ideas at Grimsey's Hall or anywhere else."

Such conservatism as Stevens's, however, was necessarily swept out of sight for the moment. The wealthier citizens were in a state bordering on panic, — all but Mr. Lemuel Shackford. In his flapping linen duster, for the weather was very sultry now, Mr. Shackford was seen darting excitedly from street to street and hovering about the feverish crowds, like the stormy petrel wheeling on the edges of a gale. Usually as chary of his sympathies as of his gold, he astonished every one by evincing an abnormal interest in the strikers. The old man declined to put down anything on the subscription paper then circulating; but he put down his sympathies to any amount. He held no stock in the concerns involved; he hated Slocum, and he hated the directors of the Miantowona Iron Works. The least he hoped was that Rowland Slocum would be laid out.

So far the strikers had committed no overt act of note, unless it was the demolition of Han-Lin's laundry. Stubbs, the provision dealer, had been taught the rashness of exposing samples of potatoes in his door-way, and the "Tonsorial Emporium" of Professor Brown, a colored citizen, had been invaded by two humorists, who, after having their hair curled, refused to pay for it, and the professor had been too agitated to insist. The story transpiring, ten or twelve of the boys had dropped in during the morning, and got shaved on the same terms. "By golly, gen'l'men!" expostulated the professor, "ef dis yah thing goes on, dis darkey will be cleaned cl'ar out fo de week 's done." No act of real violence had been perpetrated as yet; but with bands of lawless men roaming over the village at all hours of the day and night, the situation was critical.

The wheel of what small social life there was in Stillwater had ceased to revolve. With the single exception of Lemuel Shackford, the more respectable inhabitants kept in-doors as much as practicable. From the first neither Mr. Craggie nor Lawyer Perkins had gone to the hotel to consult the papers in the reading-room, and Mr. Pinkham did not dare to play on his flute of an evening. The Rev. Arthur Langly found it politic to do but little visiting in the par-

ish. His was not the pinion to buffet with a wind like this, and indeed he was not explicitly called upon to do so. He sat sorrowfully in his study day by day, preparing the weekly sermon, — a gentle, pensive person, inclined in the best of weather to melancholia. If Mr. Langly had gone into arboriculture instead of into the ministry, he would have planted nothing but weeping-willows.

In the mean time the mill directors continued their deliberations in the bank building, and had made several abortive attempts to effect an arrangement with the leaders of the union. This seemed every hour less possible and more necessary.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of the strike a crowd gathered in front of the residence of Mr. Alexander, the superintendent of the Miantowona Iron Works, and began groaning and hooting. Mr. Alexander sought out Mr. Craggie, and urged him, as a man of local weight and one accustomed to addressing the populace, to speak a few words to the mob. That was setting Mr. Craggie on the horns of a cruel dilemma. He was afraid to disoblige the representative of so powerful a corporation as the Miantowona Iron Works, but he equally dreaded to risk his popularity with seven or eight hundred voters; so, like the crafty chancellor in Tennyson's poem, he dallied with his golden chain, and, smiling, put the question by.

"Drat the man!" muttered Mr. Craggie, "does he want to blast my whole political career! *I* can't pitch into our adopted countrymen."

There was a blot on the escutcheon of Mr. Craggie which he was very anxious not to have uncovered by any chance in these latter days, — his ancient affiliation with the deceased native American party.

The mob dispersed without doing damage, but the fact that it had collected and had shown an ugly temper sent a thrill of apprehension through the village. Mr. Slocum came in a great flurry to Richard.

"This thing ought to be stopped," said Mr. Slocum.

"I agree to that," replied Richard, bracing himself not to agree to anything else.

"If we were to drop that stipulation as to the increase of apprentices, no doubt many of the men would give over insisting on an advance."

"Our only salvation is to stick to our right to train as many workmen as we choose. The question of wages is of no account compared with that; the rate of wages will adjust itself."

"If we could manage it somehow with the marble workers," suggested Mr. Slocum, "that would demoralize the other trades, and they 'd be obliged to fall in."

"I don't see that they lack demoralization."

"If something is n't done, they 'll end by knocking in our front doors or burning us all up."

"Let them."

"It 's very well to say let them," exclaimed Mr. Slocum, petulantly, "when you have n't any front door to be knocked in!"

"But I have you and Margaret to consider, if there were actual danger. When anything like violence threatens, there 's an honest shoulder for every one of the hundred and fifty muskets in the armory."

"Those muskets might get on the wrong shoulders."

"That is n't likely. You do not seem to know, sir, that there is a strong guard at the armory day and night."

"I was not aware of that."

"It is a fact all the same," said Richard; and Mr. Slocum went away easier in his mind, and remained so — two or three hours.

On the eighth, ninth, and tenth day the clouds lay very black along the ho-

rizon. The marble workers, who began to see their mistake, were reproaching the foundry men with enticing them into the coalition, and the spinners were hot in their denunciations of the molders. Ancient personal antagonisms that had been slumbering started to their feet. Torrini fell out of favor, and in the midst of one of his finest perorations uncomplimentary missiles, selected from the animal kingdom, had been thrown at him. The grand torchlight procession on the night of the ninth culminated in a disturbance, in which many men got injured, several badly, and the windows of Brackett's bakery were stove in. A point of light had pierced the darkness, — the trades were quarreling among themselves!

The selectmen had sworn in special constables among the citizens, and some of the more retired streets were now patrolled after dark, for there had been threats of incendiarism.

Bishop's stables burst into flames one midnight, — whether fired intentionally or accidentally was not known; but the giant bellows at Dana's Mills was slit and two belts were cut at the Miantowona Iron Works that same night.

At this juncture a report that out-of-town hands were coming to replace the strikers acted on the public mind like petroleum on fire. A large body of workmen assembled near the railway station, — to welcome them. There was another rumor which caused the marble workers to stare at each other aghast. It was to the effect that Mr. Slocum, having long meditated retiring from business, had now decided to do so, and was consulting with Wyndham, the keeper of the green-house, about removing the division wall and turning the marble yard into a peach garden. This was an unlooked-for solution of the difficulty. Stillwater without any Slocum's Marble Yard was chaos come again.

"Good Lord, boys!" cried Piggott, "if Slocum should do that!"

Meanwhile, Snelling's bar had been suppressed by the authorities, and a posse of policemen, borrowed from South Millville, occupied the premises. Knots of beetle-browed men, no longer in holiday gear, but chiefly in their shirt-sleeves, collected from time to time at the head of the main street, and glowered threateningly at the single policeman pacing the porch of the tavern. The Stillwater Grays were under arms in the armory over Dundon's drug-store. The thoroughfares had ceased to be safe for any one, and Margaret's merciful errands were necessarily brought to an end. How the poor creatures who had depended on her bounty now continued to exist was a sorrowful problem.

Matters were at this point, when on the morning of the thirteenth day Richard noticed the cadaverous face of a man peering into the yard through the slats of the main gate. Richard sauntered down there, with his hands in his pockets. The man was old Giles, and with him stood Lumley and Peterson, gazing thoughtfully at the sign outside, —

NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS.

The roughly lettered clapboard, which they had heedlessly passed a thousand times, seemed to have taken a novel significance to them.

Richard. What 's wanted there?

Giles. [*Very affably.*] We was lookin' round for a job, Mr. Shackford.

Richard. We are not taking on any hands at present.

Giles. Did n't know but you was. Somebody said you was.

Richard. Somebody is mistaken.

Giles. P'rhaps to-morrer, or nex' day?

Richard. Rather doubtful, Giles.

Giles. [*Uneasily.*] Mr. Slocum ain't goin' to give up business, is he?

Richard. Why should n't he, if it does n't pay? The business is carried on for his amusement and profit; when

the profit stops it won't be amusing any longer. Mr. Slocum is not going to run the yard for the sake of the Marble Workers Association. He would rather drive a junk-cart. He might be allowed to steer that himself.

Giles. Oh!

Richard. Good-morning, Giles.

Giles. 'Mornin', Mr. Shackford.

Richard rushed back to Mr. Slocum.

"The strike is broken, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"The thing has collapsed! The tide is turning, *and has washed in a lot of dead wood!*"

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Slocum.

An hour or so later a deputation of four, consisting of Stevens, Denyven, Durgin, and Piggott, waited upon Mr. Slocum in his private office, and offered, on behalf of all the departments, to resume work at the old rates.

Mr. Slocum replied that he had not objected to the old rates, but the new, and that he accepted their offer — conditionally.

"You have overlooked one point, Mr. Stevens."

"What one, sir?"

"The apprentices."

"We thought you might not insist there, sir."

"I insist on conducting my own business in my own way."

The voice was the voice of Slocum, but the backbone was Richard's.

"Then, sir, the Association don't object to a reasonable number of apprentices."

"How many is that?"

"As many as you want, I expect, sir," said Stevens, shuffling his feet.

"Very well, Stevens. Go round to the front gate and Mr. Shackford will let you in."

There were two doors to the office, one leading into the yard, and the other, by which the deputation had entered and was now making its exit, opened upon the street.

Richard heaved a vast sigh of relief as he took down the beam securing the principal entrance.

"Good-morning, boys," he chirped, with a smile as bright as newly minted gold. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves."

The quartet ducked their heads bashfully, and Stevens replied, "'Can't speak for the others, Mr. Shackford, but I never enjoyed myself worse."

Piggott lingered a moment behind the rest, and looking back over his shoulder said, "That peach garden was what fetched us!"

Richard gave a loud laugh, for the peach garden had been a horticultural invention of his own.

In the course of the forenoon the majority of the hands presented themselves at the office, dropping into the yard in gangs of five or six, and nearly all were taken on. To dispose definitely of Lumley, Giles, and Peterson, they were not taken on at Slocum's Yard, though they continued to be, directly or indirectly, Slocum's pensioners, even after they were retired to the town farm.

Once more the chisels sounded merrily under the long shed. That same morning the spinners went back to the mules, but the molders held out until night-fall, when it was signified to them that their demands would be complied with.

The next day the steam whistles of the Miantowona Iron Works and Dana's Mills sent the echoes flying beyond that undulating line of pines and hemlocks which half encircles Stillwater, and falls away loosely on either side, like an unclasped girdle.

A calm, as if from out the cloudless blue sky that arched it day after day, seemed to drift down upon the village. Han-Lin, with no more facial expression than an orange, suddenly reappeared on the streets, and went about repairing his laundry, unmolested. The children were playing in the sunny lanes again,

unafraid, and mothers sat on doorsteps in the summer twilights, singing softly to the baby in arm. There was meat on the table, and the tea-kettle hummed comfortably at the back of the stove. The very winds that rustled through the fragrant pines, and wandered fitfully across the vivid green of the salt marshes, breathed peace and repose.

Then, one morning, this blissful tranquillity was rudely shattered. Old Mr. Lemuel Shackford had been found murdered in his own house in Welch's Court.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE SAFFRON FLY.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

JUDOCK the sorcerer, Kakous born,
  Master of magic sign and spell,
Skilled to measure the thought of man,
  Wise with the wisdom of lower hell, —

Judock, hated and mocked and feared,
  Hid in the shadow of Mont d'Yvé,
High and scornful to men appeared,
  But the soul within him cursed all day.

Mad with the lust of gold was he,
  Thirsty for riches as sea for sands;
Long he pondered the mystery
  Of hoarding spirits and hiding hands.

Morn and midnight he travailed well,
  Wrought with signet and spell of power,
Till the Spirit of Sin in the rock that dwells
  He bound and tortured in evil hour.

Round and round, and seven times round,
  Him he bound with a mighty chain,
Till Debrua howled like a beaten hound,
  And shook and shuddered in mortal pain.

Loud he yelled, "O master of men!
  Set me free, and I will not lie!
Gold and jewels his hands shall fill
  Who finds and catches the Saffron Fly.

"Weave of thy whitest hair a net, —
  Weave it only with three times three;
Soak it in blood and wash in sweat,
  So shall the Fly thy captive be."

Judock severed the mighty chain,
  The sword of Solomon cleft it through;
With screech, and laughter, and yell of hate,
  Back to the rocks old Debrua flew.

Judock wove the wondrous net,
  Hunted the Fly by night and day;
Thorns and briers his path beset,
  Tearing the flesh from his bones away.

Wild the black rocks over him frowned,
  His blood ran cold, he was like to die,
Or ever above that haunted ground
  Danced and glittered the Saffron Fly.

Seven long days, through mire and mud,
  Well he followed its freakish flight,
Till overhead, on a peasant's hut,
  He saw the glimmering wings alight.

His bones were stiff, his flesh was cold,
  He could not climb a fathom higher;
For one more chance at the Fly of gold
  He set the peasant's hut on fire.

Loud they shrieked who burned within.
  What cared he, for the Fly, it flew!
Low he cursed and fast he ran,
  Black the cinders after him blew.

Now it lights, — on a fennel-tree!
  Flower of fennel no witch abides.
The greedy fingers grew numb and weak;
  The Fly of fortune his chase derides.

By there wandered a shepherd lad;
  Fair to see was the yellow Fly;
Slowly he reached his slender hand,
  And safe within it did fortune lie.

Judock's dagger was keen and fine;
  Deep to the shepherd's heart it sped.
Loud he laughed as he caught the Fly
  Out of the fingers of the dead.

Fair is fortune, and evil too;
  Close he grasped, and sharp it stung;
The hand that gathers with love nor ruth
  Gathers sorrow for old or young!

Gold like pebbles his coffers filled;
  Gorgeous garments and spreading lands,
Gems like the dews of morning spilled,
  All were gathered by Judock's hands:

All! — and the blessing of Saint Sequaire;
  Cursèd blessing, that dries the heart.
His blood grew thick and his body spare,
  He felt the life from his veins depart.

Light grew dark to his groping gaze,
  Bitter was food, the wine cup dry;
In a year and a day he wasted away,
  And his soul died cursing the Saffron Fly.

Rose Terry Cooke.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

[The following informal relation of incidents in the capture of Richmond was not intended for publication, and was never revised. It was hastily prepared for a few friends composing a literary club in Portland, Maine, of which the writer was a member, and is now printed, after his decease, at their request.]

During the last year of the war of the rebellion, the public interest was so completely centred in the movements of the Army of the Potomac, the campaign of General Sheridan, and General Sherman's march to the sea that the Army of the James attracted comparatively little attention, until one bright Monday morning, on the 3d of April, 1865, the country was electrified with the intelligence that General Weitzel was in occupation of Richmond, and that the flag of the Union was waving over the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

So much blood and treasure had been poured out in the struggles for the capture of the rebel capital; the Union army had been so repeatedly driven back from the almost impregnable defenses of this fortress of the South; the cry of "On to Richmond!" had been for so many years ringing in the ears of the people, only to be followed and associated with baffled expectations and defeated hopes, that when at last the glad news came that General Weitzel was in Richmond and Jefferson Davis a fugitive, a shout of exultant joy went up from every loyal heart in the North, such as had never been heard before, and which was hardly equaled by that which welcomed the subsequent intelligence of the surrender at Appomattox.

A short chapter of the unwritten history of the Army of the James during the few days preceding and following the capture of Richmond, from one who had the best means of knowledge, may not be devoid of interest, and may supply the place of a more labored essay which the overtasked and wearied brain of a plodding judge refuses to produce in the few hours to be snatched from the ever-increasing throng of litigants clamoring for speedy judgments.

On Saturday, the first day of April, what remained of the Army of the James, after being depleted by the detachment

of two divisions, — one from the twenty-fourth and one from the twenty-fifth corps, — under the command of General Ord, who had moved across the river to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, was encamped on the north side of the James River, on a line extending from Drury's Bluff to Deep Bottom, and directly in front of Longstreet's corps, which occupied a strongly fortified position between these two points. We were under orders from General Grant to attack, on the following Monday, General Longstreet's lines, and endeavor to carry them by assault.

Longstreet was intrenched behind the strongest of all those works so admirably constructed by the best engineers of the regular army, — including Beauregard, who had devoted to the work of destroying the republic the results of an education at West Point, obtained at the expense of the Union, and intended to be used in its defense. In front of a perfectly constructed parapet, armed at all points with the best guns of heavy calibre, was a deep and wide ditch; in front of the ditch was a double row of abatis, and buried in the ground, at a distance of eighteen inches apart, between these rows, were torpedoes, which would explode under a pressure of five and seven pounds respectively. At all exposed points, where the nature of the ground in front did not exclude the probability of an attack, were *chevaux-de-frise* outside of the line of abatis.

The force of Longstreet behind this intrenched line was much larger than our own, which was ordered to make the assault. The prospect was not a pleasant one. The attack was not to be made in the expectation of carrying the enemy's line, but with the absolute certainty of being repulsed with great slaughter. Why then ordered? It was one of those necessities of warfare which require the sacrifice of a few to save many, — the destruction of a portion of an army to insure the victory of the remainder. Grant was every day drawing closer and closer the lines which were encompassing the armies of General Lee on the south side of the James. If Lee could not break through these, he must fail; for all his sources of supply had been cut off by the operations of Sheridan.

The attempt was then making to force these lines. The decisive battles of the war were then being fought. It was all important at this crisis that Lee should not be strengthened by reinforcements drawn from Longstreet's army on the north of the James. To this end we were to be hurled against Longstreet's intrenchments; not as a feint to distract attention from another point of real attack, but in a persistent and deadly assault, which, regardless of losses to the attacking force, was to keep Longstreet's corps occupied all along his line, and to exclude the possibility of the withdrawal of any of his troops to reinforce Lee.

Every preparation had been made for this assault. Under orders I had placed ten days' rations in the square redoubts along our line, that in the event of repulse and defeat the remnant of our army might take refuge in them, and perhaps sustain themselves until the anticipated successes of General Grant's operations on the south side should enable him to detach a force for our relief. All the *impedimenta* of the army had been sent down to Norfolk. Every soldier had been reduced to the contents of his knapsack and haversack, and every officer to what he could carry on his person and his horse.

Saturday afternoon General Weitzel and one or two of his general officers were occupied in a meadow near Dutch Gap, experimenting with chain-shot and every available form of projectile, — firing at a double line of abatis, which had been constructed for the purpose as nearly as possible like Longstreet's, and endeavoring to break it down with cannon.

The experiments were not successful; chain-shot and Parrott shell and every other missile passed through the interlaced branches of the abatis, and left no visible break or opening. We retired at night-fall, with the conviction that artillery was useless to help us in making the breaches; and that they could be made only with axes in the hands of men exposed at short range to a deadly fire from troops perfectly protected, and exposed also to direct and enfilading fires from the mounted guns all along the enemy's line. In such an assault of course the officers must lead, stimulate, and encourage the men.

Sunday was passed in preparations for the attack, and in letter-writing to the dear ones at home, whom many of us then little expected to see again. Sunday evening General Weitzel came into the hut of a general officer, who was then chief of staff of the Army of the James. He carefully examined the schedules this officer had made of the opposing force, and, expressing great surprise at their completeness and accuracy, asked how such results could be attained with so limited means of information.

The officer pointed to a large, tabulated sheet tacked on the rough timber walls of his hut, and explained that by inquiring of each spy, prisoner, and deserter from the enemy respecting his company, regimental, brigade, and division commanders, and also respecting the companies on his right and left flank, he was enabled, by a comparison of all the answers, to supplement the ignorance of some and correct the falsehoods of others, verifying each by the other, so as to arrive at an approximately correct result.

"The result, general, is wonderful," said Weitzel, "and that is where the lawyer comes in."

General Weitzel was deeply impressed with the responsibility of leading his troops, including his own twenty-fifth colored corps, into a battle where the slaughter must be fearful and a repulse almost certain. "I have been trying," said he, "to ascertain what troops passed through Richmond yesterday, and from what part of Longstreet's line they were withdrawn. General Mulford, who is coming down from near Richmond with the flag-of-truce steamer loaded with exchanged prisoners, has been unable to obtain from the officers on board any information on the subject. I think if you were there you could find out." I replied, "General, I will make the attempt."

Immediately calling for my horse and my orderly, I mounted, and started in the night through the woods for Aiken's Landing, about four miles distant, where the flag-of-truce steamer, the City of Richmond, would land. On arrival I found the exchanged prisoners disembarking. The men, with the habits of old soldiers in the field, upon landing had built fires on the banks, and were grouped in small squads, talking and smoking around them.

I started to cross the gang-plank to see the officers, who remained on the steamer. The way was obstructed with exchanged prisoners lying across the plank, too exhausted and feeble from imprisonment to go ashore; these were the prisoners from Belle Isle. The elation and excitement of a restoration to liberty after long confinement in rebeldom was not sufficient to rouse these half-starved, malaria-stricken skeletons of soldiers from complete apathy and indifference to life or death; they seemed not to care to drag their weary limbs any further, nor to make any exertion to save themselves from falling into the water. Afterwards, in Richmond, I saw the little pestilential island in the river where these poor fellows had been huddled together, closely packed in the low, swampy, fever-breeding inclosure, while on the high bluff, directly above them, was a large plain, where they could easily have been

placed, with abundance of room, pure air, and dry ground.

Having seen this within sight of the dwellings of Davis and General Lee, and having learned that to both of these men official communication had been addressed from rebel officers, detailing the horrors of Andersonville and remonstrating against them, and that the only reply was a promotion of the infamous Winder and an approval of his course, I may be pardoned if I fail to agree with those who think that the president of the Confederacy and the commanding general of the rebel army are not responsible for the twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty martyrs of Andersonville, and the thousands of other victims of Libby and Belle Isle.

With the help of my orderly carefully lifting these poor fellows from the gang-plank and placing them near the camp-fires, to be ministered to by their companions, I then went on board, but failed to obtain the required information. Divesting myself of shoulder-straps and all badges of rank, I passed about and conversed with the men in the small groups about the fires, and finally succeeded in finding a Yankee soldier, — a genuine Yankee, — who had kept his eyes and ears open. He had been a prisoner in Libby, and had been selected to go, under a parole, to carry the stinted rations to the other prisoners inside. He had seen the rebel soldiers, and learned their number and the name of their commander. With what I already knew, this enabled me to determine the precise point from which the troops had been withdrawn. But this information did not help us much, as they were taken from Field's division, which occupied the strongest and most defensible position on the line, quite distant from the place decided upon as the point of our attack.

Remounting, I galloped back to camp. On the way old Charley diversified the ride by giving himself and me a cold bath: he found the water of a stream we were obliged to ford so agreeable, after the heated gallop I had given him, that he evidently thought it would be pleasant to us both to lie down and roll over in it.

I found General Weitzel awaiting my return. After communicating the intelligence I had acquired, we conversed upon the subject of the expected battle and the rather disheartening outlook. Before midnight a dispatch from General Grant arrived, informing us that the operations on his left flank had been so successful that Weitzel might delay his attack until reinforcements could be sent from the Army of the Potomac. With the heavy weight of this responsibility lifted from him, Weitzel left for his own quarters.

I had a conviction in my own mind of the significance of the withdrawal of a part of Field's division as indicating a desperate state of things. As soon as Weitzel left, therefore, I sent for Major Stevens, who had command of the provost guard and of the picket line, and ordered him, if any rebel prisoner or deserter were brought in that night, to bring him directly to me, and not delay him by the customary routine through brigade and division head-quarters. In case no prisoner or deserter from the enemy should be taken before two o'clock in the morning, he was authorized to offer a furlough of thirty days to any of the pickets who should bring one in. As no furloughs were then granted for any cause, and this would be a great boon to some soldier who wished to see, perhaps, a dying wife or child at home; and as the pickets of the respective armies were within talking distance of each other, so that they frequently exchanged coffee for tobacco, and our pickets regularly supplied me with the Richmond daily papers, obtained in exchange for such things as our soldiers were well provided with and the rebels were destitute of, I had no doubt that I should

see a rebel soldier before morning. I then wrapped myself in my blanket, and lay down to await the result.

Between one and two o'clock Monday morning, Major Stevens came to my quarters, bringing with him a ragged specimen of a rebel soldier. I sprang to my feet, and asked, "To what regiment do you belong?"

He answered, "To the eighteenth Georgia battalion."

"The deuce you do!" said I. "That battalion is in Custis Lee's division, and you are the man of all others in the world I want to see." I said this because I knew that Custis Lee's division occupied a point on the line which the enemy could not afford to weaken. "Where is your division?" I asked him.

He answered, "All I can tell you, general, is that I was out on picket, and at one o'clock, when the relief should have come, the officer came and marched us silently inside of the parapet, and left nobody in our places. When I got in, I found my battalion marching out towards Richmond. I had been conscripted and forced into the army, and had marched enough; so I thought I would n't march any more, but would come over to you uns."

Then I knew that the road to Richmond was open. Imagine the feelings of a Union officer, upon whom, in an instant, before it was known to any other person on the Union side, there flashed the conviction that Richmond was at our mercy; that we should go there the next day; and that in the stillness of that night, while the whole army was quietly sleeping, he was the sole possessor of the knowledge! I immediately dispatched to General Devens to have the twenty-fourth corps ready to move at daylight, gave the same orders to the twenty-fifth, and hastened to General Weitzel's quarters. I found the general sleeping the profound sleep of a Teuton, or, as he sometimes playfully called himself, a "long-legged Dutchman." Pulling him out of his bunk, which was the only way to arouse him from the deep sleep which had followed his relief from anxiety and responsibility for his command, I shouted in his ear, "General, we can take Richmond this morning!"

The news was too good and too sudden for ready credence. He would not believe it. Said he, "General, you are dreaming."

I replied, "Come out and put your ear to the ground, and you shall hear the tramp of Custis Lee's division on their way to Richmond."

The gallant Weitzel could not be convinced in that way. After some discussion, as he stood in the open door of his hut, a light was visible on the horizon in the direction of Richmond, which kept gradually increasing, succeeded by explosions.

It was, we afterwards learned, the burning and blowing up of the famous rebel ram Virginia, to prevent her falling into our hands. Weitzel exclaimed, —

"By heavens! General, you are right! Telegraph Devens to be ready to move by daylight."

I replied, "I have sent orders to that effect, and received his reply, that the twenty-fourth will be ready. The twenty-fifth is ready now."

The officers of the staff and of the two corps, to whom the news had extended like wild-fire, came flocking about head-quarters, almost crazy with exultation at the prospect of an immediate advance. The light from the flames of burning Richmond continued to increase, and brought the conviction to all that the rebels were burning their gunboats and their munitions and supplies in the city.

About three o'clock in the morning, the whole heavens were illuminated with the grandest display of pyrotechnics I have seen. The air was full of bursting shells, burning rockets, blue and red lights, Roman candles, fiery serpents, and

every kind of projectile and explosive. This magnificent illumination proceeded from the explosion of an immense naval laboratory near Richmond, in which were manufactured all the torpedoes, shell, fuses, rockets, signal lights, and ordnance stores for the rebel navy.

Our horses were by this time saddled and ready, and we were impatiently awaiting the daylight to cross the enemy's lines. While we were all exchanging congratulations, a young aid-de-camp on my staff, Lieutenant De Peyster, came to me and said, —

"General, do you remember a promise made to me a few months ago, when we left Norfolk for the Army of the James?"

I said, "Yes, De Peyster: I promised if you would bring with you and take care of my old flag that had floated over the city-hall in New Orleans, you should raise it over Richmond."

"Will you let me do it?" he eagerly asked.

I answered, "Yes, go and get it; and if you will carry it to Richmond you may raise it over the rebel capital."

He ran quickly for it, strapped it to the pommel of his saddle, and did raise it that day over Richmond, — the first Union flag that had waved over Richmond since the secession of Virginia. This flag I afterwards gave to General Weitzel, and he presented it to the Historical Society of Ohio. It was the garrison flag of the twelfth Maine regiment; a regiment which owed its unexampled speedy organization and equipment to the sagacity and foresight of one of the members of this club, — "the war governor of Maine."

About five o'clock, Monday morning, we started on our march to Richmond: General Weitzel and his staff, comprising thirty or forty officers, in advance; then a squadron of Massachusetts cavalry under Major Stevens; a division of the twenty-fourth corps under General Devens; and a division of the twenty-fifth (colored) corps, all starting by different roads, and each striving to be first in Richmond. As we rode through Longstreet's lines, the small squares of red cloth inserted in split sticks in the ground over the torpedoes were all in place, — the flight having been too precipitate to leave time for their removal. We carefully guided our horses through the eighteen-inch wide space between them, and rode down into the ditch and up on to the parapet, — several of the horses tumbling into the ditch or rolling down the steep slopes of the parapet, to the great amusement of those of us who were hard-hearted enough to chaff their discomfited riders.

As we crossed the parapet we could see the whole encampment standing precisely as left in the night: not a tent had been struck; not a gun in the embrasures had been spiked; everything was left as if an army in the field had been drawn up in line of battle, or for an inspection, and then marched off the field. We dismounted and examined the camps, and found everything in them undisturbed, exactly as they had been occupied the night before. Passing through the encampment, we proceeded along the New Market road, which was completely strewn with blankets, muskets, knapsacks, clothing, every kind of impedimenta that the flying soldiers could throw away to lighten their burdens on their hurried march.

We made good speed on our horses, and were soon far in advance of the troops. As we drew near the city, a deputation, headed by Mr. Mayo, the mayor of Richmond, came to meet us and formally to surrender the city They expressed great surprise at the fine, well-groomed and well-fed horses of the officers and the style and completeness of all the equipments, which undoubtedly contrasted strangely with the half-starved hacks and dilapidated equipments and uniforms they had been accustomed to see in the ranks of the

Confederate army during the last year of the siege of Richmond. We received the old Virginia gentleman so pleasantly and kindly that he reported, on his return to his anxious compatriots, who inquired what kind of people the Yankees were, that he had met "a company of perfect Chesterfields."

As we entered the city itself, the whole colored population received us with shouts of welcome. The white population remaining were tired of the siege, and thankful for our protection, after what they had suffered from the rebel troops, who had passed through in advance of us, had plundered the city of everything they could seize, and had set it on fire, determined to leave nothing for the Yankees but a heap of ashes in the place where Richmond had been. The houses of the more wealthy residents were closed, and their inmates, screening themselves from observation, only glanced at us from behind their lattices and blinds. But the joy of the poorer classes of whites and the exultation of the colored people at their deliverance from rebel tyranny was something wonderful to see.

The greater part of Richmond was on fire. As we rode through the principal streets, the buildings on both sides were burning over an area larger than that embraced in the burned district at the great fire in Portland. The air was filled with sparks, mingled in places with exploding shells from the rebel ordnance stores. The streets were thronged with people carrying tobacco, flour, and all kinds of commodities from the burning houses, shops, and warehouses. The delighted negroes crowded about the horses of the body-guard, and welcomed their riders with every demonstration of joy, pressing upon them the tobacco which they were saving from the factories and store-houses, so that when we arrived at the state-house every soldier of the provost guard had from five to fifty pounds of the best smoking tobacco hanging from his saddle.

In the park surrounding the state-house was a scene of the wildest confusion. The rebel cabinet had hastily removed the most valuable archives from the respective departments the night before our entry; and the only time for making their hurried preparations had been since Sunday afternoon, when Jeff Davis was called out of church by the to him unexpected intelligence that the defenses of Richmond were to be abandoned, and the city evacuated by the troops during the night. The cabinet officers took away what papers they could, and the rest were scattered about the several departments, until our horses sank fetlock-deep in unsigned Confederate bonds and notes, letters, and documents of every kind, which covered the ground for acres.

Instantly upon arriving at the capitol the requisite military orders were issued, announcing the occupation of Richmond; appointing a military governor, provost-marshal, and the necessary officers; providing measures for extinguishing the conflagration, for the preservation of peace; and for the general government of the captured city. These measures occupied us until night-fall.

General Weitzel and the military governor occupied the official residence of the late president of the Confederacy, and breakfasted on the fare which had been provided for him, and which he could not wait that morning to partake of. As Davis had been a friend and guest of mine in former days, when he had been making Union speeches in Maine, and had frequently urged me to visit him in his Southern home, — and I had once called at his Mississippi plantation, only to find it occupied as a camp for contrabands, — I thought it rather inhospitable in him not to wait and preside at the breakfast he had prepared for me; but an appetite sharpened by the ride and the work of the morning

prevented my spending much time in mourning my long-lost friend.

Before breakfast the following military orders had been issued, which I read from a Richmond paper of the period:—

HEAD-QUARTERS DETACHMENT ARMY JAMES,
RICHMOND, VA., *April* 3, 1865.

Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, commanding detachment of the Army of the James, announces the occupation of the city of Richmond by the armies of the United States, under command of Lieutenant-General Grant. The people of Richmond are assured that we come to restore to them the blessings of peace, prosperity, and freedom, under the flag of the Union.

The citizens of Richmond are requested to remain for the present quietly within their houses, and to avoid all public assemblages or meetings in the public streets. An efficient provost guard will immediately reëstablish order and tranquillity within the city.

Martial law is for the present proclaimed.

Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, United States Volunteers, is hereby appointed Military Governor of Richmond.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fred L. Manning, Provost Marshal General, Army of the James, will act as Provost Marshal of Richmond. Commanders of detachments doing guard duty in the city will report to him for instructions.

By command of Major-General WEITZEL. D. D. WHEELER, A. A. G.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF
RICHMOND, VA., *April* 3, 1865.

The armies of the rebellion having abandoned their efforts to *enslave* the people of Virginia, have endeavored to destroy by fire the Capitol, which they could not longer occupy by their arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Provost Marshal General of the Army of the James and Provost Marshal of Richmond, will immediately send a sufficient detachment of the provost guard to arrest, if possible, the progress of the flames. The fire department of the city of Richmond and all the citizens interested in the preservation of their beautiful city will immediately report to him for duty, and render every possible assistance in staying the progress of the conflagration. The first duty of the armies of the Union will be to save the city doomed to destruction by the armies of the rebellion.

No person will leave the city of Richmond without a pass from the office of the provost marshal.

Any citizen, soldier, or any person whatever, who shall hereafter plunder, destroy, or remove any public or private property, of any description whatever, will be arrested and summarily punished.

The soldiers of the command will abstain from any offensive or insulting words or gestures towards the citizens.

No treasonable or offensive expressions insulting to the flag, the cause, or the armies of the Union will hereafter be allowed.

For an exposition of their rights, duties, and privileges, the citizens of Richmond are respectfully referred to the proclamations of the president of the United States in relation to the existing rebellion.

All persons having in their possession or under their control any property whatever of the so-called Confederate States, or of any officer thereof, or the records or archives of any public officer whatever, will immediately report the same to Colonel Manning, Provost Marshal.

In conclusion, the citizens of Richmond are assured that with the restoration of the flag of the Union they may expect the restoration of that peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoyed under the Union, of which that flag is the glorious symbol.

G. F. SHEPLEY,
Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers and Military Governor of Richmond.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF RICHMOND, VA., *April* 3, 1865.

General Order No. 2. No officer or soldier will enter or search any private dwelling, or remove any property therefrom, without a written order from the head-quarters of the commanding general, the military governor, or the provost marshal general.

Any officer or soldier, with or without such order, entering any private dwelling will give his name, rank, and regiment.

Any officer or soldier entering a private dwelling without such authority, or failing to give his name, rank, and regiment, or reporting the same incorrectly, will be liable to immediate and summary punishment.

G. F. SHEPLEY,
Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers and Military Governor of Richmond.

After the labors of the first day in extinguishing the flames, giving orders for removing the bricks and stone of the fallen walls, so as to clear the streets and renew the supply of gas and water which had been cut off by the destruction of the mains, and in organizing measures for the government and police of the city, the officers of the army of occupation assembled in a large building near the executive mansion, and held a love-feast, to celebrate the fall of Richmond, and to listen to the congratulatory dispatches which poured in from the whole North.

I pass over these festivities and the thousand other occurrences of the next few days, to relate an incident which is a part of the unwritten history connected with the visit of Abraham Lincoln.[1] A few days after the fall of Richmond, as I was rapidly riding from my head-quarters in the custom-house, where I occupied rooms just vacated by Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state of the Confederacy, I saw an excited crowd moving up the street. Dispatching my orderly to ascertain the occasion of the tumult, he soon returned, saying, "General, they say it is the president." Putting spurs to my horse, I rode immediately to the advancing multitude. At the head of the procession was Abraham Lincoln leading his boy "Tad" by the hand, walking in the middle of the street, accompanied by Admiral Porter, and followed by the officers of Admiral Porter's flag-ship, the Wabash, and a crowd of curious gazers, — white, black, and intermediate shades; men, women, and children, — all anxious to get a look at Father Abraham.

Dismounting, I went up to him, when he exclaimed, "Hullo, general! is this you? I was walking round to find head-quarters." I dispatched an orderly to report the facts to General Weitzel, and we walked together to the executive mansion. When we arrived in front of it, I presented the president to the people, and he acknowledged their hearty cheers by a few simple, sensible, and kindly words.

While the officers of the navy who had accompanied the president were exploring Richmond, and he was conferring with General Weitzel, Judge Campbell, who had left the bench of the supreme court of the United States at the breaking out of the rebellion, and had been a member of the rebel cabinet, and was now in Richmond undergoing the process of reconstruction, came to me as an old friend, and solicited the favor of an interview with the president. I communicated his desire to Lincoln, who expressed a readiness to see him. The interview took place. Judge Campbell endeavored to satisfy the president that as Richmond was evacuated by the Confederacy, and in possession of the Union army, the Virginia troops, who had gone into the contest upon the ground

[1] April 6, 1865: the president's second visit to Richmond after its capture. His first visit was on April 4th, the day following the entry of the Union army.

that they owed their first allegiance to their State, would no longer care to fight. He urged that if the legislature of Virginia could be convened, it would now recall the Virginia troops from the field, and declare, so far as Virginia was concerned, the rebellion ended.

In the conference, Judge Campbell, appealing to the kind, generous, and forgiving nature of Lincoln, who was only too ready to concede everything to a fallen foe, succeeded in convincing him of the feasibility of this project, and that it would save the effusion of much blood. The president then ordered General Weitzel to grant passes and permission to the members of the rebel legislature of Virginia to assemble in Richmond.

General Weitzel had no opportunity to communicate this result to me before the president had left Richmond, although the president told me that he had acceded to Judge Campbell's request.

When General Weitzel informed me of the order, I asked for a copy.

He said, "I have no written order."

I replied, "You are not safe without one."

"Why do you say so?" he asked.

"Because," I answered, "this order will be revoked as soon as the president reaches Washington and confers with his cabinet; more, the cabinet will deny that any such order ever was issued."

"Why so?" said he.

"Because this is madness. By this shrewd move of Judge Campbell the rebel legislature, assembled under the new constitution recognizing the Confederacy, will covertly gain recognition as a legal and valid legislature, and creep into the Union with all its rebel legislation in force, thus preserving all the peculiar rebel institutions, including slavery; and they will get, as the price of defeat, all they hoped to achieve as the fruits of victory. The thing is monstrous. The cabinet will swear that you have misunderstood the verbal order, or willfully misinterpreted it. I wish, for your sake, you had the order in writing."

"I am a soldier," said he, "and do as I am ordered."

"Right, general," I said. "Issue to me the order for the safe conducts, and I will obey it." So he issued the order to me. I wrote a form of safe conduct, or pass, as follows: —

By command of the president of the United States, safe conduct through the lines of the army is hereby granted to ——, a member of the so-called legislature of Virginia, from his place of abode in Virginia to Richmond, and while going to, remaining in, and returning from Richmond, and during the meeting of the so-called legislature. If this permission be used for the furtherance or utterance of treason against the United States in any form, this safe conduct will be void and its protection withdrawn.

By command of GODFREY WEITZEL,
Major-General.
G. F. SHEPLEY, Brigadier-General,
Military Governor.

When these orders were printed, I showed them to Weitzel, and said, "The passes are ready for the members of the legislature; notice has been publicly given that they can have them. I have obeyed orders; so have you. I am afraid, general, as most of the gentlemen for whom these papers are intended are scattered over Virginia, and between us and them are the lines of two contending armies, not many of the passes will be delivered before this order is revoked from Washington, and before General Grant has solved the question for them. At the rate he is now progressing, he will soon withdraw the Virginia troops from the field without the help of a rebel legislature."

It turned out as I had expected. As soon as the president arrived in Washington, having reflected upon the effect of recognizing a rebel legislature, and

conferred with his cabinet, he revoked, by telegraph, his order to Weitzel. The cabinet officers denied the fact that such an order was issued, and the blame was thrown on Weitzel; and newspaper reporters circulated a charge that the movement originated with Weitzel, and it was attributed to his sympathy for the rebels. Not so President Lincoln. As soon as he was on board the Wabash, going down the river, he sent General Weitzel a *written order* in the same terms as the verbal one he had previously given. This shows the kindness and sense of justice of Abraham Lincoln. The written order was sent purely for Weitzel's protection, that the responsibility for the act might rest on the president's own shoulders, and no one else might suffer. When, therefore, after the decease of Lincoln, a high government official allowed it to be said without contradiction, "No one than he [Lincoln] more bitterly condemned the acts of General Weitzel and his officers in Richmond in attempting to assemble the rebel legislature of Virginia," he did not know, as I did, that General Weitzel had in his possession the peremptory *written order* of the president, and that the act was against the opinions and advice of the only officers in Richmond who were cognizant of it.

After his interview with Judge Campbell, the president being about to return to the Wabash, I took him and Admiral Porter in my carriage. An immense concourse of colored people thronged the streets, accompanied and followed the carriage, calling upon the president with the wildest exclamations of gratitude and delight. He was the Moses, the Messiah, to the slaves of the South. Hundreds of colored women tossed their hands high in the air, and then bent down to the ground, weeping for joy. Some shouted songs of deliverance, and sang the old plantation refrains, which had prophesied the coming of a deliverer from bondage. "God bless you, Father Abraham!" went up from a thousand throats. Those only who have seen the paroxysmal enthusiasm of a religious meeting of slaves can form any adequate conception of the way in which the tears and smiles and shouts of these emancipated people evinced the frenzy of their gratitude to their deliverer. He looked at it all attentively, with a face expressive only of a sort of pathetic wonder. Occasionally its sadness would alternate with one of his peculiar smiles, and he would remark on the great proportion of those whose color indicated a mixed lineage from the white master and the black slave; and that reminded him of some little story of his life in Kentucky, which he would smilingly tell; and then his face would relapse again into that sad expression which all will remember who saw him during the last few weeks of the rebellion. Perhaps it was a presentiment of his impending fate.

I accompanied him to the ship, bade him farewell, and left him, to see his face no more. Not long after, the bullet of the assassin arrested the beatings of one of the kindest hearts that ever throbbed in human bosom.

The sceptre descended into the hands of Andrew Johnson. Andrew Johnson descended into the hands of the Southern rebels. Then followed the ill-advised and ill-considered measures of reconstruction, and the conflicts of Ku-Klux and carpet-baggers; all which Providence seems to have tolerated as perhaps a necessary act in the great drama of the social revolution, which substituted a system of equality of personal and civil rights for the dynasty of a dominant over a servient race.

George F. Shepley.

BROWN'S RETREAT.

I.

Brown's Retreat flashed upon them all of a sudden.

The neighborhood had gone to sleep, one night, guileless and innocent, — that is, theoretically guileless and innocent, — and had awakened in the morning to the consciousness that Brown's Retreat was in its midst.

There was considerable mystery and confusion attending the want of knowledge whether Brown's Retreat meant that Brown had retreated, or if it was a general invitation into the "retreat," or if Brown was a practical joker and Brown's Retreat merely a gentle stimulant to that weakness.

Edgerly was such a prosperous town that it was no misnomer to call it a city. It had a fine harbor and a fine East India trade, and it had a charming collection of water-side characters. It had a fine state-prison that was kept on the most desirable plan. Five hundred gentlemen were lodged there who had differences with their country's laws. Once in a while, curiously enough, one of these gentlemen would escape. There were other fine institutions in Edgerly, of which it is, however, unnecessary to speak.

Edgerly itself was built on some three or four hills, so that the narrow, zigzag streets were not only narrow and zigzag, but they had quite an abrupt slope; and some of them, had they been built as surveyors intend, would have led you, running at a smart pace, down into the very depths of the dubious-looking black water at the foot of the hill, where, at the weather-beaten wharves, with their perfume of bilge-water, some rusty-looking schooner would be lying at anchor, displaying on its bare spars a varied collection of trousers and under-garments hung out to dry, besides affording a glimpse of a decidedly untidy nautical character mopping the unsavory deck.

To be sure, this represents Edgerly's least respectable side, but, to tell the truth, we have nothing to do with its more aristocratic aspect.

It was nearly at the foot of Edgerly's down-hill street that Brown's Retreat flashed out. At a rough guess it was six feet by ten, and occupied one half of the ground floor of No. 7, a wooden house with depressed-looking windows, at each of which appeared a vision of somebody's baby and some baby's mother, all looking very frouzy and much in want of soap and water and fresh air.

Brown's Retreat was, then, about six feet by ten, and left lookers-on no doubt of its character, as it boldly proclaimed itself "Brown's Retreat" on a deal-board, painted in lamp-black by one whose right hand had lost its cunning, for the letters resembled Edgerly streets, being narrow and zigzag in the extreme. Nevertheless, they stared into the world over the small, dingy show-window, which revealed as a solid foundation, two quarts of dismal-looking apples, surmounted by several rows of sticky pop-corn balls, a collection of combs and seed-cakes, a few paper dolls, a sprinkling of dead flies, clay-pipes, and shoe-strings.

Sometimes a child's face would peer out eagerly from among these treasures; a child's face, yet strangely unchild-like, with shrewd gray eyes watching stealthily, — a poor little body shivering in a doubtful calico dress, with an attempt at finery in a string with three glass beads about her wretched little neck, and a horse-hair ring on an emaciated forefinger.

The child was small, the shop was small, and the counter was very small.

The selection of wares was modest, and the greater part graced the window.

When the sign, "Brown's Retreat," appeared over the window the neighborhood stared. Whether the invisible Brown grinned is unknown; but true it is that the mysterious child continued to keep the little shop with much solemnity. Once in a while, when the shop was empty, — which, Heaven knows, was most of the time, for neither money nor trade was very brisk in that part of Edgerly town, — a cautious voice would whisper hoarsely, "Is the coast clear, Popsy?"

The mysterious child would reconnoitre stealthily, and then with much difficulty would whisper through the key-hole of a small door in the back of the shop, half lost in the gloom of the place, "Yes, Nunc!" Then a man's head would peer out cautiously from the slightly opened door, — a man's head, with tumbled, brown hair, an unshaven face, and undecided blue eyes, that had, however, little redeeming wrinkles at the corners, as if the man could laugh at a joke.

If Popsy whispered warningly, "Shoo, — shoo, Nunc!" there would come back a muffled "All right, Popsy!" By which you will see that not only was there a Brown's Retreat, but there was even a retreat to that, like a Chinese puzzle of a ball within a ball.

It was on a late November day that Brown's Retreat appeared before an astonished world; a raw day, when the inky waves with a greasy scum, down in the harbor, had foamy white caps tossing upon them, and plebeian Edgerly went about with a red nose and its hands in its pockets, and some of the ladies had their dress skirts over their heads.

Popsy, having flashed out along with the Retreat, was much stared at and questioned; but the only information gleaned was that Popsy had a sick uncle in the back room, who was n't to be disturbed. He had bought out the previous occupant, she further volunteered, who had failed ingloriously, with five dollars debts and assets *nil.*

"Uncle says, too, we must n't trust," Popsy added, parenthetically. As she spoke a low chuckle was heard through the key-hole of the back room, as if some one could n't help laughing, for the life of him.

"Merciful powers, what 's that?" asked the visitor.

"It 's only uncle a-choking," said Popsy, with much presence of mind.

II.

A man may be a rascal, and yet possess a fine sense of humor. That was the matter with Popsy's uncle. Not that he was such an awful rascal, if you judge by any other standard than this world's. His name was Brown, and before he became ripe for the penitentiary he had been quite a decent member of society, who even went to church once in a while. That was his misfortune. Had he not gone to church he might still have been quite a decent member of society instead of what he was.

One Sunday morning he wandered into a meeting-house, and heard the preacher grow eloquent on forgiving the sins of our fellow-men; how that he, the preacher, loved mankind, and there was nothing his erring brethren could do to him which would turn him against them. Brown had gone into the sacred edifice more for warmth than from piety, for it was a bitter, biting winter day, and his lucky star was, just then, very dim. Being there he listened, and listening believed the eloquent words. Confidingly, and with a certain sense of humor, too, he took the reverend gentleman at his word: that night the parsonage was entered and a large number of valuables were stolen. Brown was not caught in the act, exactly, but a silver cream jug

was found in his left coat-tail pocket for which he could not account; especially, as it had a strange monogram engraved on one fat side. To his surprise and disappointment the minister appeared against him; a jury without a bit of humor found him guilty, and a prosaic judge sentenced him to five years' imprisonment.

Brown did not belong to that class novelists delight in describing, the noble convict. He was human, — that is all I have to say for him; human, with a fine ignorance of mine and thine; but beyond that, he would do no injury to man or child, except, perhaps, in self-defense, when we are all either cowards or wild beasts.

That late November night when he escaped, one thought had been uppermost in his distracted mind, — to secrete himself on some outward-bound vessel in Edgerly harbor, and be carried to parts unknown; very fine in theory, very hard in practice, though Brown had his friends, and you know that truthful adage, "honor among thieves."

That eventful night, when, after deathly danger, he stood trembling and shuddering once more under the skies, a free man, unimaginative creature that he was he felt his own unspeakable wretchedness. With the instinct of a hunted beast more than the consciousness of a man with a deadly fear at heart, that made him repent of his rash folly too late, he turned his back on the open country, that would have meant safety to many a man, and groped his way through miserable alleys and no-thoroughfares, shrinking at every sound and starting at every shadow, to Edgerly's market-place.

The sky was black, the rain fell in torrents; and a piercing wind swept the great drops hither and thither.

"Dog's weather!" muttered a policeman, and pulled his coat collar about his ears, and was for a moment not quite as watchful as he should be. "Good convict's weather," Brown may have thought, if the power of thinking was still left to him in the midst of cold and terror, as he crouched in an angle of the great market that stretched its granite length in dim perspective, lighted at distant intervals by flickering gas-lamps, about which the rays, falling on mist and rain, formed a dismal yellow halo. Deserted all, deserted.

Edgerly market lay quite near the wharves; not very respectable, to be sure, but Brown was satisfied, and Brown and respectability had long since ceased to know each other. Quite unhindered he continued his vagrant, groping way, till, being about to turn a corner, a corner with a traitorous street-lamp, he ran face to face against another man.

"Damn you!" muttered the newcomer. Then instantly catching sight of the cowering face, he grasped the wretched man's arm with the power of a vice. "You, Brown," —

"You, Jack," — and Brown tried to free himself desperately, and raised one clenched fist.

"None o' that, Brown; we 're friends!" cried Jack. "Ned Brown, you here? Are n't you — why — you must have — you must have" —

"Cut? Yes," Brown interposed. "I 'm off, Jack. They 'll be after me now, sure!" he cried, and peered anxiously about.

"From the . . . ?" Jack asked, turning his thumb in the direction of Edgerly's prison. Brown nodded, and was about to hurry on, when the other stopped him. "Yours is hard luck, old boy. Here, take this; it 'll help you on. I 'll do som'mat more for you if I can, — for old time sake, ye know." Thrusting some money into the man's hand, this good Samaritan, in the guise of a common sailor, vanished.

With a ray of comfort in his heart Brown clutched the money to his breast, and at last found himself in that narrow, zigzag street which led to the black

water at the foot of the wharf, a street not very dainty in its inhabitants, and very willing to give anything it possessed for miserable money. It was the most undesirable of all the streets in a great city, — a street with tumble-down, wooden houses and odd nooks; with narrow lanes and alleys creeping out, and, here and there, dark quadrangles below the level of the street, with rickety wooden steps leading down to them, and dimly lighted by an oil lamp swinging from a wooden arch overhead and throwing a wretched glimmer on unspeakable poverty and crime. Down this street the culprit crept. He had just reached such a quadrangle, and had shrunk back from the dreary darkness and the dreary light, when he heard a bitter sobbing, and the next instant he felt something pull at his trousers. With a shudder and an oath he looked down.

"Let go, you brat!" he muttered, as he caught sight of the shivering form of a child crouching on the top of the miserable flight of steps. The child ceased sobbing and shrank back at the sudden violence of face and tone, while the unhappy man disappeared into the darkness. There is a touch of superstition, a fear of a higher power, be it what it will, in the most unimaginative and irreligious of us, — a feeling that, somehow, as we do, so shall we be done by. Fleeing, as he was, from every known peril, Brown was yet stopped in his headlong course by an unexplained feeling that a certain guiding power — Brown would call it "luck," in an unvarnished statement — might, in retribution, forsake him as he had passed by the child. So he retraced his steps to where she had fallen on her face and was weeping most bitterly. "What 's the matter, young 'un?" he asked roughly.

"They 've turned me out o' doors, for father 's gone, I don't know where, and mother — mother 's dead, — and oh, I 'm so cold and hungry, and I 'm so afraid!" she cried, looking about fearfully.

"Well, what 's to be done with you, young 'un?" Brown demanded, not unkindly.

The child stopped sobbing, and looking up to him with an imploring face said, with innocent confidence, "P'raps you 'll take me with you."

It did not enter Brown's head to disbelieve her story.

"Take you with me," he repeated, with a grim smile, for he saw the ghastly humor of the thing, — "take you with me? Why, I have n't got a bunk for myself to-night."

The child had been bred in that state of society where hunted-down Brown was but an every-day object to her. He seemed a stranger in Edgerly, and what wonder, therefore, that he was without a lodging?

"I know of a boarding-house where they 'll take you in," she said eagerly; "that is, if you can pay," she added, with some misgivings. Brown nodded. "It 's right here in the street, — near the wharf; and — and — p'raps you 'll tell 'em to take me in, too, and — and p'raps you 'll give me a bit of bread."

"Go ahead," said Brown, and he followed his ragged guide. He was reckless, this breaker of laws, and as a gambler stakes his all on one throw of the dice, so he staked life and liberty on this small vagrant, with a feeling of superstition that his "luck" could not forsake him; for had he not befriended one nearly as wretched as himself?

The child led the way to a tumble-down wooden house with depressed windows. The landlady, a middle-aged virago, was just having a dispute with a slightly intoxicated lodger, which she postponed for an instant to attend to business. The delicate matter of references not being alluded to, the stranger, in consideration of a certain modest sum, was allowed to take possession of a dingy room back of a six-by-ten-feet shop, followed by his small guide with a tallow candle.

"Two doors and a low window," said Brown, peering curiously about in the miserable room. "One door leads into the shop, the other into the entry, and the window," he said, throwing it open as noiselessly as possible, and putting his head out, "into an alley — so!" he exclaimed, and shut it again. Then he seated himself on the tall, uninviting bed, and, dangling his legs backwards and forwards, stared into the pinched, haggard face of the child, who stood watching him very patiently. "And what may your name be, young 'un?" he asked abruptly.

"Popsy," she said briefly, returning his stare.

"You 're pretty well alone in the world?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"So am I," he said thoughtfully, — "so am I. We might," he added, as if thinking aloud, — "we might hang on to each other, for the present at least, might n't we?"

"I bet we might!" Popsy answered energetically, with a world of gratitude in her old young eyes.

"Well, then, call me uncle; Nunc, you might say, for short. Now, Popsy?"

"Well, Nunc?"

"Fetch a pint of milk and a loaf of bread."

Popsy disappeared, and Brown lay back on the bed and laughed. The idea of his playing the part of protector was too funny; it struck him so forcibly that he forgot his own precarious position in amusement at the comic side of the transaction.

Such was the advent of Brown, who rented the six-by-ten-feet shop, and, hiding day-times, prowled about at night in search of means to escape from Edgerly town and the Edgerly laws he had broken. Yet the man could not be the man he was without having his little joke. In his leisure moments, so very plentiful, he traced the words "Brown's Retreat" on a pine board, and, trusting to the name of Brown as a disguise, nailed it over the shop window one night, where it surprised Edgerly the next morning, to the intense delight of its owner, who nearly choked with suppressed laughter when an unsuspecting policeman, in passing, read the sign and grinned.

That policeman had a nice sense of humor, but it was as nothing compared to Brown's.

III.

But Justice did not sleep because guileless policemen passed by Brown's Retreat unsuspectingly. No; she was only slightly confused; perhaps rubbing her bandaged eyes, and resting the end of her classic nose on the hilt of her conventional sword. But she was not asleep. She had put her hand into her respectable pocket and offered two hundred and fifty dollars reward for the apprehension of the fugitive Brown, which stimulated quite a number of loafers to find him out.

November had turned into the bitterest, coldest December. Approaching Christmas hardly disturbed this part of Edgerly by any undue gladness; though Brown's Retreat made a sacrifice to the season in the shape of a few twigs of holly and an evergreen-tree.

Popsy had developed fine shop-keeping talents, with a shrewd eye open for cash customers. This calculating eye, in looking over the street one December morning, lighted on a stranger in an attire several degrees better than that usually worn by the gentlemen about. It was a cross between a naval and a police uniform, and there was something military in the slouched hat that was carelessly cocked over a wide-awake eye; there was, too, something military in the dyed mustache.

This personage, with his hands in his trousers pockets, stared at the sign of Brown's Retreat, and said "Hallo!"

with a dim sense of amusement. Then he looked in at the door, and said "Hallo?" interrogatively. Without waiting for an answer, he leaned his elbow gracefully on the counter, and remarked to Popsy, —

"Of course you're not Brown; who may Brown be?" to which the child listened in silent alarm. "Brown's a man who likes a joke," the stranger continued, surveying the dismal place with much scorn; "for of course nobody 'd call this a retreat except as a joke. . . . What did you say?" he abruptly asked Popsy, who stood by in open-mouthed consternation.

"If you please," she said, with a little courtesy, — "if you please, sir, Brown's my sick uncle, and must n't be disturbed."

"Oh, really, must n't he?" said this remarkable individual, calmly making for the little door.

"No, you shan't!" cried Popsy, and thrust her slight figure between the stranger and the back room.

"Why, you ferocious little savage! what harm would it do him?" he cried, retreating, nevertheless, while he stroked his dyed mustache nonchalantly, and laughed a weak laugh, which would have been still weaker could he have seen through the deal door, where Brown sat on the bed with a loaded revolver in his hand, ready with an unexpected welcome.

"He's sick, and you must n't go in," Popsy said hastily, fearing, child as she was, that she had made a blunder, even in her quick defense of him; for she knew his story, and that he was waiting for a favorable moment to escape on one of the schooners down at the wharf, — a transaction by no means strange to Popsy.

The mysterious stranger, as if in his turn to allay her suspicion, or her alarm, looked over the wares on the counter, and at last purchased a clay pipe, and then sauntered carelessly out of the shop, followed by the child's eager gaze and by a couple of cautious eyes that looked stealthily out of the inner door after the retreating figure, and made such a mental note of it that that inquisitive person would not have been safe from Brown beneath any disguise. "The devil's in that sneaking cuss!" he muttered, as he drew his head in again. "Popsy!"

"What's it, Nunc?" the child asked, putting her shrewd face in at the door.

"If that chap comes loafing round here again, you do this; do you understand? Now do it!" So Popsy coughed obediently, as Brown directed. "It's getting as hot as h—ll round here. I'll have to cut, or they'll pin me again," he muttered.

"Nunc," said Popsy, still lingering, "there was another man here this morning what asked to see you; and I said you wos sick, and he said he wos a doctor. I said you would n't see no doctor; then he said he wos a friend o' yourn, and he'd come round again."

There was a look of veiled fear in the man's eyes, and he clenched his brawny hands, and felt as if the game he was playing was coming to a delicate point.

The zigzag street was indeed becoming unsafe quarters; the neighborhood was accustomed to harbor suspicious characters, and, after a first nod of surprise, forgot all about them. But the mysterious Brown, who was never seen, who rented a shop where there was little to sell, became the subject of conversation. The police was after him, too; but it was not the police that looked in at the store and bought clay pipes; nor did the police say it was the doctor and his friend. The police was scouring the country far and wide in search of the criminal, but it had not occurred to that able body to examine the region under its very nose; that duty was being performed by self-constituted spies, who had recourse to the police only at the last moment, fearing it might claim the

reward. The culprit, knowing the tricks of the trade, instantly recognized his visitors' errand, and muttered a curse upon them. The man was not so delicate in his sentiments — not being a noble convict — as to doubt the honor or purity of their profession; he merely questioned their right to be stepping into the shoes of those whose duty it was to arrest him in the way of business.

"Curse them for sneaking dogs! Why can't they leave a fellow alone!" he thought, with a despair at heart that nearly made him give in, beaten.

Nevertheless, that night he once more groped his way stealthily out of the house, through a back door that led into an alley-way, darker for a cloudy night and dirtier than usual for a spell of thawing. Into this dirt and darkness Brown disappeared.

. . . .

The neighborhood about Brown's Retreat, if not very honest or respectable, had a touching confidence in other people's honesty and respectability; for it always slept with its doors wide open in summer and on the latch in winter, the delicate formality of a bell or knocker being quite unknown. At midnight, or a little later, the faint light of a tallow candle lit a corner of Brown's Retreat and awoke Popsy from her slumbers on a miscellaneous heap of old clothes and a patchwork quilt to the fact that an unknown man was bending over her. A sailor he seemed; a strong looking man, with a face smoothly shaven but for a short, cleanly cut mustache.

Being only a child, Popsy was for a moment filled with unspeakable terror at the sudden awakening, the light, and the strange man. Then there flashed into her mind, young as she was, the danger of the man who had befriended her, and whose object was, she knew, to remain undiscovered.

Without moving her eyes from the stranger's face, she slipped on to her feet, and stood at the door of Brown's room, as if to defend it. Not a word she said, but stood there shivering and trembling, with one small, faithful hand on the door-knob and a pleading look in her faithful eyes that made his own dim; that made him turn away for an instant, and then ask in a husky voice, "Don't you know me, Popsy?" Popsy started at the tones. "Well, this beats all! Don't you know your Nunc?" cried the man. "I swear, youngster, either you 're asleep or I 'm another man. What, don't you know me, Popsy?" he asked, and held out his arms to her.

"Yes, you are Nunc!" the child cried, throwing her arms about his neck. Then, after a little thoughtful pause, she added, "And yet you are not."

The man was, indeed, well disguised. Since Popsy had known him his face had become rough and dark by a beard and mustache of some weeks' growth. Soap and water and a comb, prosaic as it sounds, had helped the transformation. The trim sailor's dress, rough as it was, formed such a contrast to the wretched clothes he had picked up piecemeal.

With better clothes something of that disgraced, hunted-down look in his eyes had disappeared; so that as far as his outer man was concerned Brown might again have been classed as a respectable member of society.

"And yet you are not Nunc," the child repeated, not quite comprehending his disguise.

Brown said nothing, but lifting her in his arms carried her into the back room and closed the door. Placing the candle on the rough table, he seated himself and took the child on his knee.

"Look here, Popsy," he began, with some embarrassment, "you know I 'm hiding from the — from the" —

"Perlice," Popsy interposed wisely.

"Well, yes, to be sure. And the fact is, to make a long story short, those two chaps who 've been a-prowling round here are making the place too hot for

me; and, Popsy," he said, with a certain tenderness in his voice you would hardly have expected from so rough a man, — "Popsy, I've got to leave you, though I said I wouldn't; and it does seem hard and mean, now, does n't it, young 'un?"

"Oh, Nunc, Nunc!" the child sobbed.

"There, there!" Brown said, rocking her to and fro like a sick baby. "Now, listen to what I've done. You don't know Jack? Still, how should you?" he muttered to himself. "Ay, Jack's a good one and has stood by me like a rock, darn him!" Brown said affectionately. "Now, Jack's got me a berth with himself on the Mary Ann, bound for the East Indies. The skipper's glad of a steady hand, and asks no questions at this time o' year. There'll come a woman for you to-morrow, Popsy, who'll take ye along with her. She's Jack's sister, and," speaking almost in a whisper, "once she was to have been my wife, — my wife. But I went to the dogs — God forgive me! — and she's only Jack's sister now. Be mindful of her, Popsy; be true and good like her, and some day you'll grow up to be a good woman, just as she is, — Heaven bless her!" Brown cried, and buried his face in his hands for a moment.

"I will, I will, Nunc!" the child answered piteously. "But when are you coming back?"

"Never," said Brown, accustomed to staring hard facts in the face, — "never. But when you're a woman grown, — a good woman, mind, like *her*, Popsy, — perhaps then you'll come out to me — But what's the matter, young 'un?" as Popsy, slipping from his knee, with head bent forward listened intently.

"Nunc, don't you hear something?" she whispered, terror-stricken.

Instantly Brown was deadly still, listening with that keen suspense which only a man feels whose liberty and life are at the mercy of a sound.

There was the noise as of a delicate tampering with the metal about a knob or a lock, — a noise which would have been unheard in the day-time, but which a dead midnight barely caught and reechoed into those straining, foreboding ears.

There was only time to act. With the quickness of a man to whom self-possession in danger has become a second nature, he sprang to the low window, tore it open, and without another word or look leaped out into the midnight darkness, and ran, ran for dear life, with the horror at heart of perhaps running into the very hands of his pursuers.

The child, with quick instinct, shut the betraying window, and then, with the hot tears welling up into her eyes, shrank back into a dim corner, and waited till the low door opened, and by the flash of a lantern and the flaring light of the candle she saw three men enter, one of whom carried a revolver in his hand. This last man was a policeman, and he stepped in with a certain business-like air which was in fine contrast to the lagging steps of the men behind him, in whom the child instantly recognized the nautical loafer of the morning and the individual who said he was a doctor and a friend.

"Where's Brown? Where's the man?" the policeman asked, peering about, with his lantern in one hand and the revolver in the other.

"This is Brown's Retreat with a vengeance, said the nautical gentleman, while the friendly individual used some strong language about meddling fools, with a glance at the former.

Without a knowledge of what would happen, with the glitter of the ugly looking pistol in her eyes, but with a world of gratitude in her heart, poor Popsy crept out of her corner, and said humbly and pleadingly, "If you please, sir, I'm Brown!"

. . . .

Of course they tried to ferret him out, but the humorous rogue did actually

escape on the Mary Ann, bound for the East Indies, with the briskest kind of a breeze to push her along.

I had a feeling of sympathy with Brown all the time, for he had a vein of humor in him; and a vein of humor is an excellent point in a man, even if two hundred and fifty dollars are offered as a reward for his capture as a common thief.

He was, to be sure, a bit foolhardy in his appreciation of a joke, for in his leisure he nailed up another deal-board with "Brown's Retreat" upon it at the head of his bunk, to the curiosity of the other seamen. Only one understood the delicate innuendo, and that was the good Samaritan, Jack.

As his country's prisons were never again honored by his presence, as nothing was heard of his death, as mysterious presents are continually reaching Popsy, who has grown to be a true and noble-hearted girl just as Jack's sister was before her, it is pleasant to think that the wretched criminal found some spot on earth where he prospered; where he could have his little joke without being locked up; where preachers say what they mean and human nature is to be trusted.

The name of Brown is not uncommon. Should you know a middle-aged man of that name, with a misty past and a taste for a joke, you might ask him if he ever heard of Brown's Retreat.

Anna Eichberg.

PASSING.

"What ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange, yet half familiar,
With treasure from afar?
O comrades, shout, good bells ring out,
Peal loud your merry din!
Oh, joy! At last across the bay
My ship comes sailing in!"
Men said in low whispers,
"It is the passing bell.
At last his toil is ended."
They prayed, "God rest him well!"

"Ho, captain, my captain!
What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
Than gems or golden hoard;
The broken promise welded firm,
The long-forgotten kiss;
The love more worth than all on earth,
All joys life seemed to miss."
The watchers sighed softly,
"It is the death change.
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?"

"O captain, dear captain,
What forms are those I see
On deck there beside you?
They smile and beckon me,
And soft voices call me, —
Those voices sure I know!"
"All friends are here that you held dear
In the sweet long ago."
"The death smile," they murmured;
"It is so passing sweet
We scarce have heart to hide it
Beneath the winding-sheet."

"O captain, I know you!
Are you not Christ the Lord?
With light heart and joyous
I hasten now on board.
Set sail, set sail before the gale,
Our trip will soon be o'er:
To-night we 'll cast our anchor fast
Beside the heavenly shore."
Men sighed, "Lay him gently
Beneath the heavy sod."
The soul afar beyond the bar
Went sailing on to God.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

WINTERING ON ÆTNA.

More years ago than I now like to remember, I had my first sight of Ætna. It was from the sea, as we coasted the Sicilian shores on our way to Messina, and I recall how unlike other mountains it looked, rising as it did from a base which seemed to spread over all visible Sicily, till the eye was led up a steeper and steeper ascent to a summit that was lightly touched with snow in the upper sky. The strangeness was partly in the way the slopes were covered with what seemed little volcanoes, which studded the great mass they rose from so thickly that one grew tired of counting them. No mountain has ever so impressed me since, and I looked back at it, regretting to leave it unvisited, but hoping to return and study it at leisure.

As fate willed, it was unseen by me for many a year after, until, unexpectedly, I lately found myself occupied with a scientific errand, which brought me once more to Messina, but this time with Ætna as my destination.

I should have been there in October, and it was now December, but in spite of my haste to get on the mountain before the snows covered it, I stopped at Taormina, half-way to Catania (whence the ascent was to be made), to view Ætna from the north. Taormina is built on the southern slope of a spur projecting into the Mediterranean, whose northern ridge, rising a thousand feet above

the sea, is crowned by the ruins of a Grecian theatre. The stream of pleasure travel seems to pass by this wonderful coast, so that comparatively few tourists see the shores of Sicily, except from the steamer which takes them to Athens or Alexandria; but if the reader is among those few, he may remember the view from these ruins at sunrise as one of which the earth cannot furnish many. He will remember, perhaps, rising long before daybreak for a solitary climb through steep lanes, half seeing, half groping, his way between high walls, over which started into dim sight spectral figures with outstretched arms, resolved, as he drew nearer, into some overleaning cactus, vaguely outlined overhead against the starry sky. Mounting higher, one comes out from between the overshadowing walls into the moonlight, the waning moon, a crescent in the east, "holding the old moon in her arms," while, when higher yet, the columns of the ancient proscenium stand out against a faint glow that shows where the sun is yet to rise; till, passing by these, climbing and groping up the stone benches which once held tiers of spectators, one takes a solitary seat at the summit. Below, the last lights are still twinkling on the coast, but beyond and over the columns, all along the south, rises a dark something, which might be a hundred yards away, but is Ætna, and twenty miles distant. As the dawn grows brighter the outlook extends north and east to Italy, and as the sun makes ready to come out of the ocean the gray mass in the south moves further away, and takes on distinctness as it recedes, until we make out the whole form of Ætna, with the outline of the crater and of the snow fields about its summit. These distant snows suddenly changed their gray to a rose pink as they caught the light of the sun before it had risen to me; but of all that was seen when it came out of the ocean I was most concerned with the mountain itself, which can be viewed better here, as a whole, than from any nearer point.

The coast line on the left preserves the level to the eye, but except for this, so wide is the base of Ætna that it fills the whole southern landscape, which seems to be tilted upward till its horizon ends in the sky. I could see from here how almost incomparably larger the immense volcano appears than Vesuvius; and the actual difference is in fact enormous, the height of Ætna being (if we disregard the terminal cone of each) nearly three times, and its mass probably twenty times, that of its Italian neighbor. The entire mountain in all its substance is lava, which has built itself up in eruptions; but from this point the successive zones of vegetation are visible which in the course of ages have in part occupied its surface. Extending to perhaps a fifth of the whole actual height before me (but covering a great deal more of the foreground in appearance) is the cultivated region, dotted with villages, which shine out from a background of what we know must be vineyards and olives. The second zone is barren, and in sharp contrast with the former. It rises to perhaps two thirds of the whole height, and its broad masses of gray are patched with moss-like spots hardly distinguishable in color, but which are really forests of oak and chestnut. All above this rose what even from my distant station could be recognized as naked black deserts, streaked here and there with snow, while above this was the terminal cone, snow covered at the time I saw it, and with a depression at the summit from which slowly drifted a thin vapor. The railway south of Taormina runs along the coast (and is carried through cuttings on old lava streams, which here flowed down to the sea) until it reaches Catania, a city which, as every one knows, is not only built on lava, but which has been cut through and through by lava streams, and shaken down by earthquakes in recent times,

and which lives from day to day at the mercy of its terrible neighbor.

The city wears an air of freshness unusual in Europe, for it has been almost wholly rebuilt since the last destruction in the seventeenth century, and with its handsome streets, bright, clean stone façades, and the bustle of its hundred thousand inhabitants, it seems to belong less to the Old World than to the New. But if new in some respects, it is old in other ways. That faith in the supernatural which is dying out so rapidly elsewhere in Europe — and nowhere more rapidly than in Italy — is lively and strong among all classes in Catania. For over against the place is an outlet of those very infernal regions whose existence some deny, whence come rivers of fire which run through your streets and carry your houses away as water does grains of sand, not to speak of earthquakes which shake the stone walls down on you without warning when you are asleep ; death in sudden forms, for thousands at once, and against which thousands are powerless as one, has come from there before, and will again at some unknown moment, and is an ever-impending terror, against which science is unavailing and man's strength impotent.

Only if the reader has had the fortune or misfortune to experience an earthquake can he know that sense of utter helplessness, that distrust of every accustomed stay, mental and material, when the solid frame of earth is shaken ; for there comes with this earthshake a belief that the order of nature itself is going from under us, and that neither in the moral nor physical world is there anything left to stand on. This may seem fanciful (those who have tried an earthquake know whether it is so), but after one brief personal experience I am disposed to confess a doubt whether my reasoned faith in the order and harmony of the universe would last through another ; whether, that is, it would not irrationally yield for a little — let us say while the tremor lasted — to an overwhelming need of something to cling to. At any rate, there is a good deal in Mr. Buckle's theories, and I don't wonder that these dwellers on the great volcano trust nature less and the supernatural more ; more than people in the West End of London, for instance, where two or three earthquakes would probably help more to restore old ways of thought in the public Mr. Mallock addresses than the same number of his cleverest essays. The very street carts of Catania are painted in the liveliest colors with devotional subjects. Profane ones sometimes intrude, it is true, but more often we have martyrdoms of the saints, the holy souls in purgatory, or the sufferings of the damned, — themes which are selected both as tending to edification and as calling for a great deal of red and yellow in the flames. The long Strada Etnea, which points straight at the mountain, was gay with these carts when I started, one December day, for the ascent. I had been recommended to lodge during my stay at Nicolosi, the highest village on the mountain ; but beside that it was not high enough for my purpose, I had found it on a previous exploration so uninviting that I had decided on making my quarters in the uninhabited region several hours' journey further up, where on the property of the Duke of Alva is a mule shed, which from the neighborhood of some chestnut-trees has received the fine-sounding name of Casa del Bosco ; and this was my final destination. I had received contradictory accounts as to the safety of this region, most of them agreeing that, though bandits were a very real danger in Western Sicily, the eastern part of the island was safe. Mr. Marsh, our minister at Rome, however, strongly urged me not to make a prolonged stay in the desert region unprotected, and his kindness had procured me official recommendations from Rome to the local authorities ; the final advice I received at the consulate be-

ing to accept the guard which would be offered as a courtesy, and to dismiss it if it seemed superfluous. It was to meet me at Nicolosi, to which the carriage road was now climbing with many zigzags. It passes in sight of the place where the great lava stream of two centuries ago turned aside at the intercession of St. Agatha, and a little higher up we drew sensibly near to the Monte Rossi, whence the terrible destruction flowed. They are now two peaceful-looking hills above Nicolosi, the terminal village; where all roads end, all cultivation ceases, and where begins that uninhabited waste, covering an area of something like two hundred square miles, which Ætna lifts into the cold upper air from out of the centre of a densely populous and fertile region on the warm slopes below.

The day was growing gloomy, and when the carriage reached Nicolosi it had settled into a fine rain. Here I found Giuseppe, at once guide, philosopher, and cook, whom I had engaged during my stay at Casa del Bosco; and here the mayor or syndic of the town appeared with the soldiers, and made me an address in Italian (which I unfortunately do not understand), and to which I replied, as best I could, in French (which, I have been sorry to learn since, he does not speak a word of). These formalities settled, I mounted a most ungainly mule, and preceded by a train of others, bearing instruments and provisions, with Joseph and two aids leading and two soldiers following, under the admiring gaze of the whole population of Nicolosi, disappeared from their sight, in the mist.

The ascent was at first slow and regular, and the feet of our animals sunk deep in powdery lava dust, as we crawled upward. At a dilapidated shrine, whose mildewed saint and half-effaced frescoes represented the last outpost of the local civilization, the road ceased wholly, and the path was strewn thick with lava lumps, through which the mules picked their way with steady steps. The horizon rose as we ascended, and through occasional openings in the mist we saw it slowly climbing the sides of the Monte Rossi, and finally surmounting them; but one more volcanic cone, and then another, appeared above us, and was successively overtopped by the still-mounting horizon line, which we still seemed to carry with us, till thicker mist and coming twilight shut out all but the immediate foreground. This consisted of ridges of lava, old streams, which, like glaciers and rivers, rise highest in the middle, but which have cooled so long ago that they have had time to become partly broken. Great masses have fallen off, here and there, from some of the later and harder rivers, each of which has its history of ravage and its name. All these are known to Joseph, who beguiles the way by opening the stores of a wonderful memory, and telling of the many great personages whom he has served as guide in former years. Among these I particularly remember her majesty Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie, both of whom, Joseph assures me, he personally attended in their ascent of Ætna over this very path; but in spite of the interest such associations ought to attach to it, it grows more and more weary, and the climb has seemed interminable an hour ago, when, with the last twilight of our day, we scramble up the bed of one final lava ravine, and reach Casa del Bosco.

It consists, as I had found on a previous visit, of three rooms (without windows), in one of which the horses and mules were stabled (and made night hideous by their fighting and screaming); on the other side the guard was bestowed; while in the middle of the floor of the central apartment, which I reserved for myself, Joseph kindled a charcoal fire, over which I tried ineffectually to get warm or dry, till I got a headache which sent me early to bed. Before retiring I

examined the ornaments of the room, which consisted of several rather curious printed prayers against earthquakes, stuck up on the lava walls, and one engraving in which the Blessed Virgin was represented as trampling upon an ugly beast with seven heads, which were marked with the names of the seven deadly sins, except that the Catanian artist had characteristically labeled the biggest head, on which the Virgin's foot was treading, "Ætna." So guarded, I lay down, after supper, in the driest corner, and went to sleep to the sound of the rain dripping on the floor, — not uncomfortably; thinking of a house on the other side of the Atlantic, where certain people would be gathered round the dinner-table, for this was Christmas Day.

The next morning brought snow, which did not stay on the ground, but turned to more rain, and I had little to do but to watch the guard eat my macaroni and drink my wine, which latter was done without the help of bottle or glass, these experts lifting the small barrel (holding perhaps twelve gallons) high in the air, and letting the contents fall into the open mouth. One or two men, armed with carbines and mounted on horses which seemed to tread with the security of mountain goats, made their appearance during the day, to inquire after my welfare and to drink my health. Joseph calls them forest guards of the Duke of Alva, in whose mule shed I am living on sufferance. There are twenty-four of them, it seems, patrolling the various deserts and forests of the mountain, and an indefinite number may be expected to find Casa del Bosco on their way so long as it holds wine, macaroni, and a simple stranger. These gloomy reflections were aided by a report from Joseph that the barrel was already nearly empty, and that it would certainly be necessary to send down for more wine the next day. Believing that it was at any rate a debatable question whether the brigands, if they came, might not be less expensive than my defenders, I sent the soldiers off the next morning, with a letter to the syndic, thanking him for their services.

At night, however, two new ones appeared through the rain to replace them, bringing a message from the syndic to the effect that he was only acting under orders from the prefect of Catania, who had concerned himself in the matter, and who was the person to address.

The third morning broke bright and calm; the rain and mist that walled us in were gone, and as I opened the door my first glance fell through the exquisite transparency of the air, on what seemed to be an adjacent pool, with its water slowly rippling as from a gentle breeze. There was an instant of wonder how I could have passed it unseen, even in the twilight; when a second look showed that the pond had no further shore, and I saw with a startled sense of strangeness that I was looking at the Mediterranean, in this direction over twenty miles away. The ripples, or ocean waves rather, crawled over it with a distinctness which seemed almost impossible, and I found I was in fact witnessing a phenomenon rare enough to have had its visibility called in question altogether. I did not see it again during my stay, but its visibility appears to depend on the united conditions of a previous easterly gale rolling a swell upon the coast and a clear sunrise filling the valleys between the waves with shadow, and marking their long moving crests with light.

The coast was seen for a great distance to the south, a part of ancient Syracuse being visible, while between the foot of the mountain and the sea stretched a great plain with a river running through it. Near the bottom of the mountain the plain rose into steep foothills crowned with villages, whose white square houses on the lava soil looked like dice thrown upon the top of some black pedestals, and among which the

outlines of more than one mediæval castle grew afterwards discernible through the telescope. When I try now to recall what struck me most at first, I seem to re-gather the impression that the whole plane of the earth was tilted about me, owing to the vastness of the slope of the mountain, beside which Vesuvius, with its railroad and shoals of tourists, is a parlor volcano.

Here all is lonely. Below is one volcanic cone upon another; all around are ridges of black lava. Just behind the hut, on a higher ridge, a pile of snow seems near enough to gather a snow-ball in and bring it back before it melts, but it is eight hours' journey above us; and a faint smoke ascending from what looks like a little depression in the summit of the snow heap helps one to realize that it is the terminal cone of Ætna, further above our heads than we are above the Mediterranean down there.

After looking a while, till the real dimensions of the scene were partly comprehended, I turned to my work. A little later I was disturbed in it by voices, sounding very near and distinct, though no one was visible. I looked for some time in vain for the speakers, until I discovered them at a distance (as I afterward found by measurement) of over half a mile from me. The voices of the two, in apparently ordinary conversation, continued to reach me, till I asked myself whether I had been gifted of a sudden like Fine-Ear. I think it was this which first drew my attention to the phenomenal stillness of the place, devoid as it is of animal life and deserted of man. This was the only time I remember hearing a human voice except from the visitors to the hut. Here were no tourists, Murray or Baedeker in hand, to invade the quiet; no song of a wayfaring peasant, no lowing of cattle; none of that faint, multitudinous hum of insect notes that make an all-pervading something in our own fields, which is hardly recognized as sound, and yet is not silence. Its entire absence here shows that one may never have known what real silence is like. When the wind was still, the ear seemed to ache for a sound, and I should almost hesitate to say how far its powers were sharpened. On another day, for instance, I was startled at my work out-of-doors by a noise like that of a fanning close to my ear. I looked round and finally up, discovering its origin in the flapping of the wings of two crows at a great height overhead, every motion of the wings seeming to be repeated at the very ear.

This fourth day my diary records that two more soldiers arrived, and that the second barrel began to run low. I sat down and wrote a letter to the prefect, commending the admirable good order of the country under his charge, as rendering the services of the military superfluous, and suggesting their withdrawal. This was sent down by Joseph, who was instructed to deliver it, if possible, to the prefect, in that dignitary's own person, and to make sure of an answer; and in the afternoon I started out for a walk. Monte Vittori, one of the innumerable volcanic cones which lay apparently close at hand, was my objective point. It looked to be a few minutes' walk, but it was nearly an hour of climbing over the chaotic lava masses, through and across fissures in the old fields, down which later lava streams had flowed, and hardened in falls that made precipices to clamber up, before I reached its foot. In the latter part of the way, I became conscious that I was under the surveillance of a soldier from the hut, who was trying to keep me in sight from a distance without being seen. His orders must have been strict indeed to take him out from his comfortable idleness to a climb (which every Italian detests), and I pushed on, thinking he would give me up and go back. Finally I lost sight of him, and after another half hour of desperate struggle on its smooth, yielding slopes I reached the summit of Monte Vittori.

Casa del Bosco had disappeared; the great white cone above was just as far, or just as near, as ever, and the only new prospect was that of endless barren mountain ridges to the west. My guardian had disappeared also, and convinced that I had beaten him I slid down, reaching in two minutes' descent the foot I had been thirty in climbing from. After a rest here, turning for one last look at the summit, I saw a figure emerge from the other side above the crest. It was my soldier! The next day it was the same thing, and I found myself under unobtrusive but constant guardianship when I went a hundred yards from the hut.

In the evening Joseph returned, bringing a message to the effect that the prefect was desirous of taking the extremest care of my safety, as a thing precious to him, and that to this end he sent two more soldiers, making four *en permanence* and six during half the time! There was nothing for it but resignation and another barrel; but I then and there issued orders for the regulation of my household, giving Joseph, my major-domo, to understand that the hospitality to wandering forest-guards must have its limits; that hereafter each warrior was to have three bottles of wine per diem, and no more; and that no one was hereafter privileged to drink from the barrel except myself.

Each day after this passed uneventfully. I was busied with my work, and after it took a ramble for exercise; after that a solitary dinner, and when the night was cloudy went to bed to pass the time. I recollect views in some of my climbs which exceeded in lonely wildness and strangeness anything else I ever saw on the earth, but strongly resembled certain prospects the moon offers to the student of her surface, when, armed with a powerful telescope, he is transported to the awful solitudes of that dead, alien world. Just such a purely lunar landscape I have often looked at below me on Ætna: the long rifts filled with little craters, the loneliness and the silence helping the illusion, till after a time, during which no bee hummed, or fly buzzed, or sight or sound of life appeared at my lonely perch, it was easy to fancy myself on another planet, where this one seemed so unearthly. Even at the hut, except for the duke's guards, who rode up occasionally, there were not many signs that men still lived on the earth. I should except, though, the passage of a muleteer and three mules, in the early dawn, on their way up to the snow-fields; they came down toward twilight, laden with what looked like packages of dried leaves and straw, in which the snow was bundled, and would keep till it reached Catania the next day, and was sent on thence to Agosta. This was the ice supply not only for Catania, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, but for the towns along the eastern coast, to all of which not only in the winter, but in the torrid heats of their spring, the great white summit of Ætna hangs like a cloud in the upper air, tantalizing them with its suggestions of delicious cold. The snow at this time, though it occasionally fell at the Casa, never remained long on the ground, and the mules had to go far above for their load. The only animals I ever saw besides were sheep in the nearer valleys below, up to which they had been driven for pasturage; but wolves were plenty, and left their tracks each night in the lava sand by the hut, close to which, apparently, lay their highway to the food in the valleys below. They are cowardly if alone, but when united in packs and starving it goes badly with the solitary shepherd who meets them in their raids through these places, from which they retreat before daybreak to the still more desert solitudes above.

One day, when some leisure had been earned, I started with Joseph at midday for a walk. Our object was to ascend to the base of the snow-fields, and

to enable me to judge for myself how far the ascent to the actual summit would be practicable at another time. We left, after an hour's walk, most of the scattered chestnut-trees behind us, and then climbed, for hours more, over lava ridges looking much like glacial moraines, through a region almost utterly bare of vegetation, without bringing the great terminal cone much nearer; we finally reached the source of the snow supply, and then a plateau, whence we could see, over the western shoulder of Ætna, a prospect limited only, I think, by the island; and a wonderful view of mountains it was! Not in the Alps nor in the "Rockys" have I seen a region more rugged or more savagely desolate than the interior of modern Sicily; though it is this barren land which was once called "the granary of Europe." Only to the south and east we saw signs of towns and cities. Fifteen miles away, as the crow flies, in something which looked like a tuft of spear-grass, we recognized the masts of the huddled shipping in the little harbor of Catania. The coast line extended beyond the promontory that bounded it at our lower station, and beyond still another on the south we could catch the glitter of the sunshine on the white houses of ancient Syracuse, forty miles away. Far below us the snow lay in what looked like patches in the wrinkles of the hills; but some of them we had passed over, and knew them to be snow-fields sheltered in the ravines from the sun. Above us the snow stretched unbroken, but immediately around us it had melted on the powdery black lava, which showed wolf-tracks everywhere. There was no vegetation, except, at rare intervals, a tuft of what looked like the softest grass, springing unexpectedly out of the volcanic soil, and inviting one to a seat, — treacherously, for the "grass" is filled with fine thorns as delicate and sharp as cambric needles. The plant is called, according to Joseph, "the Holy Spirit," and the wolves (still according to Joseph) eat it, rather than starve; but this I found it hard to believe. In spite of the snow-fields, I resolved to attempt the ascent to the cone the next fair day, and after lingering to the last minute it was necessary to tear one's self away from the sight of the approaching sunset, and, making our best speed downward while daylight lasted, we finally groped our way to the Casa, which we reached after dark.

Tired of the monotony of succeeding days of rain, I started for an expedition to the Valde Bove, a huge depression in the eastern side of the mountain, flanked by almost precipitous walls some thousands of feet in height. Two of the soldiers accompanied me as an escort, and were changed below at every station. Their presence was not unwelcome when we reached, in a dark night, strange quarters in an unprepossessing neighborhood. Here my sleeping-room was guarded efficiently by my military friends, who lay down outside the chamber door on some straw, and slept there all night, as I did too, with a not unpleasant sense of security. This was all very well, but next day, after being turned back by a violent snow-storm from the entrance to the Valde Bove, I resolved to have one day of civilization, and started down to Aci Reale, on the coast, where I knew there was a hotel kept for the benefit of foreigners, and where, presumably, a bath and other long-missed luxuries were to be had. As we descended, the snow was left behind us. The way was through almost continuous vineyards and villages, and in the latter I grew aware that I was an object of lively interest and curiosity from my escort; popular opinion, as well as I could make out, being divided as to whether I was some very eminent personage indeed, with a military guard, or a captured brigand under the conduct of the gendarmes. To the latter theory my general appearance — I had slept in my clothes for two nights — lent, I was painfully conscious, but too much plausibil-

ity, and at the first station we reached I stopped, and in what fragmentary Italian I could muster explained to the officer on duty that I was going down into a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, in which the presence of my defenders, although a highly considerate attention on the part of his government, was not positively necessary, and was in fact an honor of which I was undeserving. My polite friend answered, however, that it was none too much for a person of my merit, and that, besides, he had strict orders; and I resigned myself to seeing a fresh detail of men provided, with which I entered Aci Reale, causing an amount of public interest and discussion which few tourists can flatter themselves with having aroused there.

To all this, at last, I grew case-hardened, riding through the villages indifferent to the admiration I was the cause of, and finally set out to climb to my hermitage again. Here it was too evident the halcyon days were gone, and that my expedition to the summit was a thing not to be thought of till another season. As we ascended we encountered snow when but a little way above Nicolosi, and had to dismount and struggle through it, till, wet and weary, we got back to my hut once more, toward which I was surprised to feel a home-like warming. I could, in fact, adopt almost every word of what another solitary remarked on a similar occasion: "I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch and lie down in my bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement, and it rendered everything about me so comfortable that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again while it should be my lot to stay on the Island," said Robinson Crusoe. Here, however, day after day went by in dull monotony; the snow fell thicker than ever, and it was plain that work was over for the winter. I waited on for a few hours of sunshine and starlight to complete my observations, and beguiled the days as well as I could; but they seemed long, and not having kept a tally of them by notching a post for Sundays, as Robinson Crusoe did, I almost lost count of the time. Once the silence was broken by the sound of far-distant, deep-voiced bells, coming up from the remote Piano di Catania, hidden in the perpetual mist (and hence Joseph and I conjectured that this day was a Sunday), and once the clouds rolled away *below*, and while the snow still fell from a leaden sky overhead, the sunlight for a few minutes streamed *up*, reflected from the green bright plains where it was still shining. Twice mule trains came up to me, bringing into my snow and fog tokens that the sun had been shining somewhere, in the shape of newly picked ruddy-golden mandarins and other fruits, along with wine and more substantial things for my men, — my men they were, up here, though down below they perhaps considered me their man. They were all civility and obedience, poor fellows, in everything not touching their orders to see personally that I came to no harm, and I used to enjoy watching their apparent bliss in their idleness. Free of guard duty, with nothing to do save to lie on straw, talk, and play cards, eat infinite sausage and macaroni, and drink, alas, not unlimited wine, — but still each man his daily three bottles, — with plenty of sleep, these stormy days were, I imagine, happy days to them.

I remember the last time that the sun shone; the clouds opened just as it had set to us, and before its rays had left the summit of the mountain. The light climbed fast, till it lay rosy for a few seconds on the snowy cone. Then this turned to an ashy gray, as the light lingered for a moment more on the smoke which rose above it, and then all went out. This is the last I remember of the sunshine on Ætna, and it came no more

till it was time to go; and I packed up my instruments, saw them loaded on the mules, locked the door of the hut, — it had a door, though no window, — and waded through the snow which hid Casa del Bosco when I turned for a last look at it. A twenty minutes' descent carried us down to where the snow was beginning to melt as it fell, and here the mules were mounted again, and we kept on them till in about three hours we saw the houses of Nicolosi, where the mules were left. My coming was unexpected, and no carriage was to be had, and I walked on attended by two of my ever constant guard, whom it was impossible to shake off. At last a carriage presented itself in the road, and calling to the driver my destination in Catania I got in, leaving the soldiers to take care of themselves. They were equal to the occasion, however, and mounted the carriage, where their uniforms and the presence of a passenger inside, whom they were supposed to be guarding, excited even more than the usual attention. I turned for one final look at Ætna. We were driving through sun-lit streets, but the clouds hung over the mountain and wrapped all its vast bulk in gray, except the villages about its base through which we had come. I was recalled by the shouts of delight and interest with which my equipage was greeted as it rattled through the more crowded streets. Carriages were drawn up to see what must have been imagined a political prisoner of distinction go by, and shrill Italian screams, which I interpreted to mean, "They 've got him!" heralded the coming wonder; and happy were they who could look into the carriage windows as we drove up to the consulate.

Here, borrowing in part the words of another, I will only say, "As I never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still in so heroic an attitude."

S. P. Langley.

UNFULFILLMENT.

Ah, June is here, but where is May? —
  That lovely, shadowy thing,
Fair promiser of fairer day,
  That made my fancy stretch her wing,
    In hope-begetting spring.

The spaces vague, the luminous veil,
  The drift of bloom and scent,
Those dreamy longings setting sail,
  That knew not, asked not, where they went, —
    Ah! was this all they meant, —

This day that lets me dream no more,
  This bright, unshadowed round?
On some illimitable shore,
  The harbor whither those were bound
    Lieth, nor yet is found.

Frances Louisa Bushnell.

A FRENCH COMIC DRAMATIST.

One of the most curious changes of opinion that is recorded anywhere in the history of literature has suddenly taken place within the past eighteen months in France. For more than twoscore years M. Eugène Labiche has been putting forth comic plays with unhesitating liberality. His humorous inventions have delighted two generations, and he is set down in the biographical dictionaries as one of the most amusing of French farce writers. Attempting in rapid succession and with almost unbroken success every kind of comic play, from the keen and quick comedy of the Gymnase Théâtre to the broad buffoonery of the Palais Royal, for nearly forty years M. Labiche was one of the most prolific and the most popular of French playwrights. His work was seemingly unpretentious, and the author modestly made no higher claim than to be the exciting cause of laughter and gayety. Having made a fine fortune, he watched for the first symptom of failing luck, and as soon as two or three plays were plainly not successes he announced that he should write no more, and withdrew quietly to his large farm in Normandy.

The retiring of a mere comic writer was of no great moment, and few paid any attention to it. But a friend of M. Labiche's, and by far the foremost dramatic author of France to-day, M. Emile Augier, came to visit M. Labiche in his country retirement, and fell to reading the odd plays of his host as he found them in his library. He was so struck and so surprised with what he discovered that he prevailed on the author to gather together the best of them into a series of volumes, promising to write an introduction. In the spring of 1878 appeared the first volume of the Théâtre Complet de M. Eugène Labiche, with a preface by M. Emile Augier, in which he pointed out that the author of a hundred and fifty comic plays was not a mere farce writer, but a master of humor for whom he had the highest admiration. "Seek among the highest works of our generation a comedy of more profound observation than the Voyage de M. Perrichon, or of more philosophy than the Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat. Well, Labiche has ten plays of this strength in his repertory." The leading dramatic critics of Paris — and in France dramatic criticism is still one of the fine arts — fell into line, M. Francisque Sarcey first of all. They read the volumes of M. Labiche's Théâtre Complet, as they followed one another from the press, and with one accord almost all confessed their surprise at the richness and fecundity of M. Labiche's humor. Indeed, it seemed as though the critics had taken to heart the repairing of their previous unwitting indifference, and were unduly lavish of admiration. So it came to pass in the fall of 1879, when the tenth and for the present final volume of the Théâtre Complet appeared, that, urged to overcome his modesty by his cordial friends, M. Labiche became a candidate for a vacant chair in the French Academy, seeking admittance among the forty immortals chosen from the chiefs of literature, science, and politics. Three years before such a step would have seemed a good joke; but now no one laughed. Certainly those did not laugh who opposed his election, and the staid Revue des Deux Mondes, in an elaborate article, written rather in the slashing style of the earlier Edinburgh Review than with the suave and academic urbanity we have been taught to expect in the pages of the French fortnightly, — the Revue des Deux Mondes argued seriously and severely against his election. But the tide has turned in his favor, and per-

haps before these pages get into print[1] M. Eugène Labiche will have taken his place in the Academy by the side of his fellow dramatists, M. Victor Hugo, M. Emile Augier, M. Jules Sandeau, M. Octave Feuillet, M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, and M. Victorien Sardou. A seat in the Academy, it may be remembered, was an honor refused to Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, to Caron de Beaumarchais, to Alexandre Dumas, and to Honoré de Balzac.

It is said — but with how much truth I do not know — that what determined M. Labiche to stop writing for the stage was the recalling of an incident of Scribe's later years. One day, about 1860, M. Labiche had called on M. Jacques Offenbach, at his request, to see about the setting to music of a little piece which had already been successful without it. While they were talking a card was brought to M. Offenbach, who impatiently tore it up, and told the servant to say he was not at home. Then turning to M. Labiche, the composer said that the visitor was Scribe, who had been bothering him to set one of his plays, "but I will not do it," added M. Offenbach roughly, "for old Scribe is played out!" M. Labiche at once resolved that when he was old, like Scribe, and rich he would not lag superfluous on the stage. And with the first intimations of failing power to please the fickle playgoers of Paris he withdrew. For three if not four years no new play from his pen has been brought out in Paris. He has written a trifle or two for the Théâtre de Campagne, and for Saynètes et Monologues, two little collections of comedies for amateur acting; but for the paying public he has done nothing. It is to M. Emile Augier that the credit is due of bringing M. Labiche out of his retirement. The preface which he had been too lazy to write for his own collected plays he wrote for M. Labiche's, and it was this preface which first opened the eyes of the press and the public, and led to the frank acknowledgment of M. Labiche's very unusual merit. The theatrical managers are only too eager now for new pieces from him, and in the mean while they have revived, right and left, some of the most mirthful of his plays. La Grammaire at the Palais Royal, Les Trente Millions de Gladiateur at the Nouveautés, and, above all, Le Voyage de M. Perrichon at the Odéon have been received with great cordiality and appreciation.

To most Americans, I fancy, the name of M. Labiche is utterly unknown, and one may well ask, What manner of plays are these, that they could remain so long misunderstood? The question is easier to ask than to answer. The most of them are apparently farces, in one, two, three, four, or even five acts, — farces somewhat of the Madison Morton type. Mr. Morton borrowed his Box and Cox from one of them; the late Charles Mathews took his Little Toddlekins from another; from a third came the equally well-known Phenomenon in a Smock-frock. These are all one-act plays. Of his larger work, a version of the Voyage de M. Perrichon has been done at the Boston Museum as Papa Perrichon, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has used the plot and caught the spirit of the Chapeau de Paille d'Italie in his Wedding March. In many of M. Labiche's plays, perhaps in all but the best of them, the first impression one gets is that of extravagant buffoonery, — the phrase is scarcely too strong. But soon one sees that this is no grinning through a horse-collar; that it has its roots in truth; and that, although unduly exuberant, it is in essence truly humorous. To the very best of M. Labiche's plays, the half dozen or so comedies which entitle their author to take rank as a master, reference will be made later. In all his work, in the weakest as well as in the best, the dominant note is gayety; they are filled full of frank, hearty, joyous laughter. In read-

[1] M. Labiche has been elected since this article was written.

ing his plays, as in seeing them on the stage, you have rarely that quiet smile of intellectual appreciation which is called forth by Sheridan in English, and by Beaumarchais or M. Augier or M. Dumas in French. The wit is not subtle and quiet, excepting now and again in the half dozen chosen comedies. There is rather the rush of broad and tumultuous humor than the thrust of wit and the clash of repartee. It is not that the dialogue has not its felicities and its not always felicitous quibblings and quips; it is because the laughter is evoked by a humorous situation, from which with great knowledge of comic effect, and with unfailing ingenuity, the author extracts all the fun possible. A comedy ought to stand the test of the library, — how few modern comedies there are in English which will stand it! — but a farce, making no pretensions to be literature, may well be excused if it does not read as well as it acts. Yet M. Labiche's plays, frankly farces as the most of them are, and devised to lend themselves to the whim and exaggeration of comic actors, will still repay perusal. I have just finished the reading of the ten volumes of his Théâtre Complet, and I confess to real enjoyment in the course of it. The fundamental idea of each piece is in general so humorous and the individual scenes are so comic that I paid my tribute of laughter in my chair by myself almost as freely as in my seat at the theatre. Even in the plays where the fun seems forced, as though the author were out of spirits when he wrote, at worst there is nearly always one scene as mirthful as any one could wish. This quality of humor, which does not rely upon any merely verbal cleverness, is difficult to set before a reader. An epigram of Sheridan's or of the younger Dumas's can be selected for quotation which shall be typical of the writer's whole work. It would be only by long paraphrases of entire plays, or at least of the main plots, that any fair idea could be given of M. Labiche's merits, so closely, as a rule, is his humor the result of his comic situation. But the attempt must be made, however inadequately. In the Trente Millions de Gladiateur, one of the poorest of M. Labiche's plays, is a scene which M. Francisque Sarcey thus spoke of when the piece was last given in Paris: —

"The scene of the slaps is now legendary. I do not know anything more unexpected or more laughable. A druggist, very much in love with a young lady, has by accident, one night, thinking to strike another, given his future father-in-law a resounding slap. The father of the lady declares that he will never consent to the marriage until he has returned the blow. But the druggist is a man of dignity, and he has been a commander in the national guard; still, after many a hesitation he submits. He presents himself to be slapped, and holds forth his cheek. But he has no sooner received the blow than, carried away by an irresistible impulse, he returns it, crying with disgust, 'That does not count. We must begin again.' Finally, at the very end of the piece, when she whom he loves is, unknown to him, promised to another, love brings him again to the father, and again he holds out his cheek for the blow. The father rolls up his sleeve, gives him the slap, and then at once points to the other suitor, and says, 'Allow me to present my future son-in-law!'"

Another scene as characteristic is to be found in the Vivacités du Capitaine Tic. The captain is a very quick-tempered man. His cousin Lucile, whom he loves, says she will have nothing to do with him if he forgets himself in future as he has done in the past. An irritating old man, who wishes to marry Lucile to his nephew, determines to provoke the captain into an outbreak. Lucile promises to warn her cousin when he begins to get heated by tapping a handbell. The old man is irritating, and the

young officer warms up at once, to be checked by a tap of the bell. As Lucile puts the bell down, the old man unconsciously takes it up, and goes on with his insulting remarks. Again the captain boils over, and is about to throw the insulter out of the window when Lucile shakes the old man's arm, and so rings the bell. The officer laughs, and after that he has no difficulty in keeping his temper, in spite of the strength of the old man's provocation, which indeed goes so far as to call Lucile to her feet, to defend her cousin with warmth, not to say heat. Then the captain, leaning coolly against the fire-place, taps a bell there, and calls his cousin to order. Both of the young people break into a hearty laugh, and ring their bells once again under the nose of the disappointed old man, who goes out saying that the captain "has no blood in his veins"!

All this may sound simple enough, and perhaps dull enough, in a bald paraphrase, but no one would call the scene dull when it is read in full as M. Labiche has written it, with manifold clever little turns in the action and neat little touches in the dialogue. Both of the plays from which these scenes are taken have stood the severest of tests, — the ordeal by fire; they have been tried in the glare of the foot-lights. It is no easy task to bring a smile on the faces of a thousand people assembled together; it is no light endeavor to force the smile into a hearty laugh; and nowhere is a public more experienced and more exacting than in Paris. But most of M. Labiche's plays have received due meed of merriment. The laughter is not always evoked, it must be confessed, by devices as simple as those just set forth. There is sometimes a descent into the broadly fantastic both of situation and of dialogue. The effort to be funny is at times apparent, and the means adopted are, now and then, far-fetched.

M. Labiche's plays divide themselves readily into three classes: first, the farcical comedies of broad and generous fun; second, the plays in which the fun has run away with itself and become extravagance, — still founded on a humorous idea, it is true, but none the less extravagant; and, third, the plays in which the humor has crystallized around a thread of philosophy, — the plays in which the fun rises from the region of farce into the domain of true comedy, of a high quality. Most of the fifty-seven plays in the ten volumes of the Théâtre Complet take their places at once in the first division; they are comic dramas, neither falling into wild farce nor rising into real comedy. These are comedies of large and hearty laughter, with no Rabelaisian breadth of beam, but with not a little of Molièrian swiftness. The linking thus of M. Labiche's name with that of the great, sad humorist who wrote the Misanthrope is not as incongruous as it might seem. Along with other and perhaps nobler qualities for which we revere him, Molière had comic force, the *vis comica*, in its highest expression. And this is a quality which M. Labiche has, as we have seen, in a very high degree. In a few other particulars it might be possible to trace something of a likeness. M. Labiche in his most fanciful inventions could scarcely surpass the exuberant fancies of Molière; the author of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme and the Malade Imaginaire does not hesitate to be exuberant, and extravagant also, when he needs must make the pit laugh. And in M. Labiche's very best work there are strokes which the author of the School for Wives would not despise.

If M. Labiche were always as strong as his strongest work, just as a bridge is as weak as its weakest point, he would hold high rank among the heirs of Molière. His Théâtre Complet is not complete; indeed, it contains barely a third of his dramatic writing; but it would give the reader a higher opinion of his

powers if it were but a third of what it is; if, instead of ten volumes, we had only three or four, — and of these one, or at most two, would suffice to hold the few plays which raise the author above most, if not all, of the other French stage humorists of our time.

This best work of M. Labiche's, this third division of his plays, includes a half dozen comedies, each of which is devoted to illustrating a philosophic truth. They may be called dramatizations of La Rochefoucauld-like maxims. In Celimare le Bien-Aimé, the truth illustrated is seemingly the homely one that our pleasant vices are chickens which will surely come home to roost. In the Voyage de M. Perrichon, it is the more ducal axiom that we like better those whom we have benefited than those who have benefited us. The history of this last play, if current report may be credited, affords an instance of the rather roundabout, not to say half-accidental, way in which M. Labiche has made his masterpieces. He started out with the well-worn plan of getting fun out of the misadventures of a Parisian shop-keeper in Switzerland; but just as Dickens soon abandoned the sporting exploits of Mr. Winkle, which were at first intended to form the staple of the Pickwick Papers, so M. Labiche, when the play was half written, coming to a scene in which Perrichon was rescued from mortal peril by the suitor for his daughter's hand, saw at once that this scene ought to have its counterpart, in which Perrichon should pose as the relieving hero. This suggested the axiom that we like better those whom we have benefited than those who have benefited us; and the author thereupon rewrote the play, taking this maxim as the Q. E. D. Perrichon's daughter now has two suitors, one of whom, acting up to the axiom, coolly calculates that to have been foolish enough to get into danger will not be a pleasant recollection, while to have saved another's life will be most gratifying to recall. So he pretends to be in danger, and lets Perrichon get him out of it, and calls him a preserver, and has the rescue elaborately noticed in the newspaper. The simple and conceited shop-keeper avoids the man who saved him, and seeks the man he saved. And so the play goes on: whenever one suitor really serves Perrichon, the other devises a fresh occasion for Perrichon apparently to benefit him. In the end, of course, all is exposed and explained, — in a less skillful manner than is usual with M. Labiche, — and the really brave and deserving young man gets the fair daughter. Here, again, all paraphrase is bald and bleak when contrasted with the fertile luxuriance of the humorous original; but I trust the subject has been shown plainly enough for the reader to see that it lends itself readily to comic treatment. I trust, too, that the reader may be induced to examine for himself (and also for herself) the play as it is in the second volume of M. Labiche's Théâtre Complet, where it is accompanied by La Grammaire, a bright and lively little play in one act; by Les Petits Oiseaux; by Les Vivacités du Capitaine Tic, already referred to; and by La Poudre aux Yeux, an almost equally amusing though short comedy, in two acts, perhaps better known in America than any other of its author's work, as it forms part of the excellent college series of French plays edited by Professor Bôcher, of Harvard. These five plays are all entertaining, characteristic of the author, and free from all taint of impropriety.

A certificate of good moral character cannot be given to all of M. Labiche's plays. Le Plus Heureux des Trois and Celimare le Bien-Aimé, two of his best works, had better be avoided by those who have not been broken in to French ways of looking at life. But two other plays, very nearly as good, La Cagnotte and Moi, are without any Frenchiness or Parisianism. These four

plays, with the Voyage de M. Perrichon, represent M. Labiche at his best. The first query which the reader of the rest of his works makes is, Why does not he write always at this level? Why does he let wit so lively and humor so true waste themselves on the wildness of farce? The answer is not far to seek. It is to be found in the insultingly modest way he spoke to M. Augier about his own writings. It is because he really did not know how good his best work was. He apparently ranked all his plays together; he had aimed at fun, at amusement only, in making them; and although some had paid better and been more praised than others, he did not see that now and again one of them rose right up from the low level of farce to the broad table-land of true comedy. This of course suggests the further question, Why did he not see his own merits? And that is not so easy to answer. Perhaps it is owing to his writing generally for farce theatres, where the comic company so overlaid his work with the freaks of individual fantasy that he could not see the higher qualities of what was best, any more than did the professional critics, whose duty it surely was to sound a note of warning and prevent such pure comic force from wasting itself. Perhaps it is due to some want of self-reliance, — of which one may possibly see proof in the fact that there are fifty-seven plays in the ten volumes of Théâtre Complet, containing in all one hundred and twelve acts, and only four acts are the work of M. Labiche alone and unaided by a collaborator.

Literary partnerships are the fashion in France nowadays, — a fashion which tends to the general improvement of play-making, but which has hampered M. Labiche, and kept him from doing his best. In one way his reluctance to rely on himself is freely shown when we come to examine the result of his collaborating. First of all, we see that although a dozen, at least, different writers at different times, some of them again and again, worked in partnership with him, yet the fifty-seven plays are all alike stamped with his trade-mark. M. Augier and M. Legouvé and M. Gondinet are authors of positive force and distinct characteristics, yet the plays they have written with M. Labiche are like his other plays, and unlike their other plays. In the development of the comic theme, in expressing all possible fun from the situation, in giving the action unexpected turns to bring it back again for a fresh squeeze, — in all this M. Labiche is unexcelled; in all this the plays are beyond peradventure his doing. But in the technical construction, in the sequence of scenes, in the mere stage-craft, which differs in different pieces, and is indifferent in many of them, there is nothing of M. Labiche's own; in all probability, intent upon his higher task, he slighted this, and left it in great measure to his coadjutors. M. Augier points out the generic likeness of all the plays which M. Labiche has signed, and suggests that it is because he writes all these plays alone. In M. Augier's case repeated conversations between him and M. Labiche enabled them to make out a very elaborate *scenario;* this was their joint work, and this done M. Labiche requested permission to write the piece himself, which M. Augier generously granted, revising the completed play in a few minor points only.

Although in general the technical construction of the play seems to be the work of his collaborator of the moment, yet even in this one can now and again detect traces of M. Labiche's individual cleverness. No one of the contemporary comic dramatists of France can so neatly and so simply get out of a seemingly inextricable entanglement. A single sentence, a solitary word sometimes, a slight turn given to the dialogue, and the knot is cut, and nothing remains but "Bless you, my children," and the fall of the curtain. An instance of this drama-

turgical cleverness can be seen in Les Deux Timides, one of the most amusing of his one-act plays.[1]

A recent critic in the Revue des Deux Mondes, pleading specially against M. Labiche's candidature for a seat among the forty, has pointed out that he has not hesitated to use the same idea twice; that, for instance, the Vivacités du Capitaine Tic is erected on the same foundation as the shorter and slighter Un Monsieur qui prend la Mouche, — both being based on the identical hot-headedness of the hero. He might have instanced also that instead of repeating the situation M. Labiche sometimes reverses it; that Le Plus Heureux des Trois is in part the turning inside out of the idea of Celimare le Bien-Aimé. In spite of discoveries like these, one of the first things which strikes the reader of M. Labiche's plays is his almost inexhaustible variety of comic incident. Any one of his plays is a series of freshly humorous situations. What little old material may here and there be detected is wholly cast in the shadow by the brilliant fun of the original incidents. But, strange to say, the sterility of character is almost as quickly remarked as the fertility of situation: and this shows at once that he cannot, no matter at what interval, be put even in the same class with Molière, who sought for humor in the human heart, and not in the external circumstances of life.

This repetition of characters is but added evidence in proof of M. Labiche's lack of ambition and want of belief in his best powers; for in Moi, written for the Comédie-Française, he has shown a capacity for the searching investigation of characters invented with almost as much freshness as he had in other plays contrived comic incidents. There are lines in Moi worthy of the highest comedy. And in more than one other play his characters deserve, indeed demand, study. But in general they are merely the Punch-and Judy puppets required by the plot. There is scarcely a female figure in all his plays which the memory can grasp; all are slight, intangible, shadowy, merely the projections needed by the story. M. Sarcey tells us that M. Labiche does not pretend to "do" girls or women; he says that they are not funny.

But none of his men are as weak as his women; some of his peasants are drawn with great and amusing accuracy; most of his minor characters are vigorously outlined and well contrasted one with another; and one character, repeated with but little alteration as the central figure in perhaps two dozen plays, is drawn with a marvelous insight into the inner nature of the bourgeois of Paris. Although grotesque almost in its humor, the caricature is vital; for it is a personification of the exact facts of bourgeois life. M. Perrichon and Celimare and Champbourcy (in La Cagnotte), and their fellows in many another play, are not unlike Mr. Matthew Arnold's *homme sensuel moyen;* and with a master hand M. Labiche lays bare the selfish foibles and petty vanity of the average sensual man.

One cannot help wondering what Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion of M. Labiche's Théâtre Complet would be, if it were of high or of equal enough merit to deserve his study. Mr. Arnold would surely be confirmed in his belief that it is for the average sensual man that the French dramatist of our day writes. Not that there is any pandering to sensuality in M. Labiche's plays. On the contrary, the ultimate moral of his work is always wholesome. As the sharp critic of the Revue des Deux Mondes confessed, his pleasantry is not either heavy and gross, as in the old *vaudeville,* or licentious, as in the new *opera-bouffe.* "Generally it is gay, witty, and, what is not without value, at bottom always

[1] An admirable adaptation of this amusing little piece, by Mr. Julian Magnus, has been printed in Comedies for Amateur Acting.

honest." M. Labiche is too healthy to take kindly to vice, but like other hearty natures, like Rabelais and like Molière, he is not always free from a fancy for breadth rather than length. He has the old French *sel gaulois* rather than Attic salt.

And if, dropping morality, we consult Mr. Arnold as to M. Labiche's title to a seat in the Academy, we shall have no difficulty in getting an answer. In the essay on the Literary Influence of Academies Mr. Arnold gives us Richelieu's words in founding the French Academy: its "principal function shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language." It was to be a literary tribunal. "To give the law, the tone, to literature, and that tone a high one, is its business." Sainte-Beuve said that Richelieu meant it to be a *haut jury*, — "a sovereign organ of opinion." And M. Renan tells us that "all ages have had their inferior literature; but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place. No one has the same advantages as the Academy for fighting against this mischief." To make these quotations is to crush M. Labiche's claim to be admitted as one of the forty jurists. But if the Academy exists for such high aims, why is it not true to them? How many of the dramatists who now have seats there are entitled to them? M. Victor Hugo of course is; and equally of course is M. Emile Augier, for he is a master, writing in the grand style. And perhaps M. Jules Sandeau may justly claim a place for his Mademoiselle de la Seiglière and also for his share in the ever admirable Gendre de M. Poirier. But by what right is M. Octave Feuillet there? The empress used to like his novels. And is M. Alexandre Dumas, or M. Victorien Sardou, a writer who can speak with "the authority of a recognized master in matters of tone and taste"? M. Dumas is strong and brilliant, but his brain is hopelessly lopsided. M. Sardou is a very clever caricaturist, of immense technical skill. If these have each a seat among the forty, why not M. Labiche also? He is surely not more out of place than they. Their election was the reward of skill and ability and success. His would mean no more and no less. If the Academy is what Richelieu meant it to be, M. Labiche belongs outside. If its duty is to reward success, as the election of M. Feuillet, M. Dumas, and M. Sardou apparently asserts, then M. Labiche also deserves an election. For as M. Emile Augier tells us in the preface from which quotation has been made before, M. Labiche is a master, "and without hyperbole, since there are as many degrees of mastership as there are regions in art; the important thing is to be a master, — not a school-boy. It is in a matter like this that Cæsar's phrase is so true: Better to be the first in a village than the second at Rome. I prefer Teniers to Giulio Romano, and Labiche to the elder Crébillon. It is not the hazard of the sentence which brings together under my pen the names of Labiche and of Teniers. There are striking analogies between these two masters. There is at first the same aspect of caricature; there is, on looking closer, the same fineness of tone, the same justness of expression, the same vivacity of movement." And here follows a remark, already cited, but repeated now because it is the ultimate expression of M. Labiche's ability: "The foundation of all these *joyeusetés à toute outrance* is truth. Look among the highest works of our generation, seek for a comedy of more profound observation than the Voyage de M. Perrichon, or of more philosophy than the Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat. Well, Labiche has ten plays of this strength in his repertory."

J. Brander Matthews.

CONFEDERATION IN CANADA.

It was a curious coincidence of history that France gave up to George II. the last of her Canadian dependencies at the very moment when, upon European soil, she was curbing the ambition of George's natural ally, Frederick the Great. At first the conquest of Canada, in 1759, involved only a change of military rulers. From 1764 to 1774 there followed a mixed military and civil government, — the Canadian French, unlike the Acadians, being allowed to remain, with a guaranty to the people of their religion and to the clergy of their rights. Hence arose a most jealous feeling on the part of the English, a ridiculous minority, who claimed that they should have been chosen to man the new ship of state. A compromise was effected by the Quebec Act of 1774, which authorized the appointment of a council to govern "the Province of Quebec," — the maritime provinces not being included in that term. The old Coutume de Paris, of 1666; the edicts and ordinances of the French kings and colonial intendants; the feudal tenure, with the relations of *seigneurs* and *censitaires;* in a word, the civil (old Roman) law, and even the canon law, — all these still held as to property and civil rights. The innovations were, the English criminal law, including trial by jury, and the English form of wills, together with the rules respecting evidence in commercial cases.

So completely were the French satisfied with this arrangement that, during the American Revolution, they could be aroused to hostility against England neither by the eloquence of Franklin nor by the brave deeds of Montgomery. Conversely, the Quebec Act gave the utmost dissatisfaction to the English, both in Canada and in the New England colonies. The arrival in Canada of the Protestors and United Empire Loyalists, who had suffered for the expression of their opinions in the United States, tended to increase the opposition to the new constitution, and led to the Act of Separation, in 1791. The Province of Quebec was divided into Upper Canada and Lower Canada, now the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Each division had a house of assembly and a crown-nominated council.

Left to itself, the upper province at once made the most radical changes, by displacing the old French laws for the common law of England. General Simcoe, the first governor, proposed to found a government "so honorable, effective, and dignified" that he might welcome all who fled from the political uncertainties of the United States. "The New England Americans," he wrote, "have an aristocratic spirit, and want the nobility. Let us show them what true nobility is."

Notwithstanding the hopes of Pitt, then chancellor of the exchequer, the difficulties in Lower Canada continued to increase. The English barred the legislative council against the French, and the French kept the English from the House of Assembly. The resulting "dead-lock" led to arbitrary measures by Governor Craig, which availed little except to name his administration The Reign of Terror. Nor did these quarrels of race and religion have more than a temporary check during the war of 1812. The French attempted to starve the English out by refusing to employ them; while the English, looking wistfully at Upper Canada and the United States, appealed to the home government for protection. Dead-locks increased. Governors appropriated the revenue without sanction of the legislature, and the situation was made peculiar-

ly aggravating by the annual division of seventy thousand dollars among seventeen of the fortunate councilors, who very naturally cared neither to conciliate nor to be conciliated. In 1834 the House of Assembly passed ninety-two resolutions against the governor and council. They were draughted by M. Papineau, afterwards the leader of the rebellion in that section. M. Parent, editor of the Gazette de Québec, declared that such a course would lead to war. Papineau asserted that, in such an event, the Yankees would cheerfully help forward a plan for annexation to the United States. Parent turned on his heel, avowing that the last man to desert Canada would be a French Canadian: "Si cela arrive, tant pis, mais quant à moi je ne désespererai jamais, et je serai, le cas échéant, le dernier Canadien."

Upper Canada, also, was not free from trouble. The Act of Separation reserved one seventh of the public lands for the clergy of the Church of England. More than two million acres had been thus reserved, when the legislature, in 1819, attempted to provide endowments and rectories. The persistent opposition of other denominations led to the abandonment of the lands, although they were not finally secularized till 1854.

The government and the clergy were more successful in founding an aristocracy; perhaps after the original suggestion of General Simcoe, but nevertheless distasteful to the people, who were fond of the Yankee school-master and the Methodist minister from the States. So frequently was the executive council selected from the members of the legislative council that the former body earned the *sobriquet*, The Family Compact; while public officers of all grades became less and less responsible to the people. Reform was defeated at the hustings, and the crisis brought on the rebellion of 1837–38. The Upper Canada Progressives and the Lower Canada French joined issue with the Upper Canada Tories and the Lower Canada English. The incongruity of such a union left no semblance of strength, save that the grievances of the patriots were synchronous.

A commission of inquiry was sent from England. On their return, the constitution of 1791 was suspended so far as Lower Canada was concerned, and a special council of crown-appointed members ruled from 1838 to 1841. Lord Durham advised a union of the two provinces under a responsible government, it being futile to continue a mere personal government in such close proximity to the United States. The French of Lower Canada opposed a union, not only because they feared religious and political degradation, but because they declined to share the debts of Upper Canada. Their constitution having been revoked, it was held that they had no choice but to allow the special council to join with the legislature of Upper Canada in assenting to the Union Act of 1841, which gave to each of the old provinces an equal representation in the single elective legislature of the new Province of Canada. There was also a legislative council, consisting, till 1856, of life members appointed by the crown. After that date the members were elective.

For the first time the people of Canada, in 1841, found themselves possessed of all the responsibilities of government. For the first time the realm of politics gave opportunity for thought and action. Parties assumed the names of parties in the old country, regardless of the issues between them. Sometimes to one of these parties and sometimes to the other the French opposed a united front, and succeeded in defeating legislation long after they had become the minority of the population. There was a surfeit of politics. In twenty-three years (1841–1864) there were fourteen governments, or entire changes of cabinets and policies, besides the frequent forcing out of

individual ministers. Five of these governments existed between May, 1862, and June, 1864. As a most natural sequence, the credit of Canada was damaged, and another rebellion was feared.

Although the country had outgrown the Union Act, still the old upper province gloried in the secularizing of the clergy reserves, the development of common-school education, and the release of Toronto University from the Church of England. The progress of the old lower province was marked by the decline of feudalism and the establishment of elementary instruction. As a provincial unit Canada had reason to feel proud of her titanic canals and her rapidly increasing railways.

The upper province, having distanced the lower in point of population, demanded a proportionate increase of representation in the legislative assembly. The lower province did not relish the threatened change. To preserve peace under the existing constitution, Hon. John A. Macdonald, at the head of the liberal conservatives, threw himself into the breach. But neither party had sufficient strength to hold the government for more than a few months at a time. At length, wearied by this political seesawing, Canada accepted an invitation to meet the representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island in a friendly discussion regarding a union of the maritime provinces. The home government, under the Gladstone-Bright ministry, had favored a closer bond between the British colonies in North America; especially after the Trent affair, of November 8, 1861, had pointed to Canada as a possible field of battle with the United States. The convention met in Charlottetown on the 1st of September, 1864. A month later another meeting was held in Quebec. Resolutions were passed in favor of a union of all the provinces. The home government looked kindly upon the movement, and hoped it would not "make any material addition to the taxation, and thereby retard industry or tend to impose new burdens on the commerce of the country."

The Canadian legislature assembled in Quebec, January 19, 1865. In his speech from the throne, Lord Monck, the governor-general, said, "With the public men of British North America it now rests to decide whether the vast tract of country which they inhabit shall be consolidated into a state, combining within its area all the elements of national greatness, providing for the security of its component parts, and contributing to the strength and stability of the empire, or whether the provinces shall remain in their present fragmentary condition."

In the legislative council, Sir E. P. Taché, the premier, moved an address, — which was afterwards carried, — to the effect that the queen be pleased to submit to the imperial Parliament a measure for confederation upon the basis of the Quebec conference. The Hon. John A. Macdonald also moved a similar resolution in the legislative assembly. He showed that the vast expenses of maintaining separate governments would be saved; that the prosperity of the country under confederation would much exceed its prosperity under the Union Act; and that the dependence of Canada upon England would gradually cease, until there should result an attitude of cordial alliance "in peace or war." The motion was carried on the 14th of May, by a vote of 91 to 33. A commission — consisting of Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, and Brown — crossed the ocean to confer with the imperial authorities. Assurance was given of aid in case of war, and the Canadian Commons were informed that their wish for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty had been already anticipated.

But the confederation was not accomplished without opposition. In spite of urgent requests from the home govern-

ment, the legislature of New Brunswick showed its hostility to the scheme by sending a protesting delegation to England. Prince Edward Island was obstinate until a subsidy was forthcoming to purchase the proprietary rights from non-residents. Nova Scotia resolved that confederation was impracticable, and insisted upon the original proposition, — the union of the maritime provinces; but the home government gave the premier, Dr. Tupper, to understand that nothing short of a general union would be allowed. Newfoundland also declined, and still declines, to enter the confederation. The ground of all this opposition was the fear of the maritime provinces that such a union might work against their commercial interests, their trade being largely with the United States.

The Fenian invasion of 1866 also retarded the progress of the scheme; but the early months of 1867 found delegates from all the provinces (except Newfoundland) comfortably established in England to await parliamentary action. The Earl of Carnarvon, the secretary of state for the colonies, introduced the measure in the House of Lords, where it was finally passed on the 26th of February, the House of Commons following on the 8th of March; and by the royal assent, on the 29th of March, the British North America Act became a law, to take effect on the 1st of July. The senate of the new Dominion of Canada was also announced. On the appointed day the previous governor of Canada (Lord Monck) was sworn in as governor-general of the Dominion. Hon. John A. Macdonald was first knighted, and then called upon by Lord Monck to form a cabinet. His selection of political enemies, as well as friends, indicated a purpose not to repeat the excesses of political strife which marked the constitution of 1841.

The original provinces of the Dominion were, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The first House of Commons, elected in the fall of 1867, had a majority of unionists. Nevertheless the anti-unionists carried Nova Scotia, and the ministry of that province resigned. A series of concessions and an annual subsidy, which strained the new constitution, finally won this province over. After much delay in regard to its public lands, Prince Edward Island also entered the Dominion, in 1873. The troubles in the northwest territories were ended by the purchase of the entire tract from the Hudson's Bay Company. From this tract the province of Manitoba was set apart in 1870, and the district of Keewatin in 1876. British Columbia entered the Dominion in 1871, under circumstances to be considered below.

Thus, after much tribulation, did the seven provinces constitute an actual confederation. Each province has its own requirements regarding the popular franchise, and each has its peculiar specimen of law. Quebec and Manitoba have substituted the code civil de Québec for the old French law; and they retain the English and statutory criminal law. The remaining provinces have the common law of England. There has been as yet no codification of the criminal or commercial laws by the government of the Dominion; nor does there seem to be any present prospect of such action. The residuum of power rests with the general government, the authority and jurisdiction of the provinces being very much circumscribed. Doubtless this idea was borrowed from the developments of our own civil war.

Scarcely had the later provinces been admitted when the cry of "secession" was heard. British Columbia, with a white population of ten thousand, had been induced to enter the Dominion by a solemn promise that the Pacific railway should be completed within ten years from 1871. Although the agreement was made in the hey-day of Canada's

apparent prosperity, yet the Macdonald government would probably have progressed toward a fulfillment, even in more disastrous times, had it not been obliged to resign, in 1873, on account of alleged corruptions in letting contracts. The in-coming reform government, under the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, had never committed itself to the building of the road; and it was not inclined to build further than to save the honor of the Dominion. Its policy was to construct the railway as far as the upper Great Lakes, and to depend upon wagon-roads and water-ways for the remainder of the route to the Pacific. British Columbia demanded what was nominated in the bond, and sent a delegation to England to make complaint. Lord Carnarvon effected a compromise in 1874, by which the province agreed to wait sixteen years from that date for the completion of the road, — the Esquimault branch (a little strip in British Columbia) to be built at once. The failure of this measure in the Canadian Parliament revived the cry of secession. A bonus of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was offered to the province for the abandonment of the proposed branch. It was indignantly refused; and the inhabitants insisted upon something more tangible than the small army of surveyors which covered their hills. Lord Dufferin paid them a conciliatory visit in 1876; showed the physical and financial difficulties of the project, and assured them of the honest intentions of the government. A meeting of skeptics was held in Victoria on the evening of Lord Dufferin's speech, and it was resolved "that in case the Dominion government persist in ignoring the Carnarvon settlements it is the request of this meeting that our representatives in the provincial Parliament shall, at the next session, record their votes for the separation of British Columbia from the Dominion."

The Mackenzie government lasted from 1873 to 1878, and was succeeded by the former conservative government under Sir John A. Macdonald. Its policy now dictates a vigorous prosecution of the work as nearly as possible after the original plans. The British Columbians seem always to have been dissatisfied. A secession memorial of the legislature was forwarded to Ottawa, and thence to the imperial government; and the first day of May, 1879, was fixed upon for a peaceable secession, which has never yet taken place. The new tariff is also disliked, because the interests of British Columbia suffer out of proportion to the rest of the Dominion. Even the taxation for public works is resisted, because such works are of no benefit unless the Pacific railway is built; and secession may yet be carried out on the ground that the Dominion has not fulfilled the contract. A resolution allowing the province to go was introduced in the Canadian Commons on the 8th of April, 1879; but no one seemed inclined to second it. If the province should slip out from the Dominion yoke, the present government would be relieved of building the railway in these depressed times, a boon which a member of Parliament confessed would be appreciated; and added, significantly, "We will trade off British Columbia for Newfoundland."

But would Newfoundland come? Her revenues for five years have doubled the amount of her subsidy had she become an integral part of the Dominion. Her wealth of fisheries, mines, and forests is still within her control, and her public debt is insignificant. Drawing her supplies largely from the United States, she will be in no haste to enter a confederation committed to a protective tariff and burdened with debt. She has not yet forgotten the days of the American Revolution, when the Non-Intercourse Act sent starvation among her barren hills. Newfoundland will not come, in spite of Dr. Tupper's assurances that she will. Dr. Tupper, it will be recalled, in

1865 most earnestly opposed the confederation so far as Nova Scotia was concerned. But the Intercolonial Railway bagged this province; and now (as minister of public works) he affirms that a railway across Newfoundland will be a sufficient inducement for that island to share the privileges of confederation.

The actual relation of the several provinces to the Dominion government was very clearly shown by the Letellier case in 1878–79. The Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just held his commission as lieutenant-governor of Quebec from the Mackenzie reform government. The politics of that province being decidedly conservative, he often found himself at variance with his own Parliament and ministry. A difference of opinion having arisen in regard to a tax affecting certain delinquent municipalities, he abruptly dismissed his ministry under the lead of M. de Boucherville, although it was backed by the constitutional majority in the Parliament of Quebec. Lord Dufferin would not interfere, because Letellier was responsible to the Dominion government; and of course the government of that day had no censure for him.

With the return of the conservatives to the control of the Dominion government, in September, 1878, the House of Commons sympathized with the De Boucherville ministry, and revived a vote of censure to M. Letellier which the former house had refused. The conservatives claimed that the lieutenant-governors are no longer responsible to the queen, but to the Parliament of Canada; that Parliament can dismiss them; and that the governor-general must take the initiative by the advice of Parliament through its committee, the cabinet of Canada. On the other hand, the reformers defended M. Letellier on the ground that his dismissal of the cabinet was constitutional, although he was not sustained until a new Parliament had been elected, and that parliamentary action would endanger the autonomy of the provinces. In spite of this protest, the Commons voted the censure on the 13th of March, 1879. Under threats from the Quebec members, Sir John A. Macdonald was obliged to hint Letellier's dismissal to Lord Lorne. The governor-general pleaded the want of precedents, and submitted the case to her majesty's government for instructions.

This was a terrible blow to the pride of the Canadians. They had hoped that they were in a semi-independent condition; but now even the premier of Canada informed them that they were "as much under the imperial authority as if in England." Loud protests came from all parts of the Dominion, and a resolution was presented in the Commons to the effect that this reference to the home authorities "is subversive of the principles of responsible government granted to Canada." Finally, word was received from Sir M. Hicks-Beach, the colonial secretary, that the home government refused to interfere in the matter; and therefore the governor-general removed Letellier on the 25th of July, 1879.

Thus it became evident that any political party which is in power at Ottawa can remove the lieutenant-governor of a province if he happens to be of the opposite faith. Nay, more: the governor-general himself is the pliant tool in the hands of the premier. He may represent the queen; but what does that signify? Bagehot's work on the English constitution states that the sovereign is no longer a separate, coördinate authority with the House of Lords and the Commons. The right to encourage, to warn, and to be consulted exists, but not the right to veto. "The queen must sign her own death-warrant if the two houses send it up to her." Therefore, as the vicegerent of the queen, the governor-general is at the mercy of the Canadian Parliament; a fact which Lord Dufferin cared not at all to conceal as he delivered his speeches from the throne, at the dictation first of Macdonald, and then of Mackenzie.

His "policy" is the identical policy of the party in power for the time being; and it may be changed in the twinkling of an eye by a single adverse vote in the Commons.

A writer in an English magazine foreshadowed the serious aspect of affairs in case the governor-general's duty should "force him into conflict with the desires of the Canadian people." A prominent journal replied that, were such the case, "the people would not consider the niceties of 'sentimental loyalty,' but would simply insist upon the privileges of self-government guaranteed by the constitution." No one predicted a crisis in the Letellier affair; but some anticipated imperial interference when announcement was made of the new protective tariff, which discriminates as well against England as the United States. The opposition press denounced the movement, because it had been made without England's advice or consent. The ministerial press appealed to Lord Beaconsfield to settle the question for all time, after the manner of Lord Kimberly, — Gladstone's colonial secretary, — who, some years ago, surrendered to Australia every power in regard to trade. Canada's position was strengthened by quoting the action of England in 1847, when she adopted free trade, almost to the ruin of the West Indies and Canada, neither of which colonies had been consulted.

In England the effect of the new policy of protection was more marked. On the 8th of March, 1879, Sir George Campbell gave notice that he should ask the chancellor of the exchequer as to the information her majesty's government had respecting the governor-general's speech from the throne, a speech which advocated a policy of protection at a time when her majesty's government was opposed to such policies; and also whether "it is desirable to continue the connection of this country with Canada under such disadvantageous and humiliating terms." Mr. Bright asked the secretary of state for the colonies "if it was intended to represent to the Canadian government the impolicy of a war of tariffs between the different portions of the empire." The secretary replied that, much as the government regretted the changes in tariff, the matter was in the power of the Canadians, and that Lord Dufferin had not been required to reserve for the decision of the home government bills imposing differential duties, nor had Lord Lorne. Such widely divergent papers as the London Times and the Daily News admitted the independence of Canada, but suggested that the preferences of England should be consulted, because she must protect Canada against foreign countries. After weeks of debate, the tariff was finally carried through the Canadian Commons in March, 1879; and thus was severed the commercial link which bound the Dominion to the old country.

Revenons à nos moutons. Even if there be no interference from abroad, the government of Canada by a ministry is open to serious objections. "The Canadians," said Lord Dufferin in 1874, "are accustomed to see the popular will exercise an immediate and complete control over the country. No Canadian," he added, referring to the United States, "would breathe freely if he thought the ministers were removed beyond the supervision and control of the legislative assemblies." With all deference to this opinion, it would be difficult to show that the mercurial changes in the government from 1841 to 1867 (already noticed above) did not stamp ministerial rule as a most dismal failure. This kind of rule may do for England, with its foreign policies and with a home territory fully developed; but in Canada the case is quite different. An immense breadth of partially explored territory sends up a demand from all quarters for "sectional representation" in the cabinet. The best men are not available, because, aside from silencing each section, each

religious creed must be pacified. Can such a cabinet frame a policy which shall satisfy all sections and all creeds? Can any cabinet, in a country like Canada, endure the losses of time and temper which arise from an opposition continually prodding with senseless questions, and constantly angry because it is at the left of the speaker? The "outs" want to enter, and the "ins" want to remain where they are.

> "Methinks I hear a lion in the lobby roar!
> Say, Mr. Speaker! shall we shut the door
> And keep him out? Or let him in,
> And take our chance to get him out again?"

The worst feature of ministerial rule is this very instability of the government; and instability is a most serious drawback to political or commercial prosperity. It was many years after the conquest before England learned the needs of Canada; and during that time there were frequent changes in the constitutional government of Canada: I. A military government (1759–1764). II. A mixture of military with civil authority (1764–1774). III. A more purely civil administration under a governor and crown-appointed council (1774–1791). IV. A government popularized by the addition of an elective assembly (1791–1841). V. A government responsible to the people (1841–1867). VI. The present government, both responsible and representative (since 1867). That is to say, in a space of one hundred and twenty years, six different constitutions were given to Canada; an average duration of twenty years for each. Twenty-three governors-general ruled in the sixty-six years in which the colony was under one government, averaging less than three years for each. Twenty lieutenant-governors in Lower Canada and sixteen in Upper Canada administered the affairs of those provinces during the half century of their separation (1791–1841). Through all these phases of government five different cities have had the honor of being the capital: Quebec (till 1791); Toronto, in Upper Canada, and Quebec, in Lower Canada (1791–1841); Kingston (1841–1844); Montreal (1844–1849); Toronto and Quebec, alternately (1849–1858); Ottawa (since 1858).

If the object of this article were to institute comparisons favorable to the United States, we might, at this point, very appropriately refer to our own constitution, which has remained comparatively intact for over ninety years; to the average terms of our presidents; and to the remarkably infrequent succession of political parties to the control either of the executive or of the legislative departments, as the most convincing proof that a form of government which is not easily changed by a party vote in the popular legislative body is better adapted to the wants of a new country than any other form less stable and less conservative. What could have been a greater strain upon our constitution than the days of *de facto* and *de jure*, from November, 1876, to March, 1877? And yet, in the midst of that trouble, Lord Dufferin gave this most sincere and genuine compliment: "If we look across the border, what do we see? A nation placed in one of the most trying and difficult situations which can be imagined; two hostile and thoroughly organized camps arrayed against each other in the fiercest crisis of a political contest. Yet in spite of the enormous personal and public interests at stake, there is exhibited by both sides a patriotic self-restraint, a moderation of language, and a dignified and wise attitude of reserve which is worthy not only of our admiration, but of the imitation of the civilized world."

Although Joseph Cook considers an elective judiciary one of the best features in his Ultimate America, still it is a serious question whether a system of wise appointments would not be better. The difference, after all, appears trivial between electing a judge, in the American manner, and electing some one to

appoint him as a reward for party services, after the Canadian manner. It is yet to be proved, however the selection has been made, that our judiciary is a whit behind that of our neighbors, either in ability or in worth.

The civil service of Canada is not what it once was. Formerly, the employee of the government felt so secure in his position as to call Ottawa his permanent home. Promotion might be slow, but it would always follow good behavior. A superannuation fund stood ready for him in case he became incapacitated, and a half-pay pension was his after twenty-five or thirty years of constant service. Wisely eschewing all activity in politics he kept his place, whether this party or that party held the reins of government. The civil service is still most efficient and praiseworthy under the fostering care of the board of civil-service examiners. But we already hear the rival parties in Parliament charging each other with applying to their civil service the American motto, "To the victors belong the spoils;" and it is even said that Sir John A. Macdonald provided for certain of his followers in new offices and increased salaries to the amount of nearly half a million dollars, when he was obliged to surrender the premiership in 1873.

The election laws of Canada are probably as effective for the prevention of bribery as any laws can be. Still, we read in the Canadian papers of stuffed ballot-boxes, the buying of voters, and the payment of money to influential electors. In the Kingston election of 1874, it was decided that Sir John A. Macdonald had been guilty of bribery through his agents; but that he could not be holden, because it did not appear that they were "his authorized agents for that purpose." In July, 1872, Sir George E. Cartier wrote to Sir Hugh Allan for money to carry the elections in the interest of the conservative party; while in 1876 it is stated that Mr. George Brown wrote to an honorable senator to ask if he could not "come down handsomely," or at least contribute something toward the success of the reform party. With all our complaints of fraudulent voting in the United States, it is seldom that such scenes are exhibited as are common to Canadian villages on election days, each party keeping "open house" in a tavern hired for its special use.

When the Dominion was formed the debts of the several provinces were assumed to the amount of sixty-two and one half million dollars. The amount finally assumed, on account of misunderstandings, was a much larger sum. According to Sir Francis Hincks, the public debt in April, 1872, was eighty millions. The debt now exceeds one hundred and fifty millions, and an increase of more will give the Canadians a public debt as large, *per capita*, as that of the United States. The appropriations for railways and canals have been enormous, no less than three hundred millions having been used in this manner during the past thirty years. The fact that the debt is no larger shows that Canada must have partially paid for these great improvements out of the ordinary revenue. Although the debt has been incurred for better facilities for transportation, yet it may be pertinent to inquire if it pays to extend public works which may not take care of themselves for many years to come. The Intercolonial Railway, for instance, has run behind a million dollars within the short time it has been in operation, — and that, too, under the most experienced management. As a whole, the railways in Canada have paid on their capital and bonded debt scarcely one half of the percentage paid by the railways in the United States.

The combined revenues of Upper Canada and Lower Canada were one million dollars in 1841. In 1867 the revenue of the new Canada was fourteen millions; at present it is about

twenty-three millions. The ordinary expenses of the government do not unreasonably exceed this sum; although there are large appropriations for legislation, immigration, and the militia, including a totally superfluous military school at Kingston. But there are expenses of government, available for reduction, which might be called "extraordinary." The governor-general receives a salary of $47,517.55, besides the expenses of the Government House. Eight lieutenant-governors receive from eight thousand to fourteen thousand dollars each. Fourteen legislative bodies (in the Dominion and provinces) aggregate 661 members, at a cost of half a million dollars. Then there are sixty-five executive councilors, which, added to those already enumerated, make one representative to every six thousand people in Canada. At the same rate, the United States would have 7260, and Great Britain six thousand! Concerning this the Toronto Mail says: "The total cost of government, Dominion and provincial, — exclusive of the amounts spent on immigration, police, penitentiaries, debt management and interest, hospitals and charities, Indians, public works maintenance, etc., — is upwards of $10,750,000 a year, or over $2.50 per head of the population. In addition to this load, moreover, we have to carry our municipal governments, of the cost of which it is impossible to form an estimate."

If there were great results from this phenomenal expense, there might be less complaint. The cost of legislation for the Parliament of last year was $618,000; of which $303,000 was an indemnity to members. An honorable senator has recently made the statement that the "country would not give ten cents on the dollar for all the legislation representing that indemnity and those salaries." In the Province of Ontario it costs three hundred thousand dollars — more than is required in most of the States in the Union — for the legislature to pass a few unimportant bills and disburse three million dollars. Surely the Mail is justified in calling a halt. "No country in the world pays so dearly for government, and if Ossa is to be piled on this Pelion either the people's back will break under the burden, or they will unload and try a change, which would, in effect, be a revolution, — a quiet but still a disastrous one for Canada."

The true Yankee will not be satisfied without asking after the amount of business transacted by Canada with foreign countries, as a basis for such enormous expenses. He will note that her exports were fifty-eight millions in 1868; ninety millions in 1873 and 1874; and seventy-nine millions in 1878. The imports of 1860 were seventy-three millions; they rose to one hundred and twenty-eight millions in 1874, but fell off to ninety-one millions in 1878. During the past six years Canadian exports to Great Britain have risen from forty-three to fifty-eight per cent. of the total amount exported; while exports to the United States have fallen from forty-seven to thirty-two per cent. In the same period Canadian imports from Great Britain have fallen from fifty-four to forty-one per cent.; and imports from the United States have risen from thirty-seven to fifty-three per cent. Since the date of confederation (1867) Canada has managed to import more than three hundred and fifty millions in excess of her exports; and the Yankee cannot blame her for trying to keep her men and her money at home by the newly executed policy of protection.

We have seen, during our inquiry, that Canada has always been a peculiarly hard country to govern; that this has been partially owing to a series of experiments by the home government; that no responsibility to the people existed before the year 1841; and that subsequently the government by a ministry has proved too unstable for the wants of

a new country. We have also noticed the immense expense of carrying on so many coördinate branches of the government, while the public debt is constantly increasing at an alarming ratio. If time and space did not fail us, we might inquire into the statements which are made to the effect that Canada receives no money from England; that England does not even pay her own officer, the governor-general; that she neither builds nor repairs her own fortifications, nor does she pay for the armament of the military forces in Canada; and that she did not assist in suppressing the Fenian raids for which Canada was in no sense responsible. These and kindred complaints in connection with the results which we have already examined in detail lead us briefly to consider the most apparent tendencies of the confederation: —

I. In the first place, we may safely assert that the tendency of Canada is to depart from English domination. This is true, in spite of Beaconsfield's eulogies upon the Dominion at the expense of the United States. The English liberals have a more realizing sense of the true attitude of the colonies toward the mother country; for their *dictum* would bind these satellites to England, as Lord Granville says, "by a silken cord, and not by an iron chain." Lord Derby, their latest acquisition, recently said that "Canada and Australia must soon become separate nations." The late under-secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Blatchford, predicts that "as the colonies develop they must either become separate nations, or they must have a share in the government of the British confederacy," — an alternative which he believes to be highly visionary. Indeed, the very threats of the ministerial press in Canada, when the new tariff was enacted, show that the Dominion would rather protect itself, even against England, than to have the empty honor of being a British colony, "socially recognized" by the imperial government. The Letellier affair, also, shows that loyalty in the concrete is still a *bete noir* to the Canadian, if it means full submission to the home authorities.

II. The tendency of Canada being thus evident, and the question of her independence having been virtually settled in 1875 by the decision that no appeal should lie from her supreme court to the English courts, we may dismiss all attempts to imperialize with a mere passing mention. Earl Grey favors a quasi-government for the colonies by a committee of the privy council; but he threatens them with a total separation in case they act too independently, — a most dangerous treatment with a people who have already tasted the fruits of colonial liberty. Still less is there the possibility that Canada will become a part of an imperial federation, with her representatives in the British Parliament, and with the right of her citizens to be recognized as citizens of any other imperial colony. Such results are hardly possible; although the recent calling of Sir John A. Macdonald to the British privy council might seem to lead the Dominion towards the vortex of imperialism.

III. Whether the separation of Canada from England is a matter of years or of decades, it is evident that the constitution of 1867 does not meet the requirements of the country. The great expense of confederation must be reduced either by the formation of a legislative union of the provinces, or by the extinction of the legislative councils. The duties of the several lieutenant-governors of provinces might be readily performed by an additional minister of the Dominion government, with supervisory power to approve or to refer to the cabinet. The number of provinces might also be reduced, with great benefit to all concerned. The precise nature of the changes that are coming is not ours to suggest, or even to prophesy. It is

safe to assume that the Canadians are abundantly able to take care of themselves when the occasion shall be given. Left to themselves, they must naturally drift toward a government more democratic in its constitution and more popular in its execution than any they have yet enjoyed. But this natural drifting democracy-ward does not by any means argue that they will finally tie up alongside the United States. That is a question to be decided in the future. It cannot be decided now. In the mean time the American people will watch coming events across the border with a kindly interest. The Canadian people have already accomplished wonders, in spite of continual drawbacks; and the future will show their capabilities in a larger field.

Frederic G. Mather.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

V.

THE VAN BUREN ADMINISTRATION, 1837–1841.

While the electoral votes for the eighth president of the United States were being counted, in the presence of the two houses of Congress, Senator Clay remarked to Vice-President Van Buren, with courteous significance, "It is a cloudy day, sir!"

"The sun will shine on the 4th of March, sir!" was the Little Magician's confident reply.

The prediction was fulfilled, for on his inaugural morning the sun shone brightly, and there was not a cloud to be seen in the clear sky. Washington was crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, and in anticipation of the time set for the ceremony great numbers began to direct their way at an early hour to the Capitol. Congregating before the eastern portico of the Capitol, the dense mass of humanity reminded those who had traveled abroad of the assembled multitude in front of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, waiting to receive the Papal blessing.

President Jackson and President-elect Van Buren were escorted from the White House to the Capitol by a volunteer brigade of cavalry and infantry, and by several democratic political organizations, marshaled by General Van Ness, who had a corps of mounted aids. General Jackson and his successor rode in an elegant phaeton, made of oak from the original timber of the frigate Constitution, which had one seat holding two persons, and a high driver's box in front, bordered with a deep hammercloth. The unpainted wood was highly polished, and the fine grain was brought out by a coat of varnish, while on a panel on either side was a representation of "Old Ironsides," as the frigate was called, under full sail. The phaeton was drawn by General Jackson's four iron-gray carriage-horses, with elaborate brass-mounted harness, and it was a very dashing turnout.

Arriving at the Capitol, General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren went to the senate chamber, where they witnessed Colonel Johnson take his oath of office as vice-president. They then repaired to a platform erected over the steps of the eastern portico, followed by the diplomatic corps, the senators, and the principal executive officials. A cheer greeted the old hero, who had risen from a sick bed, against the protest of his physician, that he might grace the scene, and a smile of satisfaction lit up

his wan, stern features as he stood leaning on his cane with one hand, and holding with the other his crape-bound white fur hat, while he acknowledged the compliment paid him by a succession of bows. Mr. Van Buren then advanced to the front of the platform, and with impressive dignity read in a clear, distinct voice his inaugural address. His manner and emphasis were excellent, yet the effect upon the multitude was not what might have been expected from so great a collection of men devoted to his support. The obvious cause was, that few of the half million could hear him at all, and that, notwithstanding the invitations to cheer, given at the close of every sentence by Marshal Van Ness, only feeble shouts responded to the wavings of the baton. When he had concluded Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office, and no sooner had he reverentially kissed the Bible, as a pledge of his assent, than General Jackson advanced and shook him cordially by the hand. The other dignitaries on the platform followed with their congratulations, the populace at last cheered, and the bands played Hail to the Chief.

President Van Buren and ex-President Jackson were then escorted back to the White House, where for three hours a surging tide of humanity swept past the new chief magistrate, congratulating him on his inauguration. The assemblage was a promiscuous one, and the reception was as disorderly an affair as could well be imagined. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the diplomatic corps called in a body, wearing their court-dresses, and Don Calderon, who was their dean, presented a congratulatory address. In his reply, Mr. Van Buren made his only known *lapsus linguæ* by addressing them as the "democratic corps." It was not until after his attention had been called to the mistake that he corrected himself, and stated that he had intended to say "diplomatic corps." In the evening two inauguration balls were given.

Many strangers had been unable to find conveyances to take them away, and could not obtain tarrying-places. It was interesting, towards night-fall, to witness the gathering anxiety in many a decent man's countenance as he went from boarding house to hotel, and from hotel to private residence, seeking lodgings in vain. Money seemed to be useless in Washington for once. It could indeed procure for the possessor the most luxurious dishes and the rarest beverages; but while the palate could be gratified, there was no rest for weary limbs. Beds! beds! beds! was the general cry. Hundreds slept in the market-house on bundles of hay, and a party of distinguished Bostonians passed the night in the chairs of a barber's shop.

General Jackson remained but four days at the White House, and then left for Tennessee, relieved from the cares of his late station, and exhibiting an unwonted gayety of spirit. During the previous winter he had not expected to live until the conclusion of his term, and he could but feel buoyant and happy in finding himself sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, with the prospect of enjoying some years at the Hermitage, in the midst of the agricultural occupations of which he was so fond. On the day of his departure he could not catch the melancholy contagion of his friends around him, who were oppressed with the thought of parting with him. He told one merry story after another, rallied his friends, and jocosely proposed a matrimonial connection to a member of his late cabinet whose eyes were filled with tears.

Mr. Van Buren was the first president who had not been born a British subject; yet he was at heart a monarchist, opposed to universal suffrage, and in favor of a strong central government, although he had reached his exalted position by loud professions of democracy. He en-

deavored to establish a personal intimacy with every one presented to him, and he ostensibly opened his heart for inspection. The tone of his voice was that of thorough frankness, accompanied by a pleasant smile, but a fixed expression at the corners of his mouth and the searching look of his keen eyes showed that he believed with Talleyrand that language was given to conceal thought.

President Van Buren's wife (by birth Miss Hannah Hoes, of Columbia County, New York) had been dead nineteen years when he took possession of the White House, accompanied by his four sons, and presided over the official receptions and dinner-parties with his well-known tact and politeness. In the November following his inauguration, his eldest son and private secretary, Colonel Abraham Van Buren (who was a graduate of the military academy at West Point, and who had served on the staff of General Worth), was married to Miss Angelica Singleton, a wealthy South Carolina lady, who had been educated at Philadelphia, and who had passed the preceding winter at Washington, in the family of her relative, Senator Preston. On the New Year's Day succeeding the wedding, Mrs. Van Buren, assisted by the wives of the cabinet officers, received with her father-in-law, the president. Her rare accomplishments, superior education, beauty of face and figure, grace of manner, and vivacity in conversation insured social success. The White House was refurnished in the most expensive manner, and a code of etiquette was established which rivaled that of a German principality.

President Van Buren found himself saddled at the commencement of his administration with national financial embarrassments, bequeathed as a legacy by his "illustrious predecessor," as he designated General Jackson in one of his messages. The destruction of the United States Bank had forced the transfer of the national funds, which it had held on deposit, to the state banks. They had loaned these funds on securities, often of doubtful value or worthless, and when the day of reckoning came general bankruptcy ensued. Manufacturers were obliged to discharge their workmen; provisions were scarce and dear in the Atlantic States, because funds could not be obtained for the removal Eastward of the Western crops; and there was much actual distress in the large cities on the sea-coast. To quiet the popular clamor, the president convened Congress in an extra session, and in his message to that body, on its assembling, he proposed the establishment of an independent treasury, with sub-treasuries in different cities, for the safe-keeping of the public money, entirely separate from the banks.

The whigs opposed this independent treasury scheme, but, to the surprise of those with whom he had of late been politically affiliated, it received the cordial support of Mr. Calhoun. When Congress began to discuss this measure, he became its champion in the senate, and soon "locked horns" with Mr. Clay, who led its opponents. The debate was continued session after session, and in time Messrs. Clay and Calhoun passed from their discussion of national finances into an acrimonious, reciprocal review of the acts, votes, and motions of each other during the preceding thirty years.

John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary that "these oratorical encounters between Clay and Calhoun, are Lilliputian mimicry of the orations against Ctesiphon and the crown, or the debate of the second Philippic." Others, equally competent to judge, and not prejudiced by jealousy, pronounced this personal debate the greatest oratorical contest that ever took place in the senate of the United States, not excepting the Webster and Hayne controversy, although that received greater publicity through judicious advertising. Mr. Ben-

ton was of this opinion, and described the debate in his memoirs as abounding with exemplifications of all the different sorts of oratory of which each of the senatorial gladiators was master. "On one side [Clay], declamation, impassioned eloquence, vehement invective, taunting sarcasm; on the other [Calhoun], close reasoning, chaste narrative, clear statement, keen retort. There was no crying or blackguarding in it; nothing like the weeping scene between Fox and Burke, when the heart overflowed with bitterness at the recollection of former love, now gone forever; nor like the virulent one, when the gall, overflowing with bitterness, warned an ancient friend never to return as a spy to the camp which he had left as a deserter."

In concluding this memorable debate, Mr. Calhoun denounced Mr. Clay for the part he had taken in the tariff compromise of 1833, and declared that in that contest the nullifiers were triumphant, — "they had the Kentucky senator on his back, — and that he [Mr. Calhoun] was his master then. Mr. Clay was evidently somewhat taken by surprise at this declaration, and he replied indignantly, giving a history of the tariff compromise alluded to, and clearly demonstrating that he had been actuated by patriotic motives in that controversy as a pacificator between the North and the South. Finally, Mr. Clay, drawing himself up to his full height, fixed his eyes upon Mr. Calhoun, and exclaimed in ringing tones and with a contemptuous gesture, "He my master! he my master! I would not own him for my slave!"

The financial condition of the country grew worse and worse. There was a total stagnation of business throughout the Union, and from every section came tidings of embarrassment, bankruptcy, and ruin. There were no available means for the purchase of Western produce and its transportation to the Atlantic markets, so it remained in the hands of the farmers, who could not dispose of it except at a great sacrifice. In Ohio, for example, pork was sold at three dollars a hundred pounds, and wheat at fifty cents per bushel, while the price of agricultural labor was but thirty-seven and a half cents a day. Amid this general distress, one class only remained unscathed by the blighting effects of the democratic financial policy: the president and his army of subordinate office-holders continued to receive their salaries in gold or silver. For this they obtained a premium on changing it into the paper currency in general circulation, and they were thus benefited in proportion as the people were embarrassed. This naturally caused great popular discontent, and aided in bringing about a great political uprising.

Among other evidences of the bitter and ferocious spirit which characterized political contests in those days was the duel between Mr. Cilley, of Maine, and Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, in which the former fell. Mr. Cilley, in a speech delivered in the house of representatives, criticised a charge of corruption brought against some unnamed congressman in a letter published in the New York Courier and Enquirer, over the signature of "A Spy in Washington," and indorsed in the editorial columns of that paper. Mr. James Watson Webb, the editor of the Courier and Enquirer, immediately visited Washington, and sent a challenge to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the hostile communication from Mr. Graves, without making any reflections on the personal character of Mr. Webb. Mr. Graves then felt himself bound, by the unwritten code of honor, to espouse the cause of Mr. Webb, and challenged Mr. Cilley himself. This challenge was accepted, and the preliminaries were arranged between Mr. Henry

A. Wise, as the second of Mr. Graves, and Mr. George W. Jones, as the second of Mr. Cilley. Rifles were selected as the weapons, and Mr. Graves found difficulty in obtaining one, but was finally supplied by his friend Mr. Rives, of the Globe. The parties met, the ground was measured, and the combatants were placed; on the fourth fire Mr. Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died almost instantly. Mr. Graves, on seeing his antagonist fall, expressed a desire to render him some assistance, but was told by Mr. Jones, "My friend is dead, sir!" Mr. Cilley, who left a wife and three young children, was a popular favorite, and his tragic end caused a great excitement all over the country. Mr. Wise was generally blamed for having instigated the fatal encounter; certainly, he did not endeavor to prevent it.

Congress had its comedies as well as its tragedies, and the leading comedian was Thomas Corwin, a representative from Ohio, who was a type of early Western culture and a born humorist. He was a middle-sized, somewhat stout man, with pleasing manners, a fine head, sparkling hazel eyes, and a complexion so dark that on several occasions — as he used to narrate with great glee — he was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," said he, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river, give myself up to a Kentucky negro-trader, be taken South, and sold for a field hand." He always had a story ready to illustrate a subject of conversation, and the dry manner in which he enlivened his speeches by pungent witticisms, without a smile on his own stolid countenance, was irresistible. His greatest effort was a reply which he made to Mr. Crary, of Kentucky, who had undertaken to criticise the military ability of General Harrison. John Quincy Adams went over to Mr. Corwin's desk, and advised him to reply; without success at first, Corwin saying that he was "something like Balaam's ass, — he could never speak unless kicked into it." The next afternoon, however, he did reply, and his speech, as a model of humorous retort, has never since been equaled at the Capitol. His description of Mr. Crary as he appeared on parade as a militia general, and after the fatigues of a muster, when treating his brigade to water-melons and whisky at a country grocery store, as the ancient heroes assuaged their thirst from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, was a delicious piece of satire. Then, turning to the history of General Harrison, Mr. Corwin gave an eloquent picture of his patriotic services with convincing force. No member of Congress ever received such personal discomfiture from a speech, and Mr. Crary never recovered from Corwin's onslaught. Even at his home the farmers always offered him water-melons, in their season, accompanied by quotations from Corwin's speech. He retired from public life an extinguished orator.

During the Van Buren administration Congress undertook to fill the four vacant panels in the rotunda of the Capitol, the other four being occupied by Colonel Trumbull's paintings, representing revolutionary events. Contracts were entered into with John Vanderlyn, Henry Inman, Robert Weir, and John G. Chapman, each one of whom was to receive ten thousand dollars, payable in five installments, for a picture. Mr. Inman, after having received six thousand dollars, died, without having finished his picture, if indeed he ever commenced it. Mr. Chapman was the first to complete his work, The Baptism of Pocahontas, which has been generally condemned as an artistic failure and as a libel on historic truth. In catering to the pride of those who claimed to be descended from the Indian princess, who outranked the other first families of Virginia, Mr. Chapman had difficulties to contend with, more depressing, probably, than

even the lack of inspiration which must have attended the portrayal of an apocryphal ceremonial.

The spirited bronze statue of Jefferson, by his admirer, the French sculptor David d'Angers, which Lieut. Uriah P. Levy had presented to Congress, but which had not been accepted, and had been denied a position in the Capitol, was reverentially taken in charge by two naturalized Irish citizens, staunch democrats, and placed on a small pedestal in front of the White House. One of them was the public gardener, Jemmy Maher, already alluded to in these reminiscences, and the other was John Foy, the keeper of the restaurant in the basement of the Capitol, famous for his witty sayings. Prominent among these *bon mots* was his encomium on Representative Dawson, of Louisiana, noted for his intemperate habits, the elaborate ruffles of his shirts, and his pompous strut. "He came into me place," said Foy, "and after ateing a few oysters he flung down a Spanish dollar, saying, 'Niver mind the change, Mr. Foy: kape it for yourself.' Ah! There's a paycock of a gintleman for you."

An attempt was made to improve the condition of Pennsylvania Avenue, by giving the roadway a coating of finely broken stone, then known as macadamizing, after the English inventor, Captain MacAdam. The narrow-rimmed wheels used in this country failed to consolidate the pebbles into a firm mass, as was done by the broad tires used in England, and the roadway was compared by the wits to the stony roads of Arabia Petræa, and was only useful as an arsenal for belligerent boys. A few squares on the streets which intersected Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with buildings, and beyond them, northward, were the broad commons known as "the slashes," where Hibernian milk-maids kept their cows, and also reared large flocks of geese.

President Van Buren endeavored to restore the good feeling between the administration and Washington "society," which had been ruptured during the political rule of General Jackson. He gave numerous entertainments at the White House, and used to attend those given by his cabinet, which was regarded as an innovation, as his predecessors had never accepted social invitations. Ex-President Adams, the widow of President Madison, and the widow of Alexander Hamilton each formed the centre of a pleasant coterie, and the president was open in the expression of his desire that the members of his cabinet and their principal subordinates should each give a series of dinner-parties and evening receptions during the successive sessions of Congress.

The dinner-parties were very much alike, and those who were in succession guests at different houses often saw the same table ornaments, and were served by the same waiters, while the fare was prepared by the same cook. The guests used to assemble in the parlor, which was almost invariably connected with the dining-room by large folding-doors. When the dinner was ready the folding-doors were thrown open, and the table was revealed, covered with dishes and cut-glass ware. A watery compound called vegetable soup was invariably served, followed by boiled fish, over-done roast beef or mutton, roast fowl or game in their season, and a great variety of puddings, pies, cake, and ice-cream. The fish, meat, and fowl were carved and helped by the host, while the lady of the house distributed the vegetables, the pickles, and the dessert. Champagne, without ice, was sparingly supplied in long, slender glasses, but there was no lack of sound claret, and with the dessert several bottles of old madeira were generally produced by the host, who succinctly gave the age and history of each. The best madeira was that labeled "the supreme court," as their honors the justices used to make a direct importation

every year, and sip it as they consulted over the cases before them, every day after their dinner, when the cloth had been removed. Some rare old specimens of this supreme-court wine can still be found in Washington wine-cellars.

At the evening parties the carpet was lifted from the room set apart for dancing, and the floor was chalked in colors to protect the dancers from slipping. The music was almost invariably a first and second violin, with flute and harp accompaniments. Light refreshments, such as water ices, lemonade, negus, and small cakes, were handed about on waiters between every two or three dances. The crowning glory of the entertainment, however, was the supper, which had been prepared under the supervision of the hostess, aided by some of her intimate friends, who had also loaned their china and silver ware. The table was covered with alamode beef, cold roast turkey, ducks, and chickens; fried and stewed oysters, blanc mange, jellies, whips, floating-islands, candied oranges, and numerous varieties of tarts and cakes. Very often the young men, after having escorted the ladies to their respective homes, would meet again at some oyster-house, to go out on a lark, in imitation of the young English bloods in the favorite play of Tom and Jerry. Singing, or rather shouting, popular songs, they would break windows, wrench off knockers, call up doctors, and transpose sign-boards; nor was there a night-watchman to interfere with their roistering.

A decided sensation was created at Washington, during the Van Buren administration, by the appearance there of a handsome and well-educated Italian lady, who called herself America Vespucci, and claimed descent from the navigator who gave his name to this continent. Ex-President Adams and Daniel Webster became her especial friends, and she was soon a welcome guest in the best society. In a few weeks after her arrival, she presented a petition to Congress, asking, first, to be admitted to the rights of citizenship; and, secondly, to be given "a corner of land" out of the public domain of the country which bore the name of her ancestor. An adverse report, which was soon made, is one of the curiosities of congressional literature. It eulogized the petitioner as "a young, dignified, and graceful lady, with a mind of the highest intellectual culture, and a heart beating with all our own enthusiasm in the cause of America and human liberty." The reasons why the prayer of the petitioner could not be granted were given, but she was commended to the generosity of the American people. "The name of America — our country's name — should be honored, respected, and cherished in the person of the interesting exile from whose ancestor we derive the great and glorious title."

A subscription was immediately opened by Mr. Haight, the sergeant-at-arms of the senate, and judges, congressmen, and citizens vied with one another in their contributions. Just then it was whispered that Madame Vespucci had borne an unenviable reputation at Florence and at Paris, and had been induced by a pecuniary consideration to break off an intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe's oldest son, and come to Washington. Soon afterwards the duke's younger brother, the Prince de Joinville, came to this country, and refused to recognize her, which virtually excluded her from reputable society. For some years subsequently she resided in luxurious seclusion with a wealthy citizen of New York, in the interior of that State, and after his death she returned to Paris.

Nearly a year before the presidential election of 1840, whig delegates from twenty-two States assembled in convention at Harrisburg, and nominated as their candidate William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, with John Tyler, of Virginia,

for vice-president. These nominations were an enigma to the democratic friends of President Van Buren, and they unwisely lavished every opprobrious epithet upon them. General Harrison's military fame, his humble pecuniary circumstances, and the log-cabin which formed a part of his rural residence were alternately made the theme of reproach and scurrilous attack. The louder this clamor became, and the more dastardly the attacks, the more ardently the whigs thronged to the banner of their chosen candidate. The sympathy, the generosity, and the patriotism of the nation were aroused and enlisted in the conflict.

The struggle was commenced at once in Congress, where the leading whigs cordially united in a decisive warfare on the democrats. General Harrison was eulogized as a second Cincinnatus, — plowman, citizen, and general, — and the sneering remark that he resided in a log-cabin was adopted as a partisan watchword. The most notable speech was by Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, who elaborately reviewed the expensive furniture, china, and glass-ware which had been imported for the White House by order of President Van Buren. He dwelt on the gorgeous splendor of the damask window-curtains; the dazzling magnificence of the large mirrors, chandeliers, and candelabras; the centre-tables, with their tops of Italian marble; the satin-covered chairs, tabourets, and divans; the imperial carpets and rugs; and, above all, the service of silver, including a set of what he called gold spoons, although they were of silver-gilt. These costly decorations of the White House were described in detail, with many humorous comments, and then contrasted with the log-cabins of the West, where the only ornamentation, generally speaking, was a string of speckled bird's eggs festooned about a looking-glass measuring eight by ten inches, and a fringed window-curtain of white cotton cloth.

This and similar speeches stimulated the people in their opposition to the administration which had persevered in forcing upon them a financial system injurious to the business interests of the country, and by midsummer at least one half of the voters in the country were actively engaged in the political campaign.

Log-cabins were raised everywhere for whig head-quarters, some of them of large size, and almost every voting precinct had its Tippecanoe club, with its choristers. For the first time the power of song was invoked to aid a presidential candidate, and immense editions of log-cabin song-books were sold. Many of these songs were parodies on familiar ballads, adapted to well-known tunes; as, for example, one sung to Auld Lang Syne, the first verse of which ran thus: —

'Can grateful freemen slight his claims
Who bravely did defend
Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
The farmer of North Bend?
Chorus: The farmer of North Bend, my boys,
The farmer of North Bend,
We'll give a right good hearty vote
To the farmer of North Bend."

That fine old ballad, John Anderson, my Jo! was changed into a campaign song, commencing, —

"John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John, I'm sorry for your fate,
You've nullified the tariff laws, you've nullified your State;
You've nullified your party, John, and principles, you know,
And now you've nullified yourself, John C. Calhoun, my Jo!"

One of the best compositions, the authorship of which was ascribed to George P. Morris, the editor of the New York Mirror, was a parody on The Old Oaken Bucket. The first verse ran, —

"Oh, dear to my soul are the days of our glory,
The time-honored days of our national pride;
When heroes and statesmen ennobled our story,
And boldly the foes of our country defied;
When victory hung o'er our flag, proudly waving,
And the battle was fought by the valiant and true,

For our homes and our loved ones, the enemies braving,
Oh, then stood the soldier of Tippecanoe, —
The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe."

Mass conventions were held in the larger cities and in the central towns at the great West, attended by thousands, who came from the plow, the forge, the counter, and the desk, at a sacrifice of personal convenience and often at considerable expense, to give a hearty utterance to their deep-felt opposition to the party in power. Delegations to these conventions would often ride in carriages or on horseback twenty-five or thirty miles, camping out during the excursion. They carried banners, and often had a small log-cabin mounted on wheels, in which was a barrel of hard cider, the beverage of the campaign. On the day of the convention, and before the speaking, there was always a procession, in which the delegations sang and cheered as they marched along, while the music of their numerous bands aided in imparting enthusiasm.

The speaking was from a platform, over which floated the national flag, and on which were seated the invited guests, the local political magnates, the clergymen of the place, and generally a few revolutionary soldiers, who were greeted with loud applause. The principal orators during the campaign were Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Preston, Mr. Wise, Mr. Corwin, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Thompson, and scores of less noted names. General Harrison took the stump himself at several of the Western gatherings, and spoke for over an hour on each occasion. His demeanor was that of a well-bred, well-educated, venerable Virginia gentleman, destitute of humor and fond of quoting from classic authors.

At that time many of the States voted for presidential electors on different days, which rendered the contest more exciting as it approached its close. There was no telegraphic communication, and there were but few lines of railroad, so that it was some time after a large State had voted before complete and correct returns could be received. At last, all the back townships had been heard from, and the exultant whigs were certain that they had elected their candidates by a popular majority of over one hundred thousand! Twenty States had given Harrison and Tyler two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes, while Van Buren and Johnson had received but sixty electoral votes in six States. The log-cabins were the scenes of great rejoicing over this unparalleled political victory, and the jubilant whigs sang louder than before: —

"Van, Van, Van, is a used-up man."

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

IV.

On Mr. Hunt's return from Mexico, in the spring of 1875, we expected to see many sketches and paintings as souvenirs of his journey, but nothing of the kind was brought home. In their stead we found his studio resplendent with Mexican trappings, bricabrac, shawls, yellow draperies, a large collection of Mexican opals, and a pair of leather breeches. All these he showed and caressed with childish delight. Mexico was one of the most interesting countries in the world. There was nothing like it; he was going back another year

to make a long stay. He put on his leather breeches, and strode about the studio for our amusement.

His bringing no paintings or sketches of consequence home with him was due probably to the fact that the journey was made for rest and recreation after a hard winter's work at portrait painting. There were, to be sure, at the late sale several charcoal sketches purporting to be Mexican subjects, but it is doubtful if they were correctly named. The brown picture that has been already mentioned as having been painted the next day after the artist had seen a Jules Dupré was catalogued at the sale as a view at West Newbury. Years ago, when first exhibited, Mr. Hunt had called it a view in Weston. Artists record impressions, and the public like to have them named. Sometimes such impressions are more or less accurate transcripts of scenes in nature from a chosen point, but a landscape painting is often merely the artist's impression of an effect, and bears no resemblance in composition to any one spot.

Mr. Hunt was an excellent man of business. At the time of the greatest depression in real estate, a house in Park Square was offered for sale by auction. Mr. Hunt talked over the purchase of this house a great deal, and with his usual earnestness. He was sure it would increase largely in value; it was an entirely safe investment. He would like to occupy a part of it immediately, himself. To our surprise, he then named the exact sum that he proposed to give for it, adding that if it went above this sum he should not buy. To our suggestion that it would be a pity to lose it rather than go a few hundred dollars higher, if necessary, he said, "I will not go one dollar higher. A man must have a limit, and wherever you put the limit there you must remain. You might as well not have a limit if you are going higher. I consider it a good purchase at my figures: it may be a good bargain at a higher price. I don't know about that." This astonishingly cool way of treating the matter, right in the face of his enthusiasm over the location of the house, its desirability, and the probable low price it would fetch, was a revelation to us; but we were not surprised afterwards to learn that the house was sold at a few hundred dollars above Mr. Hunt's limit. He got some one to look after his interest at the sale, lest he might, under the impulse of the moment, go beyond his limit. On the Millets which he sold, a few years since, his profits were, he told us, in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars on every dollar invested. "And," he remarked, "the Millets were sold below rather than above their market value." He once showed us an unusually fine specimen of Diaz that he bought twenty years before for two hundred francs. It would easily bring fifty times that amount now.

"Whenever," said Mr. Hunt one day, "in repainting a picture, there is a particular spot that you wish to save, paint it right out, or you will sacrifice the rest of the picture to it."

I have spoken of Mr. Hunt's having been invited to lecture in the Sunday afternoon course at Horticultural Hall, and his final decision not to accept the honor. He had already declined to deliver some lectures at Yale College, and afterwards a like request from Harvard College had not been complied with. As to the latter, he said, one evening, "Professor —— came round, at our club, and sat down by me and began to make himself agreeable. I did n't mean he should get the better of me in that respect, so I made myself agreeable, too, just as agreeable as I could, — and you know, when I try, I can make myself pretty amusing; and I don't think he got much the start of me in that line. Well, presently, after we had both been so agreeable that nothing further could be expected in that way, he asked me to

deliver some lectures at Harvard College. I did n't promise to do it, but I said I would think the matter over, and let him know. I *have* been thinking the matter over, and have pretty much concluded to ask him to permit such of the students as want instruction in art to come to me in my studio on certain evenings, when I will talk to them. I shall feel at home in my studio, and have plenty of pictures and drawings about me with which to illustrate my lectures. You see, I have my doubts whether they really want to learn anything about art at the college. Perhaps they only want me to come over there and lecture. If that 's all they want, I sha'n't go. If they really want to learn, — if anybody really wants to learn, — I 'm ready to teach. I like to teach. So I think I will just invite the authorities to let the students hear the lectures in my studio. If they are in earnest, they will accept my proposal; but I don't expect it to be received very cordially. It is n't what they want."

The letter below is a draught of one that was sent in answer to the invitation from Yale College. The matter that follows, it was proposed, first, to embody also in the letter, but this was not done.

Dear Sir, — In answer to your invitation to lecture on art before the Yale School of Fine Arts, I would say that my time is already more than taken up in trying to learn how to paint, and as I can get no information from lectures I do not believe I could give any. The world is full of people who lecture on art, and I will not interfere with them. Yours truly, W. M. Hunt.

"Neither poets nor artists can be manufactured; much as ever they can be supported when they do exist.

"No man can teach me to produce good work in art except a producer of good work, and he brings his work with him as a thinker brings brains and a fighter brings fists.

"A talker may persuade himself that he knows everything. A doer persuades the world he knows something.

"When the world wants wealth and works, it will demand of the financier and the critic some tangible proof of their wisdom; but paper and talk are easier handled, and will suffice for to-day.

"It is well to listen to lectures to save one's self the trouble of knowing anything, but if one wants to know anything of art he would better use his eyes; for until some of the talkers have produced paintings and sculpture which will appeal to the ears, they can teach very little through that medium. I have known a deaf painter, but not a blind one.

"If I am entitled to an opinion, it is through what I have done.

"Works, not words, can instruct.

"The only lessons that painters, or poets, or architects, or sculptors, have ever taught, or can ever teach, are in their works.

"When an artist leaves his work to amuse people, he loses not only his time, but their respect.

"The best thing about most lectures on art is that their effect is not lasting.

"Lectures are like hash, — not very nourishing, but will do when one is so young he knows no better, or so old he has no teeth. You can't expect a uniform."

The uniform refers to a story of Mr. Hunt's. A man ordered some hash at a restaurant. He presently found a soldier's button in it, and on remonstrating with the waiter the latter said, "What do you want? You can't expect a whole uniform in one plate of hash, can you?"

"The most interesting lecture I ever happened to hear was on language, when the speaker dealt with the material he was describing.

"A man who wants to discover any-

thing would better stand by Christopher Columbus on deck at night than listen to his lectures on the discovery of a new world.

"How are we going to make painters by lectures to men? We are going to make questioners and doubters and talkers. By painting and showing the painting of others we are to make painters. By working frankly from our convictions we are going to make them work from their convictions.

"Most of us have been so taught to doubt and question that we have n't time enough left in our life to express an opinion of our own. It is by having something to say, and not trying to say it in words, that one learns to paint.

"One capable artist, with his assistants employed as formerly, would produce more good workers than all the schools in the country, and with this difference: that works would be produced instead of theories and advice and teachers. If good art is produced, take advantage of the fact, instead of inveigling hundreds into an occupation where not one in a thousand can make a living, unless he resort to talking, toadying, or speculation, all of which an artist can familiarize himself with when it becomes necessary, but which he is naturally averse to. If people are to be instructed or assisted by artists, artists must be employed in their legitimate occupation; an artist cannot live on compliments and conversation. If you want artists, respect art. If you want art, respect artists. It seems to me high time that something should be done to encourage producers. The country is being overrun with art teachers and lecturers, because we don't want doers, but talkers. When we really want art there will be a call for artists to paint, and producers will be respected, employed, and encouraged. The world seems to want machines to manufacture artists, poets, statesmen, and philosophers; but when these exist, neither their work nor their opinion is wanted. One is invited cordially to join the gang and produce what he is not to produce, — works. If he is a musician, he is invited to play for the world to march in to supper.

"If Michael Angelo and Titian were living to-day, they would not be called upon to paint. They would be listened to by the wise, and told that the Greek only could produce art. Were they even to lecture from Maine to Georgia, artists would not necessarily rise up in their wake. We don't want our hens to lay; if they do, we throw away their eggs, and bring all the hens in the country to sit on gravel stones, hoping to hatch out wonders. We are all taught to criticise and find fault with things instead of being made to comprehend and appreciate them. This also comes from talking instead of doing. It is only one who has done something who can see in an embryo the possibility of what it may grow to. Those who are taught from the past see only the past. They ignore the existence of the present."

Of modern painters, Mr. Hunt was fondest of Millet; next to him he mentioned oftenest, I think, Eugène Delacroix; then Corot. He never quoted Couture. He liked Turner and Reynolds. Of the picture called the Slave Ship, he said, "I like it; it has breadth. A small man could n't have painted it." Speaking of the Rimmer statue of Hamilton, one evening, he said, "People laugh at it a good deal; but it 's not to be laughed at; there is noble feeling in it. No doubt it has faults enough; but you just go down and stand near it, directly in front, so that you can look up to it, and you 'll find it impressive."

Once, in talking over the work of some of his lady students, I remarked that a certain painting by one of them I thought very creditable, on the whole, but that it lacked, in comparison with his work, just a certain quality that one might well suppose it would have. One could not expect great excellence in flesh tint, in

color, and in composition, but the artist being a woman, and dressing well herself, ought, one might fancy, to excel in graceful and stylish arrangement of the dresses of her figures, and paint drapery fairly well. "Yes," said Mr. Hunt, "one might think so; but the trouble is, she does n't know what is under the dress that she paints. She did n't begin drawing from the nude figure, and does n't know the anatomy of the human form well enough. Without this knowledge it is impossible to do draperies well and to give what you call style. Just hold up your arm a minute." I held up my arm bent at a right angle, as for a tailor to measure for the length of a coat sleeve. "Now," continued Mr. Hunt, "I will tell you every time before I touch your arm with my finger whether it is the flesh or the cloth of your coat that I shall touch. I know exactly where the arm itself is, notwithstanding the large folds of the coat sleeve." He then went on touching the arm, saying every time before the touch, "coat," "arm," "arm," "coat," correctly. "Well, then," I said, "there is no really fine drapery painted in this country. I should think you would never see any that would entirely satisfy you." "That's true," he replied; "it's very rare to find drapery satisfactorily painted until you get back to the old masters. They knew how to do it."

Of the old painters Mr. Hunt quoted most frequently, perhaps, Veronese; then Michael Angelo, Titian, and Velasquez.

Mr. Hunt felt that he was very strong in the artistic anatomy of the human figure. In early life he had been a hard student in Germany, and was a very correct and painstaking draughtsman. When at school in Düsseldorf he was noted for this special talent. Powell, the painter of the great picture at Washington illustrating the discovery of the source of the Mississippi, who visited Düsseldorf while Mr. Hunt was a student there, says that he displayed remarkable talent as a draughtsman. His studies from the nude and the antique were so perfect in drawing, and so impressed his teachers, that he was declared to be qualified to paint long before he had been at the academy his full three years. Nothing of their kind, so far as *fine drawing* is concerned, with the possible exception of a work or two of Page, has ever been done in this country comparable with the Wardner portrait, the figure of the painter's mother, or the portrait of Mrs. Adams. Other things of the artist's are finer in color; but Mr. Hunt's greatest achievements lay not so notably in the direction of color as in his drawing, modeling, and in his noble style. He was especially satisfied with his ability to paint hands correctly and elegantly when he chose. Being remonstrated with, one evening, for exhibiting a figure in which the hands were in a half-finished state, he retorted, "Well, the picture belongs to me. I don't ask anybody to buy it. It's my picture, and I suppose I can exhibit it if I choose. You say the hand looks erysipelatous. It does. It looks as though it had a very bad ulcer on it; but nobody is obliged to look at it unless he chooses. Most people know by this time whether I *can* paint a hand or not; whoever doubts it may look at my portraits and see."

His subordination of his skill in drawing, for the purpose of giving prominence to some other artistic quality in his work, at times misled certain critics. Thus, of his smaller picture called The Bathers, when he brought us the photograph in the autumn of 1876, he remarked, "I don't pretend that the anatomy of this figure is precisely correct. In fact, I know it is not. It's a little feminine; but I did it from memory, without a model, and was chiefly occupied with the pose. I *do* think the balancing idea is well expressed, and it is the fear of disturbing that which prevents my making any changes in the

contour of the figure. I know that I could correct the anatomy, but if the pose were once lost I might never be able to get it again."

It is not known for what particular occasion the following memoranda were made: —

"A good deal of our so-called cultivation is like sand-papering the surface of the eye."

"The only real cultivation is that where the instinct is preserved in all its clearness, notwithstanding all that is added to it."

"The great secret is to add, and not to swap."

"The false tooth, the glass eye, are types of the highest civilization and cultivation. Pedantry fills a tooth; affectation and a glass eye are things known only in modern civilization, — in states of modern culture."

"Intelligence is water-power; wit is steam. Expand a drop of intelligence by the fire of enthusiasm and fervor of desire, and it multiplies its force by thousands."

"There is more force in speed than in weight."

While Mr. Hunt's sensitive organization gave him a capacity for enjoyment unknown to differently constituted people, it gave him also, naturally, what might be termed an abnormal susceptibility for suffering, from a class of slight or temporary annoyances, that, with most people, pass unnoticed.

His spacious studios never pleased him long, and he was disposed to find fault with them a great deal, in a humorous way. Once the noise of rats so disturbed him that he felt forced to seek new quarters. Then his numerous stoves gave him such trouble that he could not work. A slight leak in the roof, on another occasion, had a similar effect. Finally he built the large studio in Park Square, and, having moved into it, we heard no more of these troubles.

Doubtless, a great part of this sensitiveness was due to ill health. He rarely complained of feeling unwell, and spoke of his health with reluctance. Appearing tired, one evening, when we noticed it and asked him how he was, he said, "Oh, I don't know; if I should begin with my bad feelings, I should keep it up all the evening. What is it that Emerson says, — Beware how you unmuzzle the valetudinarian?"

One evening he said, "After all, I don't know but the barbarous tribes that kill off their old men are pretty wise. You know they put an old man in a tree, and then shake it. If he 's strong enough to hold his place in the tree, they allow him to live another year; but if he falls to the ground, they kill him with clubs."

Probably his tenderness towards those who were ill, or not strong, and his sympathy for them were quickened by his own sufferings.

One of our household had sent him some home-made chocolate drops, upon the receipt of which he forwarded them, with the following letter, to a friend and pupil who was ill: —

MY DEAR MISS ——: I bring you some of Millet's drawings, by way of making you patient to stay in-doors this blustering weather. I also add a little box which I found on my return to the studio.

The note is so pretty that I send it too, for I feel that had Mrs. —— known you were ill she would have sent you the sugar-plums and the note. At any rate, to have received them is so grateful that I pass them along, as in the game of button, button.

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

In a letter from Weathersfield, Vermont, postmarked June 30, 1879, to his assistant, Mr. Carter, who had just left him, at the time when Mr. Hunt was supposed to be slowly regaining his health and strength, he says, —

"I imagined you arriving in Boston a little while after our tea, and yesterday at about the same hour safely at home in Westboro'. What a relief it must have been to you, and what a reward for your unbounded patience, and what a let up! Well, I must n't be sentimental, but I will express my gratitude. Since you left I have endeavored to take your place in taking care of me. . . . I really do not want you to hurry back on my account. Do try to have a good time, so you may not lose your faith in the whole human race."

A few days earlier he had written to Mrs. Carter: "It must be dreadfully aggravating for you to have your husband penned up here so long; but I can tell you one thing: when he *does* get back (if that ever happens), what there is left of him will have gone through a fiery furnace of patience, and I will guarantee that the temper of the old Damascus blades was nothing in comparison.

"I really pity him and you too, but I am so selfish that I pity myself the most; and though I would *like* to be generous and give him up a little, I find myself selfishly clinging to him."

On the outside of an envelope he wrote, in addition to the superscription, "Be careful of this: beyond value." Within was the following note: —

MY DEAR MRS. —— : I received this morning, through the hands of our mutual John, a beautiful velvet wig. It fits perfectly, and sticks closer to my head than my hair has.

The following lines, written from the Isles of Shoals on August 23d, only about two weeks before his death, is one of the very few instances when he alludes to his health: —

Saturday, P. M.

MY DEAR BOY, — I feel a little better; if I can only get some more sleep I shall do well. Yours,

W. M. HUNT.

Notwithstanding his weakness and lack of sleep, his generous impulse towards a brother artist led him to write as follows on August 16th: —

MY DEAR —— : I should like to be in Boston and look over Tom Robinson's pictures with you, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing something fine. I am sure Tom deserves the greatest credit for his pluck, perseverance, and capacity, and I am heartily grateful that he has been so successful.

He is a real man, and it does not surprise me to know that he has painted his real self. I am glad you wrote me about his pictures, as I was desirous to know about them . . . When you see him just shake him by the hand for me.

The above was an unusually long letter for him at this time. Generally his letters were very short, but full of characteristic humor, with never a hint at illness or despondency.

"SHOALS."

DEAR C—— : Weight yesterday afternoon, east wind, cool, thick woolen clothes and coat, and thick boots, *after tea* 145

This morning, rather warm and some changes of clothing . . 141

Three days ago, thin suit and warm weather 137

Weather and weight variable. If it grows as hot here as in Danielsonville I should weigh . . 000

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

The great achievement of Mr. Hunt at Albany involved more labor than is generally supposed. Necessarily hurried, it was an especially anxious and exhausting work. The legislature was to meet at an appointed time, and the staging must come down on a certain day, whether the paintings were finished or not. It could not be known beforehand that just fifty-five days' labor would end the task. But it was known that the final and tell-

ing touches must be made by Christmas, and rectified, if necessary, on that day; after this, no additions or subtractions were possible. Whether the two large compositions could be satisfactorily put upon the walls within the prescribed time seemed a question; and it became still more a question when, after painting the first day, they found, on climbing up to their places the next morning, that their day's work had pretty nearly vanished into the texture of the stone. The faith and courage of Mr. Hunt's accomplished assistant were invaluable; and later, during the progress of the work, his solemn promise that, if their effort proved a failure, he would himself paint out both pictures in a single night was greatly comforting to Mr. Hunt.

During these fifty-five fatiguing days the artist and his assistant were always up in the morning to catch the rising sun, so as to carry a fresh impression to the work upon the Flight of Night. Every evening they watched the waning daylight, and noted the effects of figures and objects against the setting sun as a study for the Discoverer.

There had been also immediate preparatory work on these pictures in the studio at Boston, of nearly five month's duration. Mr. Hunt had returned from Niagara about the first of July, after accepting the commission for these paintings, and had set about the task at once. The separate figures and parts of figures were to be studied, drawn, painted, and combined to fit the great arched spaces where they were to go.

For the Flight of Night, the heads of the horses, their legs and feet, were all freshly painted from life. Anahita, the Goddess, was painted from a life model. Sleep and the Child were painted from life, also the dusky Guide. For the other picture, the Discoverer, Science, Hope, and Fortune were painted from life models. Parts of these figures were also drawn and colored as separate studies; as, for instance, the heads, hands, and arms.

Of the two compositions entire and of their separate parts, there were made at this time upwards of thirty careful charcoal drawings, and in pastel more than twelve. Seventeen oil-paintings, twelve inches by thirty, of the compositions complete were also done. These were made chiefly to test the effects of proposed combinations or contrasts of color. In addition, there were two large paintings, one of each subject, about six by eight feet, and two large pictures in oil of Fortune, of about the same size.

Blocks of stone like that in the walls of the Assembly Chamber at Albany were sent him, that the effect of pigment upon them might be tested.

Meantime, in a room under the studio, paints were being ground and tints mixed and hermetically sealed in five-pint tin cans, to be in readiness for transportation to the scene of his great work. Why all this grinding and mixing was done in secret no one knows; but Mr. Hunt never made his appearance in this room until the grinder, who knew nothing of the destination of his products, had gone home for the day; then he went down and inspected the results with the greatest interest.

But after all this painstaking preparation, he found, on arriving before the great walls at Albany, that the space within the arch upon which the Flight of Night was to be put was not sufficiently high for the composition as it had been proportioned. It was necessary to lower the figure of the goddess, and to change the relative positions of the horses, so that they should be brought more together towards the centre of the panel. Some important changes were also made in the grouping of the figures in the Discoverer. The composition of this picture appears always to have been more tractable than that of the Flight of Night. There had been fewer and less radical changes made in it since it was

first drawn in charcoal, twenty-three years ago. The Flight of Night had been first put on paper in 1847, ten years earlier. It had undergone many changes before these last at Albany, and long before it was ever supposed it would be anything more than an easel picture. The goddess was first drawn shielding her eyes from the coming light with her raised arm. She was looking forward, was differently seated, and her chariot was winged.

Henry C. Angell.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XXIII.

Elihu walked rapidly down the moonlighted street. When he reached the old family house, he groped his way up from the outer door to that of the meeting-room, in which Ford lodged, and tapped upon it with his stick. There was the sort of hesitation within which follows upon surprise and doubt; then the sound of a chair pushed back was heard, and Ford came to the door with a lamp in his hand; he looked like one startled out of a deep reverie. "Anything the matter with Dr. Boynton?" he asked, after a gradual recognition of Elihu.

"Nay," replied the Shaker. "Friend Boynton is better than usual, I believe. I wish to have a little talk with you, Friend Ford. Shall I come in?"

Ford found that he was holding the door ajar, and blocking the entrance. "Why, certainly," he said. He led the way, and setting the lamp on the table pushed up another chair to the corner fire-place, where some logs were burning, and where he had evidently been sitting. "Sit down."

The Shaker obeyed, and with his palms resting on his knees craned his neck round and peered at the different corners of the room and up at the ceiling before he spoke. "Are you comfortable here, Friend Ford?"

"Yes," answered the young man. "I am a sort of stray cat, and any garret is home to me. I can't say, though, that I've ever occupied the dwelling of a whole community before."

"Yee, this building once housed a good many people. It was a cross to leave it; but our numbers have fallen away, and we crowd together for comfort and encouragement. It's an instinct, I suppose. Well, what do you think of the Shakers, so far, Friend Ford?" Elihu had an astute glimmer in his eye as he asked the question.

"Really, I hardly know what to say," answered Ford.

"Say what you think. We may not like the truth, but we always desire to hear it."

"I should probably say nothing offensive to you, if I said all that's in my mind. I believe I think very well of you. I don't see why you don't succeed. I don't see why you don't supply to Protestantism the very refuge from the world that we talk of envying in Catholicism."

"That is much the position that Friend Boynton took."

"I don't understand why you are a failing body. The world has tired and hopeless people enough to throng ten thousand such villages as yours."

"We should hardly be satisfied with the weary and discouraged," said Elihu, without resentment. "And our system offers few attractions. Folks are not so anxious for the angelic life in heaven that they want to begin it on earth."

Ford smiled. "You offer shelter, you

offer a home and perfect immunity from care and anxiety."

"But we require great sacrifices," rejoined the Shaker gravely. "We put husband and wife asunder; we bid the young renounce the dream of youth; we say to the young man, Forego; to the young girl, Forget. We exact celibacy, the supreme self-offering to a higher life. Even if we did not consider celibacy essential to the angelic life, we should feel it to be essential to communism. We must exact it, as the one inviolable condition."

Ford sat a moment thinking. "I dare say you are right." He looked interested in what Elihu was saying, and he added, as if to prompt him to further talk, "I have been thinking about it a good deal since I've been here, and I don't see how you can have communism on any other terms. But then your communism perishes, because nature is the stronger, and because you can't recruit your numbers from the children of your adherents. You must look for accessions from the enemy."

"Yee, that is one of our difficulties. And we have to fight the enemy within our gates perpetually. Even such of us as have peace in our own hearts must battle in behalf of the weaker brethren. We must especially guard the young against the snares of their own fancies."

"I dare say it keeps you busy," said Ford.

"It does. We must guard them from both the knowledge and the sight of love." The word brought a flush to the young man's face, which Elihu did not fail to note. "Friend Ford, I have understood you to wish us well?" He rose, and resting his arm on the chimney-piece looked down with gentle earnestness into the face of the young man, as he sat leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Yes, certainly."

"You would not wittingly betray us?"

"Really" —

"I don't mean that. You would n't knowingly put any obstacle in our way, — any stumbling-block before the feet of those whom we are trying to lead toward what we think the true life?"

"Elihu," said Ford, "I thoroughly respect you all, and I should be grieved to interfere with you. Why do you ask me these questions? Have you any reason to be dissatisfied with my behavior here?"

"Nothing," continued Elihu, "is so hard to combat in the minds of our young folks as the presence of that feeling in others who consider it holy and heavenly, while we teach that it is of the earth, earthy."

"Well?"

"The more right and fit it appears, the more complex and subtle is the effect of such an example. It is impossible that we should tolerate it a moment among us after we become convinced of its existence. Self-defense is the law of life."

"Well, well!" cried Ford, getting up in his turn, and confronting Elihu on more equal terms, "what has all this to do with me?" His face was red, and his voice impatient.

Elihu was not disturbed. He asked calmly, "Don't you know that Egeria is in love with you?"

Ford stood breathless a moment. "Good heavens, man!" he shouted. "Her father is at death's door!"

Elihu stood with his wide-brimmed hat resting on one hand; he turned it slowly round with the other. "Friend Boynton is very strangely sick. The doctor says he does n't know how long he may last. Young people soon lose the sense of danger which is not immediate. The kind of love I speak of is the master-feeling of the human heart; it flourishes in the very presence of death; it grows upon sorrow that seems to kill. It knows how to hide itself from itself. It takes many shapes, and calls itself by many other names. We have seen much to

make us think we are right about Egeria. Have you seen nothing?"

Ford did not reply. His thoughts ran back over all the times that he had seen and spoken with Egeria, and his heart slowly and deeply beat, like some alien thing intent upon the result; and then it leaped forward with a bound.

"Perhaps," said the Shaker, "I am wrong to put the question in the way I do. We deal so plainly with ourselves and with one another in such cases that I might well forget the sophistication that the world outside requires in the matter. I do not wish to do you injustice, and I shall be glad if I have opened my mind for nothing. I will merely ask whether you have not done anything or said anything to make her like you."

"This is preposterous," said Ford. "Do you think these are the circumstances for love-making? I am here very much against my will, because I can't decently abandon a friendless man" —

"Friend Boynton has plenty of friends here," interrupted Elihu.

"I beg your pardon; I know that. Then I am here because I can't leave a dying man who seems to find comfort in my presence. And whatever may be the security which Miss Boynton has fallen into, I have had her father to remind me of his danger by constant allusions to it, as if his death were near at hand."

"Do you believe it is?"

"That is n't the question. The question is whether a man, being trusted with a knowledge of dangers which she does n't know, could have any such feeling towards her as you imagine." Ford bent a look of angry demand upon the Shaker.

"Yee," the latter answered, "I think he could, if he meant the best that love means. If he knew that they were poor, and that after her father's death she would be left alone in the world, he might very well look on her with affection even across a dying pillow, and desire to be the protector and the stay of her helplessness. I don't wish to pry into your concerns, and if there is nothing between you and Egeria it will be enough for you to say so."

"Between us!" cried Ford, bitterly. "I will tell you how I first met these people, and then you shall judge how much reason there is for love between her and me."

"Nay," interjected Elihu, "there is no need of a reason for love. I learned that before I was gathered in."

Ford did not regard the interruption. "I saw them first at a public exhibition, and I made up my mind that Dr. Boynton was an impostor; and then I went to their house with this belief. I never believed his daughter was anything but his tool, the victim of himself and the woman of the house who did the tricking. I suspected tricking in the dark, but when I attempted to seize her hand it was Miss Boynton's hand that I caught, and I hurt her — like the ruffian I was. Afterwards the old man tried to face me down, and we had a quarrel; and I saw him next that morning here, when he flew at my throat. It 's been his craze to suppose that I thwarted his control over his daughter, and he has regarded me as his deadliest enemy. Now, you can tell how much love is lost between us." Ford turned scornfully away, and walked the length of the room.

The Shaker remained in his place. "Egeria is of a very affectionate and believing disposition. She would take a pleasure in forgiving any unkindness, and she would forgive it so that it would never have been. I don't see any cause in what you say to change my mind. If you told me that you did not care for her, it would be far more to the point than all you could say to show *why* you don't."

Ford stopped, and glared at the serene figure and placid countenance. "This is too much," he began, and then he paused, and they regarded each other.

"You don't pretend now," resumed Elihu, "that you suspect either of them of wrong?"

"No!"

"Then, whatever the mystery is about them, you know that they are good folks. We have had much more cause than you to suspect them, but I don't doubt them any more than I doubt myself."

"I would stake my life on her truth!" exclaimed Ford. The Shaker could not repress the glimmer of a smile. "I" — Ford paused. Then he burst out, "I have been a hypocrite, — the worst kind; a hypocrite to my own deceit! I *do* love her! She is dearer to me than — You talk of your angelic life! Can you dream of anything nearer the bliss of heaven than union with such tenderness and mercy as hers?"

"We say nothing against marriage in its place. A true marriage is the best thing in the earthly order. But it *is* of the earthly order. The angels neither marry nor are given in marriage. We seek to be perfect, as we are divinely bidden. If you choose to be less than perfect" —

"There can be no higher choice than love like hers. Do you assume" —

"Nay," said the Shaker, "I assume nothing. The time has been when we hoped that Egeria might be gathered in. But that time is past. She could now never be one of us without suffering that we could not ask her to undergo. She must follow the leadings of her own heart, now."

"Why, man, you have no right to say that she cares anything for me. It's atrocious; it's" —

"We pass no censure upon the feeling between you," said Elihu quietly, looking into his hat, as if he were about to put it on. "All we ask is that you will not let the sight of your affection be a snare to those whose faces should be set against such things."

Ford regarded him with a stormy look; but he controlled himself, and asked coldly, "What do you wish me to do?"

"Nay; that is for you to decide."

"Well, I must go away!" Ford irefully stared at the Shaker again. "But how can I go away? If there was ever any reason why I should remain, the reason is now stronger than ever."

"Yee," said Elihu.

"What shall I do? If I have not been strong enough and honest enough with myself to keep from drifting into this — this affair, it is not likely that I can get out of it, — I don't want to get out of it! Do you suppose that now I have the hope of her I wish to leave her? Whatever her father's state is, and whatever my duty to him is, I am bound to stay here for her sake till she sends me away. It's my duty, it's my privilege."

Elihu was not visibly swept from his feet by this lover's-logic. He said gravely, "Now you consult your inclination rather than your sense of duty. Friend Boynton and his daughter are here by virtue of the charity we use towards all" —

"You shall be paid every cent!" cried Ford impulsively.

"Nay, I did n't boast," said the Shaker, with a gentle reproof in his tone, which put the young man to shame, "and I did n't merit this return from you. I merely stated a fact. You are yourself here by our concession as their friend. I have opened our mind to you upon this matter, and you know just how we feel. Farewell."

XXIV.

In his preoccupation Ford let Elihu find his way out, and heard him stumbling and groping about for the outer door in the dark. All night the words and circumstances of the interview burned in his heart, and his face was hot with a transport half shameful and half

sweet. Once he tried to think when his old misgivings had vanished, but he could not; he only remembered them to spurn them. In the morning he went out for a long walk, and visited the places where he had been with her. He had a formless fear and hope that he might meet her; these conflicting emotions resolved themselves into the resignation with which he went to the shop where Elihu was at work.

"I am going away. I have no right to stay here; it 's a violation of your rights, and it 's a profanation of her. I shall go away, but I shall never give up the hope of speaking to her at the right time and place, and asking her to be my wife."

Seeing that he expected an answer, Elihu said, "You cannot do less."

Ford did not quite like the answer. "You don't understand. I hope for nothing, — I have no reason to hope for anything."

"Nay," said the Shaker, "I don't understand that. She is fond of you."

Ford reddened, but he did not resent the words. "What I propose to do now — to-day — is to go away, and to come back from time to time, with your leave, and see how Dr. Boynton is doing. I should like some of you to write to me, — I should like to write to her. Would you have any objection to that? You don't object to the fact, but to the appearance in this — affair, as I understand. The letters could come under cover to Sister Frances," he submissively suggested.

"Nay," answered the Shaker, after deliberation, "I don't see how we could object to that."

"Thanks," said Ford, with a nervous sigh. "I hope you will feel it right that I should see Dr. Wilson, and ask his opinion of Dr. Boynton's condition, before I go?"

"Yee. There is Dr. Wilson, now." Elihu leaned out and beckoned to him, and the doctor, who was turning away from the office gate, stopped his horse in the middle of the street. "You can ask him now; he has just seen Friend Boynton." Elihu delicately refrained from joining Ford in going to speak with the doctor.

"I have to go away for a while," said the young man abruptly, "and I wanted to ask you whether there is any immediate danger in Dr. Boynton's case to prevent my going. I should n't like to leave him at a critical moment."

"No," said the doctor, with the slowness of his thought. "It 's one of those obscure cases. I find him very well, — very well, indeed, considering. It 's the nature of his disease to make this sort of pause. It 's often a very long pause."

Ford went back to Elihu, whom he found quietly at work again. "He says there 's no reason why I should n't go," he reported, with the excitement of a new purpose in his face. He waited a moment before he added, "I must go and tell Dr. Boynton, now. I confess I don't know exactly how to do it."

"Yee, it will be quite a little cross," Elihu admitted.

"Do you think," asked Ford, after a moment's abstraction, "that there would be anything wrong in speaking to him about — what we have spoken of?"

"Nay," said Elihu. "I was thinking that perhaps you might like to do that. It would set his mind at rest, perhaps."

"Thank you," said Ford, but he bit his nail in perplexity and hesitation.

"I presume that will be quite a cross, too," added Elihu, quaintly.

Ford stared at him without perceiving his jest. "I suppose you don't know what you 've done in giving me the sort of hope you have! If you have mocked a drowning man with a straw" —

Rapt as he was in his own thoughts, when he entered the sick man's room he could not but be aware of some great change in Boynton. When they had last seen each other, Boynton had

sat up in an arm-chair to receive his visitor. Now he was stretched upon the bed, and he looked very old and frail.

"Why, the doctor said you were better!" cried the young man.

"So I am, — or so I was, half an hour ago," replied Boynton. "I am glad you have come early to-day. I missed you yesterday; and there is something now on which I want the light of your clearest judgment. Sit down," he said politely, seeing that Ford had remained on foot.

The young man mechanically drew up a chair, and sat facing him.

"I have heard a story of Agassiz," Boynton said, "to the effect that when he had read some book wholly upsetting a theory he had labored many years to establish, he was so glad of the truth that his personal defeat was nothing to him. He exulted in his loss, because it was the gain of science. I have not the magnanimity of Agassiz, I find, although I have tried to pursue my inquiries in the same spirit of scientific devotion. Perhaps I had a great deal more at stake: there is a difference between seeking to ascertain some fact of natural science and endeavoring to place beyond question the truth of a future existence."

He plainly expected some sort of acquiescence, and Ford cleared his throat to assent to the preposterous vanity of his speech: "Certainly."

"You will bear me witness," said Boynton, "that I have readily, even cheerfully, relinquished positions which I had carefully taken and painfully built upon, so long as their loss did not lead to doubt of this great truth, — did not weaken the citadel, so to speak."

"Yes," said Ford, with blank expectancy.

"You know I have rested my hopes upon a power, which I believed my daughter to possess, of communicating with the world of spirits?"

"Yes."

"You remember that I abandoned without a murmur the hypothesis of your adverse control when that was no longer tenable?"

He was so anxious for Ford's explicit assent that the young man again answered, "Yes."

"And when I was forced to accept the conclusion that her power was limited by a certain nervous condition, and had forever passed away with her restoration to complete health, did you find any childish disposition in me to shrink from the truth?"

"No," said Ford, "I did not."

"I thank you!" cried Boynton. "These successive strokes, hard as they were to bear, had nothing mortal to my hopes in them. Now, I have had my death-blow." Ford began a kindly dissent; but Boynton waved him to silence. "Unless your trained eye can see some way out of the conclusions to which I am now brought, I must give up the whole hypothesis of communion with disembodied life, and with that hypothesis my belief in that life itself. In other words, I have received my death-blow."

No doubt Boynton still enjoyed his own rhetoric, and had a measurable consolation in his powers of graphic statement; but there was a real passion in his words, and the young man was moved by the presence of a veritable despair. "What facts, or reasons, have brought you to your conclusions?" he asked.

Boynton pushed his hand up under his pillow, and drew out an old copy of a magazine. "Here is what might have saved me years of research and of hopes as futile as those of the seekers for the philosopher's stone, if I had seen it in time." Though he laid the book on the coverlet, he kept his hand on it, and had evidently no intention that Ford should look at it for himself. "There is a paper in this magazine giving an account of a girl, in this very region, possessing powers so identical in all essentials with those of my daughter that there can

be no doubt of their common origin. Wherever this unhappy creature appeared, the most extraordinary phenomena attended her: raps were evoked; tables were moved; bells were rung; flashes of light were seen; and violent explosions were heard. The writer was not blinded by the fool's faith that lured me on. He sought a natural cause for these unnatural effects, and he found that by insulating the posts of the girl's bedstead — for these things mostly occurred during her sleep — he controlled them perfectly. She was simply surcharged with electricity. After a while she fell into a long sickness, from which she imperfectly recovered, and she died in a mad-house." Boynton removed his hand from the magazine, as if to let Ford now see for himself, and impressively waited his movement.

"Excuse me," said the young man, who found the parallel extremely distasteful, "but I don't see the identity of the cases. Miss Boynton seems the perfection of health, and" —

"Yes," interrupted Boynton, "there is that merciful difference. But I cannot base my self-forgiveness upon that. So far as my recklessness is concerned, her health and her sanity might have been sacrificed where her childhood has been wasted and her happiness destroyed. Poor girl! Poor girl!"

"I think you exaggerate," Ford began, but Boynton interrupted him: —

"Oh, you don't know, — you don't know! I could n't exaggerate the sum of her sufferings at my hands. To be wrenched from a home in which she was simply happy, and from love that was immeasurably wiser and more unselfish than mine; to be thrust on to the public exhibition of abnormal conditions that puzzled and terrified her; to be made the partner of my defeat and shame; to be forced to share my aimless vagabondage and abject poverty, houseless, friendless, exposed to suspicion and insult and danger, — that is the fate to which I brought her; and for what? For a delusion that ends in chaos! Oh, my God! And here I lie at last, a sick beggar, sheltered by the charity of these Shakers, whose kindness I have insulted, and a sorrow and shame to the child whose young life I have blighted, — here I lie, stripped to the last shred of hope in anything, here or hereafter. Oh, young man! I once thought that you were hard upon me, and I resented the blame you spoke as outrage; but now I confess it merciful justice. You have your triumph!"

"Don't say that!" cried Ford. "I never was more ashamed of what I said to you there in Boston than I am at this moment, and I never felt the need of your kindness so much. I believe that if Miss Boynton were here, and understood it all, she would feel nothing but pity" —

"Oh, does that make it different? Does that right the wrong which has been done?"

"Yes," cried the young man, with a fervor that came he knew not how or whence, "forgiveness *does* somehow right a wrong! It must be so, or else this world is not a world of possibilities and recoveries, but a hopeless hell. Why, look!" He spoke as if Egeria were before them. "Have you ever seen her stronger, younger, more" — The image he had conjured up seemed to shine upon him with a smile that reflected itself upon his lips, and a thrill of tenderness passed through him. "No one could do her harm that her own goodness could n't repair."

Boynton was not one to refuse the comfort of such rapture. "Yes, you are right. She *is* unharmed by all that she has suffered. I have at least that comfort." Then he underwent a quick relapse. "But whether I have harmed her or not, the fact remains that she had never any supernatural power, and I return through all my years of experiment and research to the old ground, — the

ground which I once occupied and which you have never left, — the ground of materialism. It is doubtless well to have something under the foot, if it is only a lump of lifeless adamant."

"I find it hard not to imagine something better than this life when I think of Miss Boynton!" exclaimed Ford impetuously.

"Very true," said the doctor, accepting the tribute, without perceiving the passion in it; "there has always been that suggestion of diviner goodness in her loving and self-devoted nature. But she had no more supernatural power than you or I, and the whole system of belief which I had built upon the hypothesis of its existence in her lies a heap of rubbish. And here at death's door I am without a sense of anything but darkness and the void beyond." A silence ensued, which Boynton broke with a startling appeal: "In the name of God, — in the name of whatever is better and greater than ourselves, — give me some hope! Speak! Say something from your vantage-ground of health and strength! Let me have some hope. I am not a coward. I am not afraid of torment. I should not be afraid of it if I had ever willed wrong to any living creature, and I know that I have not. But this darkness rushing back upon me, after years of faith and surety — it 's unendurable! Give me some hope! A word comes from you at times that does not seem of your own authority: speak! Say it!"

"You have the hope that the world has had for eighteen hundred years," answered Ford, deeply moved.

"Was that first in your thoughts?" Boynton swiftly rejoined. "Was it all you could think of?"

"It was first in my thoughts, it was all I could think of," repeated Ford.

"But you have rejected that hope."

"It left me. It seemed to have left me. I don't realize it now as a faith, but I realize that it was always present somewhere in me. It may be different with those who come after us, to whom it will never have been imparted; but we who were born in it, — how can we help it, how can we escape it?"

"Is that really true?" mused Boynton aloud. "Do we come back only to that at last? Have you ever spoken with a clergyman about it?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ford.

"I should like to talk with a clergyman — I should like to talk with the church about it! There must be something in organization — But it is of no use, now! Theories, theories, theories! A thousand formulas repeat themselves to me; the air is full of them; I can read and hear them." He put his hands under his head and clasped them there. "And there is absolutely nothing else but that? Nothing in science?"

"No."

"Nothing of hope in the new metaphysics?"

"No, nothing."

"Nothing in the philosophy that applies the theories of science to the moral world?"

"Nothing but death."

"Then that *is* the only hope, — that old story of a credulous and fabulous time, resting upon hearsay and the witness of the ignorant, the pedantic wisdom of the learned, the interest of a church lustful of power; and that allegory of the highest serving the lowest, the best suffering for the worst, — that is still the world's only hope!" He paused; and then he recurred to the thought which he had dropped: "A clergyman, — a priest! — I should like to know the feelings of such a man. He fulfills an office with which his order has been clothed for two thousand years; he bears the tradition of authority which is as old as the human race; he claims to derive from Christ himself the touch of blessing and of healing for the broken spirit. I have often thought of that, — what a sacred and awful com-

mission it must be, if we admit its divine origin! Yes, I should like to know the feelings of such a man. I wonder if he feels his authority perpetually reconsecrated by the anguish, the fears, the prayers, the trembling hopes, of all those who have lain upon beds of death, or wept over them! Poor human soul, it should make him superhuman! What a vast cumulative power of consolation must come to a priest in our time! He is the church incarnate, the vicar of Christ, the helpful brother of the helpless human race, — it 's a tremendous thought. I should like to talk with such a man."

"Would you really like to see a minister?" asked Ford. "Because" —

"No, — no," said Boynton. "At least, not now, not yet; not till I have clearly formulated my ideas. But there are certainly some points that I should like to discuss — Oh, words, words! Phrases, phrases, — this glibness tires me to death! I can't get any foot-hold on it, — I slip on it as if it were ice." He lay in a silence which Ford did not interrupt, and which he broke himself, at last, in a mood of something like philosophical cheerfulness: "I can find reason, if not consolation, for my failure, — reason in the physical world. I shall take the first opportunity of committing my ideas to paper. Has it never struck you as very extraordinary that all the vast mass of evidence which has been accumulating in favor of spiritualism for the last twenty years, until now it is literally immense, should have no convincing power whatever with those who have not been convinced by their own senses? Why should I, as soon as personal proof failed me, instantly lapse from faith in it?"

"I am afraid," Ford said, "that I have not thought sufficiently about the matter."

"I believe I can explain why," Boynton continued. "It is because it is not spiritualism at all, but materialism, — a grosser materialism than that which denies; a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena. All other systems of belief, all other revelations of the unseen world, have supplied a rule of life, have been given for our *use* here. But this offers nothing but the barren fact that we live again. If it has had any effect upon morals, it has been to corrupt them. I cannot see how it is better in its effect upon this world than sheer atheism. It is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men. It leaves them where it found them, or else a little worse for the conceit with which it fills them. Yes, yes; I see now. I see it all."

The vigor of his speculative power buoyed him triumphantly above the abyss into which other men would have sunk. Ford listened with the fascination which the peculiar workings of Boynton's mind had always had for him, and he felt his heart warm towards him with sympathy that was at once respectful and amused, as he thus constructed a new theory out of the ruin of all his old theories.

"All the research in that direction," Boynton presently continued, "has been upon a false basis, and if anything has been granted it has been in mockery of an unworthy hope. I wonder that I was never struck before by that element of derision in it. The Calvinist gets Calvinism, the Unitarian Unitarianism; each carries away from communion with spirits the things that he brought. If men live again, it has been found that they live only in a frivolous tradition of their life in this world. Poor creatures! they seem lamed of half themselves, — the better half that aspires and advances; they hover in a dull stagnation, just above this ball of mire; they have nothing to tell us; they bring us no comfort and no wisdom. Annihilation is better than such an immortality!"

Ford saw that Boynton did not expect any comment from him, and he did not interrupt his monologue. "What I ought to have asked was not whether there was a life hereafter, but whether there was a life hereafter worth living. I stopped short of the vital question. I fancied that it was essential to men to know surely that they should live again; but now I recognize that it is not essential in itself." He lay musing a while, and then resumed: "I had got them to bring me a Bible before you came in. I wanted to consult it upon a point raised by Elihu, yesterday. There are a great many new ideas in the Bible," he added, simply; "a great many new ideas in Job, and David, and Ecclesiastes, and Paul, — a *great* many in Paul. Would you mind handing it to me from the table? Oh, thanks!" he said, as he took the volume which Ford rose to give him. "This old record, which keeps the veil drawn so close, and lets the light I wanted glimmer out so sparely in a few promises and warnings, against the agonized Despair of the Cross, or flings the curtain wide upon the sublime darkness of the Apocalypse, is very clear upon this point. It tells us that we shall live hereafter in the blessing of our good will and the curse of our evil will; the question whether we shall live at all is left in abeyance, as if it were too trivial for affirmation. What a force it has, as it all comes back! I seem to have thought of it for the first time. And what a proof of its truth there is in our experience here! We shall reap as we have sown, and so much is sown which we cannot reap here — And if I should be doomed to spend eternity in asking whether I be really alive! No, no; God does n't make a jest of us." He turned to Ford. "I am curious," he said, "to know how this strikes you, as you sit here in the full possession of your powers. I know very well, and you know, how men in their extremity are apt to turn back to the faith taught them at their mother's knees; and perhaps the common experience is repeating itself in my case. But you are in no such extremity. Does there seem to you any truth here?" He laid his hand on the book, and looked intently at Ford.

"It seems to be all the truth of the sort that there is."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Boynton.

"I express myself badly. But it's hard to express yourself well on this matter. I mean to say that whatever truth there was in that record has not been surpassed or superseded."

"And is that all you have to say?"

"That's all I could say till I had looked into the question. It seems to me that it is all any one could say."

"No doubt," said Boynton, with disappointment, "from your stand-point, — from the scientific stand-point. You say that there is nothing else, but you imply that this is not much."

"No," said Ford, "I think it's a great deal. I think it ought to be enough, if one cares" —

"That's the scientific attitude!" cried Boynton; "that's the curse of the scientific attitude! You do not deny, but you ask, 'What difference?'"

"At least," said Ford, with a smile, "you can let even such a poor representative of the scientific side as I am be glad that you see the fallacy of spiritualism."

"Oh, I don't pronounce it a fallacy," returned Boynton. "I only say that it has proved fallacious in my hands, and that as long as it is used merely to establish the fact of a future life it will remain sterile. It will continue to be doubted, like a conjurer's trick, by all who have not seen it; and those who see it will afterwards come to discredit their own senses. The world has been mocked with something of the kind from the beginning; it's no new thing. Perhaps the hope of absolute assurance is given us only to be broken for our re-

buke. Life is not so long at the longest that we need be impatient. If we wake, we shall know; if we do not wake, we shall not even know that we have not awakened." He added, "It is very curious, very strange, indeed, but the only thing that I have got by all this research is the one great thing which it never included, — which all research of the kind ignores."

Ford perceived that he wished him to ask what this was, and he said, "What is that?"

"God," replied Boynton. "It may be through an instinctive piety that we forbear to inquire concerning him of those earth-bound spirits. What could they know of him? Many pure and simple souls in this world must be infinitely nearer him. But out of all that chaos I have reached him. No, I am not where I started: I have come in sight of him. I was anxious to know whether we should live hereafter; but whether we live or not, now I know that he lives, and he will take care. We need not be troubled. As for the dead, perhaps we shall go to them, but surely they shall not return to us. That seems true, does n't it?"

"It 's all the truth there is," said Ford.

Boynton smiled. "You are an honest man. You won't say more than you think. I like you for that. I have a great wish to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness? I have nothing to forgive!"

"Oh, yes. I involved you in the destiny of a mistaken and willful man; I afflicted you with the superstitious manias of a lunatic who fancied that he was seeking the truth when he was only seeking himself. I have burdened you with a sense of my wish that you should stay here, because I still hoped to work out something to my own glory and advantage" —

"I never knew it; I can't think it," interrupted Ford. "It was my privilege to stay. These have been the best days of my life, — the happiest." He stopped; he believed that Boynton must know the meaning that rushed from his heart into the words; but the old man evidently found only a conventional kindliness in them.

"Thank you," he said. "It is very strange to find you my friend after all, and to meet you on common ground, — I who have wandered so far round, and you who have continued forward with none of my aims. It would be interesting if a third could stand with us. I should like to see how far a minister of the gospel could come towards us. I should like to talk with a minister: not a theologian, but an ecclesiastic, — some one who embodied and represented the idea of a church."

"Do you mean a Catholic priest?" asked Ford.

"No, not that, — not just that; but still some one in whom the priestly character prevailed."

"I will be glad to gratify any wish you have in the matter, Dr. Boynton," said Ford. "I imagine it would be easy to get a clergyman to visit you from the village, and I 'll go to any one you want to see."

"Well, not now, — not now. Not to-day. Perhaps to-morrow. I should like to think it over first. I may have some new light by that time. I should like to look up some other points, here. There is a text somewhere in Paul — it is a long time since I read it — Wait! 'We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen' — *that is seen* — 'is *not* hope; for what a man seeth' — Very significant, — very significant!" he added, more to himself than to Ford. "*Saved!* Really, there seems to have been no question with them about the mere existence!" He lay quiet for a long time, with his hands folded behind his head, and a dreamy light was in his eyes. Ford heard the ticking of an insect in the wainscot. "Who is it," Boynton

asked suddenly, "that speaks of the undiscovered country?"

"Hamlet," replied Ford.

"It might have been Job, — it might have been Ecclesiastes, — or David. 'The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.' Is that it?"

"Yes. They commonly misquote it," added Ford mechanically.

"I know, — they leave out *bourn*. They say, the undiscovered country whence no traveler returns. But it 's the same thing. Yes; and Hamlet says no traveler returns, when he believes that he has just seen his father's spirit! The ghost that comes back to prove itself can't hold him to a belief in its presence after the heated moment of vision is past! We *must* doubt it; we are better with no proof. Yes; yes! The undiscovered country — thank God, it can be what those babblers say! The undiscovered country — what a weight of doom is in the words — and hope!"

One of the sisters came in, and he seemed to forget Ford, who presently went away with an absent-minded salutation from him. Boynton had taken up the book, and while the sister propped his head with the pillows, he fluttered the leaves with impatient hands.

XXV.

At the gate Ford turned towards Elihu's shop, intending to explain why he had not been able to speak of Egeria to her father. In his liberation from Boynton's appeals for sympathy, his thoughts thronged back to her; he framed a thousand happy phrases, in which he opened his heart, and she always answered as he wished. His face burned with the joyful shame of these thoughts, and he did not hear his name the first time it was called from a buggy standing at the office gate. The gay voices had hailed him a third time when he looked round, and slowly recognized Phillips and Mrs. Perham making frantic signs to him from the vehicle. They laughed at his stupefaction, and his sense of their intrusion mounted as he dragged himself across the street. Mrs. Perham leant out of the buggy and gave him her hand.

"*Well*, Mr. Ford! Is this the way you receive your friends? We have been chasing all over this outlandish place for you; we have spent an hour with the sisters here, and have questioned them down to the quick, so that we know all about you; and we were just going to drive away in despair without seeing you."

"I 'm very unfortunate," said Ford.

"To be caught at the last moment? How *good* you always are! You don't know how I 've pined for your little speeches; they 're tonic. *Yes*, Mr. Ford!" she cried, with a daring laugh, "Mr. Perham is *very* well, for him, — I knew you were going to ask! — or I should n't be philandering about the country in this way." Ford glanced at Phillips, who trifled with the reins and looked sheepish.

"You should have gone over to Egerton before this, my dear fellow," he said. "There have been some charming people over there."

"*Have* been! His modesty," cried Mrs. Perham, "and my humility! *We* are at Egerton yet, Mr. Ford!"

"Oh, certainly. But Ford has us in Boston."

"Ah, very true," said Mrs. Perham. "There was quite a little buzz of excitement for a while, when Mr. Phillips first explained the romantic circumstances. The young ladies drove over the next Sunday to Shaker meeting, on purpose to interview you, but they had n't the courage. It was one of Mr. Perham's bad days, or I should have come, too; and we should have sent Mr. Phillips over long ago, if there had been any Mr. Phillips to send. But he 's only just got back to Egerton."

"Yes, my dear fellow, I carried out our little programme to the letter, — I wish I could say to the spirit; but your defection prevented. I found Butler at Egerton, and he jumped at the chance of driving on with me, in a manner that made your flattering consent seem nothing. We drove to Greenfield, and then followed up the valley of the Connecticut. It was indescribable, my dear friend. You have lost no end of material. I must really try to reproduce it for you some time. I thought of you often. I was always saying, 'Now, if Ford were here!' Two or three times I was actually on the point of writing to you. But you know how *that* is; you never wrote to *me*. I 'm very glad to hear from our sisters, here, that the old gentleman is better. Is he still in his craze?" Phillips spoke with anxious rapidity, and with a certain propitiation of manner; but Ford did not relax the displeasure of the looks with which he had heard of his explanation of the romantic circumstances.

"You ought to get something out of him; you ought to write him up; he 'd make a capital paper," said Mrs. Perham. "I shall be on the lookout for him in your articles. And your Shaker experiences! The young ladies were sure you had turned Shaker, Mr. Ford, and they picked you out in the dance. We had *such* fun over it!" She continued, pulling down the corners of her mouth, "Oh, but we were all very *respectful*, Mr. Ford. We admired your self-devotion in staying here; especially, as you could n't *esteem* them."

"I don't know what you mean," began Ford, with a sternness that would have silenced a less frivolous spirit.

"Why, have n't you *heard?*" cried Mrs. Perham, leaning forward, and dropping her tone confidentially, while Phillips made some inarticulate attempts to hinder her speaking. "The poor old gentleman was quite tipsy that morning when they stopped up there at that country hotel, and they had to be turned out-of-doors. Is it possible you have n't heard that?"

"Yes, I 've heard that," said Ford.

"I always said," continued Mrs. Perham, "it was cruel to the girl; for she was n't responsible for her father's habits, poor thing! Then of course you don't believe it?"

"No!"

"And you believe that all those manifestations took place there?"

"No!"

"An armed neutrality! Well, it 's the only tenable position, and I shall take it myself in regard to the *other* affair. I never thought how convenient it must be."

Phillips found his voice: "Mrs. Perham, it 's delightful chatting here; but I have to remind you that we shall be late for dinner if we stay any longer."

"Oh, that 's true," admitted Mrs. Perham. "Good-by, Mr. Ford. Do come over and see us, if you can tear yourself away from your protégés for a few hours. It 's very strange, his lingering along so! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my dear friend!" said Phillips, trying to throw some exculpation into his afflicted face. "I am going back to Boston at the end of the week. Can I do anything for you there?" He did not wait for an answer, but lifted the reins and chirruped to his horse.

Ford caught the wheel in his hand, and stopped it. "Hold on!" he said, quite white in the face. "What other affair, Mrs. Perham?"

"Other affair?" she repeated. "Oh! about the water-proof, you know."

"No, I don't know about the water-proof. What do you mean?"

"Is it possible the Shakers have n't told you? Perhaps they did n't think it worth mentioning. You know your friends — I forget the name; Boyntons? — had passed the night before they reached the Elm Tavern in a school-

house up here; and the teacher found them there in the morning, and lent the young lady her water-proof. They were to send it back from Vardley Station; but as they never went to Vardley Station, they naturally never sent it back."

"I don't believe it!" cried Ford.

"Mr. Phillips always told me you were a terrible skeptic!" said Mrs. Perham. "I merely had the story from the mother of the school-teacher, herself! We happened to stop at her house to ask the way, and when we inquired if the Boyntons were still here, she came out with this story. She's a very voluble old lady. I dare say she tells it to every one. What is your theory about it?"

Ford released the wheel which he had been gripping, and, giving it a contemptuous push, turned away without a word.

Mrs. Perham craned her head round to look back after him. "What a natural man!" she said, with sincere admiration. "He's perfectly fascinating." She burst into a laugh. "Poor Mr. Phillips! He looked as if he wished you had been my authority."

Phillips shrugged his shoulders, and said dryly, "I hope you are satisfied, Mrs. Perham."

"Why, no, I am not," she candidly owned, with a touch of real regret in her voice. "I only meant to tease him; but if he's in love with her, I suppose he'll take it to heart."

"In love with whom?" asked Phillips.

"Sister Diantha."

Phillips stared at her.

"Well, with this medium, then, — this Medea, Ashtaroth, Egeria, — *I* don't know what her name is." As Phillips continued to stare at her, Mrs. Perham gave a shrill laugh. "Really, *you* are a man, too. I shall never dare take on such easy terms with you again, Mr. Phillips, — never! I don't wonder men can't understand women: they don't understand their own simple sex. Of *course* he's in love with her, and must have been from the first."

"Well, then, allow me to say, Mrs. Perham, that if you think he's in love with Miss Boynton I don't quite see what your object was. I felt that it was an intrusion to come over here, at the best."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Phillips!"

"And it appears to me that it was extraneous to repeat those stories to him."

"Extraneous is good! And you have an ally in my own conscience, Mr. Phillips. I wanted to see a natural man under the influence of a strong emotion, and I don't like it, I think. I did n't suppose he was so serious about her. But I don't believe any harm's done. He won't give her up on account of what I've said; and if he does, perhaps she ought to be given up." Phillips dealt the horse a cut of the whip, and left the talk to Mrs. Perham, as they drove away.

In the last quarter hour before dinner, while she sat absently feeling on the porcelain-toned piano in the hotel parlor for the music of the past, two ladies who wished to see her were announced. One of these visitors proved to be a Shaker sister, whom Mrs. Perham recognized, and who introduced her companion, a short, squarely built young woman, as Miss Thorn.

They took seats, though Mrs. Perham had risen and remained standing, and Miss Thorn said without preamble, "I teach in the school-house in Vardley, where Dr. Boynton stopped this spring. I heard from my mother this noon that a lady and gentleman had been asking the way to the Shaker Village, who seemed to know Dr. Boynton."

"No, I don't know him," said Mrs. Perham.

Phillips came forward, from a corner of the parlor. "I know Dr. Boynton; at least I saw him and Miss Boynton in Boston once."

"I thought," said Miss Thorn, "that I ought to come and tell you that my

mother did n't understand about that — that water-proof."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Perham; "we thought it so curious."

"I was sure," said Phillips, with an attempted severity, "that there was some mistake." The severity had no apparent effect upon Mrs. Perham, but Miss Thorn, who had been talking in some sort to both, now addressed herself wholly to him: —

"I was away from home when you stopped, to-day. I thought you would like to know there was a misunderstanding. The water-proof was as much a gift as anything; though that would n't have excused them if they had thought I wanted it again. But anybody could see that Miss Boynton was stupid then with the fever, and did n't half know where she was or what she was doing. She had been walking late, the night before, through the snow, and they had slept on the benches before the stove." Phillips bowed, and looked at Miss Thorn, who resumed with increasing stiffness: "I never wondered at *his* not remembering it; he seemed too flighty for anything. I knew they were here all summer at the Shakers. I don't," said Miss Thorn, "pass any judgment on my mother for the way she looked at it; but I 'd have given anything if she had n't spoken." The tears started to her eyes, and she bit her lip as she rose.

"It did n't make any difference to us," said Diantha, who had hitherto sat a silent and inscrutable glimmer of spectacles in the depths of her Shaker bonnet. "It got hung up among our things while she was sick, and when she got well she couldn't seem to remember about it. She thought she must have brought it from the cars with her for her own."

Miss Thorn waited, and then resumed stiffly, "I never suspected or blamed them the least bit. As soon as I could, I went over to the Shakers this morning, and told them the way I felt, and that I wanted to come to you. Diantha felt as if she would like to come with me, and I brought her. That 's all." Miss Thorn rose with a personal primness that by contrast almost softened the Shaker primness of Diantha into ceremony.

Phillips experienced the rush of an emotion which, upon subsequent analysis, he knew to be of unquestionable genuineness. "My dear young lady," he said, "I ask you to do me the justice to believe that I never had an injurious suspicion of Miss Boynton. Her father had attempted a line of life that naturally subjected himself and her to question, but I never doubted them. I have a positive pleasure in disbelieving anything to their disadvantage in connection with — with — your generous behavior to them. Did — did Mr. Ford speak of the matter to you? Did he wish any expression from me in their behalf? Because" —

"He no need to ask anything as far as *we 're* concerned," interposed Diantha.

"No," said Phillips. "I can only repeat that I was sure there was a misunderstanding, and that you 've done us a favor in coming. Is there any way in which I could be of use to Dr. Boynton? I should be most happy if I thought there was."

Miss Thorn left the reply to Diantha, who said as they went out, "There ain't anything as I know of."

"Really," commented Mrs. Perham, "this is edifying. I have n't felt so put down for a *long* while. I don't see what more we could do, unless we joined with Miss Thorn and Sister Diantha in presenting Miss Boynton with a piece of plate, as a slight token of gratitude for her noble example in borrowing a water-proof and keeping it. She has classed the water-proof with the umbrella, as a thing not to be returned. Is that the principle? Well, if Mr. Ford is going to marry her" —

"Going to marry her!" cried Phillips.

"Why, of course. Did you think anything else? Is marriage such an unnatural thing?"

"No. But Ford's marrying is."

"That remains to be seen. If he 's going to marry her, he can't believe in her too thoroughly. I 've an idea that the Pythoness is insipid; but if Mr. Ford likes insipidity, I want him to have it. I think we ought to drive over to the Shakers, and assure him in person that we did n't believe anything and we did n't mean anything. You shall do all the talking, this time; you talk so well."

"Thanks," said Phillips, "I suspect I 've done my last talking to Ford."

"And you won't go?" demanded Mrs. Perham, with a laugh. "Then I must go alone, some day. Meantime, I know how to keep a secret. I hope Miss Thorn may be able to teach her mother."

XXVI.

Ford stood still, looking at the ground, while Phillips and Mrs. Perham drove away. His impulse to pluck Phillips from his place, and make him pay in person for that woman's malice, was still so vividly present in his nerves that he seemed to have done it; but when the misery of Phillips's face, intensifying as Mrs. Perham went on from bad to worse, recurred to him, he broke into a laugh.

Sister Frances came out of the office. "Friend Edward," she said, "was that wicked woman speakin' to you about Egery?"

"Yes."

"Don't you believe her! Don't you believe a word she said!" cried the Shakeress, with hot looks of indignation. "I know just how it all happened" —

"I don't wish to know. I should feel disgraced if I let you tell me. Whatever happened, this woman lied. Where is Egeria?"

"Oh!" cried Frances. "She has gone to Harshire with Rebecca. She won't be back till mornin." She bent on the young man a look of wistful sympathy.

"Well!" he cried, throwing up his hands desperately, as if the morrow were a time so remote that it never would come, "I must wait."

"She 'd been plannin' to go a long while," Frances apologized, "and her father seemed so well this mornin' she thought she might" —

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Ford dejectedly. He knew that he somehow had driven her away by his behavior of the day before, and that he had himself to blame for this delay in which he stifled. He turned about, with some wild purpose of following her to Harshire, and speaking to her there, when he heard Frances calling him again: —

"Friend Edward, I don't know as you know that Egery 's expectin' friends tomorrow."

"Friends? No, what friends?" asked Ford. "Has she gone to meet them at Harshire?" he added stupidly.

"Well, no; she only got the letter yesterday. I suppose her father did n't think to tell you of it. I don't know as you ever heard her speak of the young man that come with 'em as far as the Junction that day they missed their train. He was with 'em a while in Boston, and he come from the same place they did, Down East. He 's been twice to find 'em there in Maine, this summer; but he could n't hear any word of 'em till just now. They was children together, Egery and Friend — Well, I never *could* remember names."

"Oh, never mind!" exclaimed Ford, with a deathly pallor. "I know the name, — I know the man!" And now he turned again, and hurried beyond a second recall from the trouble in which Frances saw him groping down the road, like one in the dark. When he had got out of her sight, he walked a little into the wayside woods, and stumbling to the ground gave himself to the despair which had blackened round him. His first feel-

ing was a generous regret that now he could not let his love speak the contempt in which he held the wrong he had heard done her; this feeling came even before the sense of hopeless loss to which he abandoned himself with a lover's rashness. He meekly owned that the man whom he marveled now that he could ever have forgotten as a rival was one of those in whom women confided and were not disappointed, — who made constant friends and good husbands; and, questioning himself, he could not be sure that her happiness would be as safe in his own keeping. He remembered with abject humiliation the last time he had met this man, and the savagery with which he had wreaked upon him the jealousy which he would not then admit to himself, and in which he had refused to consider even her at his prayer. The turmoil went on for hours, but always to this effect. The most that he could hope, when he crept homeward at dusk, sore as if bruised in body by the conflict in his mind, was that he might steal away before he saw them together. With this intent, to which he had worked with difficulty in the chaos of his dreams, he set about putting his books and other belongings together, but he gave up, tremulous and exhausted, before the task was half done. He fell to thinking again, and this time with a sort of sullen resentment, in which he said to himself that his love had its own rights, and that he would not betray them. It had a right to be heard, at any cost; and he began to despise his purpose of hurrying away as mock-heroic. It was like a character in a lady's novel to leave the field to a rival whom he did not yet know to be preferred; the high humility, in which he had thought to yield Egeria without her explicit authority to a man whom he judged his better, sickened him. He saw that it was for her to choose between them, and it was the part of a coward and a fool to go before she had chosen. As matters stood, he had no right to go; she had a preëminent right to know from him that he loved her.

He hungrily dispatched the supper he had left standing on his table, and then kindled a brushwood fire on his hearth; he sat down before it in his easy-chair, and, stayed by the clearer mind at which he had arrived, he experienced a sensual comfort in the blaze. Presently he was aware of drowsing; and then, suddenly, he awoke. The dawn came in at the windows; he perceived that he had passed the night in his chair. A loud knocking continued at his door, while he gathered his scattered wits together. At length he cried, "Come in!" and the farmer from over the way entered.

"I don't suppose ye know what's happened?" he said.

"No," said Ford, "I don't, if it's anything in particular."

"No. Well. I thought may be ye'd like to know. The old man's dead. Died sudden this mornin'."

"What? Who? What old man?"

The farmer nodded his head in the direction of the village. "Dr. Boynton. I thought ye'd like to know it."

"Thank you," said Ford. He rose and stood at one corner of the hearth; the farmer, from the other, stiffly stretched his hard, knotted hand towards the ashes of the dead fire.

Ford went out and walked up through the village, whose familiar aspect was all estranged, as if he himself had died, and were looking upon it from another world. At the office he found a group of Shakers listening to Boynton's physician, who, on his appearance, addressed more directly to him what he was saying of the painless death Boynton must have died in his sleep. "The first part of the night he was very restless, and several times he said that he would like to see you and talk with you; but he would not let them send; said he had n't formulated his ideas yet." The doctor involuntarily smiled in recalling a turn of the phraseology so newly silent

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forever. "I wonder if he has formulated them now to his satisfaction." Ford made no response, and the doctor asked, "Did he speak to you, yesterday, of the case of an electrical girl?"

"Yes."

"I inferred as much from something he said, when I saw him in the afternoon. I had lent him the magazine containing the account. He found an analogy between that case and Miss Boynton's that I had not anticipated. It seems to have put a quietus to his belief in her supernatural gifts."

"Yes," Ford assented, as before.

"He told me that it had depressed him to the lowest point. But when I saw him he had quite recovered his spirits." He added thoughtfully, "You can't say that a man dies because he wishes to die; though it sometimes seems as if people could live if they would. When I parted with Dr. Boynton he had what I might call an enthusiasm for death. It might be described, in other words, as a desire, amounting almost to frenzy, to know whether we live again, and a willingness to gratify that desire at the cost of not living at all."

"He dwelt habitually on that question," said Ford, with difficulty. "But when I talked with him yesterday, he seemed at rest on the main point."

"Yes, I don't know but he was. Perhaps I had better say that he was impatient to verify it. He talked of nothing else during the evening, Sister Frances tells me; though he fell off quietly to sleep at last."

"Well," said Ford drearily, "he *has* verified it now."

"Yes, and in the old way, — the way appointed for all living. He knows now. Did it ever occur to you, sir," added the doctor, philosophically, "what ignorance all our wisdom is compared with the knowledge of a child that has just died?"

"If it knows anything at all."

"Oh, certainly, — if it *does* know."

"We are *sure* it knows," said Elihu.

They walked out together, and before the doctor mounted his buggy to drive away they stood a moment looking at the closed windows of the infirmary. "It's useless, now, to talk of causes," said the doctor. "The heart had been affected a long time" —

"He is dead, all the same," said Ford.

"Oh, yes, he is *dead*," assented the doctor. "What I meant to say was that while no human foresight could have prevented the result, I confess its suddenness surprised me. One moment he was with us, and the next" —

"He was n't," interrupted Ford, restively. "That 's all we can know: and neither he nor all the myriads that have gone that way can tell us anything more."

"If we suppose him to be somewhere in a state of conscious being," observed the doctor, "we can suppose that reflection to be a trial to him, after a life so much devoted to the effort of working out the proof of something different."

"He had been a spiritualist; and not a selfish or ignoble one," answered Ford, oppressed by the doctor's speculative mood, and letting his impatience appear. A voice was in his ears, repeating the things that Boynton had said. In the pauses of it, he brooded on the chances that had thrown upon him for sympathy and comfort in his last days the man for whom he had once felt and shown such contempt. The dark irony, the broken meaning, afflicted him, and he lurked about, stunned and helpless, waiting till Egeria should come, and dreading to see the grief in which he had no rights. He thought of her trouble, not of his own; it blotted even his jealousy from his mind, and left him acquiescent in whatever fate befell. The time for what he had intended to do was swept away; he could now only wait passively for events to shape themselves.

Hatch did not come that day, and Ford took such part as Elihu assigned him in

the sad business of fulfilling Boynton's wishes. These had been casually expressed from time to time to Frances, and referred to his removal to his old home, where he desired to be laid by the side of his wife. When Hatch arrived, the second morning, he assumed charge of the affair, as a family friend; and Ford, lapsing from all active concern in it, shut himself in his own room, and waited for he knew not what. In the evening, Hatch came to see him. They had already met in the presence of the Shakers, but doubtless neither felt that they had met till now, since their parting in Boston. Hatch received awkwardly the civility which Ford awkwardly showed. He would not sit down, and he said abruptly that he had come to say that Miss Boynton was going back in the morning to her home in Maine, where the funeral was to be. He added that Frances and Elihu were going with her, on the part of the family; and after a hesitation he said, "Would n't you like to attend the funeral, too?"

"Has she authorized you to invite me?" asked Ford.

"Well, no," said Hatch. "I don't suppose she wanted to put that much of a burden on you. It 's a long ways."

Ford reflected a long time. "You are going, I suppose?"

"Why, of course," said Hatch.

Ford pondered again. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I believe that I ought n't to let my own preference have any weight. Miss Boynton is going with friends to her own home, and I could n't be of any use. I propose to do what I think would be least afflicting to her by not going." He hesitated, and presently added, tentatively, "I believe she would prefer it."

"You ought to know best," said Hatch.

"Well, I believe that I am right. Tell her that I will not try to see her before she goes; but — but — some other time." He said this tentatively also, and with an odd sort of faltering, as if somehow Hatch might advise him better. "I thank you for coming."

"Well, sir," said the young fellow, standing with his feet squarely apart in the way that Ford had hated him for in Mrs. Le Roy's parlor, "you must do what you think is best. *I* want to thank *you*, too. Dr. Boynton was a good friend to me, and from all I hear you were a good friend to him, — at last. You 've behaved like a man. They all say here that the doctor could n't have got along without you."

"They overpraise me," said Ford, helped to a melancholy irony by Hatch's simple patronage.

"No, sir," replied Hatch, "I don't think so. And you must have found it pretty tough, feeling the way you did about him."

"No," said Ford, "it was not so tough as it might seem. I liked him. It is n't a logical position; he never squared with my ideas; but I know now that he was a singularly upright and truthful man."

"That 's so, every time," said Hatch.

"I don't care for my consistency in the thing; I 'd rather do him justice. I 've come to his own ground, and yours: I want to say that when I interfered with him there in Boston he had a noble motive, and I had an ignoble one."

"If you 're not firing over my head," said Hatch, "and if I catch your meaning rightly, I 'm bound to confess that the doctor had got mixed up with a pretty queer lot in the course of his researches. But he was all right himself. I pinned my faith to him, right along. But if you mean that you 're going in for anything like spiritualism, I advise you to hush it up among yourself. As far as I 'm concerned, I 've about come to that conclusion. And I think Miss Egeria 's had enough of it."

His mention of her name in this con-

nection was at first puzzling, and at last so offensive to Ford that he found it harder than he had thought to say what he now said. After a dry assent to Hatch's proposition, he added, "I dare say you 're right. Mr. Hatch, I treated you shabbily when we met last. I am sorry for that, and ashamed of it. I should have behaved better, if I had understood better" —

"Oh, I know how it was, myself," Hatch interrupted. "Or I did when I came to think of it." Ford looked at him as if he did not comprehend his drift; and Hatch continued, "It was pretty rough at the time, but I suppose I should have acted just so, in your place. Well, sir! I hope we part better friends, now," he said, offering his hand. "I think that 's what the old doctor would have liked. Some of his ideas were most too large a fit for this world, but he was pretty practical about others."

Ford took the proffered hand, and followed Hatch to his door, wholly baffled and unsettled. He longed to have it all out with him, but this was not possible, and he submitted as he best could. He had thought himself right in resolving not to follow Egeria home, or vex her with his presence before she went; but he was not sure of this now; and he spent the time intervening before her departure in an anguish of indecision. But he let her go without seeing her, and in the afternoon he went away, too.

XXVII.

He did not go back to his old lodging in Boston, but spent a day at a hotel till he could find other quarters. It was intolerable to think of meeting any one he knew, and he had such a horror of Mrs. Perham's possible return that he asked at the door whether she had come back, before he went in to make ready for removal.

When the change was effected, all change seemed forever at an end. The days went by without event; he could not write, but he took up again his study with the practical chemist, and pushed on with that through an unstoried month which brought him through the bluster and chill of September to the mellow heart of October.

A chasm divided him from all that he had been, and he tried to keep from thinking across it. But his mind was full of broken glimpses of the past; of doubts of what he had done; of vague wonder if he should ever hear from her again, and how; of crazy purposes, broken as fast as formed, of going where he might look on her, if it might be only that, and know that she was still in life. There were terrible moments in which his heart was wrung with the possibility that his conjecture had been all wrong, and that she might be lingering in cruel amaze that he had never made any sign to her, and puzzling over the problem which his refusal to see her, or to stand with her at her father's grave, had left her.

One evening when he came home, he found a flat, square package, which had arrived through the mail after going first to his old address. It was directed in an old-fashioned, round hand, and it yielded softly to the touch with which he fingered it before he tore it open. It proved to hold a handkerchief, which he recognized as his own, fragrantly washed and ironed; and he found a little note pinned to it, and signed F. Plumb, explaining that the handkerchief had been found in his room. While he stood scowling at it, and trying to make out who F. Plumb was, and where he had left the handkerchief, he turned the scrap of paper over, and saw written in pencil on the back, as if the writer had wished to whisper it there, —

"I do not know as you heard that Egeria is back with us. FRANCES."

Now he knew, now he understood.

All the hopes that had seemed dead sprang to life again.

He caught up a paper, and looked at the time-tables. The last train passing Vardley would leave in fifteen minutes. He turned the key in his door, and two hours later he was rounding the dark point of the wooded hill that intervenes between the station and the Shaker village, where a light sparely twinkled in the window of Elihu's shop. He had walked, as he supposed, but his pace was more like a run from the train; and his heart thundered in his ears as he sat and panted on Elihu's door-step, trying to gather courage to go in. At last he went in without the courage.

Elihu was amazed, certainly, but hardly disquieted. He shut upon his thumb the book that he was reading, and pushed his spectacles above his forehead. "Friend Ford!" he said.

"Yes!" answered the young man, still striving for breath, as he pressed the Shaker's hand. "I have come — I have come" —

"Yee," Elihu assented; "sit down. We did not expect you, but the family will be glad to see you. Have you kept your health?"

"Is she well? Is she going to stay with you? When did she come back?" The questions thronged upon one another faster than he could utter them, and he stopped perforce again.

"I suppose you mean Egeria. Yee, she is well. She came back last week. I — I — wrote to you from her place that she was coming back." Elihu colored with a guilty conscience.

"I never got your letter. I only heard two hours ago that she was with you."

"She only stayed to settle up things there. I don't know as Humphrey ever told you that her grandfather left his property to her?"

"I don't know — Yes, yes, — he did."

"There were n't any of her folks left there, and her father had brought her up in such a way, late years, that she was pretty much a stranger outside of her grandfather's house. When she got back there, she found that it was more like home to her here than anywhere else. Friend Hatch stayed a spell, to help her settle up the property, and then he had to go West again. As soon as she could she came to us."

"Elihu," said Ford, who had listened with but half a sense, "I have come here to speak to her. Shall I do it? I want you to advise me. I want you to tell me" —

"Nay, I must not meddle or make in this business," said the Shaker.

"You *did* meddle and make in it once," retorted Ford, unresentfully but inflexibly, "and I recognized your right to do so, from your point of view; I submitted to you. We can't withdraw from each other's confidence now. I have a claim upon your advice. Besides, in all worldly knowledge that comes through acquaintance with women, I am as much a Shaker as you are. I only know that I must speak with her. If she cares anything for me, as you said she did, I must speak. But when? Shall I go away again, and come back after a while? Since we last talked together have you learned anything that makes you think she would be willing to spend her life among you? If you have, I will leave her alone. She could be at peace here; and I — I have only brought her trouble and sorrow so far. Even if she cared for me, I would leave her to you — No, I *would n't!* I could n't do that! By all that a man can be to a woman, I ought n't to do it! But what do you say?"

Elihu had tilted his chair upon its hind-legs, and he rocked back and forth without bringing its fore-legs, to the ground. "I have n't seen anything in her that would make me think she would like to stay with us. And I *have* heard that she intends to leave us as soon

as she can find something to do in the world outside. Frances wants she should go to friends of hers in Boston that would help her find something. They 've been talking about it this afternoon, and Egeria's mind seems quite made up about going."

"Well," repeated Ford, "may I speak with her?"

"I can't answer you. I felt it a cross laid upon me to interfere against your showing your feeling for her here; but to interfere in behalf of it is a cross which I don't have any call to take up — twice."

"Can I stay here to-night?" asked Ford.

"Yee. They can give you a room at the office."

"Do you suppose Mrs. Williams could put me up some sort of bed in my old place? I would rather sleep there."

"Oh, yee, I guess so. I will step down with you and see."

"No, I 'll go alone. If she can't, I 'll come back to the office. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Elihu, with his flicker of a smile.

Ford's bed had not been taken down, and while the farmer's wife made it ready for him with fresh sheets he kindled a roaring fire on his hearth. He sat a long time before it, turning over and over in his mind the same doubt which had tormented him when he last sat there. But he could not believe that Frances and Elihu would have let him come back if there had been any grounds for this fear. It had burnt in his heart to ask Elihu, and solve it; but that seemed a sort of cowardice, and he had withheld the question. He would not know the truth now till he had put his own fate to the test, and spoken in defiance of whatever the answer might be.

The next morning he perceived an undercurrent of deeply subdued excitement in such of the family as he met at the office, and a sympathy which he afterwards remembered with compassion. The brothers and sisters all shook hands with him, and, refraining from recognition of the suddenness of his return, said they were glad to see him back. "And that 's more than we can say to *some* of the friends from the world outside!" exclaimed Diantha, when her turn came. Ford was touched by this friendliness; a man so little used to being liked might overvalue it; but he looked impatiently about for Frances, and the sisters knew how to interpret his glance.

"She 's gone over to put the infirmary to rights a little," Rebecca explained. She added casually, "Egery 's over there with her, I guess. She wanted to go."

The sisters decently turned from the door, but they stood a little way back from the window, and looked at him there as he crossed the street.

The door of the little house stood open, and Ford saw Frances within, dusting where there was no dust, and vainly rubbing the neat chairs with a cloth. The bed where Boynton had lain was dismantled: it seemed as if he might have risen to have it made for him. Ford expected to hear his voice, and a lump hung in his throat. When his sad eyes met those of Frances, he saw that hers were red with weeping. She gave her hand and said, "Good-morning, Friend Edward. I'm *real* glad to see you back again. We 've all missed you. I was just thinkin' how you and Friend Boynton seemed to have been with us always. He went to a better place; but where did you go? Do you think the world outside is better? I wish you could feel to stay with us, Edward!"

"It is n't possible," said Ford, smiling sadly. "The only point on which I should agree with you is that the world outside is not so good a place."

"Well, that 's a great deal."

"It is n't enough."

"Really," said Frances, "it 's discouragin' to hear you and Egery go on. You say everything that 's good of the Shakers, but you won't be gathered in."

"I *think* everything that's good of you. I honor and reverence you; I do everything but envy you. It's another world that calls me."

"Yee," sighed the Shakeress, "that's just the way with Egery. I suppose I have been here so long that I don't see anything strange in Shakers. The other people are the ones that are strange to me. But I can see 't it's different with Egery. She's had so much queerness in her life already 't I guess she don't want to have *much* more. Was you surprised to hear 't she'd got back?"

"I was very glad; and I'm very grateful to you, Frances" —

"I *s'posed* the handkerchief must be yours," Frances interrupted, with artful evasion. She went on to give some particulars of Boynton's funeral and of their sojourn in Egeria's old home and of her affairs. "It was *real* kind and good of Friend Hatch to stay as long as he did, and help her, especially as they *do* say he's engaged to be married out West, there." Something like a luminous concussion seemed to take place in Ford's brain. The burden suddenly lifted from his soul left him light and giddy, and he clung for support to the door-post, while Frances prattled on: "Well, Humphrey says he's a master-hand for business, and he's sure to get along. He's been a good friend to Egery, all through, and her father before her. I guess if Friend Boynton had taken *his* advice, there would n't been so much sufferin' for her. Well, she's back with us again. But it's only till she can find something for herself in the world outside. I suppose it's natural for her to want to be like folks. That's the way I look at it."

Ford's heart throbbed. "Do you think I'm like folks, Frances?"

"Not much," replied Frances.

"Do you think I could be, — for her sake?"

A flash of joy, succeeded by a red blush, went over the pale face of the Shakeress. "You'd ought n't to talk to me of such things, Edward. You know it ain't right."

"I know — I know," pleaded the young man. "I know it's all wrong. But — but I knew you knew about it, and I thought — I thought" —

"She's up in the orchard, by her apple-tree!" cried Frances, with hysterical abruptness. "Don't you say another word to me!" But after Ford left the room she ran to the door, and watched him going up the orchard aisle.

Egeria stood leaning against the tree, and looking another way, and she might well have been ignorant of his approach through the fallen grass, till she heard his husky voice: —

"I — I have come back — I would have come before, but I did n't know you were here" — He had some intention of excusing himself, because in his cogitations it had occurred to him that she must have wondered why he had not come. But she only turned on him that face of intense resistance, changing to question, and then to wild appeal. "For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "don't look at me in that way! What is the matter?"

"Oh, *why* did you come back?" she cried. "Why could n't you have stayed away, and left me in peace?"

He stood motionless, while his hopes seemed to fall in a tangible ruin round him. He saw now how eagerly he had built them on the fears of those fantastic communists, and how fondly he had hidden from himself all the reasons against them. He could have laughed at the ghastly wreck, but that he was too sick at heart. He moved his feet heavily, as if the long grass were fetters about them, and he tried to go; but without some other word he could not. "Well," he said, at last, "if you ask me, I can't tell you. I can go away again, and not molest you any more. Only, before I go, tell me — you've not told me yet — that you forgive me, Egeria." Her whispered name had been so

often on his lips that he now spoke it aloud for the first time without knowing it. "Since your father is gone, I must be more hateful to you than ever. But I am going out of your way now; try to forgive me and to tell me so! Let me have your pardon to take with me." She broke into a low sound of weeping, while he waited for her response. "Well, I will go. It 's best for me to know finally that, although you have tolerated me here, at the bottom of your heart you have always abhorred me."

"No, no! I did n't say that."

"Not in words, — no."

"But if you made me say that I forgave you" —

"Make you say it? Nothing under heaven could make you say it! What is it you mean?"

She looked up, and ran her eye in piteous search over his face.

"When you first came there, in Boston, and when you hurt me; when we went after the leaves, and I forgot him; when I talked with you in the garden, and blamed him; when I went with you into the woods, and neglected him, almost the last day he lived — Oh, even if I could n't, I ought to hate you! Did you expect — Yes, I *will*, — I will never let you go, now, till you tell me whether it was true. He is gone, and I have no one to help me. I shall have to do for myself; but whatever my life is to be, I am going to have it my own; and it is n't mine if that is true."

"If that is true?" repeated Ford, in stupefaction. "If what is true?"

But the impulse which had carried her to this point failed her, apparently, and left her terrified at her own daring. She cowered at the involuntary step he made toward her, as a bird stoops for flight. "If what is true?" he reiterated. "Tell me what you mean!"

He wondered if perhaps some rumor of his talk with Elihu had come to her, and she had wished to punish his presumption in trusting the Shaker's conjecture regarding her; if she were resolved to wreak upon him her maidenly indignation at the community's meddling. It seemed out of keeping with her and all the circumstances; but he could think of nothing else, and he darkly approached it: "If you have heard anything here that makes you think that I have come to you in anything but the humblest, the most reverent, spirit, I beseech you not to believe it! Has Elihu — or Frances — Is it something they have said?"

"No," she said, and still shrunk away, as if he might be able to force the truth from her.

"Then, what is it? Surely you won't leave me in this perplexity? If there is anything that I can do or undo" —

"No! Oh, go, for pity's sake!"

"I can't go now," said the young man. "I won't go till you have told me what you mean. You must tell me."

She cast a strange glance at him. "If you make me tell you, that would show that it was true; and he was right when he used to say — I don't want to believe it! Go, and let me try to think that you came here by chance, and that you stayed for his sake. Indeed, indeed, I can get to thinking again that you never tried to influence me in that way!"

"In what way?" he asked, but now a gleam of light, lurid enough, began to steal upon his confusion. Her alternate eagerness and reluctance to be with him; the broken questions, the gestures, the looks, the tones, that had crossed with mystery the happiness he had known with her in the last weeks before her father's death, and made it at its sweetest fearful and insecure, recurred to him with new meaning, and a profound compassion qualified his despair, and made him gentle and patient. "Is it possible," he asked, "that you mean that old delusion of your father's about me? And could you believe that I would try to control you against your will — to use some unnatural power over you? Ah!" he cried, "I could n't take even your for-

giveness, now; for you might think that I had extorted it!" He looked sadly at her, but she did not speak, and he had a struggle to keep his pity of her from turning to execration of the unhappy man whose error could thus rise from his grave to cloud her soul; but he ruled himself, — not without an ominous remembrance of his former attempts to separate her cause from her father's, — and brokenly continued: "Well, I have deserved that, too. But I know that before he died your father came to a clearer mind about those things, and I believe that now, wherever he is, nothing could grieve him more than to know that he had left you in that hideous superstition." He looked with grave tenderness at her hidden face. "How could you think" — and now his tone expressed his wounded self-respect as well as his sorrow for her — "that I could be so false to both of us?"

"I did n't always think," she whispered. "I — I was afraid" —

"But what made you afraid that such a thing could be? I am a brute, — I know that; I gave you early proof of that, — but I hoped there was nothing covert in me."

"You said once that people influenced others without knowing it; and once — that night when we came from the woods — you said it was a spell that made me lose the way, and would n't let me blame you" —

"And you really had those black doubts of me in your heart? I thought you were suffering me here because you were good and merciful. And you were always watching me to find out whether I was not using some vile magic against you!"

"No, no! Not always," she protested, lifting her face. "Did I say that?"

"No, you did n't say it! Well, you had the right to hurt me in any way you could; and I give you the satisfaction of knowing that nothing could hurt me worse than this."

"Oh, I did n't mean to hurt you! Don't think that! And I forgave you; yes, I did forgive you! I *never* hated you — not even that morning there by the fountain when I thought you had hurt him. And when you said I ought, it made me wonder if what he used to say — And then I could n't get it out of my mind! But I never meant to tell you by a single word or look, if it killed me."

"I believe you. It was something not to be spoken. I think now I can go without your pardon. It seems to me that we are quits."

Once more he turned to go, but she implored, all her face red with generous remorse, "Oh, not till you 've forgiven *me!* I never thought how it would seem to you. Indeed I never did!"

He smiled sadly. "Forgive *you?* Oh, that 's easy. But even if it were very hard, I could do it. I can see how it has been with you from the first, and how, with what you had been taught to think of me by your father, — I don't blame him for it; he was as helpless as you were, — you perverted my careless words and gave them a sinister meaning that I never dreamt of. But what can I do, or say, to leave you with better thoughts of me?"

"I could see that you were kind and good even when I was the most afraid," she murmured. "But after the way we had begun together, and all that you had done to us, — and said to him, — sometimes I could n't understand why you were here, or why you stayed, and then" —

"I don't wonder! I had n't given you cause to expect any good of me; and if I were to tell you why I stayed, as I once hoped I might, I could n't make it appear an unselfish reason. Oh, my dearest!" he cried, "I loved you so that I could n't have taken your love itself against your will! Ever since I first saw you, and all the time that I had lost you, my whole life was for you; and

when I found you again, how could I help staying till you drove me from you? Good-by, and if any thought of yours has injured me let me set it against my telling you this now." She had slowly averted her face; she did not shrink from him, but she did not return his good-by, and he waited in vain for her to speak. Then, "Shall I go?" he asked in foolish anti-climax.

"No" —

The blood rioted in his heart. "And do you still believe that of me?"

"I believe — what you say," she whispered.

"But why do you believe me? Do I make you do it?"

"I don't know — yes, something makes me."

"Against your will?"

"I can't tell."

"Do you think it is a spell, now?"

"I don't know."

"And are you afraid of it?"

"No" —

"What is it, Egeria?" he cried, and in the beseeching look which she lifted to his, their eyes tenderly met. "Oh, my darling! Was *this* the spell" —

The rapture choked him; he caught her hand and drew her towards him.

But at this bold action, Sister Frances, who had not ceased to watch them, threw her apron over her head.

XXVIII.

The powers of the family were heavily taxed by the consideration of a case without precedent in its annals. On the report of Sister Frances and the subsequent knowledge of Elihu, it became necessary to act at once. Probably no affair of such delicate importance had ever presented itself to a society vowed to celibacy as the fact of a courtship and proposal of marriage which had taken place with their privity, and with circumstances so peculiar that they could not wholly feel that they had withheld their approval.

"What I look at, Elihu," said Frances, "is this: that we can't any of us say but what it 's the best thing that can happen to Egery, so long as she ain't going to be gathered in. And what I want to know is whether we 've got to turn our backs on her because she 's doin' the best she can, or whether we 're goin' to show out that we feel to rejoice with her."

"Nay, we can't do that," replied Elihu, in sore embarrassment. "There are no two ways about it but what our natural feelings do go with her, — to some extent. I 'm free to confess that when Friend Ford came and told me, just now, I felt" — Elihu apparently found himself not so free to confess, after all. He stopped abruptly, and added, "But that 's neither here nor there. What we 've got to do now is not to withhold our sympathy from these young people, who are doing right in their order, and at the same time not to relax our opposition to the principle."

"Love the sinner and condemn the sin," suggested Laban.

"Nay," replied Elihu, rejecting the phraseology rather than the idea, "not exactly that."

"I can't understand," interposed Rebecca, with her sex's abhorrence of an abstraction, "where and how they 're goin' to get married. There ain't any Shaker way of marryin', and I don't know what we *should* do with our young folks, if they got married here. I don't suppose we should have one of 'em left by spring."

"Nay," said Elihu, "we might as well give up at once." He rocked himself vigorously to and fro; but his hardening face did not lose its anxious expression.

"Where *will* they get married?" asked Rebecca. "She has n't got anywheres to go. Her own folks are all dead, at home, and she has n't *got* any home."

"I don't know. They can't get married here," returned Elihu.

"They can't go right off to a minister and get married now, so soon after her father's death. And besides, she ain't ready. She has n't got anything made up."

The question of clothes agitated even these unworldly women, and they debated and deplored Egeria's unprepared condition, urging that she must have this, and could not do without that, till Elihu could bear it no longer. "I feel," he cried, "that it is unseemly for us to consider these things! It identifies us practically with a state which we only tolerate as part of the earthly order. We must not have anything to do with it from this time forth."

"Well, Elihu, what shall we do?" demanded Diantha. "We might send *him* away, but we can't turn *her* out-of-doors. Do you want he should go on courtin' her here?" Elihu opened his lips to speak, but only emitted a groan. "We have got to bear our part. I guess the rule against marriage ain't any stronger than the rule of love and charity, — so long as we don't any of us marry, *ourselves*."

"Well, well!" cried Elihu, "settle it amongst you. Only remember, they can't marry here." He took his hat, and went into Humphrey's room, where the latter had remained, discreetly absorbed in his accounts; and Laban, finding himself alone with the sisters, hastened to follow Elihu. Their withdrawal was inspiration to Frances: —

"I guess I can go down to Boston with Egery, and fix it with my sister so 't she can stay and be married from her house whenever she gets ready." When the sensation following her solution of the problem allowed her to speak she added, "The question is how much it 'll be right for us to do for her. She has n't got a thing."

The sisters justly understood this to mean their degree of complicity in decking Egeria for the unholy rite, and they entered into the question with the seriousness it merited. They began by agreeing with Elihu that the only way was to have nothing to do with the matter; and having appeased their consciences, they each made such concessions and sacrifices to the exigency as they must. Before spring, when the wedding took place, the sisters had found it consistent with an enlarged sense of duty to present the bride with a great number of little gifts, of an exemplary usefulness, for the most part, but not wholly inexpressive of a desire, if not a sense, of beauty. Their conceptions of the world's fashions were too vague to allow of their contributing to the trousseau, and such small attempts as they made in that direction were overruled by Frances's sister, a decisive and notable lady, who, however, ordained that certain of the decorative objects, as hooked rugs and embroidered tidies, were as worthy a place in Mrs. Ford's simple house as most of the old-fashioned things that people liked nowadays.

With Frances, the question whether she should or should not be present at the wedding remained a cross which she bore all winter, and which grew sorer as the day approached. When it actually came, she meekly bowed her spirit and remained away. But she found compensation in the visit which she paid her sister directly afterwards, and which she spent chiefly in helping Egeria set in order the cottage Ford had taken in one of the suburbs. He had worked hard at his writing all winter, and they had no misgivings in beginning life on his earnings, and on the small sum Egeria had inherited from her grandfather, later.

It is now several years since their marriage, and they have never regretted their courage. They had their day of carefulness and of small things, — that happy day which all who have known it remember so fondly, — but this is al-

ready past. One of those ignoble discoveries which chemists sometimes make in their more ambitious experiments has turned itself to profit, almost without his agency, and chiefly at the suggestion of his wife, whose more practical sense perceived its general acceptability; and the sale of an ingenious combination known to all housekeepers now makes life easy to the Fords. He has given up his newspaper work, and has built himself a laboratory at the end of his garden, where the income from his invention enables him to pursue the higher chemistry, without as yet any distinct advantage to the world, but to his own content. It is observed by those who formerly knew him that marriage has greatly softened him, and Phillips professes that, robbed of his former roughness, he is no longer so fascinating. Their acquaintance can scarcely be said to have been renewed since their parting in Vardley. Ford was able to see Phillips's innocence in what occurred; but they could never have been easy in each other's presence after that scene, though they have met on civil terms. Phillips accounts in his own way for not seeing his former friend any more. "As bricabrac," he explains, when ladies inquire after their extinct acquaintance, "Ford was perpetually attractive; but as part of the world's ordinary furniture he can't interest me. When he married the Pythoness, I was afraid there was too much bricabrac; but really, so far as I can hear, they have neutralized each other into the vulgarest commonplace. Do you use the Ford Fire Kindler? He does n't put his name to it, and that is n't exactly the discovery that is making his fortune. He has come to that, — making money. And imagine a Pythoness with a prayer-book, who goes to the Episcopal church, and hopes to get her husband to go, too! No, I don't find my Bohemia in their suburb." From time to time Phillips proposes to seek that realm in what he calls his native Europe; but he does not go. Perhaps because Mrs. Perham is there, widowed by Mr. Perham's third stroke of paralysis, and emancipated to the career of travel and culture, which she has illustrated in the capitals of several Latin countries. To do her justice, she never turned the water-proof affair to malicious account, nor failed to speak well of Ford, for whom she always claimed to feel an unrequited respect.

As to Hatch, one of the first of those deep and full confidences between Ford and Egeria which follow engagement related to the man in whom he had feared a rival. Egeria knew merely that Hatch had repaid with constant services some favors that her father had been able to do him in their old home, and that he had continued faithful to Boynton when all others had dropped away from him.

"I wish I had understood how it was when he came to me there in Boston," said Ford. He added simply, "I treated him very badly, because I thought he was in love with you."

"Was that any reason why you should treat him badly?" asked Egeria.

Ford reflected. "Yes, I suppose it was. I was in love with you, too. But he 's had his turn. He 's left me with the feeling that perhaps" —

"Perhaps what?"

"Perhaps — nothing!"

Egeria divined what he did not say. "He has n't left *me* with that feeling," she said reproachfully.

Since that time Hatch is no longer on the road, as he would phrase it, but has gone into business for himself at Denver, where he married last year, with duly interviewed pomp and circumstance, the daughter of one of the early settlers, a hoary patriarch of forty-three, who went to Denver as remotely as 1870. He called upon the Fords when he came East on his wedding journey, and he and Ford found themselves friends. The Western lady thought Egeria a little stiff, but *real* kind-hearted,

and one of the most stylish-appearing persons she ever saw. In fact, Egeria shows a decided fondness for dress, and after the long hunger of her solitary girlhood she enters, with a zest which Ford cannot always share, into all the innocent pleasures of life. She likes parties and dinners and theatres; since their return from Europe she has given several picnic breakfasts, where her morning costume has been the marvel of her guests. The tradition of her life before marriage is locally very dim; it is supposed that she left the stage to marry. This is not altogether reconcilable with the appearance of quaint people in broad-brims, or in gauze caps and tight-sleeved straight drab gowns, with whom she is sometimes seen in her suburb; but as the Fords are known to go every summer to pass a month in an old house belonging to the Vardley Shakers, their visitors are easily accounted for.

The grass has already grown long over Boynton's grave. They who keep his memory think compassionately of his illusions, if they were wholly illusions, but they shrink with one impulse from the dusky twilight through which he hoped to surprise immortality, and Ford feels it a sacred charge to keep Egeria's life in the full sunshine of our common day. If Boynton has found the undiscovered country, he has sent no message back to them, and they do not question his silence. They wait, and we must all wait.

W. D. Howells.

KING LEAR.

SECOND ARTICLE: PLOT AND PERSONAGES.

Shakespeare was forty-one years old when he wrote King Lear. Just at the time of life when a well-constituted, healthy man has attained the maturity of his faculties, he produced the work in which we see his mind in all its might and majesty. He had then been an actor some fourteen or fifteen years, and of his greater plays he had written Romeo and Juliet, Richard III., The Merchant of Venice, King Henry IV., Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, Hamlet, and Measure for Measure. In the case of a man who mingled himself so little with his work, who was, in other words, so objective a poet, it is not safe to infer the condition of his mind from the tone of his writings. But it is worthy of remark that King Lear quickly followed Measure for Measure, and came next to it as an original play, and was itself followed next by Timon of Athens, and that in these three plays the mirror that is held up to human nature tells more revolting and alarming truths than are revealed in all his other plays together. Not in all the rest is the sum of the counts of his indictment of the great criminal so great, so grave, so black, so damning. Hardly is there to be gathered from all the others so many personages who are so bad in all the ways of badness as the majority of those are which figure in these three.

It is, however, apart from this fact that these plays are so strongly significant of Shakespeare's judgment of mankind in his forty-second year. For, types of badness as these personages are, what they say is tenfold more condemnatory than what they do. The aphoristic anthology of Measure for Measure, King Lear, and Timon of Athens would make the blackest pages in the records of the judgments against

mankind. Moreover, the chief dramatic motives of all these plays are selfishness and ingratitude; while in two of them, King Lear and Timon, we find the principal personage expecting to buy love and words of love and deeds of love with bounteous gifts, and going mad with disappointment at not receiving what he thinks his due. For Timon in the forest, although he is not insane, is surely the subject of a self-inflicted monomania. Difficult as it is to trace Shakespeare himself in his plays, we can hardly err in concluding that there must have been in his experience of life and in the condition of his mind some reason for his production within three years, and with no intermediate relief, of three such plays as those in question. And the play which came between Measure for Measure and King Lear, All 's Well that Ends Well, although it is probably the product of the working over of an earlier play called Love's Labours Won, can hardly be said to break the continuity of feeling which runs through its predecessor and its two immediate successors. In All 's Well we have Parolles, the vilest and basest character, although not the most wickedly malicious, that Shakespeare wrought; and its hero, Bertram, is so coldly and brutally selfish that it is hard to forgive Helena her loving him. Indeed, the tone of the play finds an echo in the last lines of the Clown's song: —

> "With that she sighëd as she stood,
> And gave this sentence then;
> Among nine bad if one be good,
> Among nine bad if one be good,
> There 's still one good in ten."

Was it by sheer chance and hap-hazard that Shakespeare reverted to this unpleasant story and these repulsive personages at the time when, within three years, he wrote Measure for Measure, King Lear, and Timon of Athens?

Although, in King Lear, Shakespeare owed less to the authors from whom he took his plot than was customary with him in such cases, the general notion that he owed little (which seems to me rather confirmed than shaken by what Mr. Furness says) is altogether erroneous. The truth is that in regard to plot, incidents, personages and their characters he (as his manner was) owed, not everything, but almost everything, to his predecessors. In the construction of the tragedy all that is his is the uniting of two stories, — that of Lear and that of Gloucester, — which he wrought into one, by mighty strength and subtle art welding them together white-heated in the glowing fire of his imagination; and the change which he made in the issue of the fortunes of Lear and of Cordelia; for in the legend Cordelia triumphs, reseats her father on the throne, succeeds him, is at last rebelled against by the sons of Goneril and Regan, deposed, and put in prison, "wherewith she took suche griefe, being a woman of manlie courage, and despairing to recover libertie there, she slue herself." Verily, these are great exceptions; the latter even one that suggests Shakespeare's own declaration that "there 's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." Nevertheless, the fact that he did find in the work of foregone writers, in chronicle, in legend, in poem, in play, and in novel, all the rest of the framework, the skeleton, of this his masterpiece, is one the importance of which in the formation of a judgment of his methods, of his purposes, and of the one apparent limit of his genius cannot be overrated.

Most of the readers of The Atlantic probably know that the story of Lear and his three daughters is of great antiquity, and was told by many writers in prose and verse who preceded Shakespeare. He, we may be sure, read it in Holinshed and in the old play of King Leir. The division of the kingdom; the extravagant professions of love by Goneril and Regan; the reserve of Cordelia; the wrath of the disappointed old

king; the endeavor of Kent (called Perillus) to avert the consequences of his anger from his youngest daughter; the marriage of the elder sisters to Cornwall and Albany, and of the youngest to the king of France; Lear's living with the former alternately, attended by a retinue of knights; the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan; the return of Cordelia to Britain with a French army to reëstablish her father, — all this was material made to Shakespeare's hand. And not only this: the different characters of the personages in this story all existed in germ and in outline before he took it up as the subject of this tragedy. So as to the story of Gloucester and his two sons, which was told by Sir Philip Sidney in his Arcadia. Shakespeare found there the father, loving, kind hearted, but suspicious, and weak in principle and in mind; the bastard, an ungrateful villain; the legitimate son, a model of filial affection; the attempt of his suspicious and deceived father to kill him; and even the loss of Gloucester's eyes, and his contrivance to commit suicide by getting his son to lead him to the verge of a cliff, whence he might cast himself down: all is there, — the incidents, the personages, and their characters. How absurd, then, are the attempts to make out a "philosophy" of Shakespeare's dramas, to find out their "inner life," to show that this or that incident in them had a profound psychological purpose and meaning! He simply took his stories and his personages as he found them, and wrought them into such dramas as he thought would interest the audiences that came to the Globe Theatre. And they were interested in the stories, in the personages, and in their fortunes. They read little; and they *saw* the stories on the stage instead of reading them in a printed page. He made the stories thus tell themselves as no man had ever done before, or has done since, or will do hereafter. Doing this, he accomplished all his purpose, and fulfilled all their desire. The poetry, the philosophy, the revelation of knowledge of the world and of the human heart, in which he has been equaled by no other of the sons of men, were all merely incidental to his purpose of entertaining his hearers profitably to himself. Being the man that his father had begotten him and his mother had borne him, if he did the former he must do the latter. If he made any effort at all, it was as easy for him to write in his way as it was for the other playwrights of his time to write in theirs. He talked as he wrote, and wrote as he talked. One of the few facts that we know concerning Shakespeare is this one. Ben Jonson tells it of him. He poured out the rich fruitage of his exhaustless fancy and his ever-creating imagination, until his hearers were borne down and overwhelmed with it. And his fellow-actors, in presenting the first authentic edition of his plays to the world, said, "And what he thought he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

That it was the story that he told upon the stage, and his way of telling it, which interested the public of his day, is shown by the history of the text of this very drama. To us it is a great tragedy, the greatest dramatic poem in all literature; but when its great success created a demand for it to be read as well as seen, it was published as "Mr. William Shakespeare his true chronicle historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters, with the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam, as it was played," etc. It was not the dramatic poem, but the true chronicle history, that captivated the public mind, which also was interested, it would seem, no less in the strange masquerade of an earl's son in the shape of a Bedlam beggar (the least impressive and the least valuable part of the play as a work of

art) than in the woes of the self-dethroned monarch. But there was another drama founded upon the story of King Lear; and the immeasurable superiority, in the public judgment, of the new dramatic version of that story is evinced by the anxiety of its publisher to advertise which one he had for sale. The pronoun *his* was then used as a mere form of the possessive case, as we use the apostrophe with *s*. Mr. Benjamin Jonson his comedy of Every Man in his Humor meant merely Mr. Benjamin Jonson's comedy, etc. But on the title-pages of the first and of the second edition of this tragedy, *his* was not only printed in large italic capital letters, but was made a line by itself, thus, —

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
HIS
TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORIE, ETC., —

in order that the buyer might have no doubt as to which King Lear he was getting. This use of *his* at that time is unique.

Now what was it that this Mr. William Shakespeare, a third-rate, money-making actor at the Globe Theatre at the Bankside, did to set all London running after his King Lear, in disregard of any other? What it was may be shown by simply comparing two corresponding passages, one in the old play and one in the new, which the readers of Mr. Furness's edition are enabled to do by his very full abstract of the former, from which he makes copious extracts. In the old play, when King Lear disinherits Cordelia, he says to her, —

"Peace, bastard impe, no issue of King Leir,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call me not father if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyself."

After Lear, Goneril, and Regan have gone out, Perillus, the Kent of the old play, says, —

"Oh, how I grieve, to see my lord thus fond,
To dote so much upon vain flattering words!
Ah, if he but with good advice had weigh'd
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not have given place,
Nor poor Cordelia suffer such disgrace."

Let the reader now turn to Shakespeare's play (for I cannot spare more room to quotation), and read Lear's speech to Cordelia beginning, —

"Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower,"

and the after broken dialogue between Lear and Kent, — that splendid tilt between tyranny and independence, in which independence for the time goes under; and by this brief comparison he will find the great although not the only secret of Shakespeare's power revealed. It will be seen (and it is important to remark) that the conception of the scene and of the feelings and opinions of the personages was much the same in the writers of both passages. All that Shakespeare did here is suggested by what his predecessor had done. But the work of one is trite, commonplace, dull, flat, stupid, dead; to describe worthily that of the other, in its fitness to the strange, rude scene, in its revelation of the emotions of the speakers, and above all in its exuberant vitality, would require a command of words equal to that of him who wrote it. There is no other so grandly fierce an altercation to be found on any page. The mature man at the hundredth reading finds it stir his blood just as it first did when the downy hair of his cold young flesh stood up, as he felt alternately with the despotic old king and with his bold, faithful, loving servant.

And yet, regarded in itself, and simply on its merits, the action in this whole scene, excepting that of Kent, is so unreasonable and unnatural as to be almost absurd; yes, quite absurd. The king's solicitation of the flattery of his daughters is absurd, unworthy of a reasonable creature; the flattery of the elder sisters is nauseously absurd; the reserve of Cordelia is foolishly absurd; the instant change of feeling in the king is absurd

to the verge of incredibility. But for this Shakespeare is not responsible, except in so far as he is made so by the choice of the story. For all this is in the story; and it is the story that is absurd, not Shakespeare. What he did was to see in it its great capability of dramatic treatment, notwithstanding its absurdity. Lear's purposed division of his kingdom, his behavior to his daughters and their behavior to him, and his consequent disinheritance of the youngest are a postulate which is not to be questioned. They are absurd, but without their absurdity there would have been no play. Let us accept their absurdity, say nothing, and be thankful. For with the disinheriting of Cordelia the absurdity stops short; it does not last one moment longer; it does not infect one line of any subsequent speech. To this remark there is one exception, — the scene in which Gloucester is deluded into believing that he has thrown himself from Dover cliff. But again, this incident is from the story in Sidney's Arcadia, which Shakespeare used. True, he develops and enriches it, and gilds its absurdity with crusted gold of thought and language, but he does not essentially change it; giving thus (for he might have omitted this incident or have altered it) an illustration of his habitual copiousness of imagination and of fancy, and of his no less habitual parsimony, if not of his poverty, of constructive skill.

In this first scene is deployed the whole potentiality of the tragedy. The germ of every character, the spring of every dramatic motive developed during the whole five acts, is to be found there; and every personage of any importance is there, excepting the Fool and the legitimate Edgar, who after all is not a very important or a very dramatic person, and who is chiefly interesting to that part of an audience which likes to be called upon to sympathize with virtue in distress, and to have its curiosity excited by seeing a nobleman in the disguise of a beggar. Edgar performs, however, a very useful function as a provocative to the half-insane sententiousness of Lear in the hovel and at the farm-house (Act III., Sc. 4 and 6), and as a means to help the progress of the play and to bring it to a close. He is a very good young man; but, like many other good young men, he is not interesting in himself; he is only the occasion of our interest in others. The drama neither rests upon him, nor moves by his means; and yet without him it would halt.

Among all the personages of the tragedy who take a sufficient part in the action to fill any space in the mind's eye of the reader, or to dwell in his memory, Edgar is the only one whose character and conduct are entirely beyond reproach. For in this play, in which from its first scene to its last our minds are kept upon the stretch of tense anxiety, the people whose hopes and fears we share and whose woes pierce us with a personal pang are no model men and women. Strength and weakness, good and ill, even nobility and meanness, appear in them side by side, mingled in varying proportions. Like Lear's hand, they all smell of mortality. Some, indeed, as Edmund, Goneril, and Regan, are mere reptiles or wild beasts in human form, and yet even these are not allowed to go entirely without our sympathy; but the best of them, Cordelia, is infected with a vice of soul which taints her whole being, until it is purged thence by the sorrow with which it floods her loving heart.

The very first scene shows us, as I have said, the characters of all these personages with more or less completeness. The very first sentence, Kent's speech, " I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall," shows us that Lear had the gift to know men, as the subsequent conduct of Albany and Cornwall proves. Gloucester's second speech, in regard to his bas-

tard son and that son's mother, reveals his weakness, the sin which doth most easily beset him, and no less the frankness of his nature, his boldness in assuming the responsibility of his acts, his capacity of love and confidence. Lear comes in, and instantly dominates the scene; somewhat because of his royalty of station, but far more because of his majesty of person and of bearing. At once his grand figure casts a shadow that lies all along his life to its dark end. We readers of Shakespeare know that end; but did we not know it, could we fail to see, or at least to apprehend, what must be the end when that haughty heart, as loving as a woman's and as exacting, not content with love in life, but craving assurance of it in flattering words, strips itself of the fact of royalty, and, hoping to retain the semblance, lays itself down unshielded by a crown before the claws and fangs of Goneril and Regan, those she-monsters of a dark and monster-bearing age? The man who detected the superior nature of Albany in the two suitors who were recommending themselves to his favor, and who yet could be willfully blind to the cruelty and selfishness of their wives because they were his daughters, and who could turn in wrath upon his little favorite, his last and least, and disinherit her because she did not pour out in fulsome words the love which he knew she bore him, ethically deserved an end of grief, and was psychologically a fit subject of insanity. And by what marvelous untraceable touch of art is it that Shakespeare has conveyed to us that Lear, in his casting off Cordelia, is half conscious all the while that he is doing wrong? The intuitive perception of the fitness of such a man to be the central figure in such a tragedy as this, and of the moral righteousness of the afflictions which he lays upon him and the sad inevitableness of the end to which he brings him, is a manifestation of Shakespeare's dramatic genius hardly less impressive than his execution of the work itself.

Lear, although of a kindly, loving nature, and in certain aspects very grand and noble, is yet largely capable of a very mean passion, revenge, the basest of the three passions — the others being pride, and its offspring jealousy — which cause the chief misery of human life. Revenge says not to the wrongdoer, — You shall do me right, you shall make restoration; those are the words of justice; but, — I have suffered, and therefore I wish you to suffer. I will pray in my heart, if not with my tongue, that you may suffer, and if I have my opportunity I will make you suffer at my own hand, although I know that this will do nothing to right the wrong that you have done. Lear, stung by the ingratitude of Goneril, prays openly, and manifestly prays with his whole heart, that she may undergo all the sorrow and pain that can be borne by woman. It is frightful to hear this old man, in the revulsion of feeling, imprecate misery illimitable upon his own daughter. He prays in general terms for inexpressible anguish to fall upon her; he prays for particular ills and pains with horrible and almost loathsome specification: —

> "All the stored vengeances of Heaven fall
> On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones
> You taking airs with lameness!"

He has before this poured out the gall of his bitterness upon Goneril herself in what is usually called his curse. But it is not a curse; it is a prayer, — a passionate plea to the powers of nature that they will inflict upon her the extremest agony of soul that can be felt by woman. He asks that it may come in all its completeness; he omits nothing, not even the laughter and contempt that women feel so much more keenly than men do. The prayer would shock and revolt the whole world, were it not that it closes with those lines that cause sympathy to flash like a flame from the hearts of all born of woman: —

— "that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

And he deliberately threatens revenge, if we may say that after Goneril's treatment of him he does anything deliberately: —

"No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth."

Poor raving, impotent threatener, menacing others with nameless terrors, himself condemned to suffer the extremity of grief as the consequence of his own folly, and to die with just enough intellect to know the utterness of his misery!

His very insanity, or the exciting cause of his insanity, Lear brings upon himself. For he is not driven out into the storm, or driven out at all; although he speaks, and leads others to speak, as if he were, and such has consequently been the general verdict. But after his threat, without one word from Regan or from Cornwall, he rushes into the open, and himself seeks in the storm what is at first a grateful and sympathetic companionship of turbulence (Act III., Sc. 2). Regan will not have any of his hundred knights, but she will take him. Detestable as she and her husband are in their stony, cruel selfishness, we feel that, so far as the king's action is concerned, there is some reason in what they say when he turns his back upon them and shelter: —

Corn. Let us withdraw: 't will be a storm.
Reg. The house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestowed.
Corn. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Shakespeare meant that this should be considered, and also intentionally made Lear by exaggeration misrepresent his treatment.

And this brings to mind that, except with childish or unreasoning readers, the two elder sisters are at first not altogether without reason for the conduct at which he rages himself into frenzy. His proposed sojourn with them alternately, accompanied by a retinue of a hundred knights, was inherently sure to breed confusion and disturbance. Malicious art could not have devised a plan better fitted to bring itself to an end in turmoil and exasperation. It is with some sympathy with Goneril that every man or woman of family experience hears her complaint about the throng of men, "so disordered, so debosh'd and bold," that they made her castle "seem like a riotous inn." We know that it could not have been otherwise. And yet her father at once breaks forth, "Darkness and devils! Saddle my horses!"

There is no justification of Lear's conduct, hardly any excuse for it, up to the time when he rushes out into the storm. He was not insane; he had not even begun to be insane before that time; and after that time we may almost say that he seeks madness. In the fury of his wrath as an offended king and of his morbid grief as an outraged father, his intellect commits a sort of suicide. As other men throw themselves into the water, he throws himself into the storm, hoping to find oblivion in the counter-irritation of its severity. The robustness of his frame and the strength of his will sustain him for a while; and it is his old brain which first gives way, — as he felt that it would, and yet was reckless of the danger.

From the time when Lear first shows signs of breaking down, which is in the scene before the hovel (Act III., Sc. 4), where he meets Edgar disguised as poor Tom, I abandon all attempt to follow the gradual yet rapid ruin of his mind, which, like some strong and stately building sapped at its foundation, first cracks and crumbles, then yawns apart, and rushes headlong down, scattering its not yet quite dismembered beauties

into confused heaps; leaving some of them standing in all their majesty, with their riven interiors baldly exposed to view. Others (but I know them not) may have the words in which to picture this destruction; but I confess that I have not, except in the futile way of recording the quickly succeeding stages of the catastrophe and cataloguing the items of the ruins. From this point the action of Lear's mind may be apprehended, may even be comprehended, but to any good purpose, it seems to me, neither analyzed nor described. I can only contemplate it in silence, fascinated by its awfulness and by what all must feel to be its truth. For the strange, inexplicable power of this sad spectacle is that we who have not been insane like Lear, although like him we may have been foolish and headstrong, yet know that here is a true representation of the wreck of a strong nature, which has not fallen into decay, but has been rent into fragments. In the preceding scene Lear is not insane. The speech beginning, —

> "Let the great gods
> That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads
> Find out their enemies now,"

merely shows the tension of a mind strained to the last pitch of possible endurance, like a string upon a musical instrument which is stretched to the very point of breaking. But the string is not yet broken; the instrument is still in tune. These words at the close of the speech, —

> "I am a man
> More sinned against than sinning,"

show that the speaker is still capable of a logical defense of his own actions; and his next utterance, "My wits begin to turn," is evidence that they have not yet turned. Men who are insane believe that they alone are reasonable; and when Lear at last is crazed he makes no allusion to the condition of his intellect. When, at the end of this act, he returns to the feeble semblance of himself, in that pathetic passage in which he recognizes Cordelia, he says, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind," — a sure sign that his mind, although at once senile and childish, is no longer distracted.

After this he sinks rapidly; but in his speech to Cordelia, when they are brought in prisoners, in which he says that they will sing in prison "like birds in a cage," and "laugh at gilded butterflies," he is not again insane. The tone of his mind has gone; he has passed even the pride of manliness, and has fallen to a point at which he can look upon the remnants of his former self without anger, and even with a gentle pity. Of all the creations of dramatic art this is the most marvelous. Art it must be, and yet art inexplicable. We might rather believe that Shakespeare, when he was writing these scenes, could say in Milton's phrase, Myself am Lear. Strangest, perhaps, of all is the sustained royalty of Lear's madness. For Lear, mad or sane, is always kingly. His very faults are those of a good-natured tyrant; and in his darkest hours his wrongs sit crowned and robed upon a throne. In looking upon his disintegrated mind, it is no common structure that we see cast down; it is a palace that lies before our eyes in ruins, — a palace, with all its splendor, its garniture of sweet and del icate beauty, and its royal and imposing arrogance of build.

To us of the present day who have a just appreciation of King Lear it is unactable, as Lamb has said already. It stands upon too lofty a plane; its emotions are too mountainous to be within the reach of mimic art. The efforts of actors of flesh and blood to represent it are as futile as the attempts of the stage carpenter to represent that tempest with the rattling of his sheet-iron and the rumble of his cannon-balls. Nor has there been any actor in modern days who united in himself the person and the art required for the presentation of our ideal of King Lear. Garrick was too small; Kean too fiery and gypsy-like;

Kemble was physically fit for it, but too cold and artificial. As to any of the later actors, it is needless to describe the unfitness which they themselves have so ably illustrated.

Lear's daughters form a trio that live in our minds like three figures of the old mythology. My acquaintance with King Lear began at a time when fairy stories had not lost their interest for me, — if indeed they have lost it, or will ever lose it, — and I associated Cordelia and her sisters with Cinderella and her sisters, and the likeness still lingers with me. Perhaps there is no other similarity than the cruel selfishness of the two elder women and the sweet and tender beauty of the youngest in both stories. And Cordelia, with all her gentle loveliness and charm, the influence of which pervades the play as the perfume of a hidden lily of the valley pervades the surrounding air, had one great fault, which is the spring of all the woes of this most woful of all tragedies. That fault was pride, the passion which led to the first recorded murder. Her pride revolted when she saw her royal father accept the sacrifice of her sisters' false-hearted flattery; and she shrank from laying down the offering of her true affection upon the altar which she felt they had profaned. She let her pride come between her and the father whom she so fondly loved. It was her pride and her determination to subdue her rivals, as much as her filial affection, that led her to invade her country with a foreign army, to restore him to his throne. And with her pride went its often attendant, a propensity to satire, the unloveliest trait that can mar a lovely woman's character.

When, in the first scene, she demurely says,

> "The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
> Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are,"
> etc.,

we feel that it is sharply said, but also that it might better have been left unsaid; and we sympathize a little with Regan in her retort, "Prescribe not us our duties," and with Goneril in hers, that Cordelia may now best turn her attention to pleasing the husband who has received her "at fortune's alms." Plutarch tells us rightly that ill deeds are forgiven sooner than sharp words. But it must be admitted that Cordelia's pride stands her in good stead when, in Hudson's happy phrase, "she so promptly switches off her higgling suitor" with —

> "Peace be with Burgundy;
> Since that respects of fortune are his love,
> I shall not be his wife."

But her pride and her speech to her sisters helped to destroy her father, and to put a halter round her own neck.

Edmund suggests Iago; but with other minor differences, — differences of person and of manner, — there is this great unlikeness between them: Edmund is not spontaneously malicious; he is only supremely selfish and utterly unscrupulous. For he too has a comprehensible reason for his base and cruel actions. It was not his fault that he was illegitimate. He was no less his father's son than Edgar was; and yet he found himself with a branded stigma upon his name. This is not even a palliation of his villainy; but it is a motive for it that may be understood. Iago's villainy is the outcome of pure malignity of nature. He is the Fiend, who has taken a human shape. If Edmund had been born in wedlock, he would still have been a bad man at heart; but he might have lived a reputable life and have done little harm. There are more such reputable men than we suspect. As it is, he uses all his gifts of mind and of person to gain his selfish ends. He has great ability and no scruples, — absolutely none. When these qualities are combined, as in him they were combined, with a fine person and attractive manners (and as they also were combined in Iago), the resulting power for evil is incalculable, almost unlimited.

But there must be absolutely no scruple. Most of the failures in villainy are the consequence of an imperfect solution between the villain and the sense of right and wrong. He is ready to do much that is evil, but not quite ready to do everything; and there comes a point at which he hesitates, and is lost. Both the sisters feel Edmund's personal attraction, and respect his courage and enterprising spirit; and the astute Cornwall sees his ability, and says to him, "Natures of such deep trust we shall much need." He has a touch of man's nature in him that is absent in Iago. He prizes the preference of women. When he is dying, slain by Edgar, and the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in, he says, —

> "Yet Edmund was beloved;
> The one the other poisoned for my sake,
> And after slew herself."

And, as if brought by this feminine influence, bad as it was, within the range of human affections, he instantly does all that he can to stay the execution of his sentence of death upon Lear and Cordelia. Iago goes out, a cold-blooded, malignant villain to the last.

And this suggests to me Shakespeare's effort to mitigate the horrors of that revolting scene in which Gloucester's eyes are torn out. The voice of humanity, otherwise stifled there, is heard in the speech and embodied in the action of the serving-man, who, with words that recall those of Kent to Lear in the first scene, breaks in upon his master, fights him, kills him, and is himself slain by the hand of Regan, — an outburst of manhood which is a great relief. Although Shakespeare found the incident of the loss of Gloucester's eyes in the old story, and used it in a way which illustrated at once the savage manners of the time in which his tragedy was supposed to be acted and the cruelty of Cornwall and Regan, he intuitively shrank from leaving the scene in its otherwise bare and brutal hideousness.

One personage of importance remains who cannot be passed by unconsidered in an attempt to appreciate this drama. It needs hardly to be said that this is the Fool. What Shakespeare did not do, as well as what he did do, as a playwright has no better proof or illustration than in his Fools. He did not invent the personage; he found it on the stage. Indeed he invented nothing; he added nothing to the drama as he found it; he made nothing, not even the story of one of his own plays; he created nothing, save men and women, and Ariels and Calibans. What he did with the Fool was this. This personage is the resultant compound of the Vice, a rude allegorical personage constant in the old Moral Plays, and the court jester. He was a venter of coarse and silly ribaldry, and a player of practical jokes. Only so far back as the time of Shakespeare's boyhood the Fool's part was in most cases not written, and at the stage direction "*Stultus loquitur*" (the Fool speaks) he performed his function extempore; and thus he continued to jape and to caper for the diversion of those who liked horse-play and ribaldry. But Shakespeare saw that the grinning toad had a jewel in his head, and touching him with his transforming pen shows him to us as he appears in As You Like It, in All 's Well that Ends Well, and last of all, and greatest, in King Lear. In this tragedy the Fool rises to heroic proportions, as he must have risen to be in keeping with his surroundings. He has wisdom enough to stock a college of philosophers, — wisdom which has come from long experience of the world without responsible relations to it. For plainly he and Lear have grown old together. The king is much the older; but the Fool has the marks of time upon his face as well as upon his mind. They have been companions since he was a boy; and Lear still calls him boy and lad, as he did when he first learned to look kindly upon his young, loving, half-distraught companion. The relations be-

tween them have plainly a tenderness which, knowingly to both, is covered, but not hidden, by the grotesque surface of the Fool's official function. His whole soul is bound up in his love for Lear and for Cordelia. He would not set his life "at a pin's fee" to serve his master; and when his young mistress goes to France he pines away for the sight of her. When the king feels the consequences of his headstrong folly, the Fool continues the satirical comment which he begins when he offers Kent his coxcomb. So might Touchstone have done; but in a vein more cynical, colder, and without that undertone rather of sweetness than of sadness which tells us that this jester has a broken heart.

About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, "We 'll go to supper in the morning," the fitting rejoinder, "And I'll go to bed at noon." Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason; he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom: but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time — *functus officio.*

I see that in the last paragraph I am inconsistent; attributing to Shakespeare, first, a deliberate artistic purpose, and then, with regard to the same object, a dramatic conception, the offspring of sentiment. Let the inconsistency stand: it becomes him of whom it is spoken. Shakespeare was mightily taken hold of by these creatures of his imagination, and they did before his eyes what he did not at first intend that they should do. True, his will was absolute over his genius, which was subject to him, not he to it; but like a wizard he was sometimes obsessed by the spirits which he had willingly called up. In none of his dramas is this attitude of their author so manifest as in this, the largest in conception, noblest in design, richest in substance, and highest in finish of all his works, and which, had he written it alone (if we can suppose the existence of such a sole production), would have set him before all succeeding generations, the miracle of time.

Richard Grant White.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

ZACHARIAH the Congressman [1] does not deal with the political career of the late Mr. Z. Chandler, but with that of a much humbler person from some vague place in one of the Middle States. Before leaving his rustic home, he becomes engaged to a young woman, Peggy by name, who had been adopted by Zach's parents, apparently to save the expense of a "hired girl." In Washington, however, Zach finds it impossible to resist the charms of the beautiful, but as false as beautiful, Miss Marmaluke, — an apt name for her, by the way, — and he breaks off his home-made engagement, although Peggy had been weaning herself from the use of slang

[1] *Zachariah the Congressman.* A Tale of American Society. By GILBERT A. PIERCE. Chicago: Donnelley, Gassette, and Loyd. 1880.

and the habit of singing popular melodies, and had tried to improve her mind by reading Mill's Political Economy, at Zach's recommendation. Possibly, it was his interest in this book that threw him into disgrace. If he had only cast the weight of his authority on the side of "our own" Mr. Carey, he would not have been dragged before the investigating committee. To be sure, he was finally acquitted, and once more met the jilted Peggy, who had risen so high as an artist as to be "commissioned by the government, and thus made famous." Zachariah married her, and the pair went to live on a farm, having had enough of politics. The novel, if it can be called a novel, is written in as simple a way as if it were meant for children; but it shows a dim capacity on the part of the author for something like real work. The book has about as much literary merit as a Sunday-school story, and bears the same relation to genuine literature that the work of the jig-saw does to artistic carving.

Her Ladyship[1] is not much better. It is full of movement, certainly, and there is shown some power of constructing a story out of abundant incidents. The scene is laid in the Shenandoah Valley, and the time is that of the late war, so that incidents were to be had for very little trouble; but as for the people, the less said the better. The heroine, who is meant to represent all the archness of the female sex, is like a giggling school-girl in a horse-car. She had fallen in love with a youth from Ohio when she was at school in New York, without knowing his name, or speaking a word to him, or more than exchanging simpers with him when they met in the street. Still, if the author is not more than seventeen years old, there are hopes for her; for besides the vulgarity of the book, there is some faint humor in it. If the writer will go through a course of, say, Mrs. Oliphant, she will perhaps see the difference between her flimsy little story and good work; but this is asking an amount of toil that is repulsive to the independence of genius.

Young people who like to talk to their parents in the fashion quoted below will probably get much delight from D. A. Moore's How She Won Him.[2] Others may decide for themselves about the value of the book. Here is the passage: —

"Dear mother, I am not loath to trust your judgment, or to accept your conclusions. My feelings, for the present, I cannot control. I feel the weight of a crushing blow upon my spirits. The very air seems thick and heavy. The summons to leave forever our dear home, with all its pleasant and sacred associations, seems to me almost like a message from the court of death."

Certainly, the newly-invented naturalism has not yet tainted D. A. Moore.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard is a man of a very different sort. He has comparatively much to say, and he expresses it often commendably well. His novel, The Heart of It,[3] is by no means a great book, — and doubtless the author knows this perfectly well, — but it is readable, and, as a first production, it is not without promise. There are picturesque things in the book, especially in some of the scenes laid in the West, where the lonely explorer finds a wonderful mine and escapes from the Apaches, and there are various bits about certain corners of city life; but in general the closer we come to civilization the more conventional does the treatment become. As to the abundant marriages that close the volume, there is not one on which it is

[1] *Her Ladyship.* Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson. 1880.

[2] *How She Won Him; or, The Bride of Charming Valley.* By D. A. Moore. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

[3] *The Heart of It.* By W. O. Stoddard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

possible to offer very sincere congratulations: for Mrs. Boyce, so far as she is a living person, is but a sly and cat-like woman, who exults in defrauding her first husband's creditors; one of the girls marries a man who has been a tramp as well as an opium-eater; and the other girl has served part of her time on Blackwell's Island for drunkenness, being the victim of an insane thirst for strong liquors. To be sure, it is not to be expected that everybody shall marry a faultless person, but this is a profuse supply of objectionable qualities. The author will probably find in time that the novelist has better employment for his pen than inculcating wholesale matrimony, and by careful writing and more thorough study of character he will make novels that are more than a congeries of incidents and accidents.

How a large number of characters can be managed by a clever novelist may be seen in the late Miss Keary's A Doubting Heart.[1] This novel, which did not receive the author's final revision, is too long, and at the end a little clumsy in construction, but in other respects it is deserving of all praise, — so life-like are the people brought into it, so natural are most of the conditions in which they are placed, so exact is the record of their conversations. One perceives from such novels as this, especially in comparison with those already mentioned above, how superior is the general supply of English novels to the run of those written in this country. After the pallid imitations of life that are to be found in the stories just spoken of, this Doubting Heart reads like a work of genius. But it is not that, by any means; it is only a story, carefully thought out, by a woman who knows the world well, and is not above taking great pains. There are as poor novels written in England as anywhere, but the number of good ones is most convincing testimony to the intelligence and care of a number of writers.

Mademoiselle de Mersac[2] is another story which, it is much to be feared, will not be so well known as it deserves. The author is a comparatively obscure person, but he has written one of the best novels that has appeared for some time. The heroine is a French girl, living, at the time the novel opens, in Algiers, and her lovers are two: one a French officer, a man no longer young, who has no very savory reputation, to be sure, but is yet a man of the kindest heart and most tender nature; while the other is a young Englishman, with certain attractive qualities, that by no means outweigh his odious selfishness, conceit, and arrogance. The very skill with which the different characters are drawn acts adversely to the general popularity of the book; for the reader who is accustomed to poorer work and to a dishonest huddling aside of the hero's faults will find it hard to judge of people whose merits and defects are intermingled as they are in real life. Cynics may have observed that all the engagements they hear about are those of faultlessly beautiful young women to perfect young men, and those are the people about whom novels are generally written. Here, however, we have very careful studies of character, and of the complications that depend for their existence on the nature of the persons whose fate is described. Yet the problem is not complicated by a dead weight of ethical considerations, as in George Eliot's later novels, over which morality hangs like a heavy pall; but the question simply is how these two men strike this simple, good, but somewhat cold and self-absorbed girl. The reader cannot avoid the suspicion that the author meant her to be more attractive than

[1] *A Doubting Heart.* A Novel. By ANNE KEARY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[2] *Mademoiselle de Mersac.* A Novel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

she actually is, but that may be a mistake; at any rate, though she is not exceedingly attractive, she is yet very interesting, and no one can avoid curiosity about her fate. The termination of the story is disappointing, but it is, perhaps, the only one possible; and is it not, after all, less sad than either of the other alternative endings? Why a novel of the importance and excellence of this one should be less popular than White Wings — a commonplace novel diluted with salt water — it is not easy to say. In Mademoiselle de Mersac we find an admirable choice of opposite characters and a capital study of living people.

Yet there are novels and novels, and anything more fictitious, more remote from the observations of life, than Hal, the Story of a Clodhopper,[1] it would be hard to find. The scene is laid in New England, but the story is as inexact as would be a picture of that part of the country representing a volcano in active eruption, with pirates capturing the inhabitants who were setting out to sea in gondolas. This effect is the more singular because the author has tried to bring verisimilitude into his book by descriptions of living persons, who can hardly feel flattered at being written about as some people are written about in so-called society journals; but even this device fails to make a pleasant impression on the reader. The clodhopper is first introduced to us when engaged in the congenial occupation of hoeing; but in the course of two hundred pages, after seven years at Heidelberg, he became a great man, "and found his level with the best men of the country." "Whatever this man says and does has God in it. . . . He stands with one foot planted on revealed religion and the other on advanced science, and so standing defies devils, no matter in what form they come. He writes books; he delivers addresses; he gives courses of lectures. . . . His theology wears a Phrygian cap." One of his lectures "to truth-seekers" is on The Mystery of Love. No one who has read the Boston Daily Advertiser on Wednesday mornings for the last few years can have much doubt about who the clodhopper becomes; and another character, Boynton Ellis, turns into another well-known gentleman, under the magic of this author's pen. As to the taste of these liberties with individuals, opinions may differ, although, on the other hand, they may not differ.

A Wayward Woman[2] is not a novel of the highest kind, — far from it, — but it is certainly entertaining, as novels go; there is plenty of incident, and at times the talk of the people is clever and amusing. The heroine possesses every charm, and her general attractiveness is enlivened by a sort of innocent fastness; she has a long train of lovers, but the chosen one is an exceedingly accomplished, impossible painter, who is like the hero of a good many women's novels. The perturbations of his courtship and the incidents of their married life make up the book, which has no serious merit, but will serve admirably to kill time.

Miss Woolson's volume of short stories about Southern life[3] is an interesting proof of the abundance of unused material in our unwieldy country, that is simply awaiting the novelist to put it into shape and give it standing. Florida and South Carolina are the regions that have inspired this author, and the local coloring is well given. At times, however, some of the people who are introduced give the reader quite as much

[1] *Hal: The Story of a Clodhopper.* By W. M. F. ROUND, Author of Child Marian Abroad, Achsah, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

[2] *A Wayward Woman.* A Novel. By ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, Author of Lola, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[3] *Rodman the Keeper.* Southern Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, Author of Castle Nowhere, Two Women, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

an impression of strangeness as does any wonder of semi-tropical vegetation; and this we must regret, for the writer of fiction should above everything set people before us whom we can at least understand. The cantrips of Miss Gardis Duke, for instance, which are only matched by the scornful airs of Miss Bettina Ward, the minx-like heroine of Rodman the Keeper, read like what one finds oftener in poor novels than in real life. This young person, Miss Duke, is a little chit, who, in extreme poverty, imitates the splendors of her former opulence, and gives the rough edge of her saucy tongue to two of her lovers, Union officers, who just after the late war are stationed near her house. She invites them to dinner, and then, when they are gone, she burns up the shabby finery in which she had received them. "'So perish also the enemies of my country!' she said to herself." Certainly, this little cat is not a very impressive person, and it is not easy to interest one's self in such a lump of affectation; but Miss Woolson seems to take her at her own pompous valuation, and to see heroism in her imitation of tawdry novels. Finally, she steps down from her pinnacle of conceit, and marries one of the officers, and we have no doubt that by this time she has satisfactorily taken vengeance for everything that happened during the war.

Sister St. Luke, after a tornado has swamped the boat in which were two young men, sees them clinging to a distant reef. As ignorant of the art of navigation as of the game of baccarat, she wades through water waist-deep, gets into a little boat, and sails out to them in a terrible wind. This she does although morbidly timid. In fact, she could more easily have thrown a hawser a mile or two and have hauled them in to shore.

King David, on the other hand, is a life-like account of the sufferings of a Yankee school-master among the freedmen, whom he in vain tries to educate. In this sketch there is no exaggeration; no inclination toward the use of melodramatic devices, such as are only too apt to make their appearance in the other stories. Miss Woolson certainly deserves credit for her perception of the picturesque contrasts that the South affords. She has at least pointed out a region where much can be done, and where she can herself do good work if she will keep "closer to the record."

The translation of Théophile Gautier's Captain Fracasse [1] is something for which readers of novels should be profoundly grateful, for it is as readable a romance as one can lay one's hand on; and in these days, when writers of novels so often take photography for their model, it is agreeable to read the work of a man who has a really artistic pleasure in describing the adventures, as well as the surroundings of men and women. The time of the story is set in the reign of Louis XIII., and the scene is laid in France. The wanderings of a company of errant actors, their love-making and quarreling, their successes and failures, their carousing and starving, form the incidents, and they are all described with most loving care and very attractive enthusiasm. The book is one that it is best to read in French, for Gautier is so careful a writer that it is impossible that some of his charm should not be lost in the rendering. Yet the translator has succeeded admirably in her work, and deserves warm praise for her care and accuracy.

Mr. James's Confidence [2] is really not a novel, but a study of an ingeniously devised situation, that is analyzed and described with the utmost skill. To take the work too seriously, as a profound treatise on life, would be a lamentable

[1] *Captain Fracasse.* From the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. By M. M. RIPLEY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

[2] *Confidence.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

mistake; it is a sketch of the mutual relations of half a dozen people, whom we get to understand better than we do most of our acquaintances. They are a set of life-like figures, whose positions in regard to one another are distinctly drawn, and watching their movements is like looking at a well-played game of chess. And as in this but little attention could be given to the observer who should complain that, while the castle moved in straight lines and the bishop on the diagonals, the knight was to be condemned for his irregular gait, so in speaking of the book one feels that it is one's duty to take it for what it pretends to be, and not to demand, as some have done, that this light and graceful structure should be overburdened with moral teaching or social ethics. One might as well lament that it throws no light on Mr. James's views concerning the third term.

As a bit of what may be called social imagination, the story is deserving of high praise. From very slender materials Mr. James has woven a complicated plot about the distinctly defined heroes and heroines, and the ins and outs of the game form as entertaining a book as one can care to read. The main hero, Bernard Longueville, is the thoughtful, clever fellow, the observer, who is not uncommonly found in Mr. James's stories; and we have, too, a new specimen of the large class of chattering American girls, one Blanche Evers, whose artless prattle is capitally given. The other heroine is of sterner stuff, a really serious character, and her mother is the well-known American matron, who when well on in years does her hair in as complicated involutions as if she were a girl in her teens. The relations in which these people stand to one another are sufficiently intricate, and their social skirmishing does them credit. The chief heroine, Angela, plays her part with especial skill; her swift comprehension of the position in which she is placed in regard to the two men — which should serve as a warning against those unhealthy alliances — and her handling of the tangled threads at the end of the book are certainly entertaining reading. More than this, the change in Bernard from the position of willful observation to that of a partaker in the game is distinctly well drawn.

In execution, the story is of course most admirable; it runs on brightly, and he will be a hardened reader of fiction who does not feel something like breathless interest in the story. The *donnée* of the book is a light one, to be sure, and we are no less grateful for the amusement to be got from it when, under the inspiration of the miasmatic conscience of New England, we ask that Mr. James should not confine himself to those simply entertaining, though exceedingly entertaining, novels, but that, with his generous equipment for the task, he give us novels of a higher flight.

AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY.

The name of John Camden Hotten appeared as that of editor on the title-page of a work, published in 1874, which professed to give the original lists of a large number of emigrants, exiles, adventurers, and felons who came to this country in the seventeenth century. The most important part of the material had already been given in a less sumptuous form by S. G. Drake and James Savage, the latter's work being apparently unknown to Mr. Hotten; but the

lists brought together in this form were conveniently arranged, and showed an attempt at exactness. It cannot be said, indeed, that either Mr. Hotten or his antiquarian assistants were always competent to decipher the cacography of her majesty's public records, and the guesses in the foot-notes were not always those of a trained student; but our business just now is not with the first edition, but with the second, recently put out by Mr. Bouton.[1] This publisher was the American publisher also of the first edition, and took out a copyright of it. His rights in the second edition are otherwise protected. No publisher, however speculatively inclined, would have any temptation to copy this new issue. We are not so exacting as to ask that a second edition should correct any deficiencies in the first; we are even willing that the publisher shall, when he binds a new lot, insert a new title-page and try for fresh buyers who may like to believe that they have a later book than the first buyers; but we had the curiosity to compare the second edition with the first, to see what changes, if any, have been made. It was not long before we were rewarded in the search. The contents and introduction were the same in both cases, but the half title following disclosed something odd. The first edition had a black letter and apparently fac-simile title, which was modernized and abridged and altered in the second. Had the first edition been too hard to read? A comparison of names showed that the lists varied widely. We shall not trouble the reader with illustrations. The game is not worth the candle. But let any one who has the two editions compare the lists on page 46. In the *second* edition there is a hopeless snarl; in the first the difficulties all disappear, and a reference to Savage's copy [2] shows that the first edition had been tolerably accurate and intelligible, the second confused like the work of an ignorant copyist. Passing rapidly through the volume, it was plain at a glance that in the first edition an effort had been made to be literally exact, even to the copying of obsolete characters and marks; in the second edition, all this care and accuracy had been abandoned. In one instance only was there an agreement. Pages 197–199 of the first edition and pages 196–198 of the second agreed, although the same type was not used. But all these discrepancies suddenly ceased at the bottom of page 400. From that point to the end of the volume the two editions were identical. The index, therefore, was the same in both editions, but the feat was not performed by which it was made to do service for the widely varying pages up to page 400. It answered only to the first edition.

By this examination it was established conclusively that the first edition was far more careful and complete than the second. We deduce the following history of the book, which may or may not be true. Mr. Hotten, at some one's instigation, undertook the publication of these lists. When the printing had got as far as page 400, it was discovered that the compiler was an ignorant blunderer, and that the sheets were worthless. Mr. Hotten then had them revised or rewritten and again printed, carefully saving the canceled sheets. Mr. Hotten died. The first edition was exhausted. Mr. Bouton, or somebody

[1] *Our Early Emigrant Ancestors.* The Original Lists of Persons of Quality; Emigrants; Religious Exiles; Political Rebels; Serving Men sold for a Term of Years; Apprentices; Children Stolen; Maidens Pressed; and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600–1700. With their ages, the localities where they formerly lived in the mother country, the names of the ships in which they embarked, and other interesting particulars. From MSS. preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, England. Edited by John Camden Hotten. Second Edition. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

[2] Mass. His. Soc. Coll., third series, vol. viii.

imposing on Mr. Bouton, then discovered the canceled sheets, prefaced the available introduction and contents, pieced them out with sheets left over from the first edition, pasted in a new title-page with "second" on it, bound the book cheaply, and issued it at a lower price as a second edition of The Original Lists. It is very evident that all the classes named in the book did not come over in the seventeenth century.

It is a pity that Mr. Arnold, in his Life of Benedict Arnold,[1] should have been haunted throughout the book by the thought of Arnold's treachery, for he has succeeded in rendering the reader thoroughly uncomfortable by his incessant reference to that melancholy fact. He begins by admitting the full enormity of the crime, and assures the reader that he has no intention of palliating it, and he wrings his hands over it at every turn. He never mentions a gallant act or a piece of recklessness by Arnold — and Arnold's early career was brilliant with points of daring — but he stops to lament, Oh, had Arnold but died now! Then he would have been embalmed in the memories of his countrymen, — or words to that effect. The book is spoiled as a biography by its constant effort to balance Arnold's patriotism and treason. The author sets out with solemn protestations that nothing shall induce him to lessen the guilt of the traitor, and he is as good as his word; but instead of telling Arnold's life in a straightforward way, and attempting to trace the half-hidden character which finally declared itself in the base act, he reads the incidents of his career only to discover the praiseworthy qualities of the man as a set-off against his crime. He grants that Arnold's one piece of iniquity has justly covered his name with disgrace, but complains that it has also led people ever since to paint him as one unvarying shade of blackness. But Arnold's audacity and impetuous courage, which are nearly all the striking virtues which remain to him, have never lacked recognition, and his brilliant exploits in the Canada expedition, at Valcour Island, and at Bemis Heights have again and again received the praise of historians. The book is more of an apology for Arnold than the writer seems to intend. In his wish to do him full justice he has sometimes been blind in one eye.

Thus, in recording the anecdotes of his boyhood and youth, indicative of his cruelty, Mr. Arnold hurries by them to remind us how bold and daring he was. "One of his earliest amusements," writes Sparks, whom Arnold in these anecdotes seems to follow, "was the robbing of birds'-nests, and it was his custom to maim and mangle young birds in sight of the old ones, that he might be diverted by their cries." Arnold gives it: "It has been said . . . that one of his amusements was the robbing of birds'-nests and torturing the young birds." "Certainly," he adds, "if the mischievous robbing of birds'-nests is to be regarded as conclusive proof of total depravity, and if, among the critics of Arnold, only those who had in thoughtless boyhood been guiltless of this cruelty should throw the first stone, there would probably be fewer harsh judges of his boyish freaks than have appeared." This is not a very important matter, but we cite it as illustrating two or three unfortunate defects in Mr. Arnold's method as a historian. He generalizes where his predecessor has given specific facts; he suppresses the real gravamen of the charge; he appears to make no critical inquiry into the actual facts; and he abuses the counsel on the other side.

Again, while giving with substantial accuracy the facts relating to Arnold's exploits at Ticonderoga, he manages to throw such a coloring over them as to give the impression that Arnold was a

[1] *The Life of Benedict Arnold: His Patriotism and his Treason.* By ISAAC N. ARNOLD, author of Life of Abraham Lincoln. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

much-abused man and a lofty patriot, ignoring the freebooting character of his movements, and above all silent upon the significant point, so illustrative of Arnold's character, of his threatened withdrawal of his vessels and mutinous followers to St. John's, for the purpose of delivering them over to the enemy, if he could not carry out his plans. Mr. Arnold dwells much upon the ingratitude and hostility constantly shown toward Arnold, and the effect which these had upon his loyalty to the country, but he fails to give due weight to the important charges of dishonesty and peculation which somehow seemed always to be springing up against him, and which stick to his character as pitilessly as similar charges have held on to the garments of a general in the late war. We wish, for example, he had followed the clew regarding Arnold's course in Philadelphia which is offered in Judge Peters's letter to Colonel Pickering, referred to in Recollections of Samuel Breck, page 214. In general, Mr. Arnold does not seem to us to have employed a true method of historical criticism. His book is too deliberately a special plea for Arnold. It does not add materially to our knowledge of the facts of Arnold's life, although it gives details not to be found in Sparks or Hill; it does not offer any new insight into his character, and it is written in a heavy, bungling style. The best that can be said of it is that upon his own showing Arnold was quite as unlovable a man as history has generally represented him. The outcome of the book is substantially what has been accepted hitherto, that Arnold was a mean traitor; nobody is going to believe now, any more than before, that his character from first to last underwent any essential change. His daring has always been conceded, but no one will accept it as a condonation or palliation of his treason. Mr. Arnold's mistake is in supposing that physical courage and impetuous dash are very high or determining elements of character. There is yet room for a life of Arnold which shall so use historical material as to construct coolly and impartially a character and career which are capable of a more acute analysis than they have yet received. The work, however, is not a very enviable one. It is the meanness of Arnold's nature which renders it essentially unattractive to men. The most interesting contribution which the book makes to American history is doubtless the appendix, which contains for the first time a copy of Thoughts on the American War, drawn up by General Arnold for the king, and furnished to the biographer by Arnold's grandson, the Rev. Edward Gladwin Arnold. The book is neatly printed and bound, but not always carefully read in proof.

Mr. Winsor's Handbook[1] comes just too late to meet the demand of those who were touched by the Centennial fever, but in its present full form could not have been made earlier, since many of the authorities to which it refers the student have been made accessible under the diligence and enthusiasm of societies and scholars which the Centennial fever stimulated when it did not inspire. We do not mean that this interest in our history was ephemeral, but that it was associated with anniversaries and celebrations which gave profitable occasion for historic study and writing. The memoranda published in the Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, when Mr. Winsor was superintendent, are the basis of this volume, and the more complete, orderly, and detailed form here presented accords with the permanent use which the book will serve. The memoranda were notes for the use of readers who were eager to ransack history for material which should enable them to keep pace, at a hundred

[1] *The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution.* 1761–1783. By Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

years' distance, with the march of events so significant as those attending the war for independence. Here, within the compass of a neat, compact volume, the student of history may find minutely noted, in chronological succession, the great body of books, articles, records, diaries, to which he must turn for authority. The Handbook, in the felicitous phrase of its compiler, "is like a continuous foot-note to all histories of the American Revolution." From the writs of assistance to the cessation of hostilities, the literature of every step in the struggle is indicated, fully, intelligibly, and accurately. All this is done, moreover, in so familiar and agreeable a manner that the book is almost readable, and certainly is far more likely to entice the student than a mere formal bibliography.

The book is valuable not only for what it is, but for the substantial argument which its form presents in favor of the study of history by individual investigation. It is beginning to be understood that the history which one makes his own by research is a much more positive part of education than that which one acquires through attentive reading of comprehensive works. The extent to which quite young students, even, may carry the principle of independent investigation is far greater than many imagine, and we have to thank the scientific revival of the day for teaching the teachers the value of methods by which a student is made to master and classify facts, not to accept merely the generalizations of others. This Handbook points the way to the right course of historical study, and it is a most useful book to put into the hands of young readers. It is a clew by which they may find their way through the labyrinth. To quote again from the preface: "I am no great advocate of courses of reading. It often matters little what the line of one's reading is, provided it is pursued, as sciences are most satisfactorily pursued, in a comparative way. The reciprocal influences, the broadening effect, the quickened interest arising from a comparison of sources and authorities, I hold to be marked benefits from such a habit of reading." We trust that the reception given to the book will justify the compiler in carrying out his project of a series, upon the same general plan, covering themes of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, literature, and art.

SCHERER'S DIDEROT.

It is now about ten years since M. Scherer entered politics, and "for party gave up what was meant for mankind." During this time he has worked enthusiastically for the interests of his country, but we cannot help regretting the loss that literature has suffered from his comparative abandonment of writing. He is without doubt the leading French critic now living, and of late years he has published so little on literary matters, at least, and at a time when the most authoritative voice has been that of Zola praising his own writings, that we feel justified in our impatience at the sense of duty which has kept him occupied with other things. We feel as if some one else could have filled his chair in the senate, while there has been no one in France who so combines knowledge, taste, and authority in literary matters.

Scherer has the great merit that he is familiar with other literatures than

the French; and although some people maintain — and with a certain amount of plausibility — that a critic only incapacitates himself for fully appreciating the work of his fellow-countrymen by lingering over foreign models and learning to admire foreign graces, it is yet to be remembered that, so long as writers are moved by the example of what is done in other countries, they cannot themselves be fully understood except by those who trace their inspiration back to its original source. Who, for instance, can fairly comprehend the German literature of the last hundred years without knowing something of that of France and England? How satisfactory is that man's knowledge of Pope and his school who is ignorant of the literature of the reign of Louis XIV.? Pope's method of writing was but the outgrowth of French influence, and to discuss his formal accuracy without making this plain is to commit an error of omission. With what intelligence Scherer writes of foreign literature is evident from the essays on Goethe and Milton, that Mr. Matthew Arnold condensed and made the subject of his comments in two papers, bound up in his Mixed Essays.

In this volume,[1] Scherer gives us a brief study of Diderot, taking for his text the new edition in twenty large volumes that has just appeared in Paris. This edition, the larger part of which came out under the care of M. Assézat, who died after finishing the sixteenth volume, may be taken as a final one. It is a great improvement on the best of those that had preceded it, and contains a new and doubtless more correct version of the Neveu de Rameau. A book about Diderot can hardly fail to be of value, because he is not one of those writers whom it is desirable, or even, one might almost say, possible, to read through. His work is of such different degrees of merit and treats of so great a variety of subjects that the interest of most readers would evaporate in the vain attempt to read every word he wrote. His work was above all things scattering, and it is by taking him up and reading him here and there that one gets the most good from this remarkable man.

[1] *Diderot.* Etude. Par Edmond Scherer. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

He was in the first place a talker, and one of the charms that his writing has is its resemblance to talk. Of beauty of style, of graceful or really eloquent language, there is commonly no trace; but we find, instead, Diderot himself telling us his views, or some incident of his life, often with a fascinating vigor, but seldom with the marked literary grace that we are accustomed to look upon as an essential quality of all French men of letters. More than this, he pours forth his ideas on art, literature, life, philosophy, with abundant fluency, contradicting himself, perhaps, at different times, and again abandoning himself to empty rhetoric, but more frequently surprising the reader with his novelty, truth, and ingenuity. He was one of the first of men to write naturally about art; many of his remarks on literature are of use; and few writers have left a study of life that can compare in force with Rameau's Nephew. He wrote well about the drama, but his own plays were unsuccessful on the stage, and are now practically unreadable. Then, too, much of his work was of a sort that is treated tenderly when it is called disgusting. Yet the fact remains that Diderot was an author whose importance it is hard to exaggerate, and he was great on account of the singular sincerity and enthusiasm of his nature.

We are accustomed to speak of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot together, as if there were a much stronger bond of union between them than the fact that they were contemporaries, and were the objects of the admiration and the hatred of different sections of society. In fact, however, they were very unlike

one another, and Diderot had certain qualities which make him especially interesting to people of the present time. Voltaire's negative criticism has for us more a literary interest than any other; Rousseau's inexactness is unsuited for the present scientific age; while Diderot's thorough-going materialism is not so very different from certain contemporary forms of thought. In art matters, too, he expressed himself in a manner that is peculiarly agreeable to the modern ways of looking at pictures. Moreover, Diderot has the additional charm of having been somewhat neglected of late years.

M. Scherer has no extravagant admiration of Diderot. He sees his faults quite as distinctly as his merits, — and it requires no extraordinary vision to do this — and he writes about him with great impartiality. At some length he expounds Diderot's system of philosophy, which was, on the whole, more strongly marked by consistency and boldness than by other qualities. Evil, for instance, he defined as that which had more disadvantages than advantages, while the good was the contrary of this. Scherer selects a number of passages from Diderot's writings, in which he treats of these questions, and comments upon them briefly. Thus, Diderot said, "Evil is a result of the general laws of nature. In order that it should not exist, these laws must be different. I will say that I have often done my best to imagine a world without evil, but that I have never been able to do it." "Pope has very well shown, after Leibnitz, that the world could not be other than it is; but when he drew the inference that everything is for the best, he uttered an absurdity; he should have been satisfied with saying that everything is necessary." Again, "Let us take things as they are; let us see how much they cost us and how much they give us, and leave the whole as it is; for we do not know it well enough either to praise or blame it, and possibly, after all, it is neither good nor ill, if it is necessary, as so many good people suppose."

These statements, as Scherer says, make it clear that Diderot is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; he is satisfied with knowing the facts, and judges it unnecessary to rebel against them. "I may be wrong," he adds, concerning the last quotation from Diderot, "but there seems to me to be more real philosophy in this than in the bad humors of Schopenhauer and Hartmann."

In a few pages at the end of this chapter, Scherer points out more precisely Diderot's exact place in philosophy. Every movement in philosophy, he says, is a development from some previous doctrine, which it contradicts. Thus, the philosophy of the seventeenth century received from theology the notion of the duality of nature. God was distinguished from the world, the soul from the body. The Creator was conceived of as a clockmaker in front of the clock he had just completed; the body and the soul were looked upon as two watches that ran together in marvelously harmonious union. But this notion in time disappeared, and while now it is wholly dead, it was attacked by the encyclopædists with extraordinary vigor. "Diderot in particular was the author of a synthesis, the originality and power of which would have been sooner recognized if his writings had not been fragmentary, often even rhapsodical, or if they had been at once thoroughly collected. It would be exceedingly unjust to confound him with his rivals, Helvetius, Maupertius, La Mettrie, and D'Holbach. He is head and shoulders above them. He belongs to the same school, possibly to the same race, but he is no less alone among them all by the breadth of his conceptions and the intelligence of his views."

In this way Scherer lets his instructive comment run along by the side of

extracts from Diderot, pointing out his most striking qualities, and helping the reader to a sympathetic comprehension of this remarkable man. When he comes to speak of the Salons, he is naturally enthusiastic; for they are certainly wonderful pieces of writing, and they show perhaps more than anything else the great adaptability of Diderot's genius. He was fifty years old when he began to write them, in 1759, and he discussed all the biennial exhibitions, with one exception, — when he was absent from France, — until 1781. They were, like almost everything that he wrote, but side work. Before he began them he had tried his pen at everything else: he had, when young, studied and taught mathematics; he had written on philosophical matters; he had published various essays, and had tried his hand at the drama. For nine years he had been the master-spirit of the Encyclopædia, on which he continued to work for many years; but whatever attention he had given to art matters had been of the slightest kind. Yet it would be hard to exaggerate the charm, the intelligence, and the truthfulness of his descriptions of the pictures, and of his comments upon them. He branches into all sorts of side matters; he puts in bits of autobiography, and illustrates his meaning by countless anecdotes; and, as Madame Necker said, he translates the pictures into poetry that every one can comprehend. He describes them so that one might almost say a blind man could see them. It is one of the many things to be regretted in the life of Diderot that he never saw Italy. This journey was once proposed, in which he was to have the company of Grimm and Rousseau; but nothing came of the plan, and the world has missed the descriptions he would have given of the masterpieces of painting.

His excellence in this sort of writing is but one of the abundant proofs of Diderot's many-sidedness. In the Encyclopædia he turned his pen to any and every subject. His versatility is to be found on almost every page, and he gave himself great pains about even the most practical subjects of trade and manufactures. Scherer mentions an article on the weaving of stockings which has received the highest praise from competent judges.

This overflowing ability never produced any one great work; it was never devoted to one serious, all-engrossing object. Throughout his life, Diderot was desultory, though busy; and while this scattering of one's force only too often makes any lasting impression impossible, this has not been the case with him. The Encyclopædia, to be sure, is no longer an object of present interest; as Morley suggests, it is like an old fortress that stands where the boundary-lines once ran, but it has long since been succeeded in importance by works that in these days of "scientific frontiers" defend more advanced positions. We turn to it to see how people thought a century ago, rather than to learn how to solve our different problems. Though he wrote about pictures of the fourth or fifth rate, he has taught later critics how works of art are to be written about; but what he has not been excelled in is the intelligence, naturalness, and what we may call the geniality of his digressions. Here, for example, is an extract from one of his letters to Mademoiselle Volland; he is speaking of a monk with whom he dined at a friend's house. They were talking of paternal love, and Diderot said that it was one of the strongest of the affections. "'A father's heart,' I went on, — 'no, only those who have been fathers know what that is; it is a secret that is fortunately kept hidden, even from children.' And then I added, 'The first years I spent in Paris were very wild. My conduct was bad enough to make my father angry, even when only the truth was told him; but there was no lack of backbiting. They told him —

what didn't they tell him? I had a chance to go to see him. I did not hesitate. I started off full of confidence in his kindness. I thought that as soon as he saw me, I should fall into his arms, that we should burst into tears, and that everything would be forgotten. I was right.' Then I stopped and asked the monk if he knew how far it was to my home. 'Sixty leagues, father; and if it were a hundred, do you think that I should have found my father less indulgent, less tender? Far from it. Or if it had been a thousand? How could one be harsh to a child who had come so far? And if he had been in the moon, in Jupiter, in Saturn?' As I was saying these words, my eyes were turned up to the heavens, and my monk, with downcast glance, was pondering over my parable."

Scherer's volume points out very clearly the most marked of Diderot's traits, and it may be read very profitably in connection with Mr. John Morley's admirable volume.

LITERATURE FOR SCHOOLS.

THE movement to supply better reading-books for school-children, which, in its various shapes, we have already noticed, is continued in three volumes of selections already issued from the press: American Prose,[1] by Mr. Scudder; Ballads and Lyrics,[2] by Mr. Lodge; and Masterpieces of English Literature,[3] by Mr. Swinton. The last of these compilations is more confessedly a text-book than the others, and its page wears the more or less repulsive air of the conventional school-reader, with its rows of words for definition, its literary analyses in foot-note, its numerals and asterisks for reference, and its black-faced types for emphasis. But it would not be just to judge it wholly from the general reader's sensitive nerves. It is an instrument contrived for 'prentice-minds, and it is believed that it would serve its purpose all the better for what gives it this uninviting aspect. Mr. Swinton declares a design of restoring literature and rhetoric to their ancient friendship, and he wishes his readers to exercise their knowledge of the science upon the best productions of the art. But here we think he incurs the danger into which the makers of reading-books have always run: that of deforming the delightfulness of literature by making it the subject of too much analysis and dissection. We might hope that the school-master would omit much or little of the taskwork involved by the editor's too conscientious plan, but school-masters are almost necessarily the victims of routine, and it was for the editor not to be so thorough. Occasional comment on the beauty of fine passages, pointing out the elegance and felicity of fortunate expressions, would surely have been better than all this perpetual challenge to the young reader to remark on the form of this word and on the order of those ad-

[1] *American Prose.* Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, Emerson. With Introduction and Notes. By the Editor of American Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

[2] *Ballads and Lyrics.* Selected and arranged by HENRY CABOT LODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

[3] *Masterpieces of English Literature.* Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an aid to systematic literary study. For use in High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries, etc. With portraits. By WILLIAM SWINTON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

jectives; to transpose a certain sentence into the prose order; to say whether a given ellipsis would be allowable in prose; to explain the application of an epithet; to decide whether something is literal or figurative language. To the dry wood these things are insufferable; are they less anguish to the green? Are they not well calculated to make the masterpieces of literature detestable? Boys and girls who are old enough to feel that these pieces are masterly are too old to stand this sort of nagging, as they are much too old to need a large proportion of the definition with which Mr. Swinton over-bountifully supplies them. In short, we doubt if people can be educated to make or to love good literature by the method of instruction directly enforced by this work. The instruction, however, which it indirectly affords is to be measured only by each reader's natural capacity. As a compilation it is excellent; though we are not ready to say it might not have been better for the purpose. We think that in some cases the editor has considered his author too much, and his reader too little. It was certainly not well advised, for instance, to take from a writer like Hawthorne, who abounds in short, complete stories of the highest merit, those passages from the Scarlet Letter descriptive of Hester Prynne's expiation on the pillory, which, noble and beautiful and most pathetic as they are, ought scarcely to be intelligible to those who use the book without embarrassing explanations. We give the worst case of mistaken judgment, where generally the judgment is unfailing; and we have to praise without reserve the choice of criticisms on different authors. These are from the highest sources, and are of course admirable literature in themselves. As a whole, in spite of the method on which it is constructed, the book is and must be interesting. Mr. Swinton is himself a clear and agreeable writer, and he is a genuine lover of letters, who could not help doing his work with zest and pleasure. At its worst, and in its most technical phase, it is a vast advance upon the ordinary school-reader of commerce.

Mr. Lodge's book is one of those tasks which finds itself already largely done through the survival of the fittest in the works of former compilers. It is hard for any present editor to improve upon the taste of Mr. Palgrave in the same direction, or even to get far away from it, as far as English song is concerned. What Mr. Lodge has done, of real and original value, is putting in just relation to the old favorites a very great number of beautiful and familiar American poems. It is pleasant to find that an editor can here be patriotic without sacrificing himself or his reader, and without giving any American poem where there was an English poem so good of its kind. Mr. Lodge's preface explains the motive and the plan of his work, which we cordially approve, and he has notably succeeded in giving to the youth of both sexes a prospect of good ballad and lyrical poetry without those distracting features of which such poetry is, for his purpose, somewhat embarrassingly full. We have also to admire the clearness, succinctness, and completeness of his biographical notices of the authors quoted. These are necessarily in much greater number and much briefer than the charming criticisms with which Mr. Scudder introduces each of his authors. This writer, always tasteful and pleasing, has nowhere shown more delicate perception or finer discrimination than in these graceful comments. They are perfectly sufficient for the end intended, and we believe that all intelligent young people will find them valuably suggestive. Mr. Scudder has succeeded in the difficult affair of talking always within their comprehension without talking down to it, and this leaves his book agreeable to both old and young.

His selections from the different authors are marked by the same insight

and judgment which governed his choice in his volume of American Poems; and they are even less open to objection. They might have been different; we do not see how they could well have been better; and the book is not only a testimony to his taste, but is a proof of the richness of our prose, — of its fresh material and its beautiful art, — which will have something of surprise in it for any one who first considers his authors in their present juxtaposition. The impression of grace, of subtlety, of elegance, is one which we should hardly receive from the same number of English writers of any period; and the new force, the sympathetic life, which inspires the admirable art is there in degree which easily establishes our nationality in literature. Our young people cannot be taught to understand this too soon. The foible of the moment with us is not to think well enough of the excellence of American work.

MIND IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

Dr. Lindsay's volumes [1] are partly of an expert and partly of a non-expert character. In the gathering of facts, in the collating of anecdotes, statements, and inferences from statements, relating to animals of different kinds, the author shows a noble industry, unusual energy, and most creditable painstaking. He, however, suffers himself to publish facts which may not be facts, and on testimony which by the mildest and softest criticism is unsatisfactory.

In the arrangement of the facts, and in their coördination and adjustment, he is deficient to a degree that, in this scientific age, is quite phenomenal. The headings of the chapters and the sub-headings and italicizations indicate a defect in analytical and combining power. The defect is more impressive from this: that the power of combination is the most conspicuous factor in the English scientific mind of to-day. Germany originates, while England combines, and combines and develops in such a way as to make far more practical, interesting, and valuable works than those of the philosophic thinkers of Germany from whom Englishmen derive their inspiration. In the scientific sense, that is, in the power of seeing nature through the intellect rather than through the emotions, this author is also wanting. His heart is so large and active that he cheerfully and instantaneously, as it appears, accepts any anecdote relating to animals that, from his point of view, would seem to exalt them to or above the plane of humanity. His subject is one of extreme importance and suggestiveness; so much so that, in spite of the literary and scientific defects of these volumes, they are of very considerable value, although any one especially devoted to this side of psychology would find constant effort of the will required in order to read them through in detail. Very many of the stories contained in the work have been published before, and are to be found in accessible volumes; others are new, or comparatively so; and others have been brought to public attention in the first instance by this author; and the gathering of these illustrations of animal psychology, in spite of the non-expert manner of arranging them, will be of permanent service to those who shall hereafter attempt to raise psychology to a science. Psychology is a science of the future, be-

[1] *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.* By W. Lauder Lindsay, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

ing now very much in the condition that astronomy was before the time of Galileo and Newton; and every contribution to it or to any of its subsidiary sciences is to be welcomed as an aid to students in this realm of thought.

In the chapter on the unsolved problems of psychology, the author states that animals can discover a master's thoughts or intentions, and thus know beforehand projected murders or robberies; and that on the island of Tahiti the approach of a ship is signaled by the simultaneous crowing of all the cocks on the island long before it is sighted by the inhabitants. In the same chapter he discusses interestingly, though not satisfactorily, the way-finding and way-losing of animals in the dark, or in snow-storms, or in dangerous and perplexing localities, or in the confusion of battles. In regard to the migration of birds, he says, "No proper explanation is offered as to the sort of guidance birds have in crossing long stretches of land or sea, by day or *night.*"

The author is less strong in the philosophic portions of his work: he reels, staggers, and at times sinks to the earth beneath the burdens of the real or supposed facts of animal psychology; at times the subject is master of him, not he of the subject. His chapter on the religion of animals is probably the feeblest in the book. The weakness of a discussion of this subject is apparent in every sentence; and he nowhere gives any satisfactory definition of religion, without which it is most unwise to attempt an essay on such a topic as this. Indeed, this whole chapter is non-expert, from beginning to end. The opportunity presented by this branch of his subject was magnificent, had he been prepared for it. The man who shall write on the psychology of religion in such a way as to reduce the subject to a science will make an era in philosophy. Dr. Lindsay is not to be censured for his inability to solve the problem which the ablest thinkers of all ages have attacked in vain; but, had he thought somewhat more scientifically on this theme, he might at least have seen that without a definition of religion, a clear idea of what he meant by it, it were better to say nothing about it. If the whole work were like this chapter, the two volumes would have to be unhesitatingly and absolutely condemned. Equally unscientific are the author's remarks on superstition in animals, inasmuch as he gives no definition, and evidently has no definition in his own mind, even vague and indefinite, of what superstition is, and what its relations are to science on the one hand, and to religion on the other. If he had defined superstition by the old method, as religion out of fashion, he either would have made this chapter better, or would not have written it at all. A good definition is a scientific discovery; in psychology many such discoveries are yet to be made.

The book is based on this truth, or truism: that the difference between the lower animals and the higher animals, as man, is, so far as we can see with mortal vision, a difference only of degree, of growth, of development, of evolution; man being but a loftier or more complex branch of the universal biological tree. In a number of his chapters, indeed, in nearly all of them, Dr. Lindsay traverses territory which Darwin has previously explored; and in these explorations he has undertaken a labor that requires for its successful prosecution a philosopher who shall combine Darwin's industry with Spencer's, or even a greater than Spencer's, psychological analysis and acumen.

We turned with much eagerness to the chapter on Insanity in Animals, but were grievously and painfully disappointed, as we found therein but very little solid and trustworthy information. The author's remarks on insanity in general, and especially on insanity in the semi-

savage and barbarian races, show that on such themes he is a learner, not a teacher; and that those who seek for facts and philosophizings in regard to these matters must close his volumes, and go in some other direction. It can be proved, and has been proved as satisfactorily as it is possible to prove any fact in science outside of pure mathematics, that insanity of any form or phase is very rare indeed among savages of any race, country, or age, although it may, and does now and then, in some of its manifestations, exist among them, and has always existed; but in the main it is, with all its complex manifestations, a result and an accompaniment of the friction of modern civilization. Our author no doubt exaggerates the amount of insanity among animals: partly because he has no clearly defined idea of what insanity is; and partly because he accepts statements which would have been rejected, or held in abeyance, by any one well endowed with the scientific spirit.

Our general conclusion is that all who are interested in the problems of psychology should read these volumes, but read them with the expectation that they may be wearied and disappointed, as well as instructed, by them. The work is interesting, but interesting in spite of the author.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

For some years I have been a contributor to magazines and other periodicals, and for much of the time I have been editorially connected either with a magazine or with a newspaper. My experience, therefore, has often been somewhat novel. I remember one instance in which I successfully resisted a temptation, and a man has so few opportunities of recording a victory of this kind that I cheerfully avail myself of the chance.

A certain editor asked me for a contribution, and I sent him one. In a very short time he returned it, with a letter almost as long as my article, in which he stated, with great minuteness, exactly what his periodical required of its contributors. He mentioned the subjects which should be treated, with the regulation length of articles, and explained what particular emotions they ought to excite, and what good principles they should encourage. He did not say that my article was lacking in any of the necessary requisites, but, as he sent it back, I was left to infer that it was so lacking.

Now, of course it was perfectly right for the editor to say what he wanted, but I could not help wishing that he had expressed himself thus clearly when he asked me to write for him.

Some months passed on, and this editor sent an article to the periodical with which I was "editorially connected." He was not aware that I was so connected, and that it was my duty to decide upon manuscripts submitted for publication. If he had known it, I think he would have addressed himself directly to me.

I read his article very carefully. I desired, earnestly, to accept it. I wanted to write him a note over my own name, in which I should gratify that desire for revenge, — sometimes small and evanescent, but which is as certain to spring up in the mind of the author of a rejected contribution as the desire to cackle is sure to spring up in the mind of a hen who has just laid an egg, — by telling him

how much I liked his article, and how I would use my every effort to have it printed at an early date. But all this was simply impossible. His paper was moderately good in its way, but in subject and treatment it was as entirely unsuitable for my periodical as an article on the Ramifications of Buddhism would be for the Wheelwright's Gazette. It would not do at all; there was no possibility of its being accepted.

It then occurred to me that, as I could not make use of any coals of fire, I might have recourse to an entirely different policy, and try what lumps of ice would do. This method of treatment I could follow by returning his article with a note, in which I should copy *verbatim* his remarks about the kind of contributions that were needed for the periodical which he edited. These remarks would apply very well to our publication, and he could then see in regard to his returned contribution what I had seen regarding mine. I regret to say that I considered this matter for some time. There was a neatness about the contemplated act which tempted me, as a stiletto in the belt of a sleeping monk would have tempted the hand of an unoccupied Italian bravo. My soul yearned to place on the back of that manuscript the inscription, "Dec. w. i. n.," which would mean, "Decline, with inclosed note." But my better editorial nature began to assert itself, and I felt that I must not inclose the only note I cared to write. I could not even justify myself in indorsing the article, "Dec. ten.," or, "Decline tenderly," by which the clerk of our returning board would know that he must write a regretful and soothing letter; for, in this case, such action would be clear hypocrisy. So I simply wrote, "Dec. w. s.," or, "Decline, with slip," which inscription would cause the article to go back to the writer with one of those printed slips containing a form of refusal in which the English language is made to fulfill to the utmost the Talleyrandic idea of the use and purpose of speech.

I suppose the author in question was shocked when his article came back to him in this wise, and felt, probably, very much as the before-mentioned monk would have felt had he been rudely awakened from his pleasant dreams by a kick from the repentant bravo. But little he knew what a rueful thrust he had escaped!

— I have come to the conclusion that small towns are not good institutions, although at first sight they would seem to possess advantages of their own over both cities and rural districts.

In that it is not a city, the small town rejoices in the absence of monotonous blocks of tall houses shutting out the light and air, and also of unpleasant odors, and other such city nuisances; while, on the other hand, the town contrasts favorably in some respects with the mere country village, as in its good flagged sidewalks, for instance, which replace the muddy pathways on which the patient villager must trudge for half the year at least. But this, I consider, is only a superficial view of the small town; it is what tempts the inexperienced to try living in it; but a few years of residence make clear what is to be said on the other side of the question. Briefly stated, the objection to the town is that it is neither city nor country, and gives none of the special pleasures of rural or metropolitan life. In the great city you give up the sight of green fields and running brooks and ample sky spaces for the sake of libraries, music, the drama, and society. In the village you learn, after a fashion, to do without these, finding compensation in your farm or your garden, your dogs, your pleasant walks and drives. But how much of any of these things does the small-townsman enjoy? Perhaps his town, after a time, calls itself a city, begins to raise the taxes and lay out superfluous streets; perhaps, too, it attains to some books

and a reading-room; yet, after all, it remains in essentials a town still. And one town is pretty much like another in all its chief features; one comparative advantage is counterbalanced by some disadvantage. *Experto crede.* I have lived in half a dozen different ones.

In one of his stories, Mr. Henry James numbers among the misfortunes endured by the agreeable widow Cecilia her residence in Northampton. I don't suppose the writer has any spite against that particular town, but means to indicate his opinion with respect to the small town in general; and one cannot help feeling that life in it is a real, undeniable discomfort for all persons of any social, literary, or artistic tastes. But village life affords gratification for one healthy taste, — the love of nature. In exchange for the museum and theatre it offers the enjoyment of woods and fields; and this is just what the town does not offer. You must take a longer walk than Americans commonly enjoy before you can get beyond the limits of the straggling town, — most of our towns do straggle. I know that the actual village in New England, at least, is not the one that fancy paints; it is not even Miss Mitford's village in picturesque Old England, for one searches in vain for the shady green lanes and bowery hedgerows she tells of. Yet our villages, if not in the richest country, are in the country still: one has enough of grass and trees, such as they are; the roads go wandering as they choose; and the sky shows itself not in patches, but from one side to the other of its great dome. The town merely tantalizes you with the suggestion of nature's sweetnesses; in the city you forget all about them. I believe that citizens who are sensible enough to spend their summer vacation in genuine country places make more acquaintance with nature and come to love her more than the townsfolk who content themselves the year round with the half acre or acre of ground that separates them from their neighbors, and such trees and flowers as they can crowd into it. Of course in the village there is no society; but neither is there in the town. Even if society means for us not a succession of receptions and balls, but intercourse with a circle of genial friends, we are certain to find these among the whole city-full; but in the town, where the number to choose from is so diminished, the circle reduces itself to perhaps but one or two persons, and we are no better off than in the village.

— One is constantly tempted, in writing of Mr. James's stories, to employ the terms belonging to art, so curiously does his work seem to encroach on the painter's; to borrow an illustration from the technique of art, he appears to have devised for Confidence a scheme of color, by which all the parts are nicely related to each other, so that consistency is secured, while no one part has a distinct individual relation to nature. Take, for example, the dead matter of fact presupposed of Gordon Wright. In the world in which all the other characters move it is highly reasonable and consistent; but the moment the reader withdraws the character from the book, and compares him with truthful, candid, and outspoken people of his acquaintance, there is a collapse; he cannot stand the air of nature. The old story, at which artists shudder, of the birds pecking at the grapes in Zeuxis's painting might be reversed in the case of Mr. James's novel: we put out our hand to feel the canvas.

The subtlety and grace of his writing pique us into a critical mood. It seems impossible to enjoy his work rationally, that is, to follow the fortunes of his characters with a lively interest in them; we are curious to see how he achieves his effects; we become critics with him; his own attitude toward his creations, essentially an analytic one, becomes ours, and we get our satisfaction in winding with him through the mazes of their psychology. A device which he

has employed in Confidence, not for the first time, heightens this temper. The book is narrated in the third person, yet nothing takes place except under the immediate ken of one of the characters. If Mr. Bernard Longueville had been writing the story in autobiographic form, he could not more carefully have preserved the proprieties of that mode of composition. The novelist's license of shifting the scenes is ascetically avoided; if the scene shifts Mr. Longueville shifts with it. It is a clever device for holding the story together without the apparent disadvantages of an autobiographic form; but one consequence is the further concentration of interest in the evolution of the characters. These have still less individuality and separateness of existence; they are all spun out of Mr. Longueville's brain, and the author fortifies himself by advertising at the outset that this young man was "of a contemplative and speculative turn."

But how ingenuously in all this talk about Confidence have I pronounced my own criticism upon the critic! I have not described the book, nor given an inkling of its plot; I have only done what I have accused Mr. James of doing unconsciously, — I have written the writer. By such frivolity have I intimated the cosmogony of Mr. James's novels; they rest on criticism, and out of that criticism is spun other criticism, and out of that other, and so on to the *n*th power. Criticise the critic, good reader, and be criticised yourself in turn.

— Confidence is no better in point of workmanship than its author's earlier novels, but neither is it any less finished than they. Mr. James has been writing with such continuousness and rapidity that it was pleasant to be confirmed by the reading of this last story in my trust that he was too thorough an artist, and one too careful of his reputation among the best appreciators of good work, to permit himself any relaxation in the effort after perfection. The story, of that ingenious but slight kind which only writers gifted as Mr. James should attempt to handle, seems to me a pleasanter though not more interesting one than any he has yet written. We are not balked of our natural if weak-minded desire to have matters turn out comfortably for the good hero and heroine. Here is a peculiar and delicate situation or complication of affairs, out of which all the actors come with satisfaction to themselves, and with equal credit to the hearts, if not to the heads, of all. I have heard the dreadful accusation brought against this delightful novelist of seeming a somewhat cold-blooded chronicler; and though, remembering his sympathetic treatment of such singularly good-hearted fellows as Rowland Mallet and Christopher Newman, the charge always seemed to me quite unfounded, yet I am glad to be able henceforth to point confidently to Confidence in refutation of it. No indifferent dissector of human nature wrote it, I am convinced. If I were going to find any fault with Mr. James it would be that he sets his cleverness, to call it by no higher name, easier tasks than it seems equal to; but perhaps he estimates his own abilities and their limitations more fairly than others can do for him.

— When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a people to twist the fine old word gentleman into "gent," I have no doubt that life and literature, however much they may laugh in their sleeve, will bow politely to the innovation. But neither life nor literature will ever be able to detect the slightest connection between the dropping of the *u* from such words as honour and the telescoping of the word gentleman. "Gent" is simply a contraction of the first two syllables of the word, and represents gentleman no more than it represents gentlewoman. I do not object to "gents" as a contraction of gentlemen, for that is precisely what it

is not. I object to it for what it is, — a bastard word, disowned by its putative father, and frequenting only the lowest company. Where on earth did it get that "s," — that pert, wicked little s, which refuses to give any coherent account of itself? What is it doing there, any way, except trying to make a plural of "gentle"?

No doubt posterity is lying in wait to play strange tricks with our language, just as we have done and are doing with that of our ancestors. I have no warm blood to shed in the matter. I am quite willing to indulge the hope that the philologist of the future will endeavor to simplify things for those honest souls who look upon language as merely a means of communication, so that all gents. may be enabled to transact their bis. with as little troub. as pos.

— The contributor who instances the abbreviation of "cabriolet" into *cab* as a good reason for condensing gentleman into *gent* employs a specious argument. Because a legitimate abridgment of a certain word is excellent, it by no means follows that all abridgments, whether legitimate or not, are equally excellent. "Cabriolet" and "caravan" belong to a class of words with which one may take liberties; but there are words which refuse to lend themselves to indignity.

Gentlemen is a fine, strong word, and *gents* is a very feeble substitute. It is, moreover, an arbitrary contraction, for we do not say "gentlemens." (Even the garment which gents always wear is less objectionable than the wearers themselves, for *pants* is honestly cut out of "pantaloons.") Of course the reply to this will be that *gents* is the natural plural of *gent*. But our colored brethren, who say "gen'l'men," are the contractors to whom *I* would give the job of pruning the word gentleman, if it must be pruned. To be sure, they lop it rather cruelly, but they at least manage to leave a little of its original significance.

— I hasten to sustain, so far as I can, the position assumed by the contributor who had the courage to speak out in the June meeting and defend *gent*. It is a firm, simple, sonorous word, and is bound to supplant the pretentious, toddling compound "gentleman." Rose-watered literary men, who part their hair in the middle and use tooth-powder, and have no sympathy with the philological struggles of the poor, may turn up their noses, but *gent* is a word that appeals to the intelligence of the great masses. Thackeray understood this perfectly when he penned those beautiful lines, —

> "Who misses or who wins the prize:
> Go, lose or conquer, as you meant;
> But if you fail, or if you rise,
> Be each and all, pray God, *a gent!*"

How finely Tennyson speaks of

> "The grand old name of *gent*"!

And what felicitous use is made of the word by Dekker, the dramatist, where he says of Christ, —

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true *gent* that ever breathed"!

— Lately, in a mixed company, one called attention to the high-flown description of "a Beacon Street boudoir," forming part of a story in the March number of a certain popular monthly. After describing the silks, satins, velvets, laces, bricabrac, etc., the aspiring author (or authoress) caps the climax by saying, "The odor of *pot-pourri* is everywhere prevalent." Whereupon we all laugh hugely. "Oho! Here 's richness! Onions and garlic — turnips and beans — melodies and harmonies. Happy heiress, who could afford to have her boudoir thus scented!" It was a rather good joke, certainly, at the expense of the absent romancer. But there happened to be a bright-eyed Boston woman present, who (waiting till the laugh had been fully enjoyed) said quietly, "But don't you know that pot-pourri is also used as the name of a per-

fume? Our grandmothers used to put rose-leaves and violets and rosemary and spices into a great jar, — with salt, I believe, — and keep them for years to spread a perfume through their rooms." After a pause of blank dismay, and after an appeal to the dictionary, we all laughed again, though this time it was at our own expense. Well, it is not often we can get two merry-thoughts out of the same bird, or two laughs out of the same jest.

— What another member of the Club says about traveling is worthy of far wider application. How universal is the desire in all social life to follow the lead of the crowd rather than our private tastes! People buy clothes, read books, select music, china, ornaments, in short everything, — even build their houses, — for other people's admiration rather than their own comfort. For instance, every person of common sense knows that a square house, ample, and with a hall running right through to kitchen and offices in a wing, is the most comfortable and inexpensive of all houses; but there is not one house in five hundred constructed in these days without a tower, or a tiny bay-window, or a sharp gabled roof; while within, two cramped rooms and a bedroom nine feet square make the habitation for the owners, who might have built a plain dwelling forty feet or even fifty feet square for the same money. This exterioration is the curse of the age.

— In the May Contributors' Club, I find the exultations of a brother who successfully tripped up a boat-load of clergymen on the text, — or *con*-text, — "He that runs may read." Let him try it next on the generally accepted statement that Absalom was caught by his hair in the boughs of an oak; or that some people "roll sin like a sweet morsel under their tongue." Either of these nets will catch plenty of prey.

— It has long been conceded that the general atmosphere of New England is more rife with purely intellectual ambition than any other part of the country, if not of the world; and it is also evident that the women of New England must necessarily share in that ambition, and drift into the modes of thinking and the intellectual activities which so many agencies about them suggest. The fathers of New England girls are very often much more concerned about educating their daughters than their sons, and take an intense pride in the success with which they make their examinations. The education of girls not only makes no provision for developing the affections, the softer qualities of womanhood, but it ignores and even crushes them! The New England girl has a horror of being thought warm-hearted so far as men are concerned. She rather cultivates a cool, indifferent manner, as if it were a blemish to have a heart; and if she is inclined to be coquettish it is rarely in a style that would be considered languishing. Yet she has a heart, after all, and will lavish an intense devotion upon female friends, that her critics would probably think was stolen from some man. It is the ambition of American fathers, I repeat, which turns the thoughts of the daughters always in the direction of mental preëminence; as they themselves aim at supremacy of style in dress. But when we reflect upon the woman who holds the truest and steadiest of a man's affections, whom do we find her to be? Not the wife, alas, nor the sweetheart even, but the mother. And does the man care that his mother was never handsome, or brilliant, or even well dressed? Not in the least. But he knows that she always loved him, felt for him, sympathized with him, and for that he gives her an allegiance which ends only with his life. The men of a nation inevitably make the women what they will, and the women in return impress upon their children what they have received from their own fathers. Hence it comes that

the existence of the American woman has become almost as purely objective as that of the man. Her ideal of life from her cradle has been associated with the maximum of exertion. There is no quietude among Americans, and wonderfully little egotism in their social life. It is a never-ending series of sensations and mental shocks, which keeps the whole being in a nervous quiver, and allows no time for any quality save that of energy to develop itself symmetrically. The American woman is as unquiet in her thoughts and enslaved by her duties, however light, as the man. Even when she visits she has no air of repose. Her conversation is not thoughtful, but *actful.* She tells you what she does or suffers, not what she thinks or feels. There is no reverie about her, no suggestion of that brooding spirit which indicates a capacity for impassioned affection, — a capacity which to bachelors is always ideally seductive, however little the married man may appreciate or return it. Yet, generally speaking, undemonstrative as the American girl may be, she will wear her life out in working for the man she loves. She forgets all about *being* for him in that merciless energy which always drives her into *doing* for him.

Her character is full of the lights which dazzle, but it is wanting in the tender shadows which soften her personality.

To illustrate the restless activity of American women, I will instance one whom I knew very well. She boasted that she was *never idle a moment*, and having extraordinary intellectual gifts she wore herself out before she was forty, and left a large family of daughters, whose temperaments were all disastrously affected with an over-nervous susceptibility that will torment them their whole lives.

There is, again, another reason why the American girl seems cold to the superficial observer. It is because she is *free.* She is educated to repress emotion, because her independent movements expose her to contact with men of all classes, among whom there are many very "vile persons." Her coldness of demeanor, therefore, is her armor against impertinence or even worse things. She passes, Diana-like, through crowds of men every day, not one of whom for one instant suspects her of being other than she is, because her manner shows her at once to be a free-born, spotless American woman! They never dream that because no one is watching her, she means to go astray.

The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men is striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in their philosophies or their mathematics, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast a turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to *exist*, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her, "You are not only yourself, but possibly the future mother of other beings. Do not therefore allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably, or pleasurably. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dress-making, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry, and without emulation. As the apostle said (and it must have been meant expressly for Americans), 'avoid emulation.' Find out first what you can do best, and even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."

THE

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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XVIII.

The general effect on Stillwater of Mr. Shackford's death and the peculiar circumstances attending the tragedy have been set forth in the earlier chapters of this narrative. The influence which that event exerted upon several persons then but imperfectly known to the reader is now to occupy us.

On the conclusion of the strike, Richard had returned, in the highest spirits, to his own rooms in Lime Street; but the quiet week that followed found him singularly depressed. His nerves had been strung to their utmost tension during those thirteen days of suspense; he had assumed no light responsibility in the matter of closing the yard, and there had been moments when the task of sustaining Mr. Slocum had appeared almost hopeless. Now that the strain was removed a reaction set in, and Richard felt himself unnerved by the fleeing shadow of the trouble which had not caused him to flinch so long as it faced him.

The recollection of his quarrel with his cousin, which the rush of subsequent events had partly crowded out of the young man's mind, began to assail him whenever he was alone. How cruelly he had been misunderstood! He brooded over the mortification he had received until the thought of it became unbearable; yet what steps could he take to disabuse the cynical old man of the idea that an attempt had been made to extort money from him? Richard was no longer contented to pass the evening with a book in his own chamber; when not with Margaret, his restlessness drove him out into the streets, where he wandered for hours, frequently not returning to his lodgings until long after every one was abed.

On the morning and at the moment when Mary Hennessey was pushing open the scullery door of the house in Welch's Court, and was about to come upon the body of the forlorn old man lying there in his night-dress, Richard sat eating his breakfast in a silent and preoccupied mood. He had retired very late the previous night, and his lack-lustre eyes showed the effect of insufficient sleep. His single fellow-boarder, Mr. Pinkham, had not returned from his customary early walk, and only Richard and Mrs. Spooner, the landlady, were at table. The former was in the act of lifting the coffee-cup to his lips, when the school-master burst excitedly into the room.

"Old Mr. Shackford is dead!" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair near the door. "There 's a report down in the village that he has been murdered.

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I don't know if it is true. . . . God forgive my abruptness! I did n't think!" and Mr. Pinkham turned an apologetic look towards Richard, who sat there deathly pale, holding the cup rigidly within an inch or two of his lip, and staring blankly into space like a statue.

"I — I ought to have reflected," murmured the school-master, covered with confusion at his maladroitness. "It was very reprehensible in Craggie to make such an announcement to me so suddenly, on a street corner. I — I was quite upset by it."

Richard pushed back his chair without replying, and passed into the hall, where he encountered a messenger from Mr. Slocum, confirming Mr. Pinkham's intelligence, but supplementing it with the rumor that Lemuel Shackford had committed suicide.

Richard caught up his hat from a table, and hurried to Welch's Court. Before reaching the house he had somewhat recovered his outward composure; but he was still pale and internally much agitated, for he had received a great shock, as Lawyer Perkins afterwards observed to Mr. Ward in the reading-room of the tavern. Both these gentlemen were present when Richard arrived, as were also several of the immediate neighbors and two constables. The latter were guarding the door against the crowd which had already begun to collect in the front yard.

A knot of carpenters, with their tool-boxes on their shoulders, had halted at the garden gate on their way to Bishop's new stables, and were glancing curiously at the unpainted façade of the house, which seemed to have taken on a remote, bewildered expression, as if it had an inarticulate sense of the horror within. The men ceased their whispered conversation as Richard approached, and respectfully moved aside to let him pass.

Nothing had been changed in the cheerless room on the ground floor, with its veneered mahogany furniture and its yellowish leprous wall-paper, peeling off at the seams here and there. A cane-seated chair, overturned near the table, had been left untouched, and the body was still lying in the position in which the Hennessey girl had discovered it. A strange chill — something unlike any atmospherical sharpness, a chill that seemed to exhale from the thin, pinched nostrils — permeated the apartment. The orioles were singing madly outside, their vermilion bosoms glowing like live coals against the tender green of the foliage, and appearing to break into flame as they took sudden flights hither and thither; but within all was still. On entering the chamber Richard was smitten by the silence, — that silence which shrouds the dead, and is like no other. Lemuel Shackford had not been kind or cousinly; he had blighted Richard's childhood with harshness and neglect, and had lately heaped cruel insult upon him; but as he stood there alone, and gazed for a moment at the firmly shut lips upon which the mysterious white dust of death had already settled, — the lips that were never to utter any more bitter things, — the tears gathered in Richard's eyes and ran slowly down his cheek. After all said and done, Lemuel Shackford was his kinsman, and blood is thicker than water!

Coroner Whidden shortly appeared on the scene, accompanied by a number of persons; a jury was impaneled, and then began that inquest which resulted in shedding so very little light on the catastrophe.

The investigation completed, there were endless details to attend to, — papers to be hurriedly examined and sealed, and arrangements made for the funeral on the succeeding day. These matters occupied Richard until late in the afternoon, when he retired to his lodgings, looking in on Margaret for a few minutes on his way home.

"This is too dreadful!" said Marga-

ret, clinging to his hand with fingers nearly as icy as his own.

"It is unspeakably sad," answered Richard, — "the saddest thing I ever knew."

"Who — who could have been so cruel?"

Richard shook his head.

"No one knows."

The funeral took place on Thursday, and on Friday morning, as has been stated, Mr. Taggett arrived in Stillwater, and installed himself in Welch's Court, to the wonder of many in the village, who would not have slept a night in that house, with only a servant in the north gable, for half the universe. Mr. Taggett was a person who did not allow himself to be swayed by his imagination.

Here, then, he began his probing of a case which, on the surface, promised to be a very simple one. The man who had been seen driving rapidly along the turnpike sometime near daybreak, on Wednesday, was presumably the man who could tell him all about it. But it did not prove so. Neither Thomas Blufton, nor William Durgin, nor any of the tramps subsequently obliged to drop into autobiography could be connected with the affair.

These first failures served to stimulate Mr. Taggett; it required a complex case to stir his ingenuity and sagacity. That the present was not a complex case he was still convinced, after four days' futile labor upon it. Mr. Shackford had been killed — either with malice prepense or on the spur of the moment — for his money. The killing had likely enough not been premeditated; the old man had probably opposed the robbery. Now, among the exceptionally rough population of the town there were possibly fifty men who would not have hesitated to strike down Mr. Shackford if he had caught them *flagrante delicto* and resisted them, or attempted to call for succor. That the crime was committed by some one in Stillwater or in the neighborhood Mr. Taggett had never doubted since the day of his arrival. The clumsy manner in which the staple had been wrenched from the scullery door showed the absence of a professional hand. Then the fact that the deceased was in the habit of keeping money in his bedchamber was a fact well known in the village, and not likely to be known outside of it, though of course it might have been. It was clearly necessary for Mr. Taggett to carry his investigation into the workshops and among the haunts of the class which was indubitably to furnish him with the individual he wanted. Above all, it was necessary that the investigation should be secret. An obstacle obtruded itself here: everybody in Stillwater knew everybody, and a stranger appearing on the streets or dropping frequently into the tavern would not escape comment.

The man with the greatest facility for making the requisite researches would of course be some workman. But a workman was the very agent not to be employed under the circumstances. How many times, and by what strange fatality, had a guilty party been selected to shadow his own movements or those of an accomplice! No, Mr. Taggett must rely only on himself, and his plan was forthwith matured. Its execution, however, was delayed several days, the cooperation of Mr. Slocum and Mr. Richard Shackford being indispensable.

At this stage Richard went to New York, where his cousin had made extensive investments in real estate. For a careful man, the late Mr. Shackford had allowed his affairs there to become strangely tangled. The business would detain Richard a fortnight.

Three days after his departure Mr. Taggett himself left Stillwater, having apparently given up the case; a proceeding which was severely criticised, not only in the columns of The Stillwater Gazette, but by the townsfolks at large,

who immediately relapsed into a state of apprehension approximating that of the morning when the crime was discovered. Mr. Pinkham, who was taking tea that evening at the Danas', threw the family into a panic by asserting his belief that this was merely the first of a series of artistic assassinations in the manner of those Memorable Murders recorded by De Quincey. Mr. Pinkham may have said this to impress the four Dana girls with the variety of his reading, but the recollection of De Quincey's harrowing paper had the effect of so unhinging the young school-master that when he found himself, an hour or two afterwards, in the lonely, unlighted street he flitted home like a belated ghost, and was ready to drop at every tree-box.

The next forenoon a new hand was taken on at Slocum's Yard. The new hand, who had come on foot from South Millville, at which town he had been set down by the seven o'clock express that morning, was placed in the apprentice department, — there were five or six apprentices now. Though all this was part of an understood arrangement, Mr. Slocum nearly doubted the fidelity of his own eyes when Mr. Taggett, a smooth-faced young fellow of one and twenty, if so old, with all the traits of an ordinary workingman down to the neglected finger-nails, stepped up to the desk to have the name of Blake entered on the pay-roll. Either by chance or by design, Mr. Taggett had appeared but seldom on the streets of Stillwater; the few persons who had had anything like familiar intercourse with him in his professional capacity were precisely the persons with whom his present movements were not likely to bring him into juxtaposition, and he ran slight risk of recognition by others. With his hair closely cropped, and the overhanging brown mustache removed, the man was not so much disguised as transformed. "I should n't have known him!" muttered Mr. Slocum, as he watched Mr. Taggett signing the indentures. During the ensuing ten or twelve days Mr. Slocum never wholly succeeded in extricating himself from the foggy uncertainty generated by that one brief interview. From the moment the new hand was assigned a bench under the sheds, Mr. Slocum saw little or nothing of him.

Mr. Taggett took lodging in a room in one of the most crowded of the low boarding-houses, — a room accommodating two beds besides his own: the first occupied by a brother neophyte in marble-cutting, and the second by a morose middle-aged man with one eyebrow a trifle higher than the other, as if it had been twisted out of line by the strain of habitual intoxication. This man's name was Wollaston, and he worked at Dana's.

Mr. Taggett's initial move was to make himself popular in the marble yard, and especially at the tavern, where he spent money freely, though not so freely as to excite any remark except that the lad was running through pretty much all his small pay, — a recklessness which was charitably condoned in Snelling's bar-room. He formed multifarious friendships, and had so many sensible views on the labor problem, advocating the general extinguishment of capitalists, and so on, that his admittance to the Marble Workers Association resolved itself into merely a question of time. The old prejudice against apprentices was already wearing off. The quiet, evasive man of few words was now a loquacious talker, holding his own with the hardest hitters, and very skillful in giving offense to no one. "Whoever picks up Blake for a fool," Dexter remarked one night, "will put him down again." Not a shadow of suspicion followed Mr. Taggett in his various comings and goings. He seemed merely a good-natured, intelligent devil; perhaps a little less devilish and a trifle more intelligent than the rest, but not otherwise different. Denyven, Peters,

Dexter, Willson, and others in and out of the Slocum clique were Blake's sworn friends. In brief, Mr. Taggett had the amplest opportunities to prosecute his studies. Only for a pained look which sometimes latterly shot into his eyes, as he worked at the bench, or as he walked alone in the street, one would have imagined that he was thoroughly enjoying the half-vagabond existence.

The supposition would have been erroneous, for in the progress of those fourteen days' apprenticeship Mr. Taggett had received a wound in the most sensitive part of his nature; he had been forced to give up what no man ever relinquishes without a wrench, — his own idea.

With the exception of an accident in Dana's Mill, by which Torrini's hand had been so badly mangled that amputation was deemed necessary, the two weeks had been eventless outside of Mr. Taggett's personal experience. What that experience was will transpire in its proper place. Margaret was getting daily notes from Richard, and Mr. Slocum, overburdened with the secret of Mr. Taggett's presence in the yard, — a secret confined exclusively to Mr. Slocum, Richard, and Justice Beemis, — was restlessly awaiting developments.

The developments came that afternoon when Mr. Taggett walked into the office and startled Mr. Slocum, sitting at the desk. The two words which Mr. Taggett then gravely and coldly whispered in Mr. Slocum's ear were, —

"RICHARD SHACKFORD."

XIX.

Mr. Slocum, who had partly risen from the chair, sank back into his seat. "Good God!" he said, turning very pale. "Are you mad!"

Mr. Taggett realized the cruel shock which the pronouncing of that name must have caused Mr. Slocum. Mr. Taggett had meditated his line of action, and had decided that the most merciful course was brusquely to charge young Shackford with the crime, and allow Mr. Slocum to sustain himself for a while with the indignant disbelief which would be natural to him situated as he was. He would then in a manner be prepared for the revelations which, if suddenly presented, would crush him.

If Mr. Taggett was without imagination, as he claimed, he was not without a certain feminine quickness of sympathy often found in persons engaged in professions calculated to blunt the finer sensibilities. In his intercourse with Mr. Slocum at the Shackford house, Mr. Taggett had been won by the singular gentleness and simplicity of the man, and was touched by his misfortune.

After his exclamation Mr. Slocum did not speak for a moment or two, but with his elbows resting on the edge of the desk sat motionless, like a person stunned. Then he slowly lifted his face, to which the color had returned, and making a movement with his right hand as if he were sweeping away cobwebs in front of him rose from the chair.

"You are simply mad," he said, looking Mr. Taggett squarely and calmly in the eyes. "Are you aware of Mr. Richard Shackford's character and his position here?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know that he is to marry my daughter?"

"I am very sorry for you, sir."

"You may spare me that. The pity is on my side. You have fallen into some horrible delusion. I hope you will be able to explain it."

"I am prepared to do so, sir."

"Are you serious?"

"Very serious, Mr. Slocum."

"You actually imagine that Richard Shack— Pshaw! It's simply impossible!"

"I am too young a man to wish even to seem wiser than you, but my expe-

rience has taught me that nothing is impossible."

"I begin to believe so myself. I suppose you have grounds, or something you consider grounds, for your monstrous suspicion. What are they? I demand to be fully informed of what you have been doing in the yard, before you bring disgrace upon me and my family by inconsiderately acting on some wild theory which perhaps ten words can refute."

"I should be in the highest degree criminal, Mr. Slocum, if I were to make so fearful an accusation against any man unless I had the most incontestable proofs in my hands. In searching among the workshops and the low places of the village for the murderer of Lemuel Shackford, I stumbled upon a clew which led me in a totally different direction. I passed from point to point with amazement, and with sorrow, believe me, until I had forged around the guilty man a chain of evidence in which not a single link is missing or a single link imperfect."

Mr. Taggett spoke with such cold-blooded conviction that a chill crept over Mr. Slocum, in spite of him.

"What is the nature of this evidence?"

"Up to the present stage, purely circumstantial."

"I can imagine that," said Mr. Slocum, with a slight smile.

"But so conclusive as to require no collateral evidence. The testimony of an eye-witness of the crime could scarcely add to my knowledge of what occurred that Tuesday night in Lemuel Shackford's house."

"Indeed, it is all so clear! But of course a few eye-witnesses will turn up eventually," said Mr. Slocum, whose whiteness about the lips discounted the assurance of his sarcasm.

"That is not improbable," returned Mr. Taggett gravely.

"And meanwhile what are the facts?"

"They are not easily stated. I have kept a record of my work day by day, since the morning I entered the yard. The memoranda are necessarily confused, the important and the unimportant being jumbled together; but the record as it stands will answer your question more fully than I could, even if I had the time — which I have not — to go over the case with you. I can leave these notes in your hands, if you desire it. When I return from New York" —

"You are going to New York!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, with a start. "When?"

"To-night."

"If you lay a finger on Richard Shackford, you will make the mistake of your life, Mr. Taggett!"

"I have other business there. Mr. Shackford is not to be troubled at present. He will be in Stillwater to-morrow night. He engaged a state-room on the Fall River boat this morning."

"How can you know that?"

"Since last Tuesday none of Mr. Shackford's movements have been unknown to me."

"Do you mean to say that you have set your miserable spies upon him?" cried Mr. Slocum.

"I should not state the fact in just those words," Mr. Taggett answered. "The fact remains."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Slocum. "I am not quite myself. Can you wonder at it?"

"I do not wonder."

"Give me those papers you speak of, Mr. Taggett. I would like to look through them. I see that you are a very obstinate person when you have once got a notion into your head. Perhaps I can help you out of your error before it is irreparable."

"All this is to be in confidence, sir," replied Mr. Taggett stiffly.

"I should think so!" said Mr. Slocum, with a forced laugh. Then, after hesitating a second, he added, "I may

mention the matter to my daughter? Indeed, I could scarcely keep it from her."

"Perhaps it is better she should be informed."

"And Mr. Shackford, when he returns to-morrow?"

"If he broaches the subject of his cousin's death, I advise you to avoid it."

"Why should I?"

"In the first place, it might save you or Miss Slocum some awkwardness, — in case your testimony were called for in court; and, in the second place, Mr. Shackford's story should first be heard at the investigation, which is to take place almost immediately."

"I doubt if the blunder will go so far as that."

"An investigation is inevitable."

"Very well," said Mr. Slocum, with an impatient movement of his shoulders; "neither I nor my daughter will open our lips on this topic. In the mean while you are to take no further steps without advising me. That is understood?"

"That is perfectly understood," returned Mr. Taggett, drawing a narrow red note-book from the inner pocket of his workman's blouse, and producing at the same time a small nickel-plated door-key. "This is the key of Mr. Shackford's private workshop in the extension. I have not been able to replace it on the mantel-shelf of his sitting-room in Lime Street. Will you have the kindness to see that that is done at once? It is desirable that he should find it there."

A moment later Mr. Slocum stood alone in the office with Mr. Taggett's diary in his hand. It was one of those costly little volumes — gilt-edged and bound in fragrant crushed Levant morocco — with which city officials are annually supplied by a community of grateful taxpayers.

The dark crimson of the flexible covers, as soft and slippery to the touch as a snake's skin, was perhaps the fitting symbol of the darker story that lay coiled within. With a gesture of repulsion, as if some such fancy had flitted through his mind, Mr. Slocum tossed the note-book on the desk in front of him, and stood a few minutes moodily watching the *reflets* of the crinkled leather as the afternoon sunshine struck across it. Beneath his amazement and indignation he had been chilled to the bone by Mr. Taggett's brutal confidence. It was enough to chill one, surely; and in spite of himself Mr. Slocum began to feel a certain indefinable dread of that little crimson-bound book.

Whatever it contained, the reading of those pages was to be a repellent task to him; it was a task to which he could not bring himself at the moment; to-night, in the privacy of his own chamber, he would sift Mr. Taggett's baleful fancies. Thus temporizing, Mr. Slocum dropped the volume into his pocket, locked the office door behind him, and wandered down to Dundon's drug store to kill the intervening hour before supper-time. Dundon's was the aristocratic lounging place of the village, — the place where the only genuine Havana cigars in Stillwater were to be had, and where the favored few, the initiated, could get a dash of hochheimer or cognac with their soda-water.

At supper, that evening, Mr. Slocum addressed scarcely a word to Margaret, and Margaret was also silent. The days were dragging heavily with her; she was missing Richard. Her own daring travels had never extended beyond Boston or Providence; and New York, with Richard in it, seemed drearily far away. Mr. Slocum withdrew to his chamber shortly after nine o'clock, and, lighting the pair of candles on the dressing-table, began his examination of Mr. Taggett's memoranda.

At midnight the watchman on his lonely beat saw those two candles still burning.

XX.

Mr. Taggett's diary was precisely a diary, — disjoined, full of curt, obscure phrases and irrelevant reflections, — for which reason it will not be reproduced here. Though Mr. Slocum pondered every syllable, and now and then turned back painfully to reconsider some doubtful passage, it is not presumed that the reader will care to do so. An abstract of the journal, with occasional quotation where the writer's words seem to demand it, will be sufficient for the narrative.

In the opening pages Mr. Taggett described his novel surroundings with a minuteness which contrasted oddly with the brief, hurried entries further on. He found himself, as he had anticipated, in a society composed of some of the most heterogeneous elements. Stillwater, viewed from a certain point, was a sort of microcosm, a little international rag-fair to which nearly every country on earth had contributed one of its shabby human products. "I am moving," wrote Mr. Taggett, "in an atmosphere in which any crime is possible. I give myself seven days at the outside to light upon the traces of Shackford's murderer. I feel him in the air." The writer's theory was that the man would betray his identity in one of two ways: either by talking unguardedly, or by indulging in expenditures not warranted by his means and position. If several persons had been concerned in the crime, nothing was more likely than a disagreement over the spoil, and consequent treachery on the part of one of them. Or, again, some of the confederates might become alarmed, and attempt to save themselves by giving away their comrades. Mr. Taggett, however, leaned to the belief that the assassin had had no accomplices.

The sum taken from Mr. Shackford's safe was a comparatively large one, — five hundred dollars in gold and nearly double that amount in bank-notes. Neither the gold nor the paper bore any known mark by which it could be recognized; the burglar had doubtless assured himself of this, and would not hesitate to disburse the money. That was even a safer course, judiciously worked, than to secrete it. The point was, Would he have sufficient self-control to get rid of it by degrees? The chances, Mr. Taggett argued, were ten to one he would not.

A few pages further on Mr. Taggett compliments the Unknown on the adroit manner in which he is conducting himself. He has neither let slip a suspicious word, nor made an incautious display of his booty. Snelling's bar was doing an unusually light business. No one appeared to have any money. Many of the men had run deeply into debt during the late strike, and were now drinking moderately. In the paragraph which closes the week's record Mr. Taggett's chagrin is evident. He confesses that he is at fault. "My invisible friend does not *materialize* so successfully as I expected," is Mr. Taggett's comment.

His faith in the correctness of his theory had not abated; but he continued his observations in a less sanguine spirit. These observations were not limited to the bar-room or the workshop; he informed himself of the domestic surroundings of his comrades. Where his own scrutiny could not penetrate, he employed the aid of correspondents. Through this means he learned that the Savings-Bank had received no recent heavy deposit. In the course of his explorations of the shady side of Stillwater life, Mr. Taggett unearthed many amusing and many pathetic histories, but nothing that served his end. Finally, he began to be discouraged.

Returning home from the tavern, one night, in rather a desponding mood, he found the man Wollaston smoking his pipe in bed. Wollaston was a taciturn man generally, but this night he was con-

versational, and Mr. Taggett, too restless to sleep, fell to chatting with him. Did he know much about the late Mr. Shackford? Yes, he had known him well enough, in an off way, — not to speak to him; everybody knew him in Stillwater; he was a sort of miser, hated everybody, and bullied everybody. It was a wonder somebody did n't knock the old silver-top on the head years ago.

Thus Mr. Wollaston grimly, with his pores stopped up with iron-filings, — a person to whom it would come quite easy to knock any one on the head for a slight difference of opinion. He amused Mr. Taggett in his present humor.

No, he was n't aware that Shackford had had trouble with any particular individual; believed he did have a difficulty once with Slocum, the marble man; but he was always fetching suits against the town and shying lawyers at the mill directors, — a disagreeable old cuss altogether. Adopted his cousin, one time, but made the house so hot for him that the lad ran off to sea, and since then had had nothing to do with the old bilk.

Indeed! What sort of fellow was young Shackford? Mr. Wollaston could not say of his own knowledge; thought him a plucky chap; he had put a big Italian named Torrini out of the yard, one day, for talking back. Who was Torrini? The man that got hurt last week in the Dana Mill. Who were Richard Shackford's intimates? Could n't say; had seen him with Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, and Mr. Craggie, — went with the upper crust generally. Was going to be partner in the marble yard and marry Slocum's daughter. Will Durgin knew him. They lived together one time. He, Wollaston, was going to turn in now.

Several of these facts were not new to Mr. Taggett, but Mr. Wollaston's presentation of them threw Mr. Taggett into a reverie.

The next evening he got Durgin alone in a corner of the bar-room. With two or three potations Durgin became autobiographical. Was he acquainted with Mr. Shackford outside the yard? Rather. Dick Shackford! His (Durgin's) mother had kept Dick from starving when he was a baby, — and no thanks for it. Went to school with him, and knew all about his running off to sea. Was near going with him. Old man Shackford never liked Dick, who was a proud beggar; they could n't pull together, down to the last, — both of a piece. They had a jolly rumpus a little while before the old man was fixed.

Mr. Taggett pricked up his ears at this.

A rumpus? How did Durgin know that? A girl told him. What girl? A girl he was sweet on. What was her name? Well, he did n't mind telling her name; it was Molly Hennessey. She was going through Welch's Court one forenoon, — may be it was three days before the strike, — and saw Dick Shackford bolt out of the house, swinging his arms and swearing to himself at an awful rate. Was Durgin certain that Molly Hennessey had told him this? Yes, he was ready to take his oath on it.

Here, at last, was something that looked like a glimmer of daylight!

It was possible that Durgin or the girl had lied; but the story had an air of truth to it. If it were a fact that there had recently been a quarrel between these cousins, whose uncousinly attitude towards each other was fast becoming clear to Mr. Taggett, then here was a conceivable key to an enigma which had puzzled him.

The conjecture that Lemuel Shackford had himself torn up the will — if it was a will, for this still remained in dispute — had never been satisfactory to Mr. Taggett. He had accepted it because he was unable to imagine an ordinary burglar pausing in the midst of his work to destroy a paper in which he could have no concern. But Richard

Shackford would have the liveliest possible interest in the destruction of a document that placed a vast estate beyond his reach. Here was a motive on a level with the crime. That money had been taken, and that the fragments of the will had been carelessly thrown into a waste-paper basket, just as if the old man himself had thrown them there, was a stroke of art which Mr. Taggett admired more and more as he reflected upon it.

He did not, however, allow himself to lay too much stress on these points; for the paper might turn out to be merely an expired lease, and the girl might have been quizzing Durgin. Mr. Taggett would have given one of his eye-teeth just then for ten minutes with Mary Hennessey. But an interview with her at this stage was neither prudent nor easily compassed.

"If I have not struck a trail," writes Mr. Taggett, "I have come upon what strongly resembles one; the least I can do is to follow it. My first move must be to inspect that private workshop in the rear of Mr. Slocum's house. How shall I accomplish it? I cannot apply to him for permission, for that would provoke questions which I am not ready to answer. Moreover, I have yet to assure myself that Mr. Slocum is not implicated. There seems to have been also a hostile feeling existing between him and the deceased. Why did n't some one tell me these things at the start! If young Shackford is the person, there is a tangled story to be unraveled. *Mem:* Young Shackford is Miss Slocum's lover."

Mr. Slocum read this passage twice without drawing breath, and then laid down the book an instant to wipe the sudden perspiration from his forehead.

In the note which followed, Mr. Taggett described the difficulty he met with in procuring a key to fit the wall-door at the rear of the marble yard, and gave an account of his failure to effect an entrance into the studio. He had hoped to find a window unfastened; but the window, as well as the door opening upon the veranda, was locked, and in the midst of his operations, which were conducted at noon-time, the approach of a servant had obliged him to retreat.

Forced to lay aside, at least temporarily, his designs on the workshop, he turned his attention to Richard's lodgings in Lime Street. Here Mr. Taggett was more successful. On the pretext that he had been sent for certain drawings which were to be found on the table or in a writing-desk, he was permitted by Mrs. Spooner to ascend to the bedroom, where she obligingly insisted on helping him search for the apocryphal plans, and seriously interfered with his purpose, which was to find the key of the studio. While Mr. Taggett was turning over the pages of a large dictionary, in order to gain time, and was wondering how he could rid himself of the old lady's importunities, he came upon a half-folded note-sheet, at the bottom of which his eye caught the name of Lemuel Shackford. It was in the handwriting of the dead man. Mr. Taggett was very familiar with that handwriting. He secured the paper at a venture, and put it in his pocket without examination.

A few minutes later, it being impossible to prolong the pretended quest for the drawings, Mr. Taggett was obliged to follow Mrs. Spooner from the apartment. As he did so he noticed a bright object lying on the corner of the mantel-shelf, — a small nickel-plated key. In order to take it he had only to reach out his hand in passing. It was, as Mr. Taggett had instantly surmised, the key of Richard's workshop.

If it had been gold, instead of brass or iron, that bit of metal would have taken no additional value in Mr. Taggett's eyes. On leaving Mrs. Spooner's he held it tightly clasped in his fingers until he reached an unfrequented street,

where he halted a moment in the shadow of a building to inspect the paper, which he had half forgotten in his satisfaction at having obtained the key. A stifled cry rose to Mr. Taggett's lips as he glanced over the crumpled note-sheet.

It contained three lines, hastily scrawled in lead-pencil, requesting Richard Shackford to call at the house in Welch's Court at eight o'clock on a certain Tuesday night. The note had been written, as the date showed, on the day preceding the Tuesday night in question, — the night of the murder!

For a second or two Mr. Taggett stood paralyzed. Ten minutes afterwards a message in cipher was pulsing along the wires to New York, and before the sun went down that evening Richard Shackford was under the surveillance of the police.

The doubtful, unknown ground upon which Mr. Taggett had been floundering was now firm under his feet, — unexpected ground, but solid. Meeting Mary Hennessey in the street, on his way to the marble yard, Mr. Taggett no longer hesitated to accost her, and question her as to the story she had told William Durgin. The girl's story was undoubtedly true, and as a piece of circumstantial evidence was only less important than the elder Shackford's note. The two cousins had been for years on the worst of terms. At every step Mr. Taggett had found corroboration of Wollaston's statement to that effect.

"Where were Coroner Whidden's eyes and ears," wrote Mr. Taggett, — the words were dashed down impatiently on the page, as if he had sworn a little internally while writing them, — "when he conducted that inquest! In all my experience there was never a thing so stupidly managed."

A thorough and immediate examination of Richard Shackford's private workshop was now so imperative that Mr. Taggett resolved to make it even if he had to do so under the authority of a search-warrant. But he desired as yet to avoid publicity.

A secret visit to the studio seemed equally difficult by day and night. In the former case he was nearly certain to be deranged by the servants, and in the latter a light in the unoccupied room would alarm any one of the household who might chance to awaken. From the watchman no danger was to be apprehended, as the windows of the extension were not visible from the street.

Mr. Taggett finally decided on the night as the more propitious time for his attempt, — a decision which his success justified. A brilliant moon favored the in-door part of the enterprise, though it exposed him to observation in his approach from the marble yard to the veranda.

With the dense moonlight streaming outside against the window-shades, he could safely have used a candle in the studio instead of the screened lantern which he had provided. Mr. Taggett passed three hours in the workshop, — the last hour in waiting for the moon to go down. Then he stole through the marble yard into the silent street, and hurried home, carrying two small articles concealed under his blouse. The first was a chisel with a triangular piece broken out of the centre of the bevel, and the other was a box of safety-matches. The peculiarity of this box of matches was — that just one match had been used from it.

Mr. Taggett's work was done.

The last seven pages of the diary were devoted to a review of the case, every detail of which was held up in various lights, and examined with the conscientious pains of a lapidary deciding on the value of a rare stone. The concluding entries ran as follows: —

"*Tuesday Night.* Here the case passes into other hands. I have been fortunate rather than skillful in unmasking the chief actor in one of the most

singular crimes that ever came under my investigation. By destroying three objects, very easily destroyed, Richard Shackford would have put himself beyond the dream of suspicion. He neglected to remove these dumb witnesses, and now the dumb witnesses speak! If it could be shown that he was a hundred miles from Stillwater at the time of the murder, instead of in the village, as he was, he must still be held, in the face of the proofs against him, accessory to the deed. These proofs, roughly summarized, are: —

"*First.* The fact that he had had an altercation with his cousin a short time previous to the date of the murder, — a murder which may be regarded not as the result of a chance disagreement, but of long years of bitter enmity between the two men.

"*Secondly.* The fact that Richard Shackford had had an appointment with his cousin on the night the crime was committed, and had concealed that fact from the authorities at the time of the coroner's inquest.

"*Thirdly.* That the broken chisel found in the private workshop of the accused explains the peculiar shape of the wound which caused Lemuel Shackford's death, and corresponds in every particular with the plaster impression taken of that wound.

"*Fourthly.* That the partially consumed match found on the scullery floor when the body was discovered (a style of match not used in the house in Welch's Court) completes the complement of a box of safety-matches belonging to Richard Shackford, and hidden in a closet in his workshop.

"Whether Shackford had an accomplice or not is yet to be ascertained. There is nothing whatever to implicate Mr. Rowland Slocum. I make the statement because his intimate association with one party and his deep dislike of the other invited inquiry, and at first raised an unjust suspicion in my mind."

The little red book slipped from Mr. Slocum's grasp and fell at his feet. As he rose from the chair, the reflection which he caught of himself in the dressing-table mirror was that of a wrinkled, white old man.

Mr. Slocum did not believe, and no human evidence could have convinced him, that Richard had deliberately killed Lemuel Shackford; but as Mr. Slocum reached the final pages of the diary, a horrible probability insinuated itself into his mind. Could Richard have done it accidentally? Could he — in an instant of passion, stung to sudden madness by that venomous old man — have struck him involuntarily, and killed him? A certain speech which Richard had made in Mr. Slocum's presence not long before came back to him now with fearful emphasis: "*Three or four times in my life I have been carried away by a devil of a temper which I could n't control, it has seized me so unawares.*"

"It has seized me so unawares!" repeated Mr. Slocum, half aloud; and then with a swift, unconscious gesture, he pressed his hands over his ears, as if to shut out the words.

XXI.

Margaret must be told. It would be like stabbing her to tell her all this. Mr. Slocum had lain awake long after midnight, appalled by the calamity that was about to engulf them. At moments, as his thought reverted to Margaret's illness early in the spring, he felt that perhaps it would have been a mercy if she had died then. He had left the candles burning; it was not until the wicks sunk down in the sockets and went softly out that slumber fell upon him.

He was now sitting at the breakfast-table, absently crumbling bits of bread beside his plate and leaving his coffee untouched. Margaret glanced at him

wistfully from time to time, and detected the restless night in the deepened lines of his face.

The house had not been the same since Lemuel Shackford's death; he had never crossed its threshold; Margaret had scarcely known him by sight, and Mr. Slocum had not spoken to him for years; but Richard's connection with the unfortunate old man had brought the tragic event very close to Margaret and her father. Mr. Slocum was a person easily depressed, but his depression this morning was so greatly in excess of the presumable cause that Margaret began to be troubled.

"Papa, has anything happened?"

"No, nothing new has happened; but I am dreadfully disturbed by some things which Mr. Taggett has been doing here in the village."

"I thought Mr. Taggett had gone."

"He did go; but he came back, very quietly, without anybody's knowledge. I knew it, of course; but no one else, to speak of."

"What has he done to disturb you?"

"I want you to be a brave girl, Margaret, — will you promise that?"

"Why, yes," said Margaret, with an anxious look. "You frighten me with your mysteriousness."

"I do not mean to be mysterious, but I don't quite know how to tell you about Mr. Taggett. He has been working underground in this matter of poor Shackford's death, — boring in the dark like a mole, — and thinks he has discovered some strange things."

"Do you mean he thinks he has found out who killed Mr. Shackford?"

"He believes he has fallen upon clews which will lead to that. The strange things I alluded to are things which Richard will have to explain."

"Richard? What has he to do with it?"

"Not much, I hope; but there are several matters which he will be obliged to clear up in order to save himself from very great annoyance. Mr. Taggett seems to think that — that" —

"Good Heaven, papa! What does he think?"

"Margaret, he thinks that Richard knew something about the murder, and has not told it."

"What could he know? Is that all?"

"No, that is not all. I am keeping the full truth from you, and it is useless to do so. You must face it like a brave girl. Mr. Taggett suspects Richard of being concerned, directly or indirectly, with the crime."

The color went from Margaret's cheek for an instant. The statement was too horrible and sudden not to startle her, but it was also too absurd to have more than an instant's effect. Her quick recovery of herself reassured Mr. Slocum. Would she meet Mr. Taggett's specific charges with the like fortitude? Mr. Slocum himself had been prostrated by them; he prayed to Heaven that Margaret might have more strength than he, as indeed she had.

"The man has got together a lot of circumstantial evidence," continued Mr. Slocum cautiously; "some of it amounts to nothing, being mere conjecture; but some of it will look badly for Richard, to outsiders."

"Of course it is all a mistake," said Margaret, in nearly her natural voice. "It ought to be easy to convince Mr. Taggett of that."

"I have not been able to convince him."

"But you will. What has possessed him to fall into such a ridiculous error?"

"Mr. Taggett has written out everything at length in this memorandum-book, and you must read it for yourself. There are expressions and statements in these pages, Margaret, that will necessarily shock you very much; but you should remember, as I tried to while reading them, that Mr. Taggett has a heart of steel; without it he would be unable to do his distressing work. The

cold impartiality with which he sifts and heaps up circumstances involving the doom of a fellow-creature appears almost inhuman; but it is his business. No, don't look at it here!" said Mr. Slocum, recoiling; he had given the book to Margaret. "Take it into the other room, and read it carefully by yourself. When you have finished, come back and tell me what you think."

"But, papa, surely you" —

"I don't believe anything, Margaret! I don't know the true from the false any more! I want you to help me out of my confusion, and you cannot do it until you have read that book."

Margaret made no response, but passed into the parlor and closed the folding-doors behind her.

After an absence of half an hour she reëntered the breakfast-room, and laid Mr. Taggett's diary on the table beside her father, who had not moved from his place during the interval. Margaret's manner was collected, but it was evident, by the dark circles under her eyes and the set, colorless lips, that that half hour had been a cruel thirty minutes to her. In Margaret's self-possession Mr. Slocum recognized, not for the first time, the cropping out of an ancestral trait which had somehow managed to avoid him in its wayward descent.

"Well?" he questioned, looking earnestly at Margaret, and catching a kind of comfort from her confident bearing.

"It is Mr. Taggett's trade to find somebody guilty," said Margaret, "and he has been very ingenious and very merciless. He was plainly at his wits' ends to sustain his reputation, and would not have hesitated to sacrifice any one rather than wholly fail."

"But you have been crying, Margaret."

"How could I see Richard dragged down in the dust in this fashion, and not be mortified and indignant?"

"You don't believe anything at all of this?"

"Do *you*?" asked Margaret, looking through and through him.

"I confess I am troubled."

"If you doubt Richard for a second," said Margaret, with a slight quiver of her lip, "that will be the bitterest part of it to me."

"I don't give any more credit to Mr. Taggett's general charges than you do, Margaret; but I understand their gravity better. A perfectly guiltless man, one able with a single word to establish his innocence, is necessarily crushed at first by an accusation of this kind. Now, can Richard set these matters right with a single word? I am afraid he has a world of difficulty before him."

"When he returns he will explain everything. How can you question it?"

"I do not wish to; but there are two things in Mr. Taggett's story which stagger me. The motive for the destruction of Shackford's papers, — that 's not plain; the box of matches is a puerility unworthy of a clever man like Mr. Taggett, and as to the chisel he found, why, there are a hundred broken chisels in the village, and probably a score of them broken in precisely the same manner; but, Margaret, did Richard ever breathe a word to you of that quarrel with his cousin?"

"No."

"He never mentioned it to me, either. As matters stood between you and him, nothing was more natural than that he should have spoken of it to you, — so natural that his silence is positively strange."

"He may have considered it too unimportant. Mr. Shackford always abused Richard; it was nothing new. Then, again, Richard is very proud, and perhaps he did not care to come to us just at that time with family grievances. Besides, how do we know they quarreled? The village is full of gossip."

"I am certain there was a quarrel; it was only necessary for those two to meet to insure that. I distinctly remem-

ber the forenoon when Richard went to Welch's Court; it was the day he discharged Torrini."

A little cloud passed over Margaret's countenance.

"They undoubtedly had angry words together," continued Mr. Slocum, "and we are forced to accept the Hennessey girl's statement. The reason you suggest for Richard's not saying anything on the subject may suffice for us, but it will scarcely satisfy disinterested persons, and does n't at all cover another circumstance which must be taken in the same connection."

"What circumstance?"

"His silence in regard to Lemuel Shackford's note, — a note written the day before the murder, and making an appointment for the very night of it."

The girl looked steadily at her father.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, his face illuminated with a flickering hope as he met her untroubled gaze, "did Richard tell *you?*"

"No," replied Margaret.

"Then he told no one," said Mr. Slocum, with the light fading out of his features again. "It was madness in him to conceal the fact. He should not have lost a moment, after the death of his cousin, in making that letter public. It ought instantly to have been placed in Coroner Whidden's hands. Richard's action is inconceivable, unless — unless" —

"Do not say it!" cried Margaret. "I should never forgive you!"

In recapitulating the points of Mr. Taggett's accusation, Mr. Slocum had treated most of them as trivial; but he had not been sincere. He knew that that broken chisel had no duplicate in Stillwater, and that the finding of it in Richard's closet was a black fact. Mr. Slocum had also glossed over the quarrel; but that letter! — the likelihood that Richard kept the appointment, and his absolute silence concerning it, — here was a grim thing which no sophistry could dispose of. It would be wronging Margaret to deceive her as to the vital seriousness of Richard's position.

"Why, why did he hide it!" Mr. Slocum persisted.

"I do not see that he really hid it, papa. He shut the note in a book lying openly on the table, — a dictionary, to which any one in the household was likely to go. You think Mr. Taggett a person of great acuteness."

"He is a very intelligent person, Margaret."

"He appears to me very short-sighted. If Richard were the dreadful man Mr. Taggett supposes, that paper would have been burnt, and not left for the first comer to pick up. I scorn myself for stooping to the suggestion!"

"There is something in the idea," said Mr. Slocum slowly. "But why did Richard never mention the note, — to you, or to me, or to anybody?"

"He had a sufficient reason, you may be sure. Oh, papa, how ready you are to believe evil of him!"

"I am not, God knows!"

"How you cling to this story of the letter! Suppose it turns out to be some old letter, written two or three years ago? You could never look Richard in the face again."

"Unfortunately, Shackford dated it. It is useless for us to blindfold ourselves, Margaret. Richard has managed in some way to get himself into a very perilous situation, and we cannot help him by shutting our eyes. You misconceive me if you imagine I think him capable of coolly plotting his cousin's death; but it is not outside the limits of the possible that what has happened a thousand times may have happened once more. Men less impulsive than Richard" —

"I will not listen to it!" interrupted Margaret, drawing herself up. "When Richard returns he will explain the matter to you, — not to me. If I required a word of denial from him, I should care

very little whether he was innocent or not."

Mr. Slocum threw a terrified glance at his daughter. Her lofty faith sent a chill to his heart. What would be the result of a fall from such a height? He almost wished Margaret had something less of that ancestral confidence and obstinacy the lack of which in his own composition he had so often deplored.

"We are not to speak of this to Richard," he said, after a protracted pause; "at least not until Mr. Taggett considers it best. I have pledged myself to something like that."

"Has Richard been informed of Mr. Taggett's singular proceeding?" asked Margaret freezingly.

"Not yet; nothing is to be done until Mr. Taggett returns from New York, and then Richard will at once have an opportunity of clearing himself."

"It would have spared us all much pain and misunderstanding if he had been sent for in the first instance. Did he know that this person was here in the yard?"

"The plan was talked over before Richard left; the details were arranged afterwards. He heartily approved of the plan."

A leisurely and not altogether saint-like smile crept into the corners of Margaret's mouth.

"Yes, he approved of the plan," repeated Mr. Slocum. "Perhaps he" — Here Mr. Slocum checked himself, and left the sentence flying at loose ends. Perhaps Richard had looked with favor upon a method of inquiry which was so likely to lead to no result. But Mr. Slocum did not venture to finish the suggestion. He had never seen Margaret so imperious and intractable; it was impossible to reason or to talk frankly with her. He remained silent, sitting with one arm thrown dejectedly across the back of the chair.

Presently his abject attitude and expression began to touch Margaret; there was something that appealed to her in the thin gray hair falling over his forehead. Her eyes softened as they rested upon him, and a pitying little tremor came to her under lip.

"Papa," she said, stooping to his side, with a sudden rosy bloom in her cheeks, "I have all the proof I want that Richard knew nothing of this dreadful business."

"You have proof!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, starting from his seat.

"Yes. The morning Richard went to New York" — Margaret hesitated.

"Well!"

"He put his arm around me and kissed me."

"Well!"

"Well?" repeated Margaret. "Could Richard have done that, — could he have so much as laid his hand upon me — if — if" —

Mr. Slocum sunk back in the chair with a kind of groan.

"Papa, you do not know him!"

"Oh, Margaret, I am afraid that that is not the kind of evidence to clear Richard in Mr. Taggett's eyes."

"Then Richard's word must do it," she said haughtily. "He will be home to-night."

"Yes, he is to return to-night," said Mr. Slocum, looking away from her.

XXII.

During the rest of the day the name of Richard Shackford was not mentioned again either by Margaret or her father. It was a day of suspense to both, and long before night-fall Margaret's impatience for Richard to come had resolved itself into a pain as keen as that with which Mr. Slocum contemplated the coming; for every hour augmented his dread of the events that would necessarily follow the reappearance of young Shackford in Stillwater.

On reaching his office, after the con-

versation with Margaret, Mr. Slocum found Lawyer Perkins waiting for him. Lawyer Perkins, who was as yet in ignorance of the late developments, had brought information of his own. The mutilated document which had so grimly clung to its secret was at last deciphered. It proved to be a recently executed will, in which the greater part of Lemuel Shackford's estate, real and personal, was left unconditionally to his cousin.

"That disposes of one of Mr. Taggett's theories," was Mr. Slocum's unspoken reflection. Certainly Richard had not destroyed the will; the old man himself had destroyed it, probably in some fit of pique. Yet, after all, the vital question was in no way affected by this fact: the motive for the crime remained, and the fearful evidence against Richard still held.

After the departure of Lawyer Perkins, who had been struck by the singular perturbation of his old friend, Mr. Slocum drew forth Mr. Taggett's journal, and re-read it from beginning to end. Margaret's unquestioning faith in Richard, her prompt and indignant rejection of the whole story, had shaken her father at moments that morning; but now his paralyzing doubts returned. This second perusal of the diary impressed him even more strongly than the first. Richard had killed Lemuel Shackford, — in self-defense, may be, or perhaps accidentally; but he had killed him! As Mr. Slocum passed from page to page, following the dark thread of narrative that darkened at each remove, he lapsed into that illogical frame of mind when one looks half expectantly for some providential interposition to avert the calamity against which human means are impotent. If Richard were to drop dead in the street! If he were to fall overboard off Point Judith in the night! If only anything would happen to prevent his coming back! Thus the ultimate disgrace might be spared them. But the ill thing is the sure thing; the letter with the black seal never miscarries, and Richard was bound to come! "There is no escape for him or for us," murmured Mr. Slocum, closing his finger in the book.

It was in a different mood that Margaret said to herself, "It is nearly four o' clock; he will be here at eight!" As she stood at the parlor window and watched the waning afternoon light making its farewells to the flower-beds in the little square front-gardens of the houses opposite, Margaret's heart was filled with the tenderness of the greeting she intended to give Richard. She had never been cold or shy in her demeanor with him, nor had she ever been quite demonstrative; but now she meant to put her arms around his neck in a wifely fashion, and recompense him so far as she could for all the injustice he was to suffer. When he came to learn of the hateful slander that had lifted its head during his absence, he should already be in possession of the assurance of her faith.

In the mean while the hands in Slocum's Yard were much exercised over the unaccountable disappearance of Blake. Stevens reported the matter to Mr. Slocum.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Slocum, who had not provided himself with an explanation, and was puzzled to improvise one. "I discharged him, — that is to say, I canceled his papers. I forgot to mention it. He did n't take to the trade."

"But he showed a good fist for a beginner," said Stevens. "He was head and shoulders the best of the new lot. Shall I put Stebbins in his place?"

"You need n't do anything until Mr. Shackford gets back."

"When will that be, sir?"

"To-night, probably."

The unceremonious departure of Blake formed the theme of endless speculation at the tavern that evening, and for the moment obscured the general interest in old Shackford's murder.

"Never to let on he was goin'!" said one.

"Did n't say good-by to nobody," remarked a second.

"It was devilish uncivil," added a third.

"It is kinder mysterious," said Mr. Peters.

"Some girl," suggested Mr. Willson, with an air of tender sentiment, which he attempted further to emphasize by a capacious wink.

"No," observed Dexter. "When a man vanishes in that sudden way his body is generally found in a clump of blackberry bushes, months afterwards, or left somewhere on the flats by an ebb tide."

"Two murders in Stillwater in one month would be rather crowding it, would n't it?" inquired Piggott.

"Bosh!" said Durgin. "There was always something shady about Blake. We did n't know where he hailed from, and we don't know where he 's gone to. He 'll take care of himself; that kind of fellow never lets anybody play any points on him."

"I could n't get anything out of the proprietor," said Stevens; "but he never talks. May be Shackford when he" — Stevens stopped short to listen to a low, rumbling sound like distant thunder, followed almost instantly by two quick faint whistles. "He 's aboard the train to-night."

Mr. Peters quietly rose from his seat and left the bar-room.

The evening express, due at eight, was only a few seconds behind time. As the screech of the approaching engine rung out from the dark woodland, Margaret and her father exchanged rapid glances. It would take Richard ten minutes to walk from the railway station to the house, — for of course he would come there directly after sending his valise to Lime Street.

The ten minutes went by, and then twenty. Margaret bent steadily over her work, listening with covert intentness for the click of the street gate. Likely enough Richard had been unable to find any one to take charge of his hand-luggage. Presently Mr. Slocum could not resist the impulse to look at his watch. It was half past eight. He nervously unfolded the Stillwater Gazette, and sat with his eyes fastened on the paper.

After a seemingly interminable period the heavy bell of the South Church sounded nine, and then tolled for a few minutes, as the dismal custom is in New England country towns.

A long silence followed, unrelieved by any word between father and daughter, — a silence so profound that the heart of the old-fashioned time-piece, throbbing monotonously in its dusky case at the foot of the stairs, made itself audible through the room. Mr. Slocum's gaze continued fixed on the newspaper which he was not reading. Margaret's hands lay crossed over the work on her lap.

Ten o'clock.

"What can have kept him?" murmured Margaret.

"There was only that way out of it," reflected Mr. Slocum, pursuing his own line of thought.

Margaret's cheeks were flushed and hot, and her eyes dulled with disappointment, as she rose from the low rocking-chair and crossed over to kiss her father good-night. Mr. Slocum drew the girl gently towards him, and held her for a moment in silence. But Margaret, detecting the subtile commiseration in his manner, resented it, and released herself coldly.

"He has been detained, papa."

"Yes, something must have detained him!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SICILIAN HOSPITALITY.

"SPEAKING of Sicilian hospitality," said my estimable friend, Mr. A——, in his off-hand, chatty way, "I never in all my travels met with anything so cordial, spontaneous, and charming as on my first visit to Palermo, many years ago. With some fourteen others, mostly English, I was a passenger in the old steamer Re Ferdinando; and at every place we stopped on the coast of Italy we used to go together, visiting the different objects of interest. A friend of mine had given me a letter of introduction to a Sicilian gentleman, which I delivered on my arrival. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and as my fellow-travelers had planned an excursion to the famous cathedral of Monreale for the next day, he offered to go with us. We drove the four miles up the mountain side under his guidance, the next morning, stopping to see several villas and gardens on our way. Reaching the town, we admired the ancient Norman structure with Byzantine mosaic interior, Monrealese's *chef-d'œuvre* in the convent attached to it, and from its balconies the magnificent panorama of the *Conca d'Oro* (golden shell, so called), the valley and bay of Palermo. Being then somewhat fatigued both by the drive and sight-seeing, we proposed to have a luncheon. Our Sicilian friend took us to the best restaurant of the place, where they served us an excellent collation. When we had finished and asked for our bill, the landlord told us that it had already been paid by my friend, much to my surprise. I expostulated with him on the ground that, whatever kindness or hospitality he desired to extend to me on the strength of my letter of introduction, he was not called upon to bestow it on my numerous companions, who were only my fellow-travelers, and had no claim on myself, much less on him. But he was inexorable, saying that the Sicilian customs made it imperative on him not to allow payment for anything they called for while in his company, no matter under what circumstances they happened to be so placed. And in fact he would not suffer us even to pay for our carriages, having paid the fare before we started. What made it rather unpleasant for us was that we could not repay the courtesy in any way, for the next day we had to be on board continuing our tour. I never had occasion to meet the gentleman again in my travels, and only hope that my English fellow-travelers may have returned his civility in England, where he often traveled in the summer."

The anecdote excited the curiosity of the company in which it was told, and they insisted upon hearing from me something more about Sicilian hospitality. I accordingly related the following experience.

Curiosity enticing me once to visit the classic soil of Trapani (Drepanum),—where, as Virgil states, Æneas lost his father Anchises, on his flight from Ilium to Italy, and where he left all the women, who, tired of wandering from sea to sea, had attempted to burn his fleet,—I accepted the invitation of a friend of mine belonging in that town, whom I had often met in Palermo, to be a guest at his house.

Small towns in Sicily are so little visited by travelers that there is hardly one which has a good hotel; they have only miserable inns, much like the Spanish ventas, fit only for muleteers and poor traders. Therefore, from time immemorial, country gentlemen have offered hospitality to people of their class happening to visit the town or village where they resided, even on a very slight ac-

quaintance. This is considered by them a sacred duty, and they would look upon it as an insult if any one should refuse them, and go to an inn.

During the stay the guest is master of the house, and is not allowed even to fee the servants, the whole family vying with one another in attention to him, so as to make it sometimes oppressive; but, by another old custom, he is never expected to stay more than a few days at a time, unless very intimate.

On the strength of our invitation, my wife and I started on this visit, on a fair October day, in one of those Sicilian steamers crowded with a motley company of Sicilians and Arabs on their way to the coast towns of Sicily and Tunis. Five hours of a chopping sea brought us to Trapani.

The present town is on the left shore of a natural harbor. The shore on the right is studded with windmills and innumerable pyramids of white salt, that look very picturesque from the sea. Salt is the most important production of the whole coast from Trapani to Marsala. A wide plain and gradual ascent of some three or four miles from the town leads to the foot of Mt. Eryx, now called San Giuliano, which rises four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. In this plain must have been played the martial games for the funeral of Anchises, as told by Virgil in the fifth book of the Æneid. The old town of Eryx is still standing on the summit of the mountain, and is an object of curiosity.

As the steamer dropped her anchor, an innumerable quantity of small boats, manned by wild, piratical-looking boatmen, surrounded her, the men yelling at the top of their voices with Southern volubility, and gesticulating like the windmills on the shore. Fortunately our host had been before advised of our coming, and was there with a private boat to take us on shore. Thus we escaped the most serious trial of patience that travelers undergo on arriving at any port in Sicily, — the boatmen and hackmen.

Our host belonged to one of the oldest families of the place, possessing a large old palace in town, villas and estates on the northern slope of Mt. Eryx and elsewhere. It is surprising to notice the moral influence that such people have over the lower classes, who to an inexperienced foreign traveler seem brigandish or piratical, with their impulsive, volcanic nature, excitable temperament, picturesque costume, and the intense fiery expression of their eyes; for, as our boat reached the crowd of others that were pressing on the gangway, all the Masaniello-like boatmen gave way respectfully, so that our friend was able to come on deck to welcome us and take us on shore at once. His carriage waited for us at the landing to drive us to the house, which might have been reached in a few minutes, only that our host, desirous of parading his guests before the clubs and cafés where the notabilities of the place met, took a circuitous route through the two principal streets of the city.

Arriving at the house, we were received by his wife, a handsome, good-natured, portly lady, with olive complexion, and black eyes and hair, who spoke nothing but the native dialect; and by an only daughter of theirs, who was a counterpart of the mother, — a shade darker, if anything, and rather thin, though one could perceive that in a few years she would equal her in size. They met us with the utmost cordiality, installed us in a suite of rooms, with balconies over the street and a fine view of the harbor, and left us to our toilette, requesting us to join them in the drawing-room at our leisure, where they expected a number of friends, who desired the honor of being presented to us.

"Dear me!" said my wife, the moment they left the room, "I wish they had waited till to-morrow to have us see people. I am so sick and tired that I

would prefer to take a cup of tea and go to bed."

"Yes, my dear; but what can we do? It would seem very rude in us not to see these people, whom they have asked on purpose to meet us. You must try to make the best of it. And as for tea, I am pretty sure they have no such thing in the house."

"I wish you would ask, though," insisted my wife; "for I think a cup of strong tea would set me right."

"Well, I will," said I, with a doubtful expression, from my knowledge of the people of the island.

I rang a little silver bell that was on a writing-desk; for bell ropes, to say nothing of electric bell wires, had not penetrated so far as the interior of Sicily. A servant who sat in an outer room, ready to receive our orders, entered at once.

"Tell me, my man, are they in the habit of drinking tea in the house?"

"Tea?" repeated the man, with a blank expression of face. "What is that, sir?"

"You don't know what tea is? An herb which is infused in boiling water, making an excellent beverage with sugar and milk, that the English people use for breakfast or supper instead of wine; it is also very good when persons don't feel well."

"Ah! *capisco!* I understand; a decoction. I do not believe there is any in the house; but the apothecary opposite keeps all kinds of dried herbs, — camomile, poppy leaves, laurel, maiden's hair, — and I suppose he has the tea also. If you desire it, I will inform the steward, who will get it instantly."

"Oh, no, no, my good man, I will not give so much trouble. Besides, the apothecary may not have exactly what we want."

"Is the signora unwell?" asked he, seeing my wife reclining on a couch.

"Yes; she was sea-sick on the voyage, and does not feel very well."

"But surely the signora does not wish to take *medicine* for mere sea-sickness? What she needs is something more substantial, — a good *consommé*, a glass of wine, a cup of coffee or chocolate, something to eat. You can have anything at a moment's notice; the house is at your disposal."

I ordered a consommé and a cup of chocolate. In less than ten minutes he brought in a silver tray with a *tête-à-tête* of very choice Sèvres, an excellent consommé, a pot of very rich chocolate ready sugared, two bottles, one of red and the other of white wine, and a silver basket of superb fruit. (Fruit and wines are served in Italy at every meal.) We sat down comfortably to our luncheon, and a bowl of the consommé with a glass of wine was as good as tea after sea-sickness.

"How that porter's bell keeps ringing!" observed my wife. "I am afraid the whole town is coming up to be presented to us."

It is customary in such houses for the porter to ring a large bell in the courtyard to announce the arrival of any caller, in order that the servants may be ready to receive him at the entrance door: one bell indicates the arrival of a gentleman; two bells the arrival of a lady, whether escorted by a gentleman or not; three the arrival of the mistress of the house; four the arrival of the master.

"Yes, I am afraid it is so; and I think we had better hurry our lunch, and join our hosts in the drawing-room; for those people are specially invited to meet us."

We went into the drawing-room, the servant who had been assigned to our special service opening the several doors for us.

The house we were in was one of those baronial palaces built in the fifteenth century, when many of the feudal nobility left the turreted castles on their estates, and established themselves in the

cities, where they enjoyed the first honors. It had descended by inheritance to our host, and to all appearance it had never been altered from its original construction and furnishing, except in a very few articles of furniture which replaced those that had decayed. It was a square building of about seventy feet front, built of solid blocks of porous yellow stone that had become brown by age.

It had a small square in front, with a number of low, crumbling, miserable old houses, leaning one against the other, and a few poor shops in the basement; an old apothecary displayed in his window a variety of very old Sicilian majolica pots with salves of all sorts, and there was a small café, with a blue and white awning over the door, and two or three small tables and chairs outside under it. These houses, in days gone by, had sheltered the retainers of the feudal lord; but now they were rented, and occupied by a very common class of the population. This contrast of a superb palace surrounded by poor tenements is most peculiar and characteristic of Italian towns, especially the small ones, and those out of the way of modern influence, reminding one of the times when they were built, — times of caste and privileges; of immense wealth among the few at the expense of the poverty and degradation of the many; of a proud feudatory lord, exacting and enjoying the fruits of the labor of thousands of vassals, over whom he held sway as sovereign master.

The front entrance formed an archway which led to an interior court-yard, in the centre of which stood a very old granite fountain, with wide basins for horses to drink out of. By hereditary custom it was also used as a public dispenser of water to all the poor of the neighborhood, whose ragged children were constantly coming in and out to fill their earthen jars. The whole basement of the palace opening into this interior court-yard, which in feudal times received the armed retainers and their horses, the granaries and kitchens, was now turned into stables and carriage-houses, the washing and cleaning of which was done in the court-yard itself, near the fountain, making it a scene of bustle and dirt, rather unpleasant to one not used to it.

Along the whole front of the palace ran a worn-out marble seat, which was the usual resort of the idlers and beggars of the neighborhood; and over it, very wide apart, opened a number of high and narrow pointed windows, protected by enormous iron gratings, that gave it more the aspect of a prison than of a private residence. Opening from the main apartments, were large balconies, each adorned with pots of every variety of flowers, and large enough to accommodate half a dozen people.

On the right of the archway of the entrance was a marble staircase leading to the family apartments, or *quarto nobile.* In the hall were several doors leading to them, the rooms being all on the same floor, opening one into the other. Our bed-chamber was of a very peculiar construction : it was divided in two by an alcove in the middle, having on each side a paneled door leading into two dressing-rooms, both the alcove and dressing-rooms opening into the back of the chamber, which had a space as large as the front, with two windows looking out into the court-yard, and containing wardrobes and chests of drawers. The front part had two balconies over the square, and was quaintly furnished with old rococo furniture very much worn; the floor was paved with glazed tiles, and had no carpet, except an Oriental rug here and there. The rooms were furnished in the style of the sixteenth century; they were high studded, with fresco paintings of mythological subjects, now almost faded by age and dampness; high paneled doors of white and gold, — the white turned to

a dusty gray, and the gold to a dark yellow; there were old portraits of knights and magistrates, ancestors of our host, and an air of antiquity about everything that was very charming to us.

On entering the drawing-room, we found it already filled with a number of people, the *élite* of the place, to whom we were presented by our host and hostess. My wife, being a native American, was naturally an object of great curiosity, and the absurd questions asked her about America would fill a volume; but as I have been asked as absurd ones about Italy by prominent people in the interior towns of America, I refrain from repeating them.

My modest official position had given those good people a very exalted notion of my consequence, and my kind host, with the excitable imagination of the natives of that volcanic island, seemed bent upon fostering it to the highest degree. I was asked my views of all the most important political questions of both America and Europe. The vice-prefect of the province, the mayor of the city, the vice-consuls of several nations, were there to meet me, and delicately insinuated in their conversation some inquiries and innuendoes respecting the object of my visit to their city; and when repeatedly told that I only came to visit the place for its classical associations they bowed with a deferential smile of acquiescence, but with a look of diplomatic finesse.

When this morning reception was over, our friends informed us that carriages would be ready in a few minutes for the afternoon drive on the sea-shore promenade. There was no escaping it, for a refusal would have been considered a great discourtesy; we had therefore to put on our things and join them.

Small towns in Italy ape the large ones in all manner of public amusements, whether they have the means or not. Turin has the Piazza d'Armi, Florence the Cascine, Rome the Pincio, Naples the Chiaja, Palermo the Marina; Trapani likewise must have its promenade. This is a public road by the port, extending from the gate of the city to the end of its ancient battlement, with a dozen or two of diminutive trees and a wooden stand against the city walls, where fifteen or twenty musicians, calling themselves a band, blow popular airs out of discordant brazen instruments. A motley throng of people of all classes, with many boatmen and sailors near their boats at the pier, walked about the place, while in some twenty or thirty carriages the aristocracy of the place drove up and down, now and then stopping in front of the band to hear the music, or chat. At such times, gentlemen on foot surrounded the carriages of friends to pay their compliments to the ladies. We had to undergo the presentation of a great number of these people, and to be stared at and pointed out as foreign lions, much to the gratification of our host and family, who seemed to enjoy the notoriety exceedingly.

Throughout the afternoon drive two young men on horseback followed the carriage where I, with my wife, our hostess, and her daughter, sat, and one of them stared so persistently at our party as to attract my wife's notice, who called my attention to it, with considerable surprise at the young man's impertinence, as she supposed. But I, who knew the peculiar ways of the natives, assured her that the black-eyed damsel at my side might be the cause of the young gentleman's pursuit, and that there might be no impertinence at all intended on his part. We returned to the house about dark, when dinner was immediately served. There were several guests invited, making about ten of us at table, with three or four servants waiting, and a great display of old family silver. The cooking was excellent, though with an attempt at being French which disappointed us; for we would have preferred the old Sicilian

dishes, such as *macherroni a stufato* or *cuscusu.* The wines served were all excellent, and products of our host's vineyards. One especially, which he called San Giuliano Bianco from the southeastern slope of Mt. Eryx, was of remarkable delicacy, resembling very much the higher grades of Chablis.

"Is this also a wine from your estates?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I never use at my table any wine except of my own making, so as to be sure of what I am drinking; especially now that everything is so adulterated. This is my choicest; and I make only a few casks of it, for my private use."

"Why not make it for commercial purposes?" said I. "Wine so superior would fetch a very high price if exported and introduced abroad."

"Ma, caro signore, io non faccio il mercante di vino!" (But, my dear sir, I am not a wine merchant!) He said this with a lordly, deprecating air that more than astonished me, fresh as I was from America, where such aristocratic notions would be thought absurd; having forgotten, from long absence, the old Spanish pride of the nobility of the island.

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "I did not mean it for a commercial speculation, but for the benefit you would bestow on all good connoisseurs, who would extol your name to the skies, if you allowed them to partake of the superior products of your vineyards." I said this with the most insinuating smile of admiration, sipping the delicious juice with ecstatic commendations of its superlative quality; for in reality the wine deserved them.

"Troppe seccature, troppe seccature!" (Too much trouble, too much trouble!) he replied, much pleased, however, with my appreciation of his wine.[1]

After dinner, we thought that they would have a short *conversazione*, and then retire. But it was not so; for, hardly had we finished our coffee, when the carriage was announced to take us to the theatre to witness a tiresome dramatized representation of Azeglio's Niccolò de' Lapi. However, we were shown all the élite of the place, consisting of some thirty or forty families, who owned boxes, some of whom we had met in the morning. Many gentlemen called in our box, and chatted away, in spite of those who wished to listen to the play.

My wife was very tired, and paid little attention either to the play or the conversation; but something very peculiar attracted her attention, and she watched it with a great deal of curiosity as a very extraordinary proceeding.

She was sitting in the place of honor, on the right of the box, our hostess opposite to her, and her daughter in the middle, the three thus occupying the whole front of the box; the gentlemen sitting in the back of it. Across from us, in the lower tier, were two boxes opening into each other, and full of young men of the first families, who form clubs and hire two or three boxes for the season. Among these were the two young *lions* who had followed our carriage in the afternoon, one of whom, a very fine-looking fellow, sat back in one of the boxes, and never even glanced at the

[1] Landed proprietors in Southern Italy and Sicily seldom carry on the cultivation of their estates themselves, as they reside in the cities, and visit them only once or twice a year for a few days of *villeggiatura.* They usually rent their lands to farmers, reserving, however, some rights in kind; such as the so-called *first fruits*, namely, a certain number of baskets of the first fruits of the season. If there are vineyards and olive groves, they reserve enough wine and oil to provide for their family use. These are of course of very choice quality, for they take both pains and pride in them; but they would never think for a moment of making merchandise of these or any other products of their lands. The farmers or renters are very ignorant men, and cultivate these fruitful lands in a primitive style; hence, most of the wines and oils are coarse and of poor quality, with the exception of what the proprietors refine for their private use. I have very often tasted most exquisite wines in private houses which could not be had in the market at any price.

stage, but kept his opera-glass fixed on our box, or rather on the daughter of our friend, who upon her part returned the glance openly with or without the opera-glass, without regard for anybody around, or her mother, who sat near her. This they kept up throughout the play, and no one either in the young man's box or in ours seemed to take the slightest notice of it.

When we finally returned home, and were allowed to retire, — for, with the usual Sicilian excess of hospitality, they insisted upon our sitting down to a cold supper, — my wife, though very tired, could not resist asking me, —

"Did you notice that telegraphing going on between our host's daughter and that young man in the club boxes, the same whom we observed this afternoon at the drive?"

"Yes, I noticed," I replied indifferently.

"Well! Don't you think it very strange to carry on such a flirtation so openly in a public place? And what do you think of her parents allowing it, — for they could n't have helped seeing it?"

"Flirtation, my dear?" said I, laughing. "The Sicilians don't know what flirtation is. They make love, but they never flirt. There is n't such a thing as flirting in the whole island!"

"So much the worse, then," she insisted, with American ideas of propriety. "Don't you think it very improper to carry on such love-making in public?"

"Well, that is according as we look upon such matters. In America they make love in private, but the lovers are most of the time *alone* by themselves; here they do it in public, but at such a distance that they have to use opera-glasses to see each other. Besides, if they carry it on so openly and without any restraint, that indicates that it is authorized."

"Authorized? I don't understand what you mean."

"It means that it is authorized by the parents of both, in order to bring about a match. They may be already engaged, for all we know, only that it is not formally announced yet. In fact, I rather think this is the case; otherwise, her relations would n't have allowed such a public display of it."

"Engaged!" exclaimed my wife, with astonishment. "Then, why have we not met the gentleman in the house this whole day, or this evening in the box at the theatre, when so many other gentlemen called?"

"*Because* they *are* engaged!"

"What! Because they *are* engaged he is not admitted in the house, or even in the box, of his lady-love?"

"Just so; or, at least, not until the engagement is *formally* acknowledged, or the marriage contract signed."

"I understand less than ever now!"

"Of course you do, my dear, because you come from a country where such matters are arranged by the young people themselves. Americans begin first by a little flirting, then they come to love-making, finally to an engagement; and when all is arranged to their satisfaction then they apply to their respective parents for their consent; or, as in many cases, they merely announce the fact to them. In Sicily, on the contrary, these matters proceed in an inverse ratio. Usually the parents of both parties arrange it for them among themselves. Then they go to work, and quietly call the attention of each to the other: the parents of the young man by praising the beauty, virtue, accomplishments, of the young lady, whose parents do the same for the young gentleman. This naturally leads to a mutual interest on their part, and they first interchange glances, afterwards smiles, then signals; now and then a *billet-doux*, which they suppose is delivered clandestinely, but of which the parents are duly advised; finally, the young man gets to be actually in love, and confides it to his mam-

ma, who is greatly astonished, of course. He, such a young man, — his education not yet finished! What will papa say about it? He will be very much surprised. But then the young lady is of a good family, very pretty, modest, religious, etc., and if she had to choose for him she knows no one she would have preferred. Therefore, she will be very indulgent to him; she will try to bring matters about satisfactorily; only he must not be too impatient about marrying, for these matters take a long time to arrange; and he must not say anything to papa about it, for he may not like it on account of his being very young; above all, he must be a good boy, and deport himself as becomes his birth and education, for if she is to arrange this alliance with such highly respectable people as the family of the young lady, she must prove that her son is very worthy of her and of such a connection; and so on, for an hour or two of maternal anxious talk for his welfare. Then follow days and weeks of negotiations between the two mammas. The young lady, by the frequent visits and confabulations between her own and the young gentleman's mother, begins to suspect that there is something in the wind. He, on his side, to win her favor, daily increases his assiduity about her: for instance, at certain hours he passes through the street, stops at the café, or apothecary's, or opposite her house, and she is expected to be at the window or balcony to exchange glances. When she goes out to drive with her family, he will be on horseback or in another carriage, and will follow her and never lose sight of her till she returns home; she, on her part, is expected to cast a loving glance at him at every turning, and a very long one as the carriage disappears under the gate-way of her house. He is well informed about all her daily movements by secret (?) messages, and by fan telegraphing (an art totally ignored by American young ladies, through which any movement of the fan, by prearranged understanding, conveys communications intelligible to the gentleman, and entirely incomprehensible to everybody else), and is sure to be present wherever she goes: at the theatre, for instance, and there he must never look at the play, but ogle her through the performance; at the church on Sunday, and he is to be ready at the door to lift the heavy curtain as she goes in, offer her the holy water at the font to cross herself with, and then take position against a marble pillar opposite where she sits with her mamma or *duenna.*

"After this has gone on for a considerable time, the young gentleman's father finally consents to his making a formal demand for the young lady's hand. This *formal* demand should be understood *ad literam;* for it is really a formality, the match having been already agreed upon by the parents of both. On the day appointed the young gentleman, with his parents, calls on the family of the young lady. (And this is the first time that he enters the house, unless the two families had been connected, or long acquainted; in which case he may have been there before, but he has never seen her or spoken to her by herself, as young ladies never meet gentlemen alone.) They are received by the parents, and after the usual preliminaries they formally ask the hand of their daughter for their son. Her relatives will thank them for the honor conferred by the request of such an alliance, and assure them that their daughter would be only too happy to become the wife of such an estimable young man. Whereupon the mother rises and introduces the young lady, who enters blushing, with her eyes modestly cast down. As she comes forward, the young man's father addresses her somewhat as follows: —

"'Signorina Emilia, we have come, with your parents' permission, to ask your hand in marriage for our son Edu-

ardo; and, conscious as we are of the mutual affection that exists between you, we have no doubt that you will do us the honor to accept him, and make him happy.'

"On this, the young man usually advances towards his beloved, and adds a personal application, such as, —

"'I hope, Signorina Emilia, that you will not refuse what is the wish of my relatives and the long-desired aspiration of my heart.'

"At this, the young lady will blush, — naturally or not, according to circumstances; then casting first a longing look at the young gentleman, and a timid one at his and her own relatives, she will lower her long eyelashes, and answer hesitatingly something like this: —

"'I am confused by the high honor and the preference undeservedly shown me by Signor Eduardo and his worthy parents, and I gladly accept his hand, with the consent of my own, if so it please them to grant it.'

"Here follow shaking of hands, embraces, and mutual congratulations. The servants bring in wines and refreshments. The elder people draw to one side of the room, leaving alone for the first time the young couple on the other for fifteen or twenty minutes, to say a few loving words by themselves; after which they retire, the engagement is made formally public, and the marriage contract is drawn up and signed."

"And after the formal engagement are they allowed to be in each other's company?"

"Yes; but not as in America, where they can be alone together continually. Here, instead, after the formal engagement comes out and the marriage contract is signed, the young gentleman is allowed to ride in the same carriage with his *fiancée*, but with her relatives; and even if they get out to walk in some garden or promenade, they may walk alone in front, but the mamma, or other relative, walks behind. In the evening he may call at the house, or in her box at the theatre, but always in presence of company. In fact, they never see each other alone, or, at least, out of sight of anybody, till after the marriage."

The next morning we were up betimes, so as to be ready for an excursion, which had been arranged before, to the old town on the top of Mt. Eryx. As I rung for the hot water, the servant brought in at the same time a pot of hot coffee, black and strong; but no milk, or anything to eat with it. I took a cup, but my wife, who had not as yet got used to that Italian custom, asked for a cup of chocolate instead.

An hour afterwards breakfast was announced, at which we joined the family. It was not very different from an American breakfast, except that it was served with wine instead of tea or coffee. After this we sat on the balconies, looking out over the square and street, waiting for the time to start. I was in one balcony, with my host and his family physician; my wife in another, with our hostess and her black-eyed daughter, the latter watching anxiously any one who appeared at the corner of the street. A few minutes afterwards the young gentleman before referred to made his appearance. The young lady fixed her eyes on him at once, and her face became irradiated with a flush of delight, which suffused her olive cheeks with a deep peach bloom that was lovely to look at.

As he passed arm in arm with his friend under her balcony, he elegantly bowed to the ladies, the young one replying with a modest glance. They saluted us as they passed under ours, and then walked across the square to the café opposite, where they sat in front, sipping their coffee and smoking a cigarette in the open air; one of them glancing sentimentally at his Diva, who returned it shyly; while my wife observed to me in English across the balcony, "There they are at it again!"

I took this opportunity of remarking to my host, "I believe I saw those two young gentlemen at the theatre, last evening; who are they?"

"They are cousins," he politely replied, "belonging to one of our best families. The one on the right is the son of my friend, Marquis C——, and the *futuro* [future husband] of my daughter. He is a very fine fellow, bright, well educated, a good horseman, musician, and of good parts. The arrangements are nearly finished, and in two or three days we shall sign the marriage contract. I hope you will remain with us till then, and honor us with your presence on such an occasion."

"Oh, I thank you very much," said I, "but I would not want to impose upon your hospitality so long."

"Not at all, not at all! You will stay; it will be a great pleasure for us to have you. We hope to arrange the matter for the evening after to-morrow, and count upon your being with us."

Here the servants announced that the carriages were ready for our excursion. We started at once, and as we went out of the house we noticed that the two young men had disappeared from the café.

The mountain is about three miles from the town, the road ascending gradually to its foot. Half-way rises the famous church and monastery of the miraculous Madonna of Trapani.

As we issued from the city gates we saw a carriage before us, which slackened its pace to let ours pass; in this were the two young men, who bowed as we drove by, and then followed us at a respectful distance, in full sight of our young lady, who faced towards her futuro, and exchanged loving glances with him.

Arriving at the church we alighted, and under the guidance of one of the monks visited all there was to be seen. There was nothing remarkable either in it or in the monastery, except the chapel and statue of the Madonna in white alabaster, of no artistic merit whatever; both Madonna and child had gold crowns, and were heaped with offerings consisting of jewelry of all imaginable kinds and shapes, — gold and silver watches, chains, necklaces, rings in bundles of different number, and trinkets of all sorts there accumulated for the last three or four hundred years. The chapel was literally covered with paintings, or rather daubs, representing the miracles performed by the Madonna, — mostly in behalf of shipwrecked mariners whom she had rescued from a watery grave.

Our young physician, who was one of the party, called our attention to a picture of recent date: a girl sitting in an arm-chair, with two stout women, one grasping her arms and the other holding her head back; while a physician performed an operation on her eyes; several male and female figures were kneeling about the room, with their arms raised in the act of supplication; and over all, in a halo surrounded by a cloud, was a diminutive figure of the Madonna of Trapani.

"That is the latest miracle of the Madonna," said he to us.

"Indeed! And what does it represent?" we curiously inquired.

"You can see for yourselves," he replied. "The young girl is one of my patients, who had been afflicted by a cataract; the surgeon is myself performing the operation, which having been successful, and her sight restored, all the merit is ascribed to a miracle of the Madonna!"

"And justly so," interrupted the monk, who had overheard the conversation; "for who guided your hand in the delicate and difficult performance of the operation but our blessed Madonna, whose devotees the girl and her family are, and to whom they had prayed and made vows for the success of the operation? Skill is a necessary thing in all

professions, but without the assistance of God, the holy Madonna, and the blessed saints, nothing can be accomplished."

That argument silenced our Æsculapius and all of us; there was no gainsaying it, nor any logic to prove the contrary; therefore with such an assurance of the power of miracles we left the church. Going out of the front door to our carriages, we perceived the young futuro, with his cousin, leaning against a pilaster opposite the entrance, smoking a cigarette, and — studying the *barocco* architecture of the front of the church!

Proceeding on our journey, we arrived in a short time at the foot of the mountain. There we found a number of donkeys ready saddled to take us up to the summit by a short cut of about three miles, but very steep and stony. There is a road for carriages which ascends by a roundabout circuit of more than seven miles, but it is not so romantic and picturesque. We mounted the donkeys, that were of such diminutive size as to seem incapable of carrying the weight of any one of us; but they were strong, wiry little animals, sure-footed, and so used to that ascent, which would have been difficult even to a foot-traveler, that they carried us to the summit without a fall or a misstep.

The town is at the top of the mountain, on a plateau of irregular outline, sloping down on every side, in some places most precipitously. There is a small esplanade, where we dismounted to admire the view. From that elevation we overlooked an extensive reach of the western coast of Sicily. Below us, lapped by the sea, lay the walled city of Trapani, with its shipping, windmills, and salt pyramids, which at that altitude looked like the tents of a vast encampment. The whole panorama, rich with vineyards, olive groves, grain fields, carob-trees, oranges and lemons, almonds, fig-trees, pomegranates, and all the luxuriant variety of that almost Oriental vegetation up to the very top of the mountain, with hedges and partitions formed of rows of aloes with their tall stems and flowery tops, prickly-pear trees with their enormous thorny leaves, and blackberry bushes, was studded with elegant white villas and farm-houses, near which grew the tall, mushroom-shaped Italian pines, that shaded them like gigantic parasols, and the erect palm-trees, which told of the proximity of the African coast opposite. Besides the productive soil of every available slope, this mountain contains in its substratum a great variety of precious marbles, such as alabaster, jasper, agate, porphyry, verd-antique, scagliola, and many others.

While we were thus admiring the beautiful view, the carriage containing the young futuro and his cousin arrived on the esplanade. They got out, and, bowing very politely to us, entered the main street of the town, where we followed them shortly after.

It is a very old place, with narrow streets going up and down by means of wide, stone-paved stairs, which prevent any carriages, or even horses, passing through them. The walls of the houses, which are never more than two stories high, seemed crumbling to dust, and reminded us more of Pompeii as it looks now than any other old town; the interiors were mere dark holes, crowded by a rural population. There is but one object of antiquity, a church, of which the walls and most of the columns once belonged to a temple of Vesta. There is an old tradition about this temple and the progenitors of the people of this town which is worth relating: —

During the many centuries of decay of the Roman Empire, the strict religious laws and customs were so far relaxed that whenever any one of the vestal virgins was discovered faithless to her vows, instead of being buried alive, according to the old law, she was rele-

gated to this temple of Vesta on Mt. Eryx, where, at length, she and others like her intermarried with the priests and people of the place, who were of Trojan origin. From their union descended the present population. This, of course, is a mere tradition, yet it is supported by a very curious physiological fact. The natives of this mountain town have more of the old Roman type of face and person than any of the other two millions of people that inhabit Sicily. The women are famous for their beauty, their fair complexions, long necks, large black eyes, and superb busts. There are also many blondes with blue eyes amongst them, — a type never seen in the true Sicilian race.

We had heard this story, and were anxious to observe the female part of the population; but as we walked, or rather climbed, up and down the steps of the streets, we saw none but men and very old women sitting in front of their dismal house doors.

There were shops where they sold oil, contained in just such huge clay jars as one sees at Pompeii; public cooks frying their meats at the threshold of their front doors; lamps, both of clay and bronze, of Pompeian shape; bread on the bakers' counters of the precise pattern as that found carbonized at Pompeii; and many other things reminded us of that old Roman town.

We arrived finally at the centre of the town, where there was a small square, the only *level* place in the city, with the principal church, of no sort of interest, and the usual café, apothecary shop, and club-rooms. The young futuro and his friend were already installed in front of the last,[1] chatting with several gentlemen of the place. On our appearance, several of these came forward to greet our host and party, and three or four joined us to guide us about the place. There was very little to be seen, except an old fortress, anciently a Saracenic castle of great strength, perched above a perpendicular precipice of some two thousand feet.

We were allowed to throw two or three huge stones down it, which, falling from such a height on a marble quarry at the bottom, broke into fragments, and ricochetted like cannon-balls over fields, vineyards, and olive groves on the slope, bounding over enormous distances three or four times.

It had been arranged that we should lunch at our host's villa, which lay halfway down the southern slope of the mountain; but one of the gentlemen of the place, who had joined us, insisted upon our accepting *his* hospitality. It was useless for our host to expostulate; as he had prepared a refection at his villa, he would admit of no excuse. We were therefore marched back to the square, and made to enter a two-story house opposite the church. It was one of the few neat-looking houses in the place, containing a number of large rooms on the second floor elegantly furnished, and, what astonished us, having fire-places in every room.[2]

We were shown into a superb hall overlooking the square, and introduced to the lady of the house and several young children. She was a native of the place, and had never been out of it, except to make a visit of a few days, every now and then, to Trapani. Placed in contrast with our dark hostess and still darker daughter, she and her children seemed to be of quite another race, their complexion being much lighter, smoother, and less sunburnt. This must be the effect not so much of their Roman descent, I surmised, as of the climate and atmosphere of that lofty place,

1 Clubs in Sicily are seldom in-doors, but generally in some square of the city, on a level with the street, differing only from public cafés in that none but members or invited guests have a right to enter; and as in public cafés there are chairs and tables under an awning in front when it is warm and pleasant.

2 Fire-places are found nowhere in Sicily except in the houses of the wealthiest people, and then as a luxury in one or two drawing-rooms.

which reminded us when there, and from description, of the English climate; for they have daily fogs, from the clouds that settle over it and stay there, and that look so bright and picturesque from the lower part of the mountain and from the plain, that are basking in the sunshine.

After a few minutes of conversation, during which our young lady stood at the window, fanning herself in many ways, though it was cool enough at that height, the servants entered bringing trays with refections, which they passed round. These consisted of sweet biscuits, candied fruits, — such as citrons, mandarin oranges, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, figs, — etc., with several varieties of confectioneries, *sweet* wines, and liqueurs.

The above may seem a very strange sort of lunch to an Anglo-Saxon, who would have preferred a cold chicken, a slice of ham, an olive, sardine, or piece of cheese, with a glass of dry wine, and above all fresh fruits, with which the trees were loaded down in that season of the year, instead of candied ones. But none of the last would have been *comme il faut*, according to the idea of a Sicilian gentleman; and the first could not have been found ready in the house so impromptu, for meats are never provided for more than one day's use, as the climate soon spoils them.

While we were thus entertained there came out from the church in the square a crowd of people, mostly women, who had been attending some religious service, and we then had an opportunity of ascertaining the truth about their peculiar beauty. As far as we could observe, the young girls were of a light complexion, with Romanesque necks and busts, but the matrons and old women were not very different from the generality of the peasant classes of the island.

We left the house soon after to take a turn about the streets on our way back. Passing by a little shop containing objects made of the various marbles that are found in the mountain, such as agate knife handles and amulets, porphyry seals, verd-antique paper-weights, alabaster statuettes of madonnas, etc., we selected a few articles as mementoes of the place, fortunately of little value; for, when I took out my purse to pay for them, the shopman refused the money, stating that they had already been paid for by the gentleman who had entertained us at the place.

When half-way down the mountain we left the main road, and entered a wide avenue that led to our host's villa. This was lined with yellow stone pilasters surmounted by vases containing cactuses, many of them in bloom, and supporting cross-beams over the road, intersected with light canes, the whole covered over with vines, whose leaves sheltered us, like an awning, from the sun, which at that noon hour was very hot; and, hanging from them, we could discern through the whole length of the avenue myriads of ripe bunches of zibibo (malaga) and corniola grapes. We stopped the carriages, and standing in them we picked enough fruit to fill a large basket in a few moments.

Eating grapes as we drove on, we arrived finally at the villa, or *casino*, as it is called in Sicily.

No American cottage or farm-house, nor even an Italian villa such as one finds in Tuscany or Romagna, can give an idea of the country-seats in the interior of Sicily. The one our friend had inherited from his ancestors consisted of a rectangular building inclosing a courtyard some hundred feet front by seventy feet deep. We entered through a gateway or porch, twenty-five feet deep, having two strong iron-barred gates, one on the outside and the other on the inside. All along both the walls of this could be seen loop-holes covering the outer gate and the whole length of the porch, so that in case of any attempt at entering, a very few persons from the inside could

protect the entrance; and should the assailants even succeed in carrying the first gate, they could be repulsed before reaching, or while endeavoring to break through, the second, without being able to see the defenders.

Over this porch, and extending somewhat on each side, rose a one-story stone building, occupied by the factor and his family. On the sides of each window of this, which was protected by an iron grate, were also loop-holes, covering the small esplanade in front and the gate itself. On each side of this there ran along the whole front store-houses some twenty feet high, containing the usual three tiers of wine butts in which to deposit the vintage. These store-houses continued through the two sides of the rectangle and all along the back of the building, thus inclosing the court-yard, into which they all opened, having no doors and hardly any windows, except loop-holes, on the outside. The villa itself was built over these store-houses, and opposite the entrance porch and the factor's house. The only access to this was by a double stone staircase in the court-yard, protected by a stone parapet reaching the height above the store-houses where were the landing and entrance door. Both the stair and landing were exposed to the fire of hundreds of loop-holes from every building in the place and from the villa itself, so that any attempt to break into the house would have been next to impossible.

As our carriages drove into the court-yard a novel sight met our eyes. The place was thronged with donkeys going in and out, led by little boys and carrying two long, wide wooden tubs, shaped somewhat like baskets, filled with white and black grapes, which some of the laborers emptied into huge wooden receptacles, from which other boys took them in buckets and carried them into the wine-press visible through the wide-open door of one of the store-houses. We were so anxious to see the process of pressing that, in spite of our host's urging us to go up into the villa to lunch, we insisted upon viewing it first.

The process was very primitive and not very agreeable. There was built in the middle of the store-house a stone basin, some six feet above the ground and twelve or fifteen feet square, with a stone parapet three feet high. Within this were ten or twelve men, with bare legs and feet, dancing and smashing mounds of grapes under them. The juice came out through four tubes at the bottom of each side of the basin into buckets, and was then poured into the empty butts of the store-houses, where the wine would go through the process of fermentation.

After the grapes had been pressed by the feet as much as possible, they were taken out, and placed in soft rush baskets under a wooden screw press, and every drop of juice squeezed out. The wine extracted by this second pressure is not, however, so good as the first, as the press squeezes also the unripe grapes and acid pulps.

As we retraced our steps into the court-yard, where the great bulk of grapes were being brought in, I noticed that several women were assorting them by choosing the best and ripest white clusters and placing them in separate tubs. My wife, who, somewhat disgusted at the sight of the barefooted men dancing jigs over the grapes, had gone where the women were, and was regaling herself with the best of them, asked my host why they were assorting these.

"Ah," said he, "for the reason that in the contract with my factor he is bound to provide me with three butts of white grape wine at every vintage; and as he was in our family long before I was born, and is very fond of me and mine, he naturally chooses the very best white grapes to make it out of. These will make the same wine you tasted last evening, and liked so much."

"Oh, yes, I see," said I jocosely: "you

keep the choicest for yourself, and let the world have the rest."

"Not exactly, for I have nothing to do with all the rest; it belongs to my factor, who rents the whole produce of the estate. He could assort the vintage, if he chose, and produce three or four different qualities of wine, some of which would be of a very high grade; but he prefers to sell it for ready money, for he sells all the wine he makes before the year is out, while my three butts take three years before the wine is properly matured; and it will improve by age. Therefore, you can imagine what an enormous capital it would require to keep the produce of three or four years stored, in order to have a higher grade of wine; to say nothing of the risk. Neither I nor my factor would care to have the trouble and anxiety of such a speculation. Besides, as I told you last evening, I am not a merchant, and feel utterly incapable of such work. But let us go into the house, and see what our factor has prepared for us, for I am getting hungry."

We went up the staircase and entered the villa. It consisted of a rotunda painted in fresco, representing a Doric temple with Apollo and the Muses, for an entrance hall, with four doors leading to four suites of rooms: those looking into the court-yard had large balconies shaded by trellises of grape-vines; but those looking into the open country had only very small windows commanding a magnificent view of the valley beneath, the sea, and the opposite islands. These windows and balconies were also loop-holed.

After lunching on a peculiar cold dish composed of egg-plant cut up fine, with bits of fried polyp stewed together with sugar and vinegar, sprinkled over with crumbs of burnt almonds and boiled shrimps, and on other cold dishes as odd, which had been sent out from the city, we sat on the balconies over the work in the court-yard, looking at the caravan of donkeys bringing up the grapes, and the vast plateau and distant mountains opposite us. My wife had a curiosity to know something about the loop-holes we had seen everywhere about the buildings, so she said to our host: —

"I have noticed that the whole place is loop-holed, and though not a castle, yet is so arranged for defense that it could stand a siege. Is there any necessity for such a precaution?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied he. "All these precautions were necessary when my great-great-grandfather built it, and as long as the Algerine pirates were allowed in the Mediterranean. Our coast is only twenty-four hours from the coast of Africa, and those three islands that look so picturesque opposite our shore were a good hiding-place for the corsairs; for they would lay to behind them in the day-time, and when night came, if they had a favorable wind, they could reach our shores in a couple of hours, land in force, and raid over the country, collecting booty, and prisoners, whom they sold as slaves. You must have noticed at every few miles on the coast a watch-tower. These were built to signal the appearance of piratical craft, which they did by a smoke in the day-time and a light in the night. The moment the peasants were thus warned of the approach of the corsairs, they took up arms, and with their families crowded into all places that were capable of defense, until the danger was past. Proprietors accordingly built their country houses with conveniences to shelter the poor peasants, and defend themselves against those renegades, and this house was one of them. There is no record, however, that it was ever assaulted, for my factor remembers of having been told by his grandfather that when the corsairs were on our coast the armed peasantry flocked here in such numbers as to have half a dozen guns for every loop-hole."

"And are there any brigands here?"

"Brigands?" exclaimed our host with a look of astonishment, — "brigands? My dear madam, we are neither in the Abruzzi, nor in the Roman Campagna, nor in Greece. There are some robbers in the neighborhood of Palermo and Girgenti; but, with the exception of petty thieves, this part of the island is as safe as a convent. Of course, robberies happen in the best regulated communities; but regular brigandage — armed bands of outlaws raiding over the country, and plundering travelers, proprietors, and farmers — has never been known here."

Our friend proposed to walk down to where they were gathering the grapes, having our carriages follow us along the road. We entered an extensive olive grove and vineyard.

Vines in Sicily are not cultivated as in other parts of Italy, where they hang them in festoons across willow, elm, or other trees. In Sicily, instead, each vine is planted in the centre of a five-foot hollow square, and allowed to grow only to the height of a foot or so, when it spreads its shoots over the whole space, so low, that when they are loaded with grapes, these often touch the ground. The olive-trees grow up somewhat irregularly among the vines; or rather they occupied the soil long before these were planted, for they were introduced into Sicily by the Arabs during their occupation of the island in the eighth and ninth centuries, and many of them date back to that time. They do not interfere with the growth of the grapes, because their roots sink very deep into the soil, and their small and narrow leaves do not obstruct the heat of the sun; so that from the same soil are derived two products, wine and oil.

As we passed the fields which the vintagers had been through, we noticed crowds of children gleaning the little bunches of grapes that, either on account of their smallness, or because hidden among the foliage, had been left ungathered. Our host explained to us that from time immemorial the poor children in the neighborhood of estates had the privilege of entering during the vintage or the harvest, and gleaning all that was left after the vintagers; and no proprietor would dare to forbid this time-honored charitable custom. The vintagers were all field hands, who clipped the grapes with sharp pincers and with extraordinary swiftness, filling their baskets in a short time.

We noticed also that there were no women working among them, as is often the custom in other parts of Italy and other countries of the continent of Europe. This is very characteristic of the Sicilians, and without doubt is of Arabic origin: they never allow their women, even among the poorest classes, to do any outdoor work; they are always kept in the house, and do home work.

After having seen the vintagers at work, we regained our carriages, and descending the zigzag road at a quick trot reached the convent of the Madonna of Trapani at about sunset. We found our friend the futuro again studying the architecture of the façade, with an enormous bouquet of flowers, which he had probably obtained from the garden of the monastery. A short time after our arrival at the house, when we sat down to dinner, we noticed in the middle of the table the very bunch of flowers we had seen in his hand, which somehow or other had got there.

At our host's earnest solicitation, we stayed two days more than we had intended, in order to be present at the marriage contract of his daughter. It took place in the evening, shortly after dinner. The house had been decorated as for a ball, and in fact the evening ended with dancing. The company was not very large, consisting mostly of relatives and intimate friends of both families, though it comprised all there was of the élite of the town. The bridegroom, accompanied by his family, was

the last to arrive, and it was the *first time* that he had entered the house. A few minutes after, the servants brought in a table covered with a green cloth, on which they placed an elegant silver ink-stand and *three* silver candlesticks with three lighted wax candles, though the room was as light as day.[1]

When the notary sat at the table to read the contract, the bride stood one step in front, between her father and mother, on his right; the bridegroom in the same position on the left, and the company all about them. The notary read in a loud voice, detailing every item of property that each possessed or received from his or her parents, even to the very dresses and underclothes, sheets and pillow-cases, to say nothing of the jewelry and silver, of the bride's trousseau, with the value attached to each, the sum total of which formed the dowry. This dowry is secured on all the bridegroom's property over any possible creditor, in favor of the wife and their issue. When the reading was through, the bride signed first, then the bridegroom, then their fathers and mothers and any number of witnesses they pleased; so that even our names were appended to that marriage contract. Then followed congratulations, refreshments, and dancing to a late hour.

We left the next day for home, delighted with the excursion, and with the cordial and expansive, though at times almost oppressive, form of Sicilian hospitality.

Luigi Monti.

KINTU.

When earth was young and men were few,
And all things freshly-born and new
Seemed made for blessing, not for ban,
Kintu the god appeared as man.
Clad in the plain white priestly dress,
He journeyed through the wilderness,
His wife beside. A mild-faced cow
They drove, and one low-bleating lamb;
He bore a ripe banana-bough,
And she a root of fruitful yam:
This was their worldly worth and store,
But God can make the little more.
The glad earth knew his feet; her mold
Trembled with quickening thrills, and stirred.
Miraculous harvests spread and rolled,
The orchards shone with ruddy gold;
The flocks increased, increased the herd,
And a great nation spread and grew
From the swift lineage of the two,
Peopling the solitary place;
A fair and strong and fruitful race,
Who knew not pain, nor want, nor grief,
And Kintu reigned their lord and chief.

So sped three centuries along,
Till Kintu's sons waxed fierce and strong;
They learned to war, they loved to slay;
Cruel and dark grew all their faces;
Discordant death-cries scared the day,
Blood stained the green and holy places;
And drunk with lust, with anger hot,

[1] This was in old times a necessary formality to make the marriage contract *legal.* The Latin form of such contracts, used until the French Revolution, was expressed somewhat as follows: "Before me, N. N., notary public, in the presence of, etc., *cum tribus luminibus accensis* (with three lighted candles), personally appeared," etc. This, though not a legal requirement now, has been kept up as a traditional custom. The origin of it is very obscure; though it is possible that, after the expulsion of the Arabs and the Jews, with the exception of those who had embraced Christianity, they adopted this formality to try their sincerity, for the three candles indicated the Trinity.

His sons mild Kintu heeded not.
At last the god arose in wrath,
His sandals tied, and down the path,
His wife beside him, as of yore,
He went. A cow, a single lamb
They took; one tuber of the yam;
One yellow-podded branch they bore
Of ripe banana, — these, no more,
Of all the heaped-up harvest store.
They left the huts, they left the tent,
Nor turned, nor cast a backward look:
Behind the thick boughs met and shook.
They vanished. Long with wild lament
Mourned all the tribe, in vain, in vain;
The gift once given was given no more,
The grievèd god came not again.

To what far paradise they fared,
That heavenly pair, what wilderness
Their gentle rule next owned and shared,
Knoweth no man, — no man can guess.
On secret roads, by pathways blind,
The gods go forth, and none may find;
But sad the world where God is not!
By man was Kintu soon forgot,
Or named and held as legend dim;
But the wronged earth, remembering
him,
By scanty fruit and tardy grain
And silent song revealed her pain.
So centuries came, and centuries went,
And heaped the graves, and filled the
tent.
Kings rose, and fought their royal way
To conquest over heaps of slain,
And reigned a little. Then, one day,
They vanished into dust again,
And other kings usurped their place,
Who called themselves of Kintu's race,
And worshiped Kintu; not as he,
The mild, benignant deity,
Who held all life a holy thing,
Be it of insect or of king,
Would have ordained, but with wild
rite,
With altars heaped, and dolorous cries,
And savage dance, and bale-fires light,
An unaccepted sacrifice.
At last, when thousand years were flown,
The great Ma-anda filled the throne:
A prince of generous heart and high,
Impetuous, noble, fierce, and true;
His wrath like lightning hurtling by,
His pardon like the healing dew.
And chiefs and sages swore each one
He was great Kintu's worthiest son.

One night, in forests still and deep,
A shepherd sat to watch his sheep;
And started as through darkness dim
A strange voice rang and called to him:
"Wake! — there are wonders waiting
thee!
Go where the thick mimosas be,
Fringing a little open plain.
Honor and power wouldest thou gain?
Go, foolish man, to fortune blind;
Follow the stream, and thou shalt find."
Three several nights the voice was heard,
Louder and more emphatic grown.
Then, at the thrice-repeated word,
The shepherd rose and went alone,
Threading the mazes of the stream
Like one who wanders in a dream.
Long miles he went, the stream beside,
Which this way, that way, turned and
sped,
And called and sang, a noisy guide.
At last its vagrant dances led
To where the thick mimosas' shade
Circled and fringed an open glade;
There the wild streamlet danced away.
The moon was shining strangely white,
And by its fitful gleaming ray
The shepherd saw a wondrous sight:
In the glade's midst, each on his mat,
A group of armèd warriors sat,
White-robed, majestic, with deep eyes
Fixed on him with a stern surprise;
And in their midst an aged chief
Enthronèd sat, whose beard like foam
Caressed his mighty knees. As leaf
Shakes in the wind the shepherd shook,
And veiled his eyes before that look,
And prayed, and thought upon his home,
Nor spoke, nor moved, till the old man,
In voice like waterfall, began:
"Shepherd, how names himself thy
king?"
"Ma-anda," answered, shuddering,

The shepherd. "Good, thou speakest well.
And now, my son, I bid thee tell
Thy first king's name." "It was Kintu."
"'T is rightly said, thou answerest true.
Hark! To Ma-anda, Kintu's son,
Hasten, and bid him, fearing naught,
Come hither, taking thee for guide;
Thou and he, not another one,
Not even a dog may run beside!
Long has Ma-anda Kintu sought
With spell and conjuration dim,
Now Kintu has a word for him.
Go, do thy errand, haste thee hence,
Kintu insures thy recompense."
All night the shepherd ran, star-led,
All the hot day he hastened straight,
Nor stopped for sleep, nor stopped for bread,
Until he reached the city gate,
And saw red rays of evening fall
On the leaf-hutted capital.
He sought the king, his tale he told.
Ma-anda faltered not, nor stayed.
He seized his spear, he left the tent;
Shook off the brown arms of his queens,
Who clasped his knees with wailing screams;
On pain of instant death forbade
That men should spy or follow him;
And down the pathway, arching dim,
Fearless and light of heart and bold
Followed the shepherd where he went.

But one there was who loved his king
Too well to suffer such strange thing, —
The chieftain of the host was he,
Next to the monarch in degree;
And, fearing wile or stratagem
Menaced the king, he followed them
With noiseless tread and out of sight.
So on they fared the forest through,
From evening shades to dawning light,
From dawning to the dusk and dew, —
The unseen follower and the two.
Ofttimes the king turned back to scan
The path, but never saw the man.
At last the forest-guarded space
They reached, where, ranged in order, sat
Each couched upon his braided mat,
The white-robed warriors, face to face
With their majestic chief. The king,
Albeit unused to fear or awe,
Bowed down in homage, wondering,
And bent his eyes, as fearing to be
Blinded by rays of deity.
Then asked the mighty voice and calm,
"Art thou Ma-anda called?" "I am."
"And art thou king?" "The king am I,"
The bold Ma-anda made reply.
"'T is rightly spoken; but, my son,
Why hast thou my command forgot,
That no man with thee to this spot
Should come, except thy guide alone?"
"No man has come," Ma-anda said.
"Alone we journeyed, he and I;
And often have I turned my head,
And never living thing could spy.
None is there, on my faith as king."
"A king's word is a weighty thing,"
The old man answered. "Let it be, —
But still a man *has* followed thee!
Now answer, Ma-anda, one more thing:
Who, first of all thy line, was king?"
"Kintu the god." "'T is well, my son,
All creatures Kintu loved, — not one
Too pitiful or weak or small;
He knew them and he loved them all;
And never did a living thing,
Or bird in air or fish in lake,
Endure a pang for Kintu's sake.
Then rose his sons, of differing mind,
Who gorged on cruel feasts each day,
And bathed in blood, and joyed to slay,
And laughed at pain and suffering.
Then Kintu sadly went his way.
The gods long-suffering are and kind,
Often they pardon, long they wait;
But men are evil, men are blind.
After much tarriance, much debate,
The good gods leave them to their fate;
So Kintu went where none may find.
Each king in turn has sought since then,
From Chora down, the first in line,
To win lost Kintu back to men.
Vain was his search, and vain were thine,

Save that the gods have special grace
To thee, Ma-anda. Face to face
With Kintu thou shalt stand, and he
Shall speak the word of power to thee;
Clasped to his bosom, thou shalt share
His knowledge of the earth, the air,
And deep things, secret things, shalt learn.
But stay," — the old man's voice grew stern, —
"Before I further speak, declare
Who is that man in ambush there!"
"There is no man, — no man I see."
"Deny no longer, it is vain.
Within the shadow of the tree
He lurketh; lo, behold him plain!"
And the king saw, for at the word
From covert stole the hidden spy,
And sought his monarch's side. One cry,
A lion's roar, Ma-anda gave,
Then seized his spear, and poised and drave.
Like lightning bolt it hissed and whirred,
A flash across the midnight blue.
A single groan, a jet of red,
And, pierced and stricken through and through,
Upon the ground the chief fell dead;
But still with love no death could chase,
His eyes sought out his master's face.

Blent with Ma-anda's a wild cry
Of many voices rose on high,
A shriek of anguish and despair,
Which shook and filled the startled air;
And when the king, his wrath still hot,
Turned him, the little grassy plain
All lonely in the moonlight lay:
The chiefs had vanished all away
As melted into thin, blue wind;
Gone was the old man. Stunned and blind,
For a long moment stood the king;
He tried to wake; he rubbed his eyes,
As though some fearful dream to end.
It was no dream, this fearful thing:
There was the forest, there the skies,
The shepherd — and his murdered friend.
With feverish haste, bewildered, mazed,
This way and that he vainly sped,
Beating the air like one half crazed;
With prayers and cries unnumberèd,
Searching, imploring, — vain, all vain.
Only the echoing woods replied,
With mocking booms their long aisles through,
"Come back, Kintu, Kintu, Kintu!"
And pitiless to all his pain
The unanswering gods his suit denied.
At last, as dawning slowly crept
To day, the king sank down and wept
A space; then, lifting as they could
The lifeless burden, once a man,
He and the shepherd-guide began
Their grievous journey through the wood,
The long and hard and dreary way,
Trodden so lightly yesterday;
And the third day, at evening's fall,
Gained the leaf-hutted capital.
There burial rites were duly paid:
Like bridegroom decked for banqueting,
The chief adorned his funeral-pyre;
Rare gums and spices fed the fire,
Perfumes and every precious thing;
And songs were sung, and prayers were prayed,
And priests danced jubilant all day.
But prone the king Ma-anda lay,
With ashes on his royal crest,
And groaned, and beat upon his breast,
And called on Kintu loud and wild:
"Father, come back, forgive thy child!"
Bitter the cry, but vain, all vain;
The grievèd god came not again.

Susan Coolidge.

THE SURGEON AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

Often as I have seen allusions to the field hospital, and even short, vivid descriptions of its horrors and mysteries, in the course of accounts of battles penned by men who had borne their part in the fighting, or by newspaper correspondents whose attention was mainly fixed on the engagement, as was natural, I do not remember to have read a single account, from a *surgeon*, of the place where his work lay during and after the battle. He, like the quartermaster and commissary, has no share in the fierce and stimulating work of attack and defense; the strung-up suspense of expectation, the intensity of effort while the struggle hangs in doubtful balance, the exaltation of victory, the depression of defeat, come to him at second hand. His place is in an eddy of the mighty current of battle where the wrecks sweep in, and his business is to mend them as he may. It may well be supposed that the despondent rather than the jubilant view gets reported there, whither shattered manhood is borne sorely against its will, when its hope was to rush on, sweeping the enemy before it. Bitter disappointment and bodily anguish are too much for the hopefulness of common men, whose strength of soul is usually taxed to the utmost for endurance. So, though there are many glorious exceptions, the usual tone of those who come into the field hospital is depressed and despondent, and they are apt to report failure, if not defeat; whence it comes to pass that the surgical staff, who long for victory as much as any of their comrades in the line of battle, have need of no little experience before they can make such allowances for the exaggeration of distress in the reports that are groaned out to them as will save their own hearts from growing heavy with the thought that all this woe and wail, in the midst of which they are working, has gone for naught.

Never shall I forget how strong was this influence at the first assault on Port Hudson.

Public attention was not so drawn to this rebel stronghold as to Vicksburg, the final and successful siege of which began about the same date; and many readers may have quite forgotten that in Louisiana there was another fort in rebel hands, one hundred and twenty miles below Vicksburg and ninety miles above New Orleans,[1] which completely commanded the Mississippi and held out nearly a week longer than Vicksburg. Banks's army had by an unexpected movement invested it on May 21, 1863, carried the outworks at once, and driven the enemy within his main line of defenses, while Farragut shut him in quite as closely on the river side. In the flush of our first success we recked little of there being seven miles of formidable earth-works before us. We were eager to storm them, and get to the river before Grant's men. Between the woods in which our camps were hidden and the rebel works, there was a plain of irregular shape, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. The trees had been felled here the year before to give free sweep for artillery, and being left where they fell had added greatly to the defenses of the place. It was as though the parts of an abatis had been somewhat widely separated, and strong bushes and briars had grown up among them, rendering it impossible to preserve any regimental formation in traversing it, even unmolested by an enemy. But from the woods' edge where our line was formed these obstacles could not be seen, and it looked simply like a half

[1] By the river these distances are four or five times greater.

mile of space to be rushed over under fire, and the only question was how to pass the ditch and surmount the earthworks on the farther side. It was well understood that there was to be an assault. In every regiment fascines were made, which were to be carried by hand to the ditch and flung in at one point, till they should fill and so bridge it for our triumphant charge over the works. Volunteers were called for from each regiment to form a storming party, a part of which was to bear the fascines, while the rest were to rush over the bridged ditch, heading the assault, and holding the vulnerable point of the rebel defenses till the main body came up. Volunteers were not wanting for what was the post of glory as well as of danger. Little did we think that not one fascine would reach the ditch, and that even those who carried only a musket would be glad to take shelter behind stumps and logs midway of that green, bushy plain.

The field hospital of our division was in the woods, out of probable, though not out of possible, cannon range, and, as it proved, beyond *actual* range all through the seven weeks' siege. In the woods I said it was, meaning a cleared *place* in the woods, not a building or tent of any kind. A suitable place by the road-side had been cleared of underbrush for the space of perhaps an acre, which lay almost wholly in shade under tall trees and interlacing vines, with spaces enough of sunshine to prevent anything like an air of gloom. Questions of room and of ventilation, at least, gave us no trouble there. On the 27th of May, having got all things in readiness, we lay about on the ground waiting, waiting with unutterable restlessness and dread. It was noon of the hot, bright day, when the artillery along our division front, which had been pretty steadily at work all the forenoon pounding away at the rebel breast-works, burst into a steady roar, the light batteries firing with wonderful rapidity, and we understood that our division was moving to the assault. For an hour the roar was continuous. Whether musketry mingled with it we could not tell, for the wind was strong and blew from us to Port Hudson. Earlier in the day we had heard heavy firing on our right and left, but that concerned other divisions, and we had got not one word of news in regard to it. About one o'clock there was a lull in the firing for half an hour, but not a wounded man came in, and we could not understand it. Had they carried Port Hudson, and were the hurt as well as the sound men going in thither? Could the assault have succeeded so soon? We could make nothing of it; but here was our station, and here we must stay. Four or five hours earlier I had been up with my regiment, had seen them in line of battle on the edge of a wood, had sent one of my assistants to a neighboring regiment which had no medical officer fit for duty, and had given my last directions to the other assistant, who was to stay with our regiment as long as he could be of any use, and then report at the hospital where I was stationed. Since that time I had been merely waiting.

About half past one o'clock, P. M., the firing began again, and now we could hear the rattling, spiteful musketry, more dangerous than the louder cannon. We walked to and fro in our shady retreat, or, pausing, we changed restlessly from one position to another. It was about three P. M., when several assistant surgeons came in (both mine among them), saying that nobody could get off the field; so heavy was the enemy's fire and so rough the field, it was out of the question to bring off the wounded. They could not tell how it was going, but stoutly maintained that we should ultimately carry the works. Shortly before four o'clock the wounded began to come in, the more slightly wounded at first; then, as the afternoon wore on and

the sun got low, faster and faster and thicker the sad procession poured in on us, not in ambulances, not on stretchers, but in their comrades' arms, or borne in rubber blankets. In different parts of that ground we wrought, with our hospital men about us, extracting bullets; staunching bleeding; amputating hopelessly shattered fingers and hands on the spot; sending to the operating table the more serious cases; pointing out the place where each man should be laid when we had done what we could, or sadly shaking the head over cases for which nothing could be done. Now it was a strange, now a familiar, face that looked pleadingly into mine to know the surgeon's verdict. Working as fast as possible, with every power of mind and body on the stretch, I heard from each sufferer, or from the friends who bore him, the wildest accounts of the day's losses and defeat, agreeing only as to our having been terribly repulsed, fearfully "cut up," and as to the impracticable nature of the ground over which the assault was attempted. "How is it with the forty-ninth?" was my question to every man of my own regiment who sought me. "Oh, doctor, the regiment 's all cut to pieces! The' ain't twenty men left 'thout a wound." This was the burden of the replies I got. "They 're bringin' in the colonel now. He 's hit in the head, and his arm 's shattered awful." "And where 's Colonel S.?" (the lieutenant-colonel). "Why, I heard he 's shot through the body." Just then came the captain of Company E, unwounded indeed, but bruised, haggard, staggering with fatigue, bringing in a lieutenant with the help of a private. "Captain," I cried, "is it as bad as they say?" "Could n't be worse, doctor. The forty-ninth can't furnish half a company for duty. Here comes the colonel with a smashed arm and a wounded head, they say. S. has got a ball in his lungs, I suppose." "And the major?" I groaned. "Dead on the field!" replied his hollow voice. "My God!" I groaned again, and bent over the lieutenant, whose comparatively slight hurt was soon dressed. As I straightened my aching back, and signed them where to lay him by his friends (five lieutenants in a row with two or three captains), my attention was drawn by several familiar voices crying, "Here 's the doctor! Bring the colonel this way!" and a group somewhat larger than usual laid the tall figure of our colonel on the ground before me. How proud we had been of our colonel, — of his valor, his steadiness, his courtesy, his reputation! His very name was a tower of strength to us. Officer and private, all leaned on him alike. Our attachment to him was almost a proverb in the brigade. He had gone into that assault the *only mounted man*, because it was impossible for him to walk with his *Palmer leg* among the felled trees and tangled bushes of that half mile or more of plain over which his men were to charge (?), and none but himself should lead his regiment. I shuddered to think of having to take away another limb from the already maimed body that had borne so bravely his unmaimed, mighty, and alert spirit. Why, he was but twenty-two years old! A vision of the fond father and mother, who had charged me as I left home to look after their boy, rose before me and wrung my heart, already sore over the wounds of a score of other friends whose blood had stained my hands within an hour. His clear blue eye met mine steadily, his strong right hand grasped mine firmly, and the voice that could ring along the line like a trumpet had no waver in it as it said, "How are you, doctor? We 've had a rough time of it. Now you must do your best for me. I can't lose another limb, you know." I saw that the hurt in the head could be nothing serious; a buckshot had scored the scalp to the bone, and another had done the same for the heel of his one foot. I undid the bandage that bound his left wrist, and

examined it. A ball had entered on one side, and lay near the surface on the other. His eyes questioned me, and I replied, "I can soon take that ball out, when you are under ether. That 's a very tender place." "But you won't take off the hand?" "I will do nothing without letting you know and having your consent, colonel." So he drank of oblivion and ceased to suffer, but his dream was not of home. "Doctor," he muttered (talking in the ether sleep), "that 's my bridle hand, you know. Never can ride at the head of my regiment again if you take that off." In a moment I held the bullet in my hand, and saw with joy that it was round and rather small, giving reason to hope that it had not shattered the bones badly in coming through, which could hardly have been the case had it been conical. No loose bone was to be felt, and I had the great pleasure of telling him, as he returned to consciousness, that there was good reason to hope that his "bridle hand" would by and by hold the rein again. A smile of satisfaction and relief lit up the face which had till then been set in the resolve to bear the worst, and with the simple, hearty thanks which we surgeons had from hundreds of men that night he was borne off to his blanket side by side with his officers. The short twilight had now so deepened into night that artificial lights were indispensable. Just imagine yourself doing work so delicate, so important, by the light of two sperm candles in the open air! Happy was it for us that the breeze had died away, for there were but three or four lanterns on the ground, and we should have been left in the midst of that ever-increasing crowd of sufferers almost helpless to relieve them. Picture to yourself, as you can, the dim scene in that woodland hospital: the leafy roof, cutting off much of what little light came from the half-clouded sky; a few glow-worm-like spots about the middle of the space, on approaching any one of which you saw the little group of four or five lighted faces, quiet, intense in expression; few sounds save low, abrupt directions, short and pointed but not unkind questions, and repressed groans. There were seldom cries or shrieks. That space more lighted than the others, where you can see, although vaguely, entire figures stooping or moving, — that is the *amputating table.* But to realize the surgeon's experience you must not only see with his eyes and hear with his ears, you must *feel* with him; for he and his patients are all *feeling;* they feel the suffering; he feels with the sense of touch, — the skilled touch. Perhaps none but a blind man can know how all sensation seems to centre in the surgeon's finger at such times, as it takes up the momentous investigation where the eye fails. Try — for it is worth an effort — to realize how he longs for strong and steady daylight, all the while compelling himself to be firm and patient, that he may do for each sufferer his very best.

Just after darkness had settled down the lieutenant-colonel arrived, walking bowed and painfully into my circle of light; how unlike his alert self! But it was a relief to see him, for a glance told me that it could scarcely be that the ball had penetrated the chest, as was supposed. It must be somewhere in the muscles of the shoulder, having plowed its way thither along flesh that moves with every breath we draw, but usually does this so without effort or pain that we take no note of the motion. I failed to find the ball then, but an hour later one of my assistants found and removed it. So the reassured lieutenant-colonel crept away to his place by the colonel on the ground in the darkness. It might have been two hours after this when one of our men came up and said, "The major is asking for you, sir." I started from the wounded man before me. "Asking! Then he is n't dead!" And coming into shape out of the darkness, not borne helplessly, but towering over

all around, with his undiminished six feet six of mighty bulk unscathed, was my major. I viewed him as one risen from the dead, and welcomed him accordingly. Now the major was not one of your demonstrative men, but there were tears in his eyes, and his voice trembled and his mouth twitched as he said, "For God's sake, doctor, can't you get me some whisky for my men? They 're all used up. Forty men 's all I can get together of the old forty-ninth." He almost crushed my hand in his great grasp. I saw that the men had a swallow of whisky, and sent a man to pilot the major to the colonel and the rest. I knew that the sight of him unhurt would be better than whisky to them. The major was not twenty-one yet, and here he was in command of the fragments of his regiment, and the rest of it that lay strewn over "Slaughter's Field" (a singular coincidence that the plain should bear such a name) or about the field hospital had been his neighbors in peace at home, as well as his faithful soldiers there in Louisiana. I don't know that he did not envy the gallant O'Brien, lieutenant-colonel of the forty-eighth (to whom was given the lead of the forlorn hope, for which the major had offered himself), his quiet rest on the battle-field, disturbed by no heart-ache about defeat and butchery. It was only those who had been found and brought from the field before dark that came into our depot after this; for one might as well have borne burdens through a "fireslash" or a "windfall" in the dark as over that battle-field by night. So about midnight the great bulk of the work was done, and most of the surgeons were on the ground in their blankets, exhausted as men are whose every faculty of mind and body has been on the stretch for many hours. Only three of us were still at work, for our brigade had suffered most, and poor fellows who had said nothing about their hurts, while there were so many of greater severity to be attended to, sought us out. So it wore on to two o'clock, when one of my companions had "the shakes" come on, and had to get into his blanket. Still there was work till gray morning twilight, though I snatched a few minutes to read a letter from home that had been put into my hand just before dark, and to pencil a few lines in reply on the amputating table, by the flare of a candle that had burned down almost to the wood, — it had no "socket." In the early dawn I crept under the blankets that sheltered the major and adjutant, and in a moment was as sound asleep as they. In an hour and a half I was called to work again, and we were at it till dark, many new cases coming in from the field, those of the previous night needing fresh dressing; and the ambulances were to be loaded under our direction, and started for the river landing nine miles away, where the wounded were transferred to steamboats, which bore them to Baton Rouge and New Orleans. In the course of this day we were able to form a pretty clear idea of our losses. The regiment lost seventy-five killed and wounded out of two hundred and thirty-three who went into action. Three of our largest companies were away on detached duty, and we had left a great many behind, sick, in Baton Rouge. It was not nearly as bad as we supposed; but what a skeleton of the regiment that left home! And there was so much of the flower of it gone with that seventy-five that we knew the best days of the forty-ninth were over.

There was much the same work of dressing wounds and loading ambulances, together with some operating, on the next day; but by noon of the day which followed that, all the sick and wounded who could not soon be fit for duty had been taken from the field hospital, and the work of the surgeons was only to attend to ordinary sick call and the casualties of the siege, till there came another assault; as was the case more than

once, before that last barrier gave way and allowed " the great river to go unvexed to the sea."

A month later, I received the following letter from our colonel, the late General W. F. Bartlett, written at Baton Rouge about June 20, 1863, to F. W., before Port Hudson: —

My dear Doctor, — I am not in very good spirits. The doctors here differ so about my arm, and the question whether or not to take it off, that I don't know which to believe. The majority are thus inclined: Don't take it off yet. It looks healthy; the pus is *very* healthy. Small pieces of bone have come out, three, I think, not any bigger than half a bean. That was a week ago, since which no more pieces have come out, but the suppuration has continued *very* freely. A day or two since (the 16th) inflammation, which had entirely subsided, appeared on the outside face of the ulna, spreading up toward the elbow three or four inches. Warm fomentations were changed for cold water again. The inflammation still continues on the outside of the joint, but does not extend up the arm so far as it did. The hand is puffed very full with edema (that 's what they call it. I don't pretend to spell it). The arm is puffed a little, too, at the elbow, and for a short distance above. In a few days, after the inflammation is reduced, they propose to cut open and explore it, and take out the loose spicula of bone. They ask me often " how thoroughly it was explored at the time on the field, and how much bone you took out," questions I cannot answer. The examination will decide whether the arm ought to come off or not; if not, by taking out the bones hurry the healing. If I had known it was so bad and was likely to be so long and tedious a wound, I should have had the hand taken off that afternoon, without a thought to the contrary. I should have been about by this time, and ready to start for home. Those messages to Mrs. W. I will deliver with pleasure, my dear doctor, if I get there *before you do,* which is an open question to my mind.

My appetite (I had none the first week) is vigorous now. Tincture of iron helped do it.

The time of my starting for Northern air (which will do me more good than anything else) seems a long way off. In keeping the hand on I run the risk of having to lose it farther up. I still hope to save the hand, though, notwithstanding all the disagreements of the medical faculty. Dr. Van N., medical director here now, Dr. R., once Dr. P., and Dr. T. see my arm. I don't know the ability of either of them. Dr. B——tt, whom I have confidence in, saw it a week ago, and said, "Try to save it." Perhaps you and he can give me your opinions on the subject after this untechnical diagnosis. I am very comfortably situated; have everything that I want, good attendants, etc.

I had a letter from home of June 4th, after they had got the news of our first battle. They had received my letters and the scrap in yours, and all the kind things you said. . . .

I wish you were here to take care of me. Remember me to all the officers who ask for me, and believe me sincerely yours, W. F. B., *Col.*

Any time that you have leisure to send me a few lines, only, will give me much pleasure. W. F. B.

On the back of the folded sheet is written, "Don't laugh at this folding. I did it with one hand, you know."

MR. HUNT'S TEACHING.

The value of advanced instruction in art depends quite as much on the personal magnetism of the teacher as on any other quality. His patience may be unlimited, his knowledge of the profession thorough and comprehensive, and he may still be unable to instruct his pupils with any success. This quality of personal magnetism is too subtle to be measured with any precision, but its presence in a teacher is felt by every student. It impresses itself more than any other element of an artist's character on the productions of his imagination and of his susceptibility. The attractive advantages of personal assistance from the leaders in the profession are due largely to this power of personal magnetism. In most cases this may be nothing more than the communication of a spirit of enthusiasm; but it is always of the greatest service in the advanced study of art, where so much depends on guidance and so little on direct teaching. Whoever has witnessed the earnestness of one of the foreign masters cannot have failed to be struck with the intensity of the conviction that gave strength to every gesture, made the criticisms golden, the dictates more precious than diamonds. Instruction of this sort is nothing more than exciting in the students an enthusiasm for their work, and supplementing this enthusiasm with a cultivation of the powers of observation. In other words, the master only teaches the students how to see.

Mr. Wm. M. Hunt had a great deal of personal magnetism, and, more than any other artist in America, he had the firm conviction of positive belief that Americans needed to learn to see. This conviction was so strong in him that he could not help giving it to the world in every way and by every means that was in his power. He spread a veritable contagion of single-minded devotion to art for art's own sake. A thorough analysis of his methods of teaching would doubtless reveal many weaknesses and disclose many apparent contradictions. His pupils were with him heart and soul, and they forgot the details in admiring the grand motive of the whole scheme. It is doubtful whether Mr. Hunt ever made the full extent of his ideas comprehensible to the majority of his students. Their own performances show that they understood very well a part, and only a part, of his idea. He was very impatient of all systems and processes. His quick apprehension and keen sensibility were in the fever heat of excitement all the time, and he threw himself into his work with a complete and possessing impulse. Teaching the elementary steps of the profession was exceedingly distasteful to him, and he rarely or never undertook it. Few of the students who composed his classes had mastered the rudiments. The material he had to work with there was not altogether to his mind, but it had the one great necessary qualification, — unwavering faith in the master. His studio approached nearest to the foreign *ateliers* of anything we have in this country. But abroad the students are not admitted into the atelier of a master unless they are proficient in drawing. If Mr. Hunt had taken his pupils only after they had learned to draw, he would have created a school that would have flavored the whole mass of our art, instead of leaving behind him a large number of beginners, who, with all their proficiency in one direction, have few or no attainments in any other. An examination of his Art Talks will show that the difficulty he had to deal with was not so much that the pupils did not readily learn to see, but that they had no power to exe-

cute what they did see. He seemed unconscious that he was teaching Americans, who had, perhaps, never drawn a stroke before in their lives, and not Frenchmen, who had passed all the evenings of their youth in the municipal drawing-schools. But stray remarks now and then proved that he was conscious of his position all the time. He has been known to recommend his pupils in a mass to go to the art schools to learn how to draw, and then come back to him. After years of experiment and diligent practice, he had gained a facility in putting in rapidly the effect of any object with economy of labor and material. What he tried principally to impress on his pupils was that their salvation in art consisted in being able to accomplish a similar result at once. This was beginning at the end. Better begin at the end than begin wrongly or not at all. The chief thing was to see and to feel. All the skill in the world would not make an artist of a student if he did not see aright. It was beginning at the end, because the master arrived there after a severe training, after passing through various stages of intense application to the practice of the purely mechanical part of the work. He reasoned, doubtless, that what he had learned after years of trial was the one thing that his pupils most needed to know, and he considered all other knowledge subordinate to this. His criticisms of his pupils' work indicate that this was his idea. He often told them that they would never learn to paint drapery until they learned anatomy; that they would never learn to draw until they knew what was under the skin. And yet he did not begin by teaching them this. Students in other countries would have known it before they came into his studio.

He had but few simple precepts in his method of instruction. The first great principle was that truth only is of value in art; truth, not to the commonplace aspect of nature, but truth to the highest and noblest attributes; absolute fidelity to that phase of nature that worthily inspired the desire to seize and preserve it. It might have been a glow of color, a combination of lines, an arrangement of light and shade, or a vital point of character. Whatever it was that was worth perceiving, that he thought was the thing to try and put down. His own performances were impulsive and enthusiastic. He communicated this spirit to his pupils to such a degree that they were prone to mistake, as all beginners are, the glamour of a more or less imperfect impression for the best they could do. Because it was done impulsively and had the stamp of frankness and genuine appreciation in it, a study, rough and incomplete as it might be in execution, often passed for a successful effort. Many of the pupils will remember how the master was delighted at certain qualities in a study, and ignored the defects entirely, until at the end of his criticism, or later, he would give it its proper measure by some peculiarly fit remark, showing that, while he had been pleased at the success of certain parts, he had not lost sight of the incompleteness of the whole. His second great precept was that whatever is painted well must be painted from the impulse of love for nature. George Sand's human trinity, sensation, sentiment, and knowledge, was the trinity in his religion of art, and he taught the doctrines of this religion with the zeal of a born propagandist.

It cannot be gainsaid that the conversion to his beliefs of a large number of students has been of the greatest service in the development of artistic culture in this community. By his example and precept no less than by his direct teaching, he carried on a vigorous crusade against the mechanical and soulless practice of the profession, and fought with keen weapons against the tendency to conventionality that is rooted in the very subsoil of American art. One reason why his own teaching was so valua-

ble is because it introduced the antidote for conventionality. He saw that the mechanical turn of mind of the American art student needed to be balanced by a course of free thinking, so to speak. Americans incline to dryness in execution, and Mr. Hunt's instruction was of just the necessary kind to correct this fault. His own work was always a sufficient example to illustrate to students the force of his precepts, and to show them exactly in what way the pursuit of his methods led him. By the use of charcoal they learned to study picturesque arrangements of light and shade, and to jot down broadly and freely impressions of nature, without carrying the studies further than this. Mr. Hunt himself was a master of this material, and he knew that the proper use of it by his pupils would correct all tendency to dryness of execution, and enable them to arrive at the limited result sought with much less mechanical difficulty than with the stump or point. There is a wide difference between the degrees of precision to be obtained by the use of different materials. The etching point can be successfully employed only by those who are sure of their hand. Charcoal is the material that requires the least command of the hand in its use, for it may be readily erased and worked over with ease. That Mr. Hunt did not insist on precision of line is evident from his general principles of teaching. His pupils gained considerable skill in the employment of charcoal, and in using color in the same line of study. Their color studies are, however, comparatively less complete than the ones in charcoal, because new and complicated difficulties came in with the use of pigments.

In thus summing up the result of Mr. Hunt's teaching it must not be forgotten that he was never satisfied with it. He always felt that he could have been a thousand times more useful in a different field. The few artists who have received assistance and advice from him testify by their works to the inestimable value of his instruction. The pity is that more serious students, who were far enough advanced to digest and assimilate his teachings, should not have availed themselves of the great privilege of his leadership. He did certainly succeed in converting all his students to belief in the right principles of art, and was fortunate in imparting to them some of his own grand faith. Their legacy from him is a noble one. But they remain like people who have learned the beauties of a language before they can write or speak it. Their works show that they see aright, and that their intentions are the best. But they can be called neither realists, idealists, nor impressionists, for their performances go little further than intentions. For this they may be descriptively named intentionists. With this legacy of the master who has so recently died there is but one thing to do: keep it by every means in our power, and supplement it by the encouragement of the study of the *a, b, c* of the profession. The rigorous systems of art academies have resulted, as the world knows to its loss, in the development of artists distinguished chiefly by the uniform excellence of their mechanical performances, and by their almost universal lack of the higher artistic capabilities. There is something in the nursing process of an academy that retards the growth of a true artist. Those who have had the highest success in the profession have gained it by their devotion to their own impulses, and not to the continued teachings of any school. The fault of academies is that they go too far; they carry the student beyond the rudiments, and cramp him with traditions and rules. The elements of the profession are more cheaply and more conveniently acquired in an academy than elsewhere; but when the rudiments are learned, there academic training should stop. The moment the academy begins to train the student in any sys-

tem of execution, that moment it begins to hamper his freedom and distort his vision. There is no royal road to proficiency in art. The drudgery of the profession is enough to kill the ambition of nine tenths of those who enter it. The real triumph of an artist's life is at the moment when he can forget his tools, and paint conscious only of the beauties of nature before him. No artist ever attained this height in his profession except through a hard and wearisome experience, and the only safe rule to follow is one set down by Ingres: Approach the study of art only on your knees. When we can show a single student well trained in the rudiments of the profession, and directed by the assimilation of such knowledge as Mr. Hunt imparted, then we shall know that we are keeping up with the tide of general artistic development that is now gathering such momentum all over the country.

F. D. Millet.

PEPACTON: A SUMMER VOYAGE.

In most enterprises the temptation is always to begin too far along; we want to start where somebody else leaves off. Go back to the stump, and see what an impetus you get. Those fishermen who wind their own flies before they go a-fishing, — how they bring in the trout; and those hunters who run their own bullets or make their own cartridges, — the game is already mortgaged to them.

Hence, when I bethought me of a summer-day voyage down the east or Pepacton branch of the Delaware, it was my good genius that prompted me to build my own boat. This was half the battle; it committed me thoroughly to the enterprise, and made an undertaking seem intensely desirable which at first I contemplated with indifference. I did not literally begin at the "stump," for a "dug-out" would not serve me, but at the dressed stuff of the carpenter. But from this point the send-off was a good one, and I was quite a navigator ere the boat was finished. Then it was a new mode of travel I was contemplating, a new way of going a-foot — pedestrianism in a flat-bottom. I should surely surprise nature, and win some new secrets from her. I should glide down noiselessly upon her, and see what all those willow screens and baffling curves concealed. As a fisherman and pedestrian, I had been able to come at the stream only at certain points; now the most private and secluded retreats of the nymph would be opened to me; every bend and eddy, every cove hedged in by swamps or passage walled in by high alders, would be at the beck of my oar. Whom shall one take with him when he goes a-courting nature? This is always a vital question. There are persons who will stand between you and that which you seek: they obtrude themselves; they monopolize your attention; or there is something about their presence that is foreign and antagonistic to the spirit of open-air scenes. I want for companion a dog or a boy, or a person who has the virtues of dogs and boys, — transparency, good nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees and growths and the inarticulate forces of nature. With him you are alone, and yet have company; you are free; you feel no disturbing element; the influences of nature stream through him and around him; he is a good conductor of the subtle fluid. The quality or qualification I refer to belongs to most persons who

spend their lives in the open air, — to soldiers, hunters, fishers, laborers, and to artists and poets of the right sort. How full of it, to choose an illustrious example, was such a man as Walter Scott!

But no such person came in answer to my prayer, so I set out alone.

It was fit that I put my boat into the water at Arkville (a station on the Delaware and Ulster Railroad), but it may seem a little incongruous that I should launch her into Dry Brook; yet Dry Brook is here a fine large trout stream, and I soon found its waters were wet enough for all practical purposes. The Delaware is only one mile distant, and I chose this as the easiest road from the station to it. A young farmer helped me carry the boat to the water, but did not stay to see me off; only some calves feeding along shore witnessed my embarkation. It would have been a godsend to boys, but there were no boys about. I stuck on a rift before I had gone ten yards, and saw with misgiving the paint transferred from the bottom of my little scow to the tops of the stones thus early in the journey. But I was soon making fair headway, and taking trout for my dinner as I floated along. My first mishap was when I broke the second joint of my pole on a bass, and the first serious impediment to my progress was when I encountered the trunk of a prostrate elm bridging the stream, within a few inches of the surface. My pole mended and the elm cleared, I anticipated better sailing when I should reach the Delaware itself; but I found on this day and on subsequent days that the Delaware has a way of dividing up that is very embarrassing to the navigator. It is a stream of many minds; its waters cannot long agree to go all in the same channel, and whichever branch I took I was pretty sure to wish I had taken one of the others. I was constantly sticking on rifts, where I would have to dismount, or running full tilt into willow banks, where I would lose my hat or endanger my fishing tackle. On the whole, the result of my first day's voyaging was not encouraging. I made barely eight miles, and both my ardor and my trousers were dampened. The elements, the air and the water, were not so sweet as I had reason to expect. The upper Delaware is a cemetery of cats and dogs; every superfluous puss, or kitten, or pup, or superannuated churner, or worthless cur goes into the river with a stone about its neck, and the number of such specimens I saw standing on their heads in the bottom of the stream and waving uneasily in the clear current, as I drifted along, gave an uncanny hue to my first day's experience. These were the secrets, then, of the unexplored nooks and curves. In mid-afternoon I went to a well-to-do-looking farm-house and got some milk, which I am certain the thrifty housewife skimmed, for its blueness infected my spirits, and I went into camp that night more than half persuaded to abandon the enterprise in the morning. The loneliness of the river too, unlike that of the fields and woods, to which I was more accustomed, oppressed me. In the woods things are close to you, and you touch them and seem to interchange something with them; but upon the river, even though it be a narrow and shallow one like this, you are more isolated, further removed from the soil and its attractions, and an easier prey to the unsocial demons. The long, unpeopled vistas ahead; the still, dark eddies; the endless monotone and soliloquy of the stream; the unheeding rocks basking like monsters along the shore, half out of the water, half in; a solitary heron starting up here and there, as you rounded some point, and flapping disconsolately ahead till lost to view, or standing like a gaunt spectre on the umbrageous side of the mountain, his motionless form revealed against the dark green as you passed; the trees and willows and al-

ders that hemmed you in on either side, and hid the fields and the farm-houses and the road that ran near by, — these things and others aided the skimmed milk and the uneasy ghosts of the murdered cats and dogs to cast a gloom over my spirits that argued ill for the success of my undertaking. Those rubber boots too, that parboiled my feet and were clogs of lead about them, — whose spirits are elastic enough to endure them? A malediction upon the head of him who invented them! Take your old shoes that will let the water in and let it out again, rather than weigh down both soul and body with these devilish devices.

I escaped from the river, that first night, and took to the woods, and profited by the change. In the woods I was at home again, and the bed of hemlock boughs salved my spirits. A cold spring run came down off the mountain, and beside it, underneath birches and hemlocks, I improvised my hearth-stone. In sleeping on the ground it is a great advantage to have a back-log; it braces and supports you, and it is a bedfellow that will not grumble when, in the middle of the night, you crowd sharply up against it. It serves to keep in the warmth, also. A heavy stone or other *point de résistance* at your feet is also a help. Or, better still, scoop out a little place in the earth, a few inches deep, so as to admit your body from your hips to your shoulders; you thus get an equal bearing the whole length of you. I am told the Western hunters and guides do this. On the same principle, the sand makes a good bed, and the snow. You make a mold in which you fit nicely. My berth that night was between two logs that the bark-peelers had stripped ten or more years before. As they had left the bark there, and as hemlock bark makes excellent fuel, I had more reasons than one to be grateful to them.

In the morning I felt much refreshed, and as if the night had tided me over the bar that threatened to stay my progress. If I can steer clear of skimmed milk, I said, I shall now finish the voyage of fifty miles to Hancock with increasing pleasure.

When one breaks camp in the morning, he turns back again and again to see what he has left. Surely he feels he has forgotten something; what is it? But it is only his own sad thoughts and musings he has left, the fragment of his life he has lived there. Where he hung his coat on the tree, where he slept on the boughs, where he made his coffee or broiled his trout over the coals, where he drank again and again at the little brown pool in the spring run, where he looked long and long up into the whispering branches overhead, he has left what he cannot bring away with him, — the flame and the ashes of himself.

Of certain game birds it is thought that at times they have the power of withholding their scent; no hint or particle of themselves goes out upon the air. I think there are persons whose spiritual pores are always sealed up, and I presume they have the best time of it. Their hearts never radiate into the void; they do not yearn and sympathize without return; they do not leave themselves by the wayside as the sheep leaves her wool upon the brambles and thorns.

This branch of the Delaware, so far as I could learn, had never before been descended by a white man in a boat. Rafts of pine and hemlock timber are run down on the spring and fall freshets, but of pleasure seekers in boats I appeared to be the first. Hence my advent was a surprise to most creatures in the water and out. I surprised the cattle in the field, and those ruminating leg-deep in the water turned their heads at my approach, swallowed their unfinished cuds, and scampered off as if they had seen a spectre. I surprised the fish on their spawning beds and feeding grounds; they scattered, as my shadow

glided down upon them, like chickens when a hawk appears. I surprised an ancient fisherman seated on a spit of gravelly beach, with his back up stream, and leisurely angling in a deep, still eddy, and mumbling to himself. As I slipped into the circle of his vision, his grip on his pole relaxed, his under jaw dropped, and he was too bewildered to reply to my salutation for some moments. As I turned a bend in the river I looked back, and saw him hastening away with great precipitation. I presume he had angled there for forty years without having his privacy thus intruded upon. I surprised hawks and herons and kingfishers. I came suddenly upon musk-rats, and raced with them down the rifts, they having no time to take to their holes. At one point, as I rounded an elbow in the stream, a black eagle sprang from the top of a dead tree, and flapped hurriedly away. A kingbird gave chase, and disappeared for some moments between the great wings of the eagle, and I imagined him seated upon his back delivering his puny blows upon the royal bird. I interrupted two or three minks fishing and hunting along shore. They would dart under the bank when they saw me, then presently thrust out their sharp, weasel-like noses, to see if the danger was imminent. At one point, in a little cove behind the willows, I surprised some school-girls, with skirts amazingly abbreviated, wading and playing in the water. And as much surprised as any, I am sure, was that hard-worked looking housewife, when I came up from under the bank in front of her house, and with pail in hand appeared at her door and asked for milk, taking the precaution to intimate that I had no objection to the yellow scum that is supposed to rise on a fresh article of that kind.

"What kind of milk do you want?"

"The best you have. Give me two quarts of it," I replied.

"What do you want to do with it?" with an anxious tone, as if I might want to blow up something or burn her barns with it.

"Oh, drink it," I answered, as if I frequently put milk to that use.

"Well, I suppose I can get you some;" and she presently reappeared with swimming pail, with those little yellow flakes floating about upon it that one likes to see.

I passed several low dams the second day, but had no trouble. I dismounted and stood upon the apron, and the boat, with plenty of line, came over as lightly as a chip, and swung around in the eddy below like a well-trained steed. In the afternoon, while slowly drifting down a long eddy, the moist southwest wind brought me the welcome odor of strawberries, and running ashore by a meadow, a short distance below, I was soon parting the daisies and filling my cup with the dead-ripe fruit. Berries, be they red, blue, or black, seem like a special providence to the camper-out; they are luxuries he has not counted on, and I prized these accordingly. Later in the day it threatened rain, and I drew up to shore under the shelter of some thick overhanging hemlocks, and proceeded to eat my berries and milk, glad of an excuse not to delay my lunch longer. While tarrying here I heard young voices up stream, and looking in that direction saw two boys coming down the rapids on rude floats. They were racing along at a lively pace, each with a pole in his hand, dexterously avoiding the rocks and the breakers, and schooling themselves thus early in the duties and perils of the raftsmen. As they saw me one observed to the other, —

"There is the man we saw go by when we were building our floats. If we had known he was coming so far, may be we could have got him to give us a ride."

They drew near, guided their crafts to shore beside me, and tied up, their poles answering for hawsers. They proved to be Johnny and Denny Dwire, aged

ten and twelve. They were friendly boys, and though not a bit bashful were not a bit impertinent. And Johnny, who did most of the talking, had such a sweet, musical voice; it was like a bird's. It seems Denny had run away, a day or two before, to his uncle's, five miles above, and Johnny had been after him, and was bringing his prisoner home on a float; and it was hard to tell which was enjoying the fun most, the captor or the captured.

"Why did you run away?" said I to Denny.

"Oh, 'cause," replied, he with an air which said plainly, "The reasons are too numerous to mention."

"Boys, you know, will do so, sometimes," said Johnny, and he smiled upon his brother in a way that made me think they had a very good understanding upon the subject.

They could both swim, yet their floats looked very perilous: three pieces of old plank or slabs, with two cross-pieces and a fragment of a board for a rider, and made without nails or withes.

"In some places," said Johnny, "one plank was here and another off there, but we managed, somehow, to keep atop of them."

"Let 's leave our floats here, and ride with him the rest of the way," said one to the other.

"All right; may we, Mister?"

I assented, and we were soon afloat again. How they enjoyed the passage; how smooth it was; how the boat glided along; how quickly she felt the paddle! They admired her much; they praised my steersmanship; they praised my fish-pole, and all my fixings down to my hateful rubber boots. When we stuck on the rifts, as we did several times, they leaped out quickly with their bare feet and legs, and pushed off.

"I think," said Johnny, "if you keep her straight and let her have her own way, she will find the deepest water. Don't you, Denny?"

"I think she will," replied Denny; and I found the boys were pretty nearly right.

I tried them on a point of natural history. I had observed, coming along, a great many dead eels lying on the bottom of the river, that I supposed had died from spear wounds. "No," said Johnny, "they are lamper-eels. They die as soon as they have built their nests and laid their eggs."

"Are you sure?"

"That 's what they all say, and I know they are lampers."

So I fished one up out of the deep water with my paddle blade, and examined it; and sure enough it was a lamprey. There was the row of holes along its head, and its ugly suction mouth. I had noticed their nests, too, all along, where the water in the pools shallowed to a few feet and began to hurry toward the rifts: they were low mounds of small stones, as if a bushel or more of large pebbles had been dumped upon the river bottom; occasionally they were so near the surface as to make a big ripple. The eel attaches itself to the stones by its mouth and thus moves them at will. An old fisherman told me that a strong man could not pull a large lamprey loose from a rock to which it had attached itself. It fastens to its prey in this way, and sucks the life out. A friend of mine says he once saw in the St. Lawrence a pike as long as his arm with a lamprey eel attached to him. The fish was nearly dead and was quite white, the eel had so sucked out his blood and substance. The fish, when seized, darts against rocks and stones, and tries in vain to rub the eel off, then succumbs to the sucker.

"The lampers do not all die," said Denny, "because they do not all spawn;" and I observed that the dead ones were all of one size and doubtless of the same age.

The lamprey is the octopus, the devil-fish, of these waters, and there is perhaps no tragedy enacted here that equals

that of one of these vampires slowly sucking the life out of a bass or a trout.

My boys went to school part of the time. Did they have a good teacher?

"Good enough for me," said Johnny.

"Good enough for me," echoed Denny.

Just below Bark-a-boom — the name is worth keeping — they left me. I was loath to part with them; their musical voices and their thorough good-fellowship had been very acceptable. With a little persuasion, I think they would have left their home and humble fortunes, and gone a-roving with me.

About four o'clock the warm, vapor-laden southwest wind brought forth the expected thunder-shower. I saw the storm rapidly developing behind the mountains in my front. Presently I came in sight of a long, covered wooden bridge that spanned the river about a mile ahead, and I put my paddle into the water with all my force to reach this cover before the storm. It was neck and neck most of the way. The storm had the wind, and I had it — in my teeth. The bridge was at Shavertown, and it was by a close shave that I got under it before the rain was upon me. How it poured and rattled and whipped in around the abutment of the bridge to reach me! I looked out well satisfied upon the foaming water, upon the wet, unpainted houses and barns of the Shavertowners, and upon the trees.

"Caught and cuffed by the gale," a little hawk — the spotted-winged night-hawk — was also roughly used by the storm. He faced it bravely, and beat and beat, but was unable to stem it, or even hold his own; gradually he drifted back, till he was lost to sight in the wet obscurity. The water in the river rose an inch while I waited, about three quarters of an hour. Only one man, I reckon, saw me in Shavertown, and he came and gossiped with me from the bank above when the storm had abated.

The second night I stopped at the sign of the elm-tree. The woods were too wet, and I concluded to make my boat my bed. A superb elm, on a smooth grassy plain a few feet from the water's edge, looked hospitable in the twilight, and I drew my boat up beneath it. I hung my clothes on the jagged edges of its rough bark, and went to bed with the moon, "in her third quarter," peeping under the branches upon me. I had been reading Stevenson's amusing Travels with a Donkey, and the lines he quotes from an old play kept running in my head: —

> "The bed was made, the room was fit,
> By punctual eve the stars were lit;
> The air was sweet, the water ran;
> No need was there for maid or man,
> When we put up, my ass and I,
> At God's green caravanserai."

But the stately elm played me a trick: it slyly and at long intervals let great drops of water down upon me; now with a sharp smack upon my rubber coat; then with a heavy thud upon the seat in the bow or stern of my boat; then plump into my upturned ear, or upon my uncovered arm, or with a ring into my tin cup, or with a splash into my coffee pail that stood at my side full of water from a spring I had just passed. After two hours' trial I found dropping off to sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question; so I sprang up, in no very amiable mood toward my host, and drew my boat clean from under the elm. I had refreshing slumber thenceforth, and the birds were astir in the morning long before I was.

There is one way, at least, in which the denuding the country of its forests has lessened the rain-fall: in certain conditions of the atmosphere every tree is a great condenser of moisture, as I had just proved in the case of the old elm; little showers are generated in their branches, and in the aggregate the amount of water precipitated in this way is considerable. Of a foggy summer morning one may see little puddles of water standing on the stones beneath

maple-trees, along the street, and in winter, when there is a sudden change from cold to warm, with fog, the water fairly runs down the trunks of the trees and streams from their naked branches. The temperature of the tree is so much below that of the atmosphere in such cases that the condensation is very rapid. In lieu of these arboreal rains we have the dew upon the grass; but it is doubtful if the grass ever drips as does a tree.

The birds, I say, were astir in the morning before I was, and some of them were more wakeful through the night, unless they sing in their dreams. At this season one may hear at intervals numerous bird voices during the night. The whip-poor-will was piping when I lay down, and I still heard one when I woke up after midnight. I heard the song-sparrow and the kingbird also, like watchers calling the hour, and several times I heard the cuckoo. Indeed, I am convinced that our cuckoo is to a considerable extent a night bird, and that he moves about freely from tree to tree. His peculiar guttural note, now here, now there, may be heard almost any summer night, in any part of the country, and occasionally his better known cuckoo call. He is a great recluse by day, but seems to wander abroad freely by night.

The birds do indeed begin with the day. The farmer who is in the field at work while he can yet see stars catches their first matin hymns. In the longest June days the robin strikes up about half past three o'clock, and is quickly followed by the sparrow, the oriole, the cat-bird, the wren, the wood-thrush, and all the rest of the tuneful choir. Along the Potomac I have heard the Virginia cardinal whistle so loudly and persistently in the tree-tops above that sleeping after four o'clock was out of the question. Just before the sun is up there is a marked lull, during which I imagine the birds are at breakfast. While building their nests it is very early in the morning that they put in their big strokes; the back of their day's work is broken before you have begun yours.

A lady once asked me if there was any individuality among the birds, or if those of the same kind were as near alike as two peas. I was obliged to answer that to the eye those of the same species *were* as near alike as two peas, but that in their songs there were often marks of originality. Caged or domesticated birds develop notes and traits of their own, and among the more familiar orchard and garden birds one may notice the same tendency. I observe a great variety of songs, and even qualities of voice, among the orioles and among the song-sparrows. On this trip my ear was especially attracted to some striking and original sparrow songs. At one point I was half afraid I had let pass an opportunity to identify a new warbler, but finally concluded it was a song-sparrow. I have heard a robin with a part of the whistle of the quail in his song. It was out of time and out of tune, but the robin seemed insensible of the incongruity, and sang as loudly and as joyously as any of his mates. A cat-bird will sometimes show a special genius for mimicry, and I have known one to suggest very plainly some notes of the bobolink.

There are numerous long covered bridges spanning the Delaware, and under some of these I saw the cliff-swallow at home, the nests being fastened to the under sides of the timbers, — as it were, suspended from the ceiling instead of being planted upon the shelving or perpendicular side, as is usual with them. To have laid the foundation, indeed to have sprung the vault downward and finished it successfully, must have required special engineering skill. I had never before seen or heard of these nests being so placed. But birds are quick to adjust their needs to the exigencies of any case. Not long before I had seen

in a deserted house, on the head of the Rondout, the chimney-swallows entering the chamber through a stove-pipe hole in the roof, and gluing their nests to the sides of the rafters, like the barn-swallows.

I was now, on the third day, well down in the wilds of Colchester, with a current that made between two and three miles an hour, — just a summer idler's pace. The atmosphere of the river had improved much since the first day — was, indeed, without taint, — and the water was sweet and good. There were farm-houses at intervals of a mile or so, but the amount of tillable land in the river valley or on the adjacent mountains was very small. Occasionally there would be forty or fifty acres of flat, usually in grass or corn, with a thrifty-looking farm-house. One could see how surely the land made the house and its surroundings; good land bearing good buildings, and *vice versa.*

In mid-forenoon I reached the long placid eddy at Downsville, and here again fell in with two boys. They were out paddling about in a boat when I drew near, and they evidently regarded me in the light of a rare prize which fortune had wafted them.

"Ain't you glad we come, Benny?" I heard one of them observe to the other, as they were conducting me to the best place to land. They were bright, good boys, off the same piece as my acquaintance of the day before, and about the same ages, — differing only in being village boys. With what curiosity they looked me over! Where had I come from; where was I going; how long had I been on the way; who built my boat; was I a carpenter, to build such a neat craft, etc. They never had seen such a traveler before. Had I had no mishaps? And then they bethought them of the dangerous passes that awaited me, and in good faith began to warn and advise me. They had heard the tales of raftsmen, and had conceived a vivid idea of the perils of the river below, gauging their notions of it from the spring and fall freshets tossing about the heavy and cumbrous rafts. There was a whirlpool, a rock eddy, and a binocle within a mile. I might be caught in the binocle, or engulfed in the whirlpool, or smashed up in the eddy. But I felt much reassured when they told me I had already passed several whirlpools and rock eddies; but that terrible binocle, — what was that? I had never heard of such a monster. Oh, it was a still, miry place at the head of a big eddy. The current might carry me up there, but I could easily get out again; the rafts did. But there was another place I must beware of, where two eddies faced each other; raftsmen were sometimes swept off there by the oars, and drowned. And when I came to rock eddy, which I would know, because the river divided there (a part of the water being afraid to risk the eddy, I suppose), I must go ashore and survey the pass; but in any case it would be prudent to keep to the left. I might stick on the rift, but that was nothing to being wrecked upon those rocks. The boys were quite in earnest, and I told them I would walk up to the village and post some letters to my friends before I braved all these dangers. So they marched me up the street, pointing out to their chums what they had found.

"Going way to Phil— What place is that where the river goes into the sea?"

"Philadelphia?"

"Yes; thinks he may go way there. Won't he have fun?"

The boys escorted me about the town, then back to the river, and got in their boat and came down to the bend, where they could see me go through the whirlpool and pass the binocle (I am not sure about the orthography of the word, but I suppose it means a double, or a sort of mock eddy). I looked back as I shot over the rough current beside a gentle vortex, and saw them watching me with great interest. Rock eddy, also, was

quite harmless, and I passed it without any preliminary survey.

I nooned at Sodom, and found good milk in a humble cottage. In the afternoon I was amused by a great blue heron that kept flying up in advance of me. Every mile or so, as I rounded some point, I would come unexpectedly upon him, till finally he grew disgusted with my silent pursuit, and took a long turn to the left up along the side of the mountain, and passed back up the river, uttering a hoarse, low note.

The wind still boded rain, and about four o'clock, announced by deep-toned thunder and portentous clouds, it began to charge down the mountain side in front of me. I ran ashore, covered my traps, and took my way up through an orchard to a quaint little farm-house. But there was not a soul about, outside or in, that I could find, though the door was unfastened; so I went into an open shed with the hens, and lounged upon some straw, while the unloosed floods came down. It was better than boating or fishing. Indeed, there are few summer pleasures to be placed before that of reclining at ease directly under a sloping roof, after toil or travel in the hot sun, and looking out into the rain-drenched air and fields. It is such a vital, yet soothing spectacle. We sympathize with the earth. We know how good a bath is, and the unspeakable deliciousness of water to a parched tongue. The office of the sunshine is slow, subtle, occult, unsuspected, but when the clouds do their work the benefaction is so palpable and copious, so direct and wholesale, that all creatures take note of it, and for the most part rejoice in it. It is a completion, a consummation, a paying of a debt with a royal hand; the measure is heaped and overflowing. It was the simple vapor of water that the clouds borrowed of the earth; now they pay back more than water; the drops are charged with electricity and with the gases of the air, and have new solvent powers. Then, how the slate is sponged off, and left all clean and new again!

In the shed where I was sheltered were many relics and odds and ends of the farm. In juxtaposition with two of the most stalwart wagon or truck wheels I ever looked upon was a cradle of ancient and peculiar make, an aristocratic cradle, with high-turned posts and an elaborately carved and molded body, that was suspended upon rods and swung from the top. How I should have liked to hear its history and the story of the lives it had rocked, as the rain sang and the boughs tossed without. Above it was the cradle of a phœbe-bird saddled upon a stick that ran behind the rafter; its occupants had not flown, and its story was easy to read.

Soon after the first shock of the storm was over, and before I could see breaking sky, the birds tuned up with new ardor,—the robin, the indigo bird, the purple finch, the sparrow, and in the meadow below the bobolink. The cockerel near me followed suit, and repeated his refrain till my meditations were so disturbed that I was compelled to eject him from the cover, albeit he had the best right there. But he crowed his defiance with drooping tail from the yard in front. I too had mentally crowed over the good fortune of the shower, but before I closed my eyes that night my crest was a good deal fallen, and I could have wished the friendly elements had not squared their accounts quite so readily and uproariously.

The one shower did not exhaust the supply a bit; Nature's hand was full of trumps yet,—yea, and her sleeve too. I stopped at a trout-brook, which came down out of the mountains on the right, and took a few trout for my supper; but its current was too roily from the shower for fly-fishing. Another farm-house attracted me, but there was no one at home; so I picked a quart of strawberries in the meadow in front, not minding the wet grass, and about six o'clock, thinking

another storm that had been threatening on my right had miscarried, I pushed off, and went floating down into the deepening gloom of the river valley. The mountains, densely wooded from base to summit, shut in the view on every hand. They cut in from the right and from the left, one ahead of the other, matching like the teeth of an enormous trap; the river was caught and bent, but not long detained by them. Presently I saw the rain creeping slowly over them in my rear, for the wind had changed; but I apprehended nothing but a moderate sundown drizzle, such as we often get from the tail end of a shower, and drew up in the eddy of a big rock under an overhanging tree till it should have passed. But it did not pass; it thickened and deepened, and reached a steady pour by the time I had calculated the sun would be gilding the mountain tops. I had wrapped my rubber coat about my blankets and groceries, and bared my back to the storm. In sullen silence I saw the night settling down and the rain increasing; my roof tree gave way, and every leaf poured its accumulated drops upon me. There were streams and splashes where before there had been little more than a mist. I was getting well soaked and uncomplimentary in my remarks on the weather. A saucy catbird, near by, flirted and squealed very plainly, "There! there! What did I tell you! what did I tell you! Pretty pickle! pretty pickle! pretty pickle to be in!" But I had been in worse pickles, though if the water had been salt my pickling had been pretty thorough. Seeing the wind was in the northeast, and that the weather had fairly stolen a march on me, I let go my hold of the tree, and paddled rapidly to the opposite shore, which was low and pebbly, drew my boat up on a little peninsula, turned her over upon a spot which I cleared of its coarser stone, propped up one end with the seat, and crept beneath. I would now test the virtues of my craft as a roof, and I found she was without flaw, though she was pretty narrow. The tension of her timber was such that the rain upon her bottom made a low, musical hum.

Crouched on my blankets and boughs, — for I had gathered a good supply of the latter before the rain overtook me, — and dry only about my middle, I placidly took life as it came. A great blue heron flew by, and let off something like ironical horse laughter. Before it became dark I proceeded to eat my supper, — my berries, but not my trout. What a fuss we make about the "hulls" upon strawberries! We are hypercritical; we may yet be glad to dine off the hulls alone. Some people see something to pick and carp at in every good that comes to them; I was thankful that I had the berries, and resolutely ignored their little scalloped ruffles, which I found pleased the eye and did not disturb the palate.

When bed-time arrived I found undressing a little awkward, my berth was so low; there was plenty of room in the aisle, and the other passengers were nowhere to be seen, but I did not venture out. It rained nearly all night, but the train made good speed, and reached the land of daybreak nearly on time. The water in the river had crept up during the night to within a few inches of my boat, but I rolled over and took another nap, all the same. Then I arose, had a delicious bath in the sweet, swift-running current, and turned my thoughts toward breakfast. The making of the coffee was the only serious problem. With everything soaked and a fine rain still falling, how shall one build a fire? I made my way to a little island above in quest of drift-wood. Before I had found the wood I chanced upon another patch of delicious wild strawberries, and took an appetizer of them out of hand. Presently I picked up a yellow birch stick the size of my arm. The wood was decayed, but the bark was perfect.

I broke it in two, punched out the rotten wood, and had the bark intact. The fatty or resinous substance in this bark preserves it, and makes it excellent kindling. With some seasoned twigs and a scrap of paper I soon had a fire going that answered my every purpose. More berries were picked while the coffee was brewing, and the breakfast was a success.

The camper-out often finds himself in what seems a distressing predicament to people seated in their snug, well-ordered houses; but there is often a real satisfaction when things come to their worst, — a satisfaction in seeing what a small matter it is, after all; that one is really neither sugar nor salt, to be afraid of the wet; and that life is just as well worth living beneath a scow or a dug-out as beneath the highest and broadest roof in Christendom.

By ten o'clock it became necessary to move, on account of the rise of the water, and as the rain had abated I picked up and continued my journey. Before long, however, the rain increased again, and I took refuge in a barn. The snug, tree-embowered farm-house looked very inviting, just across the road from the barn; but as no one was about, and no faces appeared at the window that I might judge of the inmates, I contented myself with the hospitality the barn offered, filling my pockets with some dry birch shavings, against the needs of the next kindling.

After an hour's detention I was off again. I stopped at Baxter's Brook, which flows hard by the classic hamlet of Harvard, and tried for trout, but with poor success, as I did not think it worth while to go far up stream.

At several points I saw rafts of hemlock lumber tied to the shore, ready to take advantage of the first freshet. Rafting is an important industry for a hundred miles or more along the Delaware. The lumbermen sometimes take their families or friends, and have a jollification all the way to Trenton or to Philadelphia. In some places the speed is very great, almost equaling that of an express-train. The passage of such places as Cochecton Falls and "Foul Rift" is attended with no little danger. The raft is guided by two immense oars, one before and one behind. I frequently saw these implements in the drift-wood along shore, suggesting some colossal race of men. The raftsmen have names of their own. From the upper Delaware, where I had set in, small rafts are run down which they call "colts." They come frisking down at a lively pace. At Hancock they usually couple two rafts together, when I suppose they have a span of colts; or do two colts make one horse? Some parts of the framework of the raft they call "grubs;" much depends upon these grubs. The lumbermen were and are a hardy, virile race. The Hon. Charles Knapp, of Deposit, now eighty-three years of age, but with the look and step of a man of sixty, told me he had stood nearly all one December day in the water to his waist, reconstructing his raft, which had gone to pieces on the head of an island. Mr. Knapp had passed the first half of his life in Colchester and Hancock, and, although no sportsman, had once taken part in a great bear hunt there. The bear was an enormous one, and was hard pressed by a gang of men and dogs. Their muskets and assaults upon the beast with clubs had made no impression. Mr. Knapp saw where the bear was coming, and he thought he would show them how easy it was to dispatch a bear with a club, if you only knew where to strike. He had seen how quickly the largest hog would wilt beneath a slight blow across the "small of the back." So, armed with an immense handspike, he took up a position by a large rock that the bear must pass. On she came, panting and nearly exhausted, and at the right moment down came the club with great force upon the small of her back. "If

a fly had alighted upon her," said Mr. Knapp, "I think she would have paid just as much attention to it as she did to me."

Early in the afternoon I encountered another boy, Henry Ingersoll, who was so surprised by my sudden and unwonted appearance that he did not know east from west. "Which way is west?" I inquired, to see if my own head was straight on the subject.

"That way," he said, indicating east within a few degrees.

"You are wrong," I replied. "Where does the sun rise?"

"There," he said, pointing almost in the direction he had pointed before.

"But does not the sun rise in the east here as well as elsewhere?" I rejoined.

"Well, they call that west, anyhow."

But Henry's needle was subjected to a disturbing influence just then. His house was near the river, and he was its sole guardian and keeper for the time: his father had gone up to the next neighbor's (it was Sunday), and his sister had gone with the school-mistress down the road to get black birch. He came out in the road, with wide eyes, to view me as I passed, when I drew rein, and demanded the points of the compass, as above. Then I shook my sooty pail at him and asked for milk. Yes, I could have some milk, but I would have to wait till his sister came back; after he had recovered a little, he concluded he could get it. He came for my pail, and then his boyish curiosity appeared. My story interested him immensely. He had seen twelve summers, but he had only been four miles from home up and down the river: he had been down to the East Branch, and he had been up to Trout Brook. He took a pecuniary interest in me. What did my pole cost? What my rubber coat, and what my revolver? The latter he must take in his hand; he had never seen such a thing to shoot with before in *his* life, etc. He thought I might make the trip cheaper and easier by stage and by the cars. He went to school: there were six scholars in summer, one or two more in winter. The population is not crowded in the town of Hancock, certainly, and never will be. The people live close to the bone, as Thoreau would say, or rather close to the stump. Many years ago the young men there resolved upon having a ball. They concluded not to go to a hotel, on account of the expense, and so chose a private house. There was a man in the neighborhood who could play the fife; he offered to furnish the music for seventy-five cents. But this was deemed too much, so one of the party agreed to whistle. History does not tell how many beaux there were bent upon this reckless enterprise, but there were three girls. For refreshments they bought a couple of gallons of whisky and a few pounds of sugar. When the spree was over, and the expenses were reckoned up, there was a shilling — a York shilling — apiece to pay. Some of the revelers were dissatisfied with this charge, and intimated that the managers had not counted themselves in, but taxed the whole expense upon the rest of the party.

As I moved on I saw Henry's sister and the school-mistress picking their way along the muddy road near the river's bank. One of them saw me, and, dropping her skirts, said to the other (I could read the motions), "See that man!" The other lowered her flounces, and looked up and down the road, then glanced over into the field, and lastly out upon the river. They paused and had a good look at me, though I could see that their impulse to run away, like that of a frightened deer, was strong.

At the East Branch the Big Beaver Kill joins the Delaware, almost doubling its volume. Here I struck the railroad, the forlorn Midland, and here another set of men and manners cropped out, — what may be called the railroad con-

glomerate overlying this mountain freestone.

"Billy, where did you steal that boat?" and, "What you running away for?" greeted me from a hand-car that went by.

I paused for some time and watched the fish-hawks, or ospreys, of which there were nearly a dozen sailing about above the junction of the two streams, squealing and diving, and occasionally striking a fish on the rifts. I am convinced that the fish-hawk sometimes feeds on the wing. I saw him do it on this and on another occasion. He raises himself by a peculiar motion, and brings his head and his talons together, and apparently takes a bite of the fish. While doing this his flight presents a sharply undulating line; at the crest of each rise the morsel is taken.

In a long, deep eddy under the west shore I came upon a brood of wild ducks, the hooded merganser. The young were about half grown, but of course entirely destitute of plumage. They started off at great speed, kicking the water into foam behind them, the mother duck keeping upon their flank and rear. Near the outlet of the pool I saw them go ashore, and I expected they would conceal themselves in the woods; but as I drew near the place they came out, and I saw by their motions they were going to make a rush by me up stream. At a signal from the old one, on they came, and passed within a few feet of me. It was almost incredible, the speed they made. Their pink feet were like swiftly revolving wheels placed a little to the rear; their breasts just skimmed the surface, and the water was beaten into spray behind them. They had no need of wings; even the mother bird did not use hers; a steamboat could not have kept up with them. I dropped my paddle, and cheered. They kept the race up for a long distance, and I saw them making a fresh spirt as I entered upon the rift and dropped quickly out of sight. I next disturbed an eagle in his meditations upon a dead tree-top, and a cat sprang out of some weeds near the foot of the tree. Was he watching for puss, while she was watching for some smaller prey?

I passed Partridge Island — which is or used to be the name of a post-office — unwittingly, and encamped for the night on an island near Hawk's Point. I slept in my boat on the beach, and in the morning my locks were literally wet with the dews of the night, and my blankets too; so I waited for the sun to dry them. As I was gathering driftwood for a fire, a voice came over from the shadows of the east shore: "Seems to me you lay abed pretty late!"

"I call this early," I rejoined, glancing at the sun.

"Wall, it may be airly in the forenoon, but it ain't very airly in the mornin';" a distinction I was forced to admit. Before I had reëmbarked some cows came down to the shore, and I watched them ford the river to the island. They did it with great ease and precision. I was told they will sometimes, during high water, swim over to the islands, striking in well up stream, and swimming diagonally across. At one point some cattle had crossed the river, and evidently got into mischief, for a large dog rushed them down the bank into the current, and worried them all the way over, part of the time swimming and part of the time leaping very high, as a dog will in deep snow, coming down with a great splash. The cattle were shrouded with spray as they ran, and altogether it was a novel picture.

My voyage ended that forenoon at Hancock, and was crowned by a few idyllic days with some friends in their cottage in the woods by Lake Oquaga, a body of crystal water on the hills near Deposit, and a haven as peaceful and perfect as voyager ever came to port in.

John Burroughs.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

I DON'T think I feel much older; I'm aware I'm rather gray,
But so are many young folks; I meet 'em every day.
I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink,
But one's taste improves with culture; that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to? Well, the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence? Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it, — no, I always liked a stick;
And as one might lean upon it, 't is as well it should be thick.
Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively, — I can walk, yes, that I can,
On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man!

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?
Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that always was my way.
Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?
Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 't was always so.

Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?
Yes, — I know such lots of people, — but my memory 's not to blame.
What! You think my memory 's failing! Why, it 's just as bright and clear, —
I remember my great-grandma! She's been dead these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well, it may be, now and then,
But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen;
It's the Gillotts make the trouble, — not at all my finger-ends, —
That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's a way I've always had —
I have always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.
Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own it, — that is true.
Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? Don't you love a cushioned seat
In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?
Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? Don't you muffle up your throat?
Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?

Don't you like old books you've dogs-eared, you can't remember when?
Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed at ten?
How many cronies can you count of all you used to know
That called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?

How look the prizes to you that used to fire your brain?
You've reared your mound — how high is it above the level plain?

You 've drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel,
You 've slept the giddy potion off, — now tell us how you feel!

You 've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was cropped,
You 've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped,
You 've told your thought, you've done your task, you 've tracked your dial round,
— I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I 'm hale and brisk and sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet — don't think you 're rid of me!
Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far,
And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas Parr?

Ah well, — I know, — at every age life has a certain charm, —
You 're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll take my arm.
I take your arm! Why take your arm? I 'd thank you to be told;
I 'm old enough to walk alone, but not so *very* old!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SYLVIA'S SUITORS: A LITTLE EPISODE.

Sylvia Engles folded the letter she had just written, and put it in the envelope. Then she arose from her chair, put on her hat and sacque, and so opened the letter and read the last pages over.

"You need not wonder," she read, "why I prefer to spend October at the sea-shore. If you were here, — I wish you were! — you would rather wonder why all the world is not of my mind. But I am glad it is n't! I 'd like another woman to help entertain the two learned men who also sojourn here, but I should object to the world. One of the charms of the place is my sense of my proprietary right in the ocean. For me the tides come and go; for me the sea breaks and rolls; mine are the sunsets and the white-caps, and mine, O Rachel, the spoil and the plunder! For know, my dear, that I do not stay only for the fine weather and the ocean, nor yet for good comradeship, but for mosses! Never again will you say you are tired of 'Miss Engles's cowslip china.' It, Rachel, has had its day! It is to be succeeded by mosses, sea-weeds, *algæ*. They will be the rage! I am determined upon *that*. You and your fashionable friends can make conversation, as you sip your chocolate, upon the variety and delicacy of my designs. No plate is to have its duplicate, no cup its fellow. I shall not paint very many, but I warrant you they 'll be expensive! You will go wild when you see my designs, but you need not hope to buy any of my china. It will be dear, too dear! Still, as you are going to be married, you shall have a *tête-à-tête* set. In the mean time, won't you stop at my studio and tell the janitor that I will be home the 1st of November? You might suggest some dusting up. As ever,

"S. E."

"Now," said Sylvia, "Rachel will have news to tell," and then she put on her gloves, and started for the post-office. When she reached that Mecca of all sea-side visitors she found it closed. She knocked, but no one answered; she tried both doors but in vain. Then she

went into the drug-store next door. "Oh, Mr. Snyder," she exclaimed, as a man with a napkin in his hand came out of the back room, "the post-office too has gone! What are we to do now?"

Mr. Snyder wiped his fingers, and smiled. "It is not quite as bad as that, Miss Engles! We poor residents have not many luxuries after you city folks leave us, but we do manage to keep our post-office. I guess Joe Ruggles has gone to his tea; he mostly shuts up then."

"Must I sit on the step and wait for him?" asked Sylvia.

"Not much," said Mr. Snyder. "Just you leave your letter here, and I 'll see to it."

"It must go in the first mail," said Sylvia.

"It shall," replied Mr. Snyder; and then he opened the door for Sylvia, and she turned to go to the beach.

As she walked along Atlantic Avenue, and then down one of the cross-streets toward the ocean, she thought the place looked as if it had been desolated by the plague. The stores, the hotels, the pleasant sunny cottages, were all closed and silent. No one was to be seen upon the long and sandy streets. On some of the avenues were rows of forlorn and dingy bath-houses, moved away from the beach and from winter tides. The long board walk by the shore, the pavilions, which at their best suggested Sampson Brass's summer-house, were gone, and the very signs of gay life silenced made the place doubly desolate.

But Sylvia was too full of vitality to feel depressed, and indeed rather enjoyed the loneliness that left her free and happy.

She was pretty, she had abundant interests in her life, and she had half made up her mind to marry. She was not young, for she was thirty-six; but she had had a very good time, and she meant never to have a bad one. She had once lived abroad, and had studied art in Rome and in Paris, and she was wise in technical terms, and knew all about the schools; and when she wrote pretty little poems she turned them with many a neat allusion to both Dante and Raphael. She was never worried because she could not paint great pictures, and when she was in Paris she used to go among the studios, and without any envy admire ambitious Americans working at Pompeiian interiors and Arabs at prayer. When she came home she refused all pupils, and applied herself to painting little girls. Her pictures sold, but with mildness; yet her day of triumph came. It came with "decorative art," and a panel and a tea-service established her reputation, and made Sylvia the fashion. After this all was easy.

The man she thought of marrying was Professor Arnold. He was a widower with one child, and Sylvia had now been at the sea-shore for two months with them. She had always meant to marry, and any one could see that this would be a suitable match. He had position and money, and Sylvia liked both, and thought she deserved both. The child, little Josie, was fond of her, and she liked to have the tender little creature depend on her, run after her, and play the tyrant over her.

They were all Josie's slaves. The professor, who was writing his lectures in a room where he could not see the ocean, had stayed at the sea-shore on her account; Dr. Kennedy was always at her service when his neuralgia permitted, and Sylvia already gave her many a little motherly care; the landlord petted her, and the waiter was her worshiper; and these five people, at present, made up Josie's world.

When Sylvia reached the beach she found Josie busy making a well in the sand, while Dr. Kennedy walked up and down. His long ulster was buttoned over his slender, tall figure, and he wore

a huge blue and white scarf tied over his hat to protect his ears.

"Oh, here you come!" he cried. "I have been watching for you. Just come here, Miss Sylvia. Now look over the water. What do you see?"

Sylvia went to him. "I see the waves breaking on the shore," she replied. "It is high tide, but the breakers are not rough. It is a tranquil sea."

"What else?" he asked, — "no ships, no boats, no gulls?"

"Only water and sky."

"Now look along the shore."

"I see sand, — a long, level stretch of gray sand."

"And the sky?"

"There are clouds. They are white and many-piled. The sky is soft and blue, and over there," pointing, "the sunset colors are reflected from the west."

"Then," said he impressively, "look at that child! You have not mentioned her, — a mere speck of humanity, a creature not three feet high, a small bit of color, red and white; and yet she is all we see between here and Portugal! Think of it! Nearly four thousand miles of space, and hers the only life in sight! Miss Sylvia," and the doctor's voice deepened, "this is what I call — solitude!"

"And you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I like it, as the Frenchman did, when I have a pleasant companion with whom to share it."

"Very well," said Sylvia, taking out her watch, "if I come under that head, I will stay with you fifty-three minutes. By that time Thomas will be ready to sound his gong for supper, and the professor will be walking on the porch looking for us."

"Suppose, then," said the doctor, "that we sit down by the anchor. I don't like this wind, and I have a shawl there."

The anchor, which in the summer was attached to a bathing-line, was now drawn up on the shore, and deeply imbedded in the sand made a snug recess, of which Sylvia was fond. The doctor hung his shawl upon the arms of the anchor, and offered Sylvia the cosy, tapestried seat; but she, declining it, sat in the open air, and he went far back in the shelter.

"*This,*" he said, "I call comfort! And now, Miss Sylvia, when are you going away?"

"In two weeks," said she.

"And the professor a week after. I shall be lonely! See here, Miss Sylvia, why don't you stay here all winter? You have no idea how charming it is. No ice, no snow; the air a visible tonic, — exhilarating, sparkling! You could paint and get new inspirations. 'Stay, Sylvia, stay.'"

"The inspirations would not be of much use here," said Sylvia; "and do you suppose Mr. Reimer would take a panel in exchange for my board?"

"But, my dear," said the doctor, "an artist is free. He need not live in his shop, — his studio, I mean. Paint your pictures here, and send them to your agent."

"Pictures?" said Sylvia. "It is teacups! If fashion patronizes me, I must be on hand. You ought to see me receive, doctor," she went on. "I wear a long, monkish brown gown, and on it is many a spot of paint. My studio is lovely, and I give æsthetic teas sometimes. I can fancy you at one! Will you come?"

"Nonsense!" said he, flushing. "How frivolous you try to make yourself! I wonder you paint at all."

"You would n't," said she, "if you knew the size of my bank account."

"I am perfectly in earnest," the doctor said. "I don't like women to work. I don't believe in it. I have had a surfeit of it. In my family all the women work. The older ones manage hospitals and societies, and the younger ones teach, or read, or practice medicine. I don't like it. They all have money. I

don't believe you yearn to be independent, to have a life of your own, and all that fol-di-rody."

"I don't," said Sylvia. "I would n't like to be no more than the basket handle; I know too well all the joys of independence! Still, you see, I have n't money, so I earn it."

"That is just it!" cried the doctor, coming a little way out of his niche. "You work because you must have a living. Very good. And your occupation is genteel and lady-like."

"Don't say 'genteel'!" cried Sylvia.

"That is a very good word. Would respectable be any better? No? Well, this is what I meant to say, — a pretty, domestic woman like you ought to get married. In fact, you ought to have been married some time ago."

"How do you know I am domestic?" said Sylvia, slightly coloring, and ignoring his last remark. "Artists are generally considered Bohemian rather than domestic."

"Oh, but you are not an out-and-out artist."

"Indeed, I am!" cried Sylvia. "I have n't much genius, but you don't suppose I spend my life painting tea-cups? I paint pictures, and I exhibit them, and, what is more to the purpose, I sell them."

"I don't doubt it," said the doctor; "but all the same you ought to get married. There 's another objection I have to my family: the girls don't marry. They have n't the time, and so we have an army of old maids. I don't like it. There is that child's father; why don't he marry?"

"I am sure I don't know;" and now Sylvia really did color.

"He ought to do it," pursued the relentless doctor. "That child cannot be brought up properly by servants, and he has no sisters. Do you know, Miss Sylvia, — now, I suppose you 'll get mad! — I had a great mind to advise him to ask you. It seems a pity for him to lose the chance of so good a mother for Josie. You see I have an observant nature, and I have watched you with her. You are fond of her, you have pleasant little ways with her, and she is certainly fond of you. Yes, you would make a very good mother for her."

Sylvia laughed at this. She did not mean to betray any feeling again.

"The reason why I am so candid, and perhaps abrupt — you do think me abrupt?"

"I do," said Sylvia.

"Well, the reason is that the matter is a little involved. When I first thought of it, you and the professor were digging a cave for the child in the sand, and she was jumping about in high glee. Do you remember?"

Yes, Sylvia remembered it very well.

"It was a pretty picture, I thought, and it flashed on me that the professor would be blind if he did not see what he ought to do. Ask you to marry him, I mean."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," said Sylvia coolly.

"Oh, but that is n't all!" the doctor continued, pushing the scarf off his ears. "You don't understand yet how the matter is involved. When I went back to the hotel it occurred to me that I was a very great fool. I had much better ask you to marry me. I am sure I need a good wife."

"Very well," said Sylvia, with admirable gravity.

"Still, you see," he said, "it seemed rather mean not to give him the chance. It is of course obvious that he needs the wife the most, — on account of the little girl, you know. My first thought referred to his marrying you, and that gives him, you see, a sort of preëmption claim."

"I am not sure of that," replied Sylvia. "Don't they give patents, or something of the sort, for the first idea?"

"Then," said the doctor eagerly, "you would be willing to let me ask you?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I wish I knew what you mean — would you refuse — But no, I won't do it. I really think he ought to have the first chance. The little girl is to be considered, you know."

"Is it Josie who is the first object?" said Sylvia. "If that is so, I might adopt her. That would make it all right, and none of us be worried."

"Her father would n't part with her; but I am thinking of the welfare of all. By George, Miss Sylvia, I wish I knew your Eng; or rather, I wish the professor did. I'd like Chang myself! Of course Arnold knows nothing of this. I thought I had best speak to you first. I was afraid he would not explain the situation, — not as I would."

"I don't believe he could," replied she.

"Well," said the doctor, "what have you to say?"

"I cannot say anything," she answered.

"You cannot?" repeated the doctor.

"I could offer an opinion, I suppose," said Sylvia; "but you see I can't, under the circumstances, make it a personal matter yet."

"You mean," the doctor said, "that neither of us has yet asked you?"

"Exactly," Sylvia answered.

"Very well, then. Now, suppose, before we go any farther, that we see just where we stand in the present position of affairs. In the first place, — because it would, perhaps, not be proper to refer to the professor's personal matters at this moment, — do you think you could marry me?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "I am very sure I could n't."

"That is frank," he said, looking greatly pleased. "I like that. It is business-like, and helps us to clear the ground. Now, why could n't you?"

"For one thing, I don't care enough for you, and for another, I never thought of it."

"Very good. But we will now suppose you might waive the second reason, and I could try to persuade you out of the first. So then, what are your objections likely to be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

"No," said Sylvia; "to tell you the honest truth, I know nothing about it."

"You don't!" exclaimed the doctor. "Then I'll tell you. We are good Quaker stock. We came over with William Penn. We are in every history of Pennsylvania ever written. If you ask for family, you can't do better. We are an Arch Street Quaker family."

"Is that any better than any other street Quakers?" asked Sylvia.

"To be a real Arch Street Quaker, Miss Sylvia, you must be born into it. You may visit our circle, marry into it, live next door to it; but to be *of* it — birth is necessary. It is the aristocracy of the country."

"I might have liked to have been born into it," said Sylvia, "I cannot tell; but I am sure I should n't want to marry into it." Then she said, "Is it stupid?"

"Awfully," said the doctor, "but it is good. I simply refer to it as a question of family. You need not have anything to do with it. We don't when we can help it. We are church people, you know, — prayer-books, marrying out of meeting, and all that. If you are interested in colonial furniture, we have plenty of it. In fact, you could n't do better in the way of family."

"Well, then," said Sylvia, "I give up that point. I don't object to your family."

"I am not poor. I like my profession, and if I need more money I will practice again. Could you be satisfied with seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars a year?"

"Perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I am not young, — I am forty-six; but the professor is still older, so that point is not to be considered."

"Oh, yes, it is!" exclaimed Sylvia. "We are not considering this matter relatively; the professor is not under discussion."

"True enough," replied the doctor, "that is a fact to be remembered. Absolutely, then, I am not old; I am amiable, I am not tyrannical, and when I have n't the neuralgia and don't wear this scarf I am not ugly; I am a person of good habits; I smoke, but I don't drink, bet, nor gamble. These are points in my favor?"

"Certainly," said Sylvia.

"Well, then?"

"I think," said she, taking out her watch, "that now we ought to consider why I should marry you. These points are, as you say, in your favor; but leaving out your being an Arch Street Quaker, I might find other men having these same general qualifications, and I should like my husband to have some special ones. We have n't time, however, just now. You know I can think over what you already have said."

"But I don't like you to think over it too long. I have always fancied a woman's feeling in this position ought to be rather impulsive. She ought to have quick, spontaneous feeling."

"Oh, I have," said she, giving him a curious look, "but I should like to be cool, judicial. This is an important matter."

The doctor smiled.

"But it is," she said, "and I ought to have time, for several reasons. One, — to begin pretty far on, — in the fifth place, is that it is a good while since I had an offer, and I am out of practice. Beside that, you must own this is rather sudden."

"Who made you the last offer?" asked the doctor.

"An Englishman. It was a better one than yours, for there was a title somewhere in his family. He said he thought it would be awfully jolly to marry an American."

"And he was quite right," the doctor said. "Did you accept him?"

"I don't believe he thought so. He never behaved as if he did."

"Well, you think of what I said," and the doctor got up and began to fold the shawl. "And of course you understand that, although we approached the matter from a practical side, I love you. I should not wish to marry a woman to whom I was not attached."

"I will remember," Sylvia replied, taking hold of the other end of the shawl, and helping him fold it. The doctor then drew his scarf over his ears. They called Josie, who was busy carrying water to her well, and liberally baptizing herself as she trotted back and forth.

"Now," said the doctor, as they drew near the house, and the professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to *who?*" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

"'We agreed'!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idiot!"

The doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the house.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to herself, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Reimer would stop that dreadful old fiddle and go sit with them."

Then she half turned to go herself, but she was not sure. Perhaps the doctor would make an umpire of her, and ask her for a ruling on the spot. And yet it was absurd in her to hesitate. She would get her sewing, and go in as if nothing had happened. She wished Josie had not gone to bed. She wished her tea-cups were all in China. She

wished — At that moment the door opened, and the professor looked out.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard footsteps as I passed, and I wondered who it could be. I did not think of you for a moment. And then I never knew you to walk on this side of the house. It is more sheltered, but you cannot see the ocean."

"Oh, I don't care for the ocean to-night," replied Sylvia, "and I am just going up-stairs."

"Don't go yet," said the professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house nearly all day, and I am tired of house air."

Sylvia hesitated. "Very well," she said, "but I cannot stay long."

So the professor put on his hat and coat, and joined her.

"Shall we not go around to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the doctor will see you and call you in. He thinks night air bad for the neuralgia."

"I have no neuralgia. Have you?"

"No, but he has. I don't know, however, but that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a *very* peculiar person, Miss Sylvia?"

"He certainly is. But do tell me, professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know just what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solemn vagueness of sea, shore, and sky will be lost. Would n't it be dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg, with the sun shining at midnight, just as regularly as at home. But as I was saying about the doctor" —

"Don't let us discuss the doctor," said Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people, and any way I must go in."

The professor gently laid his hand on her arm, and Sylvia at once shook it off.

"Miss Sylvia," he began, "between us, — not from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge, — you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean."

"A better person than Felix Kennedy does not live," the professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with judgment."

"But I *am* sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevaricate," said the professor. "Believe me, you had better listen to me."

"I wish I knew just what you are going to say" — but then Sylvia paused and blushed.

"I am not going to say anything frightful. You are safe in listening to me. I am not as obtuse as Kennedy seems to think. It would be a very obtuse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insensible to your charming nature."

"Yes, I dare say," said Sylvia, a little absently; "but I must go in now. It is cold."

"I would like," said the professor, not heeding this, "to be frank with you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Why, I never knew such frank people! It is terrible. If you want to please me, do be a little reticent."

"I want to please you," the professor said briskly, "but I do want to tell you something. Do you know, I have been planning, vaguely, but hopefully, to take you home with me."

"I would n't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that!" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps, — I once thought I would, but now,

— why, nothing on earth would tempt me!"

"You wrong me, Miss Sylvia," said the professor. "I meant to leave you free. I meant you to have your studio, your own friends, your own pursuits. Had I lived in New York, I should not have hesitated to speak to you; but I did not like to ask you to go to Boston, and leave so much behind you."

"That proves," said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, "how little men understand women. Do you suppose I would hesitate to follow any one I loved to the north pole? Boston, indeed! Why, I would n't have put it in the balance!"

"But see how you excite yourself," said the professor; "I really don't deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive lady."

"Oh, I am not sensitive," said Sylvia. "Ask the doctor if I am."

"Pardon me," he replied, "but you are. I knew I had no right to disturb your useful, happy life; but Josie loves you so well, your influence over her is so good, that I thought you might consent to become her governess."

"Oh!" cried Sylvia, and she walked quickly down the porch.

"The position in Boston, you understand, is very honorable; and in my family, and with your own social talents" —

"Spare me your compliments," interrupted Sylvia, who felt curiously enough at this moment. "I can assure you that I never mean to be a governess, but I do love Josie."

"I know you do. But, not to take up the second point, I have now other views. Let me fasten your shawl more closely; you are cold."

"No, indeed," Sylvia replied, "I am hot!"

"Now," said the professor, still speaking gently and evenly, "I have changed my mind. I still want you to go to Boston, but I want to marry you. Forgive me if I am abrupt. I meant to break this to you more politely, but the doctor is in a torpedic condition. I am forced to seem rough and inconsiderate, but I have learned to love you dearly. I could forgive you anything. You could not offend me. Miss Sylvia," — and here he took hold of her arm again, — "tell me you forgive me! If you are angry with me now, may I not some time again plead my cause? In a month? May I not come then to you?"

Sylvia laughed, — she could not help it, — but the professor's face grew red.

"It is very funny," she said.

"It is very provoking," retorted the professor. "I will never, never forgive Kennedy! If he had not precipitated matters, you would not have been offended with me, and you might have given me a hearing, at least."

"Oh, no, I should n't, — that is, I should have had but one answer for you," said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. "But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I suited" —

"Don't scoff," said the professor. "I am deeply in earnest, and" —

"Good-night!" cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it, — "good-night!"

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Josie; but about noon there was a knock at her door which she answered in person. It was the doctor.

"I thought, perhaps" — he began; and then noticing her books and dresses on the bed, "By George, you are not packing up!"

"Yes, I am," she answered. "Did n't the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon train."

"Driven away!" ejaculated the doctor. "By Jove, it is too bad!"

"Letters," said Sylvia gravely, — "important letters."

"I dare say," said he, "and the mail not yet in! Tell me, are you offended?"

Sylvia made no reply.

"You could n't be offended with Arnold," he said; "he is too gentle to offend any one. But I — I am a bear! Will you forgive me?"

Sylvia hesitated a half moment before she took the hand he offered. "One of you," she said impulsively, "did not mean to offend. I am sure of that."

"Yes, I know," he answered, in a melancholy tone; "he never does. But then, neither did I. The mischief is I do all the things I don't mean and don't want to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you don't really mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvia.

"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the professor badly. You ought to be decently polite to him. And there is Josie, — you must not forget her. You ought to answer one of us."

"I have but one to answer," said Sylvia, putting her hand on the knob of the door, "and I would n't mind being treated with a little decent politeness myself."

"Yes, yes," and the doctor looked a little blank. "But somehow I cannot realize that I have cut myself off, by being so very considerate. It *was* rather stupid now, was n't it?"

"The whole affair is stupid," Sylvia replied. "But won't you please go away, and let me finish my packing? I don't want to be left, and I hate to hurry."

The doctor put his foot against the door to keep her from closing it. "Tell me one thing," he said, with a good deal of entreaty in his voice: "you are not going to refuse both of us?"

"I am not going to accept both of you, — not the same day; and I do wish you would remember that you have never asked me. Now do go, that's a good fellow."

"But, Miss Sylvia," and the doctor's face grew eager, "you will — say you will — you must! Oh, Miss Sylvia, *don't* accept your first offer!"

"That is mean!" said Sylvia, and her face was the same color as the doctor's, and both were red. "I thought you were going to be so chivalrous, and all that stuff, and here" —

"But you don't love him," said the doctor, as she paused, "and of course you mean to love the man you marry."

"I certainly do; but how do you know I don't?" said the incoherent Sylvia, and she at once began to rub a spot on the door with her finger.

At that moment Mrs. Reimer, armed with brush and dust-pan, came down the hall.

"See here!" cried the doctor, turning quickly. "Won't you — that's a good woman — won't you throw an old shoe after me?"

At this Sylvia gave his foot a vicious little push with her own, and banged her door shut.

"Do you know," and the doctor's solemn manner impressed his landlady, "that I am awfully sorry for the professor?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that anything has happened to him!" she exclaimed.

"No, not exactly," he replied. "But I am sorry all the same. He 'll be terribly cut up. You see, he was so sure. Now I was n't. I don't deserve it, and he did. And there 's Josie, too! I am awfully sorry!"

"Well, you don't look so," said Mrs. Reimer, going her way. "If ever I saw a man who was in a very good humor, you look like that man."

Louise Stockton.

AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

I USED to think Fernandina was the sleepiest place in the world, but that was before I had seen Santa Fé. The drowsy old town, lying in a sandy valley inclosed on three sides by mountain walls, is built of adobes laid in one-story houses, and resembles an extensive brick-yard, with scattered sunburnt kilns ready for the fire. The approach in midwinter, when snow, deep on the mountains, rests in ragged patches on the red soil of New Mexico, is to the last degree disheartening to the traveler entering narrow streets which appear mere lanes. Yet, dirty and unkept, swarming with hungry dogs, it has the charm of foreign flavor, and, like San Antonio, retains some portion of the grace which long lingers about, if indeed it ever forsakes, the spot where Spain has held rule for centuries, and the soft syllables of the Spanish tongue are yet heard.

It was a primeval stronghold before the Spanish conquest, and a town of some importance to the white race when Pennsylvania was a wilderness, and the first Dutch governor was slowly drilling the Knickerbocker ancestry in the difficult evolution of marching round the town pump. Once the capital and centre of the Pueblo kingdom, it is rich in historic interest, and the archives of the Territory, kept, or rather neglected, in the leaky old Palacio del Gobernador, where I write, hold treasure well worth the seeking of student and antiquary. The building itself has a history full of pathos and stirring incident as the ancient fort of St. Augustine, and is older than that venerable pile. It had been the palace of the Pueblos immemorially before the holy name Santa Fé was given in baptism of blood by the Spanish conquerors; palace of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown; and palace ever since its occupation by El Gringo. In the stormy scenes of the seventeenth century it withstood several sieges; was repeatedly lost and won, as the white man or the red held the victory. Who shall say how many and how dark the crimes hidden within these dreary earthen walls?

Hawthorne, in a strain of tender gayety, laments the lack of the poetic element in our dear native land, where there is no shadow, no mystery, no antiquity, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight. Here is every requisite of romance, — the enchantment of distance, the charm of the unknown, — and, in shadowy mists of more than three hundred years, imagination may flower out in fancies rich and strange. Many a picturesque and gloomy wrong is recorded in moldy chronicles, of the fireside tragedies enacted when a peaceful, simple people were driven from their homes by the Spaniard, made ferocious by his greed of gold and conquest; and the cross was planted, and sweet hymns to Mary and her Son were chanted on hearths slippery with the blood of men guilty only of the sin of defending them.

Four hundred years ago the Pueblo Indians were freeholders of the vast unmapped domain lying between the Rio Pecos and the Gila, and their separate communities, dense and self-supporting, were dotted over fertile valleys of Utah and Colorado, and stretched as far south as Chihuahua, Mexico. Bounded by rigid conservatism as a wall, in all these ages they have undergone slight change by contact with the white race, and are yet a peculiar people, distinct from the other aboriginal tribes of this continent as the Jews are from the other races in Christendom. The story of these least known citizens of the

United States takes us back to the days of Charles V. and the "spacious times of great Elizabeth."

About the year 1528 an exploring expedition set out, by order of the king of Spain, from San Domingo to invade Florida, a name then loosely given to the wide area between the bay of Fernandina and the Mississippi River. It was commanded by Pamphilo de Narvaez; the same, it will be remembered, who had been sent by the jealous governor of Cuba to capture Cortez, and who, after having declared him an outlaw, was himself easily defeated. His troops deserted to the victorious banner, and when brought before the man he had promised to arrest Narvaez said, "Esteem yourself fortunate, Señor Cortez, that you have taken me prisoner." The conqueror replied, with proud humility and with truth, "It is the least of the things I have done in Mexico."

This anecdote illustrates the haughty and defiant spirit of the general who sailed for battle gayly as to a regatta, with a fleet of five vessels and about six hundred men, of whom eighty were mounted. He carried blood-hounds to track natives, chains and branding-irons for captives; was clothed with full powers to kill, burn, plunder, enslave; and was appointed governor over all the country he might reduce to possession.

The leader and his command perished by shipwreck and disasters, all but four. Among the survivors was one Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, treasurer for the king and high sheriff, who is described in the annals of that period as having the most beautiful and noble figure of the conquerors of the New World; and in the best days of chivalry his valor on the battle-field, his resolution in danger, his constancy and resignation in hardship, won for him the proud title "Illustrious Warrior." Ten years he, with three companions, rambled to and fro between the Atlantic and Gulf of California. The plain statement of their privations and miseries must of necessity be filled with marvels; that of Cabeza de Vaca, duly attested and sworn to, is weakened by wild exaggerations, and the *Relacion* of this Western Ulysses is touched with high colorings and embellished with fantastic fables equal to the moving accidents by flood and field of the heroic king of Ithaca. He tells of famishing with hunger till they devoured dogs with relish; of marching "without water and without way" among savages of giant stature, dressed in robes, "with wrought ties of lion skin, making a brave show, — the women dressed in wool that grows on trees;"[1] of meeting cyclopean tribes, who had the sight of but one eye; of being enslaved and going naked, — "as we were unaccustomed to being so, twice a year we cast our skin, like serpents;" of his escape, and, after living six years with friendly Indians, of being again made captive by barbarians, who amused themselves by pulling out his beard and beating him cruelly; of living on the strange fruits of mezquit and prickly-pear; of mosquitoes, whose bite made men appear to have "the plagues of holy Lazarus;" of herds of wonderful cows, with hair an inch thick, frizzled and resembling wool, roaming over boundless plains.

Holding his course northwest, he came to a people "with fixed habitations of great size, made of earth, along a river which runs between two ridges;" and here we have the earliest record of Pueblo or Town Indians, so named as distinguished from nomads or hunting tribes, dwelling in lodges of buffalo skin and boughs. It is difficult to trace his course along the nameless rivers of Texas; he must have ascended the Red River, and then struck across to the Canadian, which runs for miles through a deep cañon, in which are yet seen extensive ruins of ancient cities. Undoubtedly he was then among the Pueblo Indians, in the northwestern part

[1] The hanging moss, *Tillandsia Usneoides.*

of New Mexico. He described them as an intelligent race, with fine persons, possessing great strength, and gave them the name "Cow Nation," because of the immense number of buffaloes killed in their country and along the river for fifty leagues. The region was very populous, and throughout were signs of a better civilization. The women were better treated and better clad; "they had shawls of cotton;[1] their dress was a skirt of cotton that came to the knees, and skirts of dressed deer-skins to the ground, opened in front and fastened with leather straps. They washed their clothes with a certain soapy root which cleansed them well.[2] They also wore shoes." This is the first account of the natives of that country wearing covering on their feet, — doubtless the moccasins still worn by them.

The gentle savages hailed the white men as children of the sun, and, in adoration, brought their blind to have their eyes opened, their sick that, by the laying on of hands, they might be healed. Mothers brought little children for blessings, and many humbly sought but to touch their garments, believing virtue would pass out of them. The rude hospitality was freely accepted; the sons of the morning feasted on venison, pumpkins, maize bread, the fruit of the prickly-pear, and, refreshed by the banquet, made their worshipers understand that they too were suffering with a disease of the heart, which nothing but gold and precious stones could cure. The Pueblos were then as now a race depending on agriculture rather than the chase, and were in distress because rain had not fallen in two years, and all the corn they had planted had been eaten by moles. They were afraid to plant again until it rained, lest they should lose the little seed left, and begged the fair gods "to tell the sky to rain;" which the celestial visitants obligingly did, and, in answer to the prayers of the red men, breathed on their buffalo skins and bestowed a farewell blessing upon them at parting.

They again pushed westward in search of riches, always further on, crossed a portion of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, and traveled "for a hundred leagues through a thickly settled country, with towns of earth abounding in maize and beans." Hares were very numerous. When one was started the Indians would attack him with clubs, driving him from one to another till he was killed or captured.[3]

Everywhere they found order, thrift, friendly welcome. The Indians gave Cabeza de Vaca fine turquoises, buffalo robes, or, as he calls them, "blankets of cow skins," and fine emeralds made into arrow-heads, very precious, held sacred, and used only in dances and celebrations. They said these jewels had been received in exchange for bunches of plumes and the bright feathers of parrots; they were brought a long distance from lofty mountains in the north, where were crowded cities of very large and strong houses.[4]

It appears from his Relacion that Cabeza de Vaca passed over the entire Territory of New Mexico, went down the Gila to a point near its mouth, struck across to the river San Miguel, thence to

[1] Made of the fibre of the maguey, or American aloe.

[2] The root of the *Yucca aloifolia*, a spongy, fibrous mass, containing gelatinous and alkaline matter. It grows in most parts of New Mexico, where it is called *amolé*, and is used instead of soap for washing.

[3] This is still a favorite sport among the Pueblos. They sally out from their villages, mounted on *burros*, to the prairies, where rabbits are started from their coverts, when the horsemen chase them, using clubs, which they throw with great precision, like the boomerang of the savage Australian. In this way they catch a great many. It is very exciting, and is carried on amid yells and much good-natured laughter.

[4] In the Navajo country, between the San Juan and Colorado Chiquito, are found quantities of beautiful garnets and a green stone resembling emerald. It abounds in ruins of pueblos capable of holding many thousand souls; in all probability the emeralds presented to De Vaca came from that region.

Culiacan, and so on to Mexico, where the four wanderers, worn by hardship, gaunt and spectral by famine, were received with distinction by the viceroy, Mendoza, and Cortez, marquis of the valley.

The venturesome hero was summoned to Valladolid to appear before Charles V., and hastened to lay at the feet of his imperial master the gathered spoil which cost ten years of life: the hide of a bison, a few valueless stones resembling emerald, and a handful of worthless turquoises.

Before he set sail for Spain, Cabeza de Vaca told his marvelous story to sympathetic and eager listeners; and, besides, airy rumors had already floated down the valley of Anahuac of a land toward the north where seven high-walled cities, "the Seven Cities of Cibola," were defended by impregnable outworks. They were least among the provinces, where were countless greater cities of houses built with numerous stories, "lighted by jewels," and containing treasure stored away in secret rooms rich as Atahualpa's ransom. Various rovers gave accounts of natives clad in curious raiment, richer and softer than Utrecht velvet, who wore priceless gems, whole ropes and chains of turquoises, in ignorance of their actual value. One of these stragglers, an Indian, reported that the houses "of many lofts" were made of lime and stone; he had seen them "with these eyes." The gates and smaller pillars of the principal ones were of turquoise, and there princes were served by beautiful girls, whom they enslaved; and their spear-heads, drinking-cups, and ornamental vessels were of pure gold. There were wondrous tales, too, of opal mountains,[1] lifted high in an atmosphere of such amazing clearness that they could be seen at vast distances; of valleys glittering with garnets and beryls; of clear streams of water flowing over silver sands; of strange flora; of the shaggy buffalo; of the fearful serpent with castanets in its tail;[2] of a bird like the peacock;[3] and a *Llano* broad as the great desert of Africa, over which hovered a mirage more dazzling than the Fata Morgana, more delusive than the spectre of the Brocken.

A friar named Niza, with one of the companions of Cabeza de Vaca, went out "to explore the country" three hundred leagues away, to a city they called Cibola,[4] clearly identified as old Zuni, on a river of the same name, one hundred and eighty miles northwest of Santa Fé. This flighty reporter testified to Mendoza that he had been in the cities of Cibola, and had seen the turquoise columns and soft, feathery cloaks of those who dwelt in king's palaces. Their houses were made of stone, several stories high with flat roofs, arranged in good order; they possessed many emeralds and precious stones, but valued turquoises above all others. They had vessels of gold and silver more abundant than in Peru.

"Following as the Holy Ghost did lead," he ascended a mountain, from which he surveyed the promised land with a speculator's eyes; then, with the help of friendly Indians, he raised a heap of stones, set up a cross, the symbol of taking possession, and under the text, "The heathen are given as an inheritance," named the province "El Nuevo Regno de San Francisco" (the New Kingdom of St. Francis); and from that day to this San Francisco has been the patron saint of New Mexico.

In our prosaic age of doubt and question it is hard to understand the faith with which sane men trusted these bold falsehoods. They were mad with the lust of gold and passion for adventure; and valiant cavaliers who had won renown in the battles of the Moor among

1 The name still attaches to a snowy range southwest of Santa Fé.

2 Rattlesnake.

3 Turkey.

4 Indian name for buffalo. New Mexico was known to the early Spaniards as the Buffalo Province.

the mountains of Andalusia, and had seen the silver cross of Ferdinand raised above the red towers of the Alhambra, now turned their brave swords against the feeble natives of the New World. Less than half a century had gone by since the discovery of America; the conquests of Pizarro and Cortez were fresh in men's minds, and an expedition containing the enchanting quality called hazard was soon organized. Illustrious noblemen sold their vineyards and mortgaged their estates to fit the adventurers out, assured they would never need more gold than they would bring back from the true El Dorado. The young men saw visions; the old men dreamed dreams; volunteers flocked to the familiar standards; and an army was soon ready "to discover and subdue to the crown of Spain the Seven Cities of Cibola."

Francisco Vasquez Coronado, who left a lovely young wife and great wealth to lead the romantic enterprise, was proclaimed captain-general; and Castenada, historian of the campaign, writes, "I doubt whether there has ever been collected in the Indies so brilliant a troop." The whole force numbered fifteen hundred men and one thousand horses; sheep and cows were driven along to supply the new settlements in fairy-land. The army mustered in Compostella, under no shadow darker than the wavy folds of the royal banner, and one fair spring morning, the day after Easter, 1540, marched out in armor burnished high, with roll of drums, the joyful appeal of bugles, and all the pomp and circumstance the old Spaniard loved so well. The proud cavaliers, "very gallant in silk upon silk," kindled with enthusiasm and answered with loud shouts the cheers of the people who thronged the house-tops. The viceroy led the army two days on the march, exhorted the soldiers to obedience and discipline, and returned to await reports.

When the mind is prepared for wonders the wonderful is sure to appear, and time fails to tell what prodigies the high-born gentlemen beheld: the Indians of monstrous size, so tall the tallest Spaniard could reach no higher than their breasts; a unicorn, which escaped their chase. "His horn, found in a deep ravine, was a fathom and a half in length; the base was thick as one's thigh; it resembled in shape a goat's horn, and was a curious thing." They were the first white men who looked down the gloomy cañon of the Colorado to the black rushing river, walled by sheer precipices fifteen hundred feet high. Two men tried to descend its steep sides. They climbed down perhaps a quarter of the way, when they were stopped by a rock which seemed from above no greater than a man, but which in reality was higher than the top of the cathedral tower at Sevilla. They passed places where "the earth trembled like a drum, and ashes boiled in a manner truly infernal;" watched magnetic stones roll together of their own accord; and suffered under a storm of hail-stones, "large as porringers," which indented their helmets, wounded the men, broke their dishes, and covered the ground to the depth of a foot and a half with ice-balls; and the wind raised the horses off their feet, and dashed them against the sides of the ravine. They fought many tribes of Indians, and were relieved to meet none who were man-eaters and none anthropophagi.[1]

The route of Coronado is traced with tolerable clearness up the Colorado to the Gila; up the Gila to the Casa Grande, called Chichiticale, or Red House, standing more than three centuries ago as it

[1] Castenada's Narrative covered 147 MS. pages written on paper in characters of the times, and rolled in parchment. It was preserved in the collection of D'Uguina Paris, was translated and published in French by H. T. Campans, in 1838, and now lies before me. It is wholly free from the vice of the commonplace, being tinged with the warm glow which precedes the morning light of history. Wild as the Homeric legends, it serves like them to point the way.

does now, in a mezquit jungle on the edge of the desert; "and," writes his secretary, "our general was above all distressed at finding this Chichiticale, of which so much had been said, dwindled down to one mud house, in ruins and roofless, but which seemed to have been fortified." With true Spanish philosophy, he covered his disappointment, and gave the place an alluring mystery, with the idea that "this house, built of red earth, was the work of a civilized people come from a distance." And into the distance he went, through Arizona, the lower border of Colorado, and turned southwest to where Santa Fé now stands, then the central stronghold of the Pueblo empire. They fought and marched, destroyed villages, leveled the poor temples of the heathen, planted the cross, and sang thanksgiving hymns over innumerable souls to be saved, — all very well as far as it went; but the mud-built pueblos yielded neither gold nor precious metals.

Acoma, fifty miles east of Zuni, is thus accurately described by Castenada, under the name of Acuco: "It is a very strong place, built upon a rock very high and on three sides perpendicular. The inhabitants are great brigands, and much dreaded by all the province. The only means of reaching the top is by ascending a staircase cut in solid rock: the first flight of steps numbered two hundred, which could only be ascended with difficulty; when a second flight of one hundred more followed, narrower and more difficult than the first. When surmounted, there remained about twelve more at the top, which could only be ascended by putting the hands and feet in holes cut in the rock. There was space on this summit to store a great quantity of provisions, and to build large cisterns." [1]

The chiefs told Coronado that their towns were older than the memory of seven generations. They were all built on the same plan, in blocks shaped like a parallelogram, and were from two to four stories high, with terraces receding from the outside. The lower story, without openings, was entered from above by ladders, which were pulled up, and secured them against Indiau warfare. There was no interior communication between the stories; the ascent outside was made from one terrace to another. The houses were of sun-dried bricks, and for plaster they used a mixture of ashes, earth, and coal. Every village had from one to seven *estufas*, built partly under-ground, walled over the top with flat roofs, and used for political and religious purposes. As in certain other mystic lodges which date back to the days of King Solomon, women were not admitted. All matters of importance were there discussed; there the consecrated fires were kept burning, and were never allowed to go out. The women wore on their shoulders a sort of mantle, which they fastened round the neck, passing it under the right arm, and skirts of cotton. "They also," writes Castenada, "make garments of skins very well dressed, and trick off the hair behind the ears in the shape of a wheel, which resembles the handle of a cup." They wore pearls on their heads and necklaces of shells. Everywhere were plenty of glazed pottery and vases of curious form and workmanship, reminding the Spaniards of the jars of Guadarrama in old Spain.

The gallant freebooters traversed deserts, swam rivers, scaled mountains, in a three years' chase after visionary splendors; but the oval valley and the vanishing cities, with their sunny turquoise gates and jeweled colonnades, faded into the common light of day. Though the

[1] It is the same to-day that it was in 1540, — a place of great strength; and the *Mesa* can be ascended only by the artificial road. The houses on top are of adobes, one and two stories in height. Water is brought from the valley below by the women in jars of earthenware, which they balance on their heads with wonderful ease as they ascend the high steps and ladders. The present population numbers not over four hundred souls.

adventurers failed in their mocking "quest of great and exceeding riches," they explored and added to the Spanish crown, by right of occupation, an area twelve times as large as the State of Ohio.

I dwell on these earliest records because it is the habit of travelers visiting ruins, which in the dry, dewless air of New Mexico are almost imperishable, to ascribe them to an extinct race and lost civilization, superior to any now extant here. They muse over Aztec glories faded and temples fallen in the spirit of the immortal antiquary, who saw in a ditch "slightly marked" a Roman wall, surrounding the stately and crowded prætorium, with its all-conquering standards bearing the great name of Cæsar.

These edifices are not mysterious except to fevered fancies, and their tenants were not divers nations, but clans, tribes of one blood, and civilized only as compared with the savages surrounding them, — the tameless Apache, the brutish Ute, the degraded Navajo, against whose attacks they devised their system of defense, so highly extolled by rambling Bohemians, and threw up "impregnable works," which are only low embankments wide enough for the posting of sentinels.

I have been through many abandoned and inhabited pueblos, examining them with the utmost care, and can discover no essential in which they differ from one another or from those of Castenada's time. In each one there is the terraced wall; the vault-like lower story, used as a granary, without openings, and entered from above by ladders; the small upper rooms, with tiny windows of selenite and mica; the same round oven; the glazed pottery; the circular estufa with its undying fire; *acequias* for irrigation, not built like Roman aqueducts, but mere ditches and canals; and from the sameness of the remains I infer that no important facts are to reward the search of dreaming pilgrim or patient student.

Each village had its peculiar dialect, and chose its own governor. The report of the Rev. John Menaul, of the Laguna Mission, March 1, 1879, gives an abstract of their laws, identical with those framed by "the council of old men," the dusky senators described by Castenada; and then, as now, the governor's orders were proclaimed from the top of the estufa, every morning, by the town-crier.

After the invasion of Coronado, New Granada, as it was then called, was crossed by padres, vagabonds of various grades, and later by armies of subjugation. The same tale is told: how the peace-loving Pueblo was found, as his descendants are, cultivating fields along the rivers or near some unfailing spring, living in community houses wonderfully alike, and keeping alive the sacred fire under laws which like those of the Medes and Persians, change not. The fair strangers were at first graciously welcomed and feasted; but the red man soon learned that the children of the sun, before whom they knelt, whose march-worn feet they kissed in adoration, were come merely for robbery and spoil. The Indian was condemned not only to give up his scanty possessions and leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day to work in dismal mines, but he must put out the holy flame, and worship the God of his pitiless master. Conversion was ever a main object of the zealous *conquistador*, and Vargas, one of the early Spanish governors, applying for troops to carry on the crusade, writes, — and his record still stands, — "You might as well try to convert Jews without the Inquisition as Indians without soldiers." The first revolt (1640), while Arguello was governor of the province, grew out of the whipping and hanging of forty Pueblos, who refused to give up their own religion and accept the holy Catholic faith.

The Pueblos constantly rebelled, and escaped to the lair of the mountain lion, the den of the grizzly and cinnamon bear, the hole of the fox and coyote. They sought shelter from the avarice and bigotry of their Christian persecutors in the steeps of distant cañons, and found where to lay their head in the hollows of inaccessible rocks; and this brings us to the cliff houses, latterly the subject of confused exaggeration and absurd conjecture.

It is well known that the first foreign invasions were by far the most merciless, and it appears reasonable that hunted natives made a hiding-place in these fastnesses; that there they allied themselves with the Navajo, who, from a remote period, had dwelt in the northern plains, beat back the enemy, and, as Spanish rigor relaxed, returned from exile to their fields and adobe houses as before. Mud walls had been proof against arrow, spear, and battle-axe, but could not withstand the finer arms of the fairer race. The cave or cliff dwellings of Utah, Colorado, and Arizona are exact copies of the community tenements of Southern and Moquis pueblos, varying with situation and quality of material used. The architecture of these human nests and eyries — in some places seven hundred and a thousand feet from the bottom of the cañon — has been magnified out of all bounds. Eager explorers, hurried away by imagination, have even compared the civilization which produced them with

> "The glory that was Greece,
> The grandeur that was Rome."

I found nothing in them to warrant such flights of fancy, and, like all castles in air, they lessen wofully at a near view. Those along the Rio Mancos and Du Chelly are mere pigeon-holes in the sides of cañons, roofed by projecting ledges of rock. The walls, six or eight inches thick, are built of flat brook stones hacked on the edge with stone hatchets, or rather hammers, to square angles; in some cases they are laid in mud mortar and finished with mud plaster, troweled Pueblo fashion, with the bare hand. Certainly, mortal never fled to these high perches from choice, or failed to desert them as soon as the danger passed. Whether we believe that the hunters were Christian or heathen, we must admit that this was a last refuge for the hunted, made desperate by terror. The masonry is smoothed, so none but the sharpest eyes can notice the difference between it and the rock itself, and in no instance is there trace of chimney or fire-place.[1] The whole idea of the work is concealment.

One might well ask, with sight-seeing Niza strolling through fabled Cibola, "if the men of that country had wings by which to reach these high lofts." Unfortunately for the romancers, "they showed him a well-made ladder, and said they ascended by this means." And well made ladders the cliff dwellers had, — steps cut in the living rock of the mountain, and scaling-ladders stout and light.

The solitary watch-towers along the McElmo, Colorado, and wide-spread relics of cities in the cañon of the Hovenwap, Utah, near the old Spanish trail through the mountains from Santa Fé to Salt Lake, are built on the same general plan, and divided into snug cells and peep-holes, averaging six by eight feet. Perpendiculars are regarded; stones dressed to uniform size are laid in mud mortar. A distinguishing feature is in the round corners, one at least appearing in nearly every little house. "Most peculiar, however, is the dressing of the walls of the upper and lower front rooms, both being plastered with a thin layer of firm adobe cement of about the

[1] Cañon du Chelly, in Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation, is a passage through a mountain range, twenty-five miles in length, from one hundred to five hundred yards in width, and is perhaps the strongest natural citadel on the earth. There is but one narrow way by which a horse can ascend its height, where a squad of soldiers could defy the cavalry of the world.

eighth of an inch in thickness, and colored a deep maroon red, with a dingy white band eight inches in breadth running around floor, sides, and ceiling,"[1] — ideas of improvement probably derived from their enlightened conquerors. There is a story that a hatchet found here would cut cold steel, but I have not been able to learn its origin or trace it to any reliable authority.

In every room entered was the unfailing mark of the Pueblo, pottery glazed and streaked, as manufactured by no other tribe of Indians, and invariably reduced to fragments, either through superstition or to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. No entire vase or jar has appeared among the masses strewed from one end to the other of their ancient dominion. I have picked up quantities of this pottery near old towns, where it covers the ground like broken pavement, but have not seen one piece four inches square.

After their first experiments the Spaniards saw the policy of conciliating a confederation so numerous and powerful as the Pueblos, and as early as the time of Philip II. mountains, pastures, and waters were declared common to both races; ordinances were issued granting them lands for agriculture, but the title in no instance was of higher grade than possession. The fee simple remained in the crown of Spain, then in the government of Mexico by virtue of her independence, and under the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, passed to the United States.

When General Kearney took possession of the country the Pueblos were among the first to give allegiance to our government, and as allies were invaluable in chasing the barbarous tribes, their old enemies, whom they tracked with the keen scent and swiftness of blood-hounds. They number not less than twenty thousand peaceful, contented citizens, entitled to confidence and respect, and by decree of the supreme court (1871) they became legal voters.

[1] Hayden's Survey, 1874.

Without written language, or so much as the lowest form of picture-writing, they usually speak a little Spanish, enough for purposes of trade, and, less stolid and unbending than the nomads, in manner are extremely gentle and friendly. Their quaint primitive customs, curious myths, and legends afford rich material for the poet, and their antiquities open an endless field to the delving archæologist.

Nominally Catholics, they are really only baptized heathen. A race so rigidly conservative must by very nature be true to the ancient ceremonials, and their religion is not the least attractive study offered by this interesting people. Even the dress of the women (oh, happy women!) has remained unchanged, — the same to-day as described by Coronado's secretary in 1541.

There passes my window at this moment a young Indian girl from Tesuque, a village eight miles north of Santa Fé. Like the beloved one of the Canticles, she is dark but comely, and without saddle or bridle sits astride her little *burro* in cool defiance of city prejudice. Always gayly dressed, with ready nod and a quick smile, showing the whitest teeth, we call her Bright Alfarata, in memory of the sweet singer of the blue Juniata; though the interpreter says her true name is Poy-ye, the Rising Moon. Neither of us understands a word of the other's language, so I beckon to her. She springs to the ground with the supple grace of an antelope, and comes to me, holding out a thin, slender hand, the tint of Florentine bronze, seats herself on the window-sill, and, in the shade of the *portal* we converse in what young lovers are pleased to call eloquent silence. Her donkey will not stray, but lingers patiently about, like the lamb he resembles in face and temper, and nibbles the scant grass which fringes the acequia. I think his mistress must be a lady of

high degree, perhaps the *cacique's* daughter, she wears such a holiday air, unusual with Indian women, and is so richly adorned with beads of strung periwinkles. She wears loose moccasins, "shoes of silence," which cannot hide the delicate and shapely outline of her feet, leggins of deer-skin, a skirt reaching below the knee, and a cotton chemise. Her head has no covering but glossy jet-black hair, newly washed with amolé, banged in front, and "is tricked off behind the ears in the shape of a wheel which resembles the handle of a cup," — the distinguishing fashion of maidenhood now as it was more than three hundred years ago. Tied by a scarlet cord across her forehead is a pendant of opaline shell, the lining of a muscle shell, doubtless the very ornament called precious pearl and opal which dazzled the eyes and stirred the covetous hearts of the first *conquistadores*. Our Pueblo belle wraps about her drapery such as Castenada's maiden never dreamed of, — a flowing mantle which has followed the march of progress. Thrown across the left shoulder and drawn under her bare and beautiful right arm is a handsome red blanket, with the letters U. S. woven in the centre.

One secret cause of the Pueblos' ready adherence to our government is their tradition that,

> "Far away
> In the eternal yesterday,"

Montezuma, the brother and equal of God, built the sacred city Pecos, marked the lines of its fortifications, and with his own royal hand kindled the sacred fire in the estufa. Close beside it he planted a tree upside down, with the prophecy that, if his children kept alive the flame till his tree fell, a pale nation, speaking an unknown tongue, should come from the pleasant country where the sun rises, and free them from Spanish rule. He promised the chosen ones that he would return in fullness of time, and then went to the glorious rest prepared for him in his tabernacle the sun.

I have seen the remains of that forsaken city, once a mighty fortress, now desolate with the desolation of Zion. Thorns have come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof. It is a habitation for dragons and a court for owls. The site, admirably chosen for defense, is on a promontory, somewhat in the shape of a foot, which gave a broad lookout to the sentry. In the valley below the waters of the river Pecos flow softly, and park-like intervals fill the spaces toward foot-hills which skirt the everlasting mountain walls. The adobe houses have crumbled to the dust of which they were made, and heaped among their ruins are large blocks of stone, oblong and square, weighing a ton or more, and showing signs of being once laid in mortar.

The outline of the immense estufa, forty feet in diameter, is plainly visible, sunken in the earth and paved with stone; but all trace of the upper story of the council chamber has vanished. On the mesa there is not a tree, not even the dwarf cedar, which strikes its roots in sand and lives almost without water or dew; but, strange to see, across the centre of the estufa lies the trunk of a large pine, several feet in circumference, — an astonishing growth in that sterile soil. The Indian resting in its fragrant shade, listening to the never-ceasing west wind swaying slender leaves that answered to its touch like harp-strings to the harper's hand, clothed the stately evergreen with loving superstition, which hovers round it even in death; for this is the Montezuma tree, planted when the world was young.

When Pecos was deserted the people went out as Israel from Egypt, leaving not a hoof behind. They destroyed everything that could be of service to an enemy, and the ground is yet covered with scraps of broken pottery marked with their peculiar tracery.

The Oriental Gheber built his temple over deep subterranean fires, and the steady light shone on after altar and shrine were abandoned and forgotten; but the fire-worshipers on the stony mesa at Pecos had a very different work. The only fuel at hand was cedar from the adjacent hills, and, shut in the dark inclosure, filled with pitchy smoke and suffocating gas, it is not strange that death sometimes relieved the watch. When the chiefs, who had seen the kingly friend of the red man, grew old, and the hour came for their departure to their home in the sun, they charged the young men to guard the treasure hidden in the silent chamber. Another generation came and went; prophecy and promise were handed down from age to age, and the Pueblo sentinel, true to his unwritten creed, guarded the consecrated place beside the miracle tree, daily climbed the lonely watch-tower, looked toward the sun-rising, and listened for the coming of the beautiful feet of them that on the mountain top bring glad tidings. Their days of persecution ended, they no longer ate their bread with tears, and a century of prosperous content went by; then they were shorn of their strength, and their power was broken by inroads of warring nations. The cunning Navajo harried their fields and trampled the ripening maize; the thieving and tameless Comanche carried off their wives, and sold their children into slavery, and their numbers were so reduced that the warriors were too feeble to attempt a rescue. Hardly enough survived to minister in the holy place; hope wavered, and the mighty name of Montezuma was but a dim, proud memory.

Yet the devoted watchmen dreamed of a day when he should descend with the sunlight, crowned, plumed, and anointed, to fill the dingy estufa with a glory like that when the divine presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim. The eternal fire flickered, smoldered in embers, but endured through all change and chance, like a potent will; it was the visible shadow of the Invisible One, whose name it is death to utter. Sent by his servant and law-giver, his word was sure; they would rest on the promise till sun and earth should die.

At last, at last, constant faith and patient vigil had their reward. On the wings of the wind across the snowy Sierras was heard a sound like the rushing of many waters, the loud steps of the promised deliverer. East, toward Santo Domingo, southward from the Rio Grande, there entered Santa Fé an army of men with faces whiter than the conquered Mexican. Their strange, harsh language was heard in the streets; a foreign flag bearing the colors of the morning, white and red, blue and gold, was unrolled above the crumbling palace of the Pueblos. The prophecy was fulfilled, and at noon that day the magic tree at Pecos fell to the ground.

After the American occupation, the remnant of the tribe in Pecos joined that of Jemez, which speaks the same language. It is said the cacique, or governor, carried with him the Montezuma fire, and in a new estufa, sixty miles from the one hallowed by his gracious presence, the faithful are awaiting the second advent of the beloved prophet, priest, and king, who is to come in glory and establish his throne forever and ever.

Susan E. Wallace.

EDWARD MILLS AND GEORGE BENTON: A TALE.

These two were distantly related to each other, — seventh cousins, or something of that sort. While still babies they became orphans, and were adopted by the Brants, a childless couple, who quickly grew very fond of them. The Brants were always saying, "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, and considerate of others, and success in life is assured." The children heard this repeated some thousands of times before they understood it; they could repeat it themselves long before they could say the Lord's Prayer; it was painted over the nursery door, and was about the first thing they learned to read. It was destined to become the unswerving rule of Edward Mills's life. Sometimes the Brants changed the wording a little, and said, "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never lack friends."

Baby Mills was a comfort to everybody about him. When he wanted candy and could not have it, he listened to reason, and contented himself without it. When Baby Benton wanted candy, he cried for it until he got it. Baby Mills took care of his toys; Baby Benton always destroyed his in a very brief time, and then made himself so insistently disagreeable that, in order to have peace in the house, little Edward was persuaded to yield up his playthings to him.

When the children were a little older, Georgie became a heavy expense in one respect: he took no care of his clothes; consequently, he shone frequently in new ones, which was not the case with Eddie. The boys grew apace. Eddie was an increasing comfort, Georgie an increasing solicitude. It was always sufficient to say, in answer to Eddie's petitions, "I would rather you would not do it," — meaning swimming, skating, picnicking, berrying, circusing, and all sorts of things which boys delight in. But *no* answer was sufficient for Georgie; he had to be humored in his desires, or he would carry them with a high hand. Naturally, no boy got more swimming, skating, berrying, and so forth than he; no boy ever had a better time. The good Brants did not allow the boys to play out after nine in summer evenings; they were sent to bed at that hour; Eddie honorably remained, but Georgie usually slipped out of the window toward ten, and enjoyed himself till midnight. It seemed impossible to break Georgie of this bad habit, but the Brants managed it at last by hiring him, with apples and marbles, to stay in. The good Brants gave all their time and attention to vain endeavors to regulate Georgie; they said, with grateful tears in their eyes, that Eddie needed no efforts of theirs, he was so good, so considerate, and in all ways so perfect.

By and by the boys were big enough to work, so they were apprenticed to a trade: Edward went voluntarily; George was coaxed and bribed. Edward worked hard and faithfully, and ceased to be an expense to the good Brants; they praised him, so did his master; but George ran away, and it cost Mr. Brant both money and trouble to hunt him up and get him back. By and by he ran away again, — more money and more trouble. He ran away a third time, — and stole a few little things to carry with him. Trouble and expense for Mr. Brant once more; and, besides, it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in persuading the master to let the youth go unprosecuted for the theft.

Edward worked steadily along, and in time became a full partner in his master's business. George did not improve; he kept the loving hearts of his

aged benefactors full of trouble, and their hands full of inventive activities to protect him from ruin. Edward, as a boy, had interested himself in Sunday-schools, debating societies, penny missionary affairs, anti-tobacco organizations, anti-profanity associations, and all such things; as a man, he was a quiet but steady and reliable helper in the church, the temperance societies, and in all movements looking to the aiding and uplifting of men. This excited no remark, attracted no attention, — for it was his "natural bent."

Finally, the old people died. The will testified their loving pride in Edward, and left their little property to George, — because he "needed it;" whereas, "owing to a bountiful Providence," such was not the case with Edward. The property was left to George conditionally: he must buy out Edward's partner with it; else it must go to a benevolent organization called the Prisoner's Friend Society. The old people left a letter, in which they begged their dear son Edward to take their place and watch over George, and help and shield him as they had done.

Edward dutifully acquiesced, and George became his partner in the business. He was not a valuable partner: he had been meddling with drink before; he soon developed into a constant tippler, now, and his flesh and eyes showed the fact unpleasantly. Edward had been courting a sweet and kindly spirited girl for some time. They loved each other dearly, and — But about this period George began to haunt her tearfully and imploringly, and at last she went crying to Edward, and said her high and holy duty was plain before her, — she must not let her own selfish desires interfere with it: she must marry "poor George" and "reform him." It would break her heart, she knew it would, and so on; but duty was duty. So she married George, and Edward's heart came very near breaking, as well as her own. However, Edward recovered, and married another girl, — a very excellent one she was, too.

Children came, to both families. Mary did her honest best to reform her husband, but the contract was too large. George went on drinking, and by and by he fell to misusing her and the little ones sadly. A great many good people strove with George, — they were always at it, in fact, — but he calmly took such efforts as his due and their duty, and did not mend his ways. He added a vice, presently, — that of secret gambling. He got deeply in debt; he borrowed money on the firm's credit, as quietly as he could, and carried this system so far and so successfully that one morning the sheriff took possession of the establishment, and the two cousins found themselves penniless.

Times were hard, now, and they grew worse. Edward moved his family into a garret, and walked the streets day and night, seeking work. He begged for it, but it was really not to be had. He was astonished to see how soon his face became unwelcome; he was astonished and hurt to see how quickly the ancient interest which people had had in him faded out and disappeared. Still, he *must* get work; so he swallowed his chagrin, and toiled on in search of it. At last he got a job of carrying bricks up a ladder in a hod, and was a grateful man in consequence; but after that *nobody* knew him or cared anything about him. He was not able to keep up his dues in the various moral organizations to which he belonged, and had to endure the sharp pain of seeing himself brought under the disgrace of suspension.

But the faster Edward died out of public knowledge and interest, the faster George rose in them. He was found lying, ragged and drunk, in the gutter, one morning. A member of the Ladies' Temperance Refuge fished him out, took him in hand, got up a subscription for

him, kept him sober a whole week, then got a situation for him. An account of it was published.

General attention was thus drawn to the poor fellow, and a great many people came forward, and helped him toward reform with their countenance and encouragement. He did not drink a drop for two months, and meantime was the pet of the good. Then he fell, — in the gutter; and there was general sorrow and lamentation. But the noble sisterhood rescued him again. They cleaned him up, they fed him, they listened to the mournful music of his repentances, they got him his situation again. An account of this, also, was published, and the town was drowned in happy tears over the re-restoration of the poor beset and struggling victim of the fatal bowl. A grand temperance revival was got up, and after some rousing speeches had been made the chairman said, impressively, "We are now about to call for signers; and I think there is a spectacle in store for you which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes." There was an eloquent pause, and then George Benton, escorted by a red-sashed detachment of the Ladies of the Refuge, stepped forward upon the platform and signed the pledge. The air was rent with applause, and everybody cried for joy. Everybody wrung the hand of the new convert when the meeting was over; his salary was enlarged next day; he was the talk of the town, and its hero. An account of it was published.

George Benton fell, regularly, every three months, but was faithfully rescued and wrought with, every time, and good situations were found for him. Finally, he was taken around the country lecturing, as a reformed drunkard, and he had great houses and did an immense amount of good.

He was so popular at home, and so trusted, — during his sober intervals, — that he was enabled to use the name of a principal citizen, and get a large sum of money at the bank. A mighty pressure was brought to bear to save him from the consequences of his forgery, and it was partially successful, — he was "sent up" for only two years. When, at the end of a year, the tireless efforts of the benevolent were crowned with success, and he emerged from the penitentiary with a pardon in his pocket, the Prisoner's Friend Society met him at the door with a situation and a comfortable salary, and all the other benevolent people came forward and gave him advice, encouragement, and help. Edward Mills had once applied to the Prisoner's Friend Society for a situation, when in dire need, but the question, "Have you been a prisoner?" made brief work of his case.

While all these things were going on, Edward Mills had been quietly making head against adversity. He was still poor, but was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a bank. George Benton never came near him, and was never heard to inquire about him. George got to indulging in long absences from the town; there were ill reports about him, but nothing definite.

One winter's night some masked burglars forced their way into the bank, and found Edward Mills there alone. They commanded him to reveal the "combination," so that they could get into the safe. He refused. They threatened his life. He said his employers trusted him, and he could not be traitor to that trust. He could die, if he must, but while he lived he would be faithful; he would not yield up the "combination." The burglars killed him.

The detectives hunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. A wide sympathy was felt for the widow and orphans of the dead man, and all the newspapers in the land begged that all the banks in the land would testify their appreciation of the

fidelity and heroism of the murdered cashier by coming forward with a generous contribution of money in aid of his family, now bereft of support. The result was a mass of solid cash amounting to upwards of five hundred dollars, — an average of nearly three eighths of a cent for each bank in the Union. The cashier's own bank testified its gratitude by endeavoring to show (but humiliatingly failed in it) that the peerless servant's accounts were not square, and that he himself had knocked his brains out with a bludgeon to escape detection and punishment.

George Benton was arraigned for trial. Then everybody seemed to forget the widow and orphans in their solicitude for poor George. Everything that money and influence could do was done to save him, but it all failed; he was sentenced to death. Straightway the governor was besieged with petitions for commutation or pardon: they were brought by tearful young girls; by sorrowful old maids; by deputations of pathetic widows; by shoals of impressive orphans. But no, the governor — for once — would not yield.

Now George Benton experienced religion. The glad news flew all around. From that time forth his cell was always full of girls and women and fresh flowers; all the day long there was prayer, and hymn-singing, and thanksgivings, and homilies, and tears, with never an interruption, except an occasional five-minute intermission for refreshments.

This sort of thing continued up to the very gallows, and George Benton went proudly home, in the black cap, before a wailing audience of the sweetest and best that the region could produce. His grave had fresh flowers on it every day, for a while, and the head-stone bore these words, under a hand pointing aloft: "He has fought the good fight."

The brave cashier's head-stone has this inscription: "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never — "

Nobody knows who gave the order to leave it that way, but it was so given.

The cashier's family are in stringent circumstances, now, it is said; but no matter; a lot of appreciative people, who were not willing that an act so brave and true as his should go unrewarded, have collected forty-two thousand dollars — and built a Memorial Church with it.

Mark Twain.

ALIEN SIN.

I HELD within my heart a secret thought, —
A sinful thought, yet with such sweetness fraught
I clasped it close, and counted o'er and o'er
Each promised joy, that yet might charm me more.
What hisses at my side? I turned, and there
Medusa stood, with hideous serpent-hair.
She smote my thought, with great death-dealing eyes;
No pity there. Torn with remorse, she cries,
"Thy thought, conceived and quickened deep within
Another breast, was born; I am that sin.
See what its sweetness bore, and then beware
Lest cherished sin this dreadful guise shall wear."

THE PRECEPTOR OF MOSES.

In the reign of that Pharaoh named Mineptah I., the Sem, or high-priest, Amon-em-api, was also first of the royal astronomers and architects as well as prime minister. He was of the family of Penta-ur, poet-laureate of the great Ramses II., and he had in his early youth served in the foreign military expeditions of that renowned warrior-king. His entrance upon the duties of the priesthood was directed by one of those events which men term accidents, but which are God's finger-posts in the path of destiny.

Ramses the Great held his court near the city of Zoan, in the nome of Tanis, called after him Zoan-Ramses, or Pi-Ramses, situate near the eastern border of the Delta, on the Tanitic branch of the Nile. It was the Princess Meris, third daughter of Ramses, who had found the Hebrew infant, and had caused her maidens to convey it to the palace, to the surprise and perhaps to the scandal of the court. The Pharaoh condescended to let the light of his countenance fall upon the helpless foundling, and he beheld on the clear olive brow the sign of genius. The wide forehead and the deep miraculous eyes not only startled the monarch, but fascinated the priests and captains of his retinue. The priest of Osiris declared that the beautiful Horus had come anew in human form.

Most of all was Amon-em-api, then a bearding youth, impressed by the event, believing that the child had been sent by the gods to be reared as a prince. The baby Moses, having passed the period of infancy, was given into his charge. By the advice of the council and by the royal mandate, the young soldier became a priest, and thenceforward rose by sure steps to the summit of power in the Egyptian hierarchy. What prodigious toils and what universal accomplishments attended his advancement this story may show.

In the expressive words of holy writ, "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and it was under the guidance of the Sem that he pursued his studies. The priests only were masters of the literature and science of the age.

Meanwhile, the great Ramses had died, and his body rested in its everlasting habitation in the rock. His deeds were blazoned, with Eastern magnificence of phrase, upon the walls and columns of the great temple at Thebes, and his statue was set up as a memorial.

After a long and confused struggle, Mineptah, the fourteenth and least worthy of the sons of Ramses, ascended the throne, and wore the *pshent,* or double crown. The Sem, Amon-em-api, continued his functions and increased his influence, — that is, as far as any one could have influence with a jealous, fickle, obdurate, and moody prince.

The years revolved. Moses had come to manhood with honor, and was reputed, next after the Sem, to be the most learned man of the age. But he suddenly disappeared, and the hopes of his preceptor for the rise of his pupil had been disappointed. He had fled to the desert, and led a wandering life with the nomadic tribes of that elder day.

The years revolved. The children of the Sem grew up. One son was the fan-bearer of the king; one was governor of a province on the Upper Nile; others were in the civil service; his daughter had made a royal marriage; all were firmly planted, and all grew more prosperous in the light reflected from their illustrious sire. Now the wife of the Sem had yielded to destiny, and her mummy graced his dining-hall.

The Sem was alone, as an obelisk is alone.

He still measured the planets in their courses; he caused to be announced the equinoxes and the coming of the welcome flood of the Nile. Next to the Pharaoh, he was the centre of authority, the fountain of honor, the dispenser of justice.

The years revolved. The Sem was past seventy years old. The Pharaoh, with an immense retinue of warriors, priests, women, and servants, had made the annual pilgrimage to Thebes. The Nile had been covered with a fleet of gorgeous boats, and the valley had echoed with music. Amon was the tutelary deity of Thebes, but Osiris and Isis, Ptah and Khem, and all the ancient dwellers in Egypt's awful pantheon were worshiped by the same devotees, and under the direction of the one Sem.

It was at the funeral ceremonies in honor of Osiris, to which the sacred ark and the images of the god and the king had been borne with the usual pomp. The holy place where stood the golden shrine was strewn with flowers and hung with votive garlands. The shrine itself was covered with offerings, and around the altar lay the victims of sacrifice. The air in the vast hall was dim and heavy with perfumes and incense. The ceremony was over; the visiting priests and musicians had retired, and they, with the soldiers and people who had filled the outer courts, were escorting the chariot of Mineptah. Still in the distance sounded the trumpets, pipes, and drums; and at intervals the shouts of the populace rose over the barbaric din.

Though the Sem was threescore and ten, he was of majestic stature, and wore the look of an eagle. Age had stiffened his muscles and somewhat dimmed his haughty eyes, but had no power over his indomitable soul. His ceremonial peruke was laid aside, leaving his fine head completely bare, except that one thin gray lock, the symbol of his rank, hung over his right ear. His sandals of papyrus leaves had been slipped off, for the place whereon he stood was holy. His powerful figure was draped in a linen tunic, but his hands and arms were free, and uncovered except by gold serpents in the forms of armlets, bracelets, and signet-rings. On his broad shoulders, fastened by a heavy gold beetle, hung the mantle of leopard skin, that only the sovereign pontiff could wear.

The Sem appeared greatly troubled. On pretense of illness he had dismissed the servitors, and remained in the temple alone. What could trouble the man who stood next to the son of Amon-ra, the sun of Egypt?

It was this: he was on the pinnacle, and there was no higher step; there was nothing left to desire. In his career he had compassed every science and art. He had made, so he believed, the reign of his master immortal in the temples and obelisks he had designed for him. He had builded for him a pyramid, and set in its innermost chamber a royal sarcophagus. Also, unknown to men, he had provided, in the very apex of the same pile, another crypt for his own last repose. The tomb and monument of Mineptah was also to be the resting-place of his great minister and pontiff. Always in his bosom he carried the sealed packet in which were the directions for placing his embalmed body in its lofty couch beneath the cap-stone. Pride could soar no higher, neither in life nor in death. But he had received a shock. He was old, and death could not be long averted. An evil eye had been cast upon him. On the night of the full moon occurring on the birthday of Typho, the evil genius of Egypt, a shriveled woman, whom he had known long ago in her better days, but who now was forgotten, cursed him for his haughty air as he passed her mean dwelling, and thrust at

him a half-roasted swine's rib that she was devouring. His horror at her imprecations and at the threatened contact with unclean flesh nearly drove him out of his senses. He spat at her and fled; but not before he heard her prophesy that before the next festival in the new moon of Phamenoth he should appear before Osiris, the judge of all.

The Sem, like all men of abounding life and vigor, loved this world. High-priest as he was, and perfect in every observance, he was not in haste to appear before the dread tribunal and give in his final account. Now destiny began to shut him in, and his soul rebelled. He beat his wings passionately against the bars of his cage. He had but just begun to be useful to the world, — so he fondly reasoned, — and he ought not to die. The Pharaoh Mineptah, weak and unsteady of purpose, needed him; science needed him; the people needed him; the gods, even, had more need of his services on earth than of his adoration in heaven.

The prophecy had begun to work in his veins like a poison. His position and his wealth were nothing. In the magnificent ritual which he had just conducted there was no beauty for him. The prayer for the king, the worship of the god, the sacrifice, the incense, the libation, were hollow forms. Ever present in his soul were the words, *In the new moon of Phamenoth.* The characters were blazoned on the temple walls. They were seen in the sculptured ornaments of the gigantic pillars. Even the stars overhead broke from their old groups, and formed themselves into the same startling symbols, — *Phamenoth!* The winds that swept by from the Libyan desert shrieked *Phamenoth!*

Then the wretched priest lifted up his voice, and prayed Osiris that the cup of death might not yet be offered to his lips, — *not yet.* "Let me live my life once more!" he cried. "As thou didst know the pangs of mortality, pity me!"

A long time he prayed, while his form was prostrate and his head rested on the lowest step of the altar. Then in the shuddering silence he felt, rather than heard, the rushing of wings; and a voice came from the sacred place, — "Beware, priest as thou art, beware! Ask not for what must prove a curse!"

"Life a curse? O Lord, Amon Ra! O Ptah, Creator! O unseen and unnamed Life of all! Nothing from thy hand can be a curse. Let me live my life again!"

"That which is appointed is best," replied the voice: "labor, and then rest. To escape the common destiny would be a curse beyond thought."

"Still, great Deity, grant my prayer!" So he sobbed and wrestled and prayed. His horror of the tomb and dread of the judgment beyond overcame even the warnings of Omniscience.

"Have — then — thy — prayer," slowly came the answer; the words growing fainter in distance, until the last was only a fearful whisper.

When the Sem was sufficiently restored he gathered up his robes, and, not daring to look towards the sacred place, withdrew from the temple. How or where he went, what wild thoughts flitted by him during the night, and how he came among living men again, he could never remember. In his soul chaos reigned.

When ten years had passed, and the Sem had reached the age of eighty, those next below him in station, tired of waiting for his decease, suggested his senility and his impaired faculties to the king. In fact, the Sem was as vigorous as ever, but certainly he was old, and perhaps tiresome. He had lingered too long. Prime ministers, like other public performers, must know when to retire with credit. The junior priests said he did not read the service at the temple with the old impressiveness; that he had become formal, and had lost breadth and spirituality. Others whispered to the

king that so powerful a subject was dangerous. This hint was enough for the suspicious monarch. The Sem was graciously informed that he was allowed to resign his offices of pontiff and prime minister. He had lost the right to wear the leopard skin forever. After his fall from power he was no longer able to protect his son, one of the "king's sons of Kush," the governor of a province on the Upper Nile, against whom a court cabal had been formed. That son was recalled in disgrace, and compelled to commit suicide. His wife died of grief, and her children, the grandchildren of the Sem, were made prisoners by the desert tribes. The other son, the fan-bearer, was banished to the gold mines, and perished on the way. The favorite daughter was discarded by her young husband, the Pharaoh's son, who had become enamored of a Khitan princess.

The Sem cowered under these thick-coming disasters, and saw himself and his family on the brink of ruin. *But he lived,* — yes, he had the precious boon for which he had prayed.

Yet he lived less in the spiritual realm, and more in the domain of the senses; and among the gay and volatile followers of the court, and especially among the almond-eyed daughters of the royal city, he found means to divert his attention from his own misfortunes. After some rebuffs and several futile attempts, he discovered a lady, not wholly withered, who was courageous enough to marry him. It was a bold venture on both sides. The Sem's former spouse was waiting in her casket for his company on the last voyage. His second marriage appeared natural and proper enough to him, but he was sensible of something strange in the looks of men and women as they regarded him and his new wife. It was a chilling sensation, but it wore off. In fact, with the Sem at this time everything wore off.

In ten years the Sem was ninety, and was still vigorous, while his partner was become a bent and wrinkled creature, and not long after was added to his dried collection.

To relieve his mind he resolved to travel. Having obtained leave of absence and an escort, he ascended the Nile to Elephantine, and then, turning, drifted slowly down, touching at Philæ, Thebes, Memphis, Heliopolis, Bubastis, and other forgotten seats of ancient power and worship. He read the inscriptions on monuments, and with the temple scribes examined the historical treasures of papyri. He saw in thought the long series of dynasties reaching back into the twilight of time, and he formed a great purpose. "This I will do," he said: "Upon my return to Pi-Ramses I will call together the scribes of the whole land. They shall bring the rolls from the royal and the temple libraries. They shall copy and compare and set in order the monumental records. All the monarchs that have ruled in Egypt, and the history of their deeds, the sayings of the wise, the researches of the learned, the verses of the poets, and the rites of religion, — these shall be gathered. It shall be the Book of Egypt. Thus shall the name of Amon-em-api go down to posterity, forever connected with histories that cannot die, and with these stones over which time has no power."

But the vision of grandeur faded. The great purpose was forgotten. The traveler was tired of unending magnificence, and oppressed by the sense of vast spaces and illimitable periods. So the Book of Egypt was not compiled; and the Sem, restless as the British premier, visited Pelusium and Canopus and the Pharos, and then sailed over to Cyprus, where Ramses had once borne sway. Long before Homer, he looked upon blue Olympus and wooded Ida and the Trojan plain. Long before David, he wandered by the site of Jerusalem and breasted the waters of Jordan. Ages before Tartar hordes were born, he went beyond

the rivers of Eden, and then on until he saw the countless yellow peoples of the farthest East. Nothing obstructed, nothing daunted him. He returned. He was a hundred years old, and as mercurial as a boy; but nothing touched him or roused his admiration.

Then Mineptah was gathered to his fathers, and the nation mourned in due form. Or did the Sem dream this? For life was now as vague and bewildering as the mist over a cataract; only sound and vacuity. Realities dissolved into visions, and visions cheated the senses as realities. The Sem, no longer supreme pontiff, but a high-priest still, took part in the grand ceremony, but with dry eyes and a head as airy as a spring blossom.

"See the old wretch!" said a rising courtier of the new régime. "No tears from him. Is he an immortal? He is as old as Menes. He won't need embalming."

The new king that arose knew not the antiquated Sem. The sun-god had no benignant rays for a living anachronism, a man out of date and out of style. The poor old priest was as unfashionable as a natural man in a popular novel. He thought he might conciliate the young nobility by giving a *fête* on his one hundred and first birthday. The young nobles came, but there were few ladies, and none of the people of rank and authority. The Sem had ransacked old visiting lists in vain. All his contemporaries were lying in their final sleep. The courtiers looked on and smiled as the entertainment progressed. Everything was sumptuous and brilliant, but the old host was voted queer. Ladies held lotus flowers to their aristocratic noses, daintily tasted the sweetmeats and wine, and wondered why their entertainer had lagged superfluous on the stage.

The amusements were in the palace garden. Jugglers tossed balls and knives, spun bowls and vases, changed sticks to serpents, and made plants grow visibly and blossom. Pantomimists came on the stage, and went through their swift and pointed dramas. Then musicians came, with harps and guitars, flutes, double-pipes, clappers, and cymbals. Male dancers bounded in, pirouetted and posed; girls swam in on the waves of music, poising in every attitude of grace, and throwing glances in the immemorial fashion. Amon-em-api, one hundred and one years old, looked on the indecorous spectacle without a blush. His hands led the applause, and his voice stimulated the dancers to new effort. His slaves plied the company with wine and beer, and he himself went about with reddened visage and smoldering eyes.

Yes, the once noble priest, the oldest man in Egypt, was the leader of a drunken orgy.

The next day he could not read the service in the temple. He broke away, and plunged anew into dissipation. While partially intoxicated he actually tasted a piece of pork, and crowned his disgrace by publicly eating onions and beans. The wild debauch and this last breach of discipline were both reported to the chapter of priests, who, with the royal assent, promptly degraded him. His proud earlock was cut off, and his golden ornaments were confiscated. He had no further share in the tithes and offerings of the temples, no place among the great.

Still he lived. He had his prayer. He had now some slight employment in the bureau of astronomy, and as an inspector of the public works. He had promised himself to amend his evil life. When the successive steps of his descent were recalled, though conscience was seldom importunate, he could but wonder. His was an old age with diminishing wisdom and with waning honor. Was life worth living? Not only were his offices, honors, and emoluments gone, but his faculties were less vigorous. He had

lost the high moral sense and the pure reason. Inferior subjects engaged his attention. The philosophy he had imparted to Moses had vanished as a smoke.

One day he furtively entered the pyramid, and looked at the chamber where Mineptah slept in his stone coffin. "Sun of Egypt," he exclaimed, "the world is dreary! It was not thus when I was illumined by thy rays. I should have ended my orbit at the perihelion. I am circling far into the darkness. Who knows what ignominy I may yet attain to!"

Then he thought of his own destined tomb, and was seized with a desire to view it, — yes, perhaps even to lie in it. He touched the spring, and the heavy stone swung back on concealed hinges. By the light of a taper he went through a winding passage-way up to the crypt that was known to him only among living men. As he came near it, the inclination to lie down in it was gone. The old dread returned. It was not a cheerful place, and it was close and dark withal; it was pleasanter to be in sunlight, even without the right to wear the leopard skin and the earlock. Yes, he preferred to live a while longer. He had got back safely into the long gallery and was just closing the secret door, when there was a swift movement behind, and a staff was thrust before the swinging stone. Rising up in mortal terror, the deposed Sem beheld the wrathful visage and agile form of Amenhotep, his successor in the pontificate. The crafty old man endeavored to temporize and to explain, but to no purpose. The altercation grew sharp and violent. The enraged high-priest brandished his keen sacrificial knife, and would listen to nothing until he had wrung the last secret from the miserable man, and possessed himself of the papyrus that described the mode of access to the chamber above. The once proud architect of the pyramid was driven forth, bound to silence on pain of death, without a home and without a tomb.

Amon-em-api was one hundred and ten years old. He still lived. He was lithe and erect, but people shrank from him, as from something uncanny. He strove to be cheerful. He attended games, and delighted in the exhibitions of dancing-girls. Being out of the pale of good society, he proposed marriage at different times to several of these gay and senseless creatures; but, with saucy look and arms akimbo, they told him they did not wish to marry out of their century or their epoch. While this dalliance proceeded the business of the office was neglected, and the Nile one day rose half a cubit unannounced. This caused inquiry. It was found that the deposed high-priest, once first of mathematicians, could not even comprehend one of his own problems. Besides, he was irregular and disreputable. People complained of effeminate odors when he came to the public offices. His downfall was not long delayed. The forlorn ex-minister, ex-pontiff, ex-priest, was discharged from all public employment.

"The gods have set a mark upon me," he moaned, "and whoever sees me will slay me."

He was one hundred and twenty. He still lived. He was slender, but supple, and fresher in bodily sensations than he had been at any time for fifty years; yet his face was like parchment, and his eyes were only piercing black points. Of all the men and women he had known in his prime, not one survived. Alone and despairing, he rushed from the city towards the slaves' quarter.

Years before, under the reign of one of the stranger kings, when Joseph was fan-bearer and Adon, the descendants of Jacob had settled in the Nile Valley. In later times they were forced to labor on the new palaces and temples. Near the city were settled thousands of these enslaved Hebrews; and the miserable Amon-em-api fled to them for succor. Probably he had some faint hope that he might find his former pupil, his be-

loved Moses. If so, it was vain. He got a scanty subsistence among them as a laborer, — so scanty; for their task-masters made them serve with rigor. He attempted to escape to the gold-mines, but was driven back with scourgings. Without shelter and without sympathy (for there is small generosity among slaves), his mind was debased by the daily drudgery, and pride in him was dead. His hair and beard had grown, and were matted and filthy; his garments were squalid; his sandals worn to shreds. No living being recognized him, and every passer-by shuddered. He longed for death. Still he lived on. How the weary days dragged! Hunger was his portion, and often the desert sands were his bed. He was nearly one hundred and thirty. "Oh, that on the day of the new moon of that Phamenoth, so many years ago, I had yielded up my soul!"

He grew weaker, and sank upon the earth; and then, as if beholding himself from without, he looked down upon his wretched body, — wasted with starvation, discolored with bruises. *He* himself seemed to have become a viewless spirit, floating in ether; and there, below him, in foulness and rags, lay his body! It moaned, and he heard it. It stirred, and he saw it. How puny it looked. A half-grown Arab was able to lift it and throw it into a ditch, like a piece of carrion.

The soul of the beholder was dizzy while the body described the circle in the air. What an interminable time in falling! In that swooning moment he thought of the fate of his disembodied soul, — doomed to wander on the illimitable shore until some pious hand should bestow upon his remains the rites of sepulture. So long as his body lay unburied, there was before him an eternity of anguish. The thought was insupportable, and his soul plunged into the dark void.

When consciousness returned, Amon-em-api was aware of the presence of a venerable but still vigorous man, in whose regular and statuesque features he thought he saw some resemblance to the youth he had reared, far back in the time of the great Ramses, by the grace of the noble lady his daughter, the Princess Meris. The resemblance was wrought out slowly, as if he had taken time to follow every line. The man seemed at first as fresh and fair as a youth; yet his brow was the seat of thought, and in his whole face were the deep lines of experience and courage. His full beard, all silver white, swept over a tunic of linen; but this sign of age was contradicted by the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes. A halo hung over him, as if it were the visible benediction of Heaven.

Steadfastly Amon-em-api gazed at the man who seemed to stand near him, and the scene became real. The mists of ages slowly dispersed. The long track of sixty years grew as indistinct as the Milky Way at the coming of dawn. The series of calamities were like the faintly remembered terrors of a dream.

Was it, then, a dream? He touched his head and his chin. No filthy hair was there; all was smooth. He felt for his enameled ornaments, and looked at them; they were still upon his arms and hands. The leopard-skin mantle still hung about his shoulders. His embroidered and blue-fringed tunic still encircled him. He looked up. The last light of day shimmered among the lofty capitals and along the vast pictured walls. Slowly came the overwhelming conviction that the years of misery he had passed were only shadows, and that there had been no movement on the dial of time.

"And is it thou, Moses?" he asked with trembling lips, almost dreading to hear the sound of his own voice. "Am I — art thou — in life?"

"Of a truth, illustrious Sem, I am in life, and so art thou. Let me help thee

to rise. I came this day from the desert. I had missed thee from the royal train, as it departed, and stole hither to search for thee. Here, stretched upon the marble pavement, I found thee, thy head upon the steps of the altar. Sit now; thou art dazed and weary. Rest thy head upon me, my dear master."

The Sem breathed more freely.

"Oh, Moses," he said at length, "I have dreamed a horrible dream. Methought I had lived my life over, but BACKWARD! — that I had lost station and honor; had forgotten science, and discarded virtue, and neglected worship; had come to live only the groveling life of an animal, and so had fallen into the abyss. Verily, my soul had lost its reckoning. There was nought but blackness; neither pitying star, nor friendly Pharos. But now, light, life, — yea, LIFE, — tingles again in my veins. Praised be Osiris! Praised be Isis! Praised be Ptah!"

"Praise rather Him, the Unnamed, the Almighty. It is He who hath sent this sleep upon thee. The wings of the Most High have overshadowed thee. In the secret places of God hast thou lifted the eyes of thy soul."

"True, O my pupil, my beloved Moses. I do but mouth the common phrases. The Spirit over all, He Who Lives, is unnamable, and they are shadows that we worship. But oh the lesson! I rebelled at thought of yielding to the common lot, and following the dreaded Anubis. I struggled, agonized, for a new life. Now I have seen what it is to linger on earth, a stranger, after friends have departed. Life, such as I saw it, were the deadliest curse that even the Omnipotent could bestow."

Tears began to flow down the cheeks of the aged priest, and he silently bowed his head in an attitude of resignation. Then, lifting his face, he continued: —

"O holy Death, divine messenger! thy lineaments are veiled in darkness; thy steps are attended by terror; but thou givest rest to the body and a vision of glory to the parting soul. Moses, my dear pupil, my time will soon come. Thou hast learned much. Thou art wise. Thou hast returned. Put on the sacred robes, and enter the priesthood. Thou wilt in time come to wear the leopard skin, and become Sem in my place. The Pharaoh Mineptah — if he still reigns — will make thee his counselor. When my soul departs, burn the papyrus that hangs about my neck. Presume not to read it. And in thy future high station remember the sin of thy preceptor, and beware of overweening pride."

"Master," said Moses, with sudden energy, "rouse thee! For it has been revealed to me that thy appointed time has not come. Thou wilt continue to stand before the king in council, and wilt lead the prayers of the people. Thou wilt see all of life thou desirest. But I shall remember thee. Thy love hath enfolded me like a garment. Thou hast shown me the bands of Orion, and imparted the sweet influences of the Pleiades. Thou has marked for me the rising of the evening and of the morning star; thou hast measured the rhythm of the solemn dances of the moon in the fields of ether. Thou hast taught me the equipoise of the forces of the universe. But, O my master, of late, and alone, under the solemn skies of Asia, with a clearer vision have I beheld the High and Holy One, — whose image no temple contains, and man's presumptuous hands may never fashion."

The Sem looked at Moses in wonder. "Verily, a god hath possessed thee! But draw not away from me. Let me lean upon thee. I have ever loved thee. Remain with me, my son, my son!"

The Sem wept on the shoulder of his pupil.

"Master, the time is come when I must bid thee farewell. For all thou hast done I bless thee, but chiefly that thou hast taught me the secret of per-

suasive speech, and to touch the souls of men. Because now my despised and oppressed people call me, in the name of Him who was and is and shall be, and I am to go forth with them through the desert. They are as the sands, or as the stars in heaven, for multitude. Our God hath appointed me their leader."

"Will the proud Pharaoh permit?"

A light as from above illumined the face of Moses as he answered, "Who is Mineptah, Pharaoh though he be, that he will stand in the way of the King of kings? By sign and omen, by scourge and pestilence, by the terrors of death, even, shall Mineptah be constrained. They will traverse the desert. The waves shall not whelm them, the Serbonian bog shall not engulf them, nor shall avenging hosts overtake them. They will pass into Asia, and will build a holy city for the worship of Jacob's God. They will be his people, and will preserve his truth for the ages.

"I see them, in far distant times, faithful to the one God, — a consecrated people, and, though persecuted, still triumphant. Their sons stand before kings. They give laws. They lead in the arts and in letters.

"O illustrious Sem, our God made thee the instrument of his wonderful purpose when he softened thy heart towards me, the son of a bondwoman, to take me as thy servant and scholar, and so to shed thy illumination on my mind.

"O illustrious Sem, if Pharaoh, moved by hardness of heart, pursues my people with the armies of Egypt, with chariots and horsemen, go thou not forth with him. Remain here in thy place, as is thy right and duty, and so shalt thou escape the doom that awaits him by the Reedy Sea.

"Live happy, my dear master, noblest of priests, and expect the last hour of life with an equal mind! Hereafter we shall meet, if thy oracles speak truth, or if the eternal God of Abraham lives! Farewell!"

Francis H. Underwood.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE NEW ENGLAND HILL COUNTRY.

A TRAVELER for a short period is much more apt than a foreign resident to write a book about his experiences in the United States. There is scarcely an Englishman outside of the commercial classes who does not write a book upon America as soon after his return as he can collect his notes together, and get a publisher in London to undertake the task. Such books are generally apt to be superficial, although every incident recorded in them may be true. On the other hand, a tourist or inquirer has this advantage over a resident: that comparisons between England and America are easier to him, from the fact of his recent contact with the former country, and his watchful observation of every unaccustomed word, thing, and person in the latter. To one who has lived years in the United States, and not seen many parts of the country, things that strike a new-comer have become so familiar as to be unnoted. I have about any spot in America but one impression that corresponds to those of new arrivals, and that is concerning New York, which I first saw on a hot August day, and thought like a huge Naples. The ailantus-trees, the men in white-linen suits and broad-brimmed Panama hats, the fruit-stalls full of cheap bananas, grapes, melons, pine-apples, etc., the bright blue sky and intense heat, made Broadway seem like a giant Strada di Toledo. I never left New York for three years, and I never

grew to like it, though the picture of its harbor in summer, the tropical-looking Staten Island, and the maze of church-steeples really furnishes a pleasant recollection. The few people I knew there were old-fashioned, hearty friends and kind hosts, and several of the elders were the models one would like most to resemble in old age; but to me they seemed, in comparison with the unpleasant city, like the ten righteous men whom Abraham could not find in the cities of the plain. Years later, I passed twice through Boston, — literally *passed*, — and once in the gray dawn of a December day, and the contrast between the two cities appeared in favor of Boston. A residence in the city would no doubt make me less lenient; that is, would give me time to note the disagreeables inseparable from life in any city or large town, and which I think outweigh the best library and the most intellectual society that ever existed. The years that I have spent in a corner of New England have been the happiest and most congenial, yet the experience they have given me is too local to be held up as representative of any but "back-country" neighborhoods. As far as remoteness and roughness are concerned, this corner (it is scarcely even in a historical part of the State) is not up to the ideal of my childhood, although twenty miles from us places can be discovered still almost as wild as when the Indians left them. We have still too many stores, too many hotels, too much railroad clatter, too much outer-world communication. There are dwellings primitive enough, though not log-huts, but there are also pretentious, half-suburban cottages, with fantastic, Frenchy wood-work.

When I was a child, I used to devour any American book, or book about America, that I could get hold of, and my notion of the country, especially of New England, has turned out not so unlike the reality as might have been expected. At fifteen I was a red-hot abolitionist, in spite of the pro-Southern sympathies of every one around me. (Uncle Tom's Cabin had nothing to do with it; I had not read it then, but I knew the Minister's Wooing, Old-Town Folks, Sam Slick, Norwood, nearly by heart, and my favorite ideal of an American was a "Yankee.") I knew very little about America except what I picked up in this way; for English girls are taught — or were in my time — by a kind of system which tends to multiply "accomplishments" rather than useful knowledge. A certain routine of teaching is gone through, and you come out of the school-room with a society varnish intended to do duty until marriage, at which period custom allows you to dispense with surface accomplishments, and devote yourself to the realities of life, mitigated as they are for the well-to-do. On the other hand, the moral atmosphere of the English home education is superior to that of American education in general. Girls are less forward and more respectful; they grow into women more slowly and ripen better; they are physically stronger, and therefore have simpler tastes; and as to society, they do not know what it means before at least the age of seventeen or eighteen. American girls have certain advantages, however, which custom denies young Englishwomen of good position: they are not forced by an unwritten law to go into society and play their part in it, while the English girl has no choice. The "upper ten thousand" must marry or become "blue-stockings" before the world agrees to let them alone. A young married woman may, if she choose, plead home duties as an excuse for a quiet, useful, pleasant, and studious life, uninterrupted by any but the necessary "county" civilities, which are not very burdensome; but young girls are not supposed to have such duties. Parents, even when sick themselves, are loath to let the chances of the London season pass by their daughters, and depute any safe

chaperon, the nearest female relation if possible, to take their girls to all the balls and parties. The rudimentary education furnished to women of the higher classes has perhaps something to do with the prevalence of "fastness" among a part of them, while to others it becomes the base of a real, later self-education, the growth of reading, observation, and thought. When I came to read De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, a new phase suggested itself, and Dr. Holmes's books, Elsie Venner and The Guardian Angel, opened yet further views about the United States. Châteaubriand's vague, sentimental romances never had much attraction for me; they seemed so thoroughly un-American in treatment, so different from the vigorous books of Cooper on much the same sort of subjects. Mayne Reid's books of half natural history and half adventure were also favorites, and, later on, American poetry and fiction treating of subjects not national; but it was at all times chiefly the description of the country and its rural inhabitants which drew my sympathy and attention. I watched the civil war with as close an attention as a New Englander, and rejoiced in each of the later victories, though I had many a tough argument to go through with those to whom the first disasters furnished only too much capital. At that time I did not even know that there was a party in England sympathizing loudly with the Union. About the religion prevalent in America I knew absolutely nothing, and was much puzzled about the doctrines and church customs I read of, supposing that the church to which they belonged was "established" in America. Of the details of the Revolution I knew nothing; Bunker Hill was a familiar fact, of course, as also the dramatic waste of tea in Boston harbor; the existence of Washington, the Declaration of Independence, and Chatham's protest in the House of Lords made up the rest of the facts known to me. About the private life of the country and the scenery I was not so ignorant, having taught myself out of books which governesses looked upon disdainfully, as only fit for play-hours. When I came to the United States, those studies were the only ones I found useful. I did not meet with the true American type, which I knew through those books, for over two years, because circumstances in that most un-American of cities, New York, combined to keep me from any personal knowledge of it. Had I taken for representative Americans the first individuals calling themselves such, whom I met, or whom my associates said they had met, I should have formed an estimate which, when I came to know the "real article," would have been very much in my way. For instance, a friend, certainly a very prejudiced person, but who had lived in New York long enough to know better, insisted upon telling me that American women would not work, and cared only for dress and flirtation; that they despised kitchen details, and could not do a bit of embroidery or even useful sewing. It turned out afterwards that the few women on whose foolish behavior she thus imprudently generalized were Irish-Americans, wives and daughters of small business men and professional men, and had been brought up by parents whose home recollections of class differences were bitter enough to make them foolishly indulgent to their children by educating them in an exaggerated idleness, the "note," as they thought it, of social equality.

When I came to live in New England, I found myself at home among the people I knew beforehand by description. On the whole, the reality was much like the picture, and constituted a very natural state of society; but I met less "smartness" than the books describe, less liveliness and less education. Here and there were individuals completely answering to the types I knew by reading, but they were exceptional. The

majority of the people — I can speak for no other neighborhood but the remote and mountainous one which I know by heart — were hard-working, dull, saving, honest, undemonstrative, and matter of fact. Their life had too little amusement or relaxation, and there was an acquiescence in the fitness of this which made change almost impossible. Again I find my English experience fails me in the matter of comparison, for I know hardly anything of the class corresponding in the mother country to the farmers of my section of New England. Here we have neither wealth nor enterprise; ready money is very scarce, farms (that is, the cultivated portion) small and rather "run out" than otherwise, and the seasons especially discouraging to a spirit of experiment and progress. The tenacity of old fashions, the intellectual imperviousness of both men and women, in a word, the exaggerated conservatism of our neighbors, would be a shock to the preconceived notion of an English visitor, about Yankees. We have scarcely the shrewd, talkative, anecdote-telling, humor-loving Yankee amongst us; indeed, he is seldom of the farmer class, and is usually met with in the "store," although I remember meeting but one answering to the type, and he was the master of a New York grocery. The question-asking Yankee is a commoner type, though inquisitiveness is not confined to Yankees, but flourishes all over the country in rural districts, and I think more especially in the South. But curiosity is indulged in a leisurely, business-like, matter-of-course manner in our part of the country; questions are not eager or made for pastime, but deliberate, to be reflected upon and made common property. It is a very serious business, and quite as legitimate a part of conversation as remarks about the weather. It has nothing to do with discourtesy (the artificial standard of which never goes very far down in any social stratum, European or American), but it becomes a necessity to people who, with naturally quick minds, have the most provokingly barren field on which to exercise their faculties. One must think about something, and since there is neither money, time, nor opportunity to study things worthy of notice, the readiest thing to think about is one's neighbor. There is more waste of mental energy in America than in most countries, for on the whole there is more capacity, and there are more means for acquiring knowledge than elsewhere; but two thirds of both are misdirected and misused. Almost every one in New England reads a newspaper, and it is precisely through the press that the most mischief is done. The journalism of the United States, a branch of civilization usually held to have attained its maximum growth on this side of the Atlantic, seems to me to be almost the worst product of the country. I know hardly a city paper, and certainly no country paper, which is not conducted on the lowest intellectual principles. American newspapers, with very few exceptions, are contemptible, and if you find one page free from triviality, vulgarity, sensationalism, the omission is fully made up elsewhere. Country newspapers in England are very different, though some of the larger cities can show as discreditable representatives of the press as New York, San Francisco, or Chicago, and London alone has a fungus-growth of Saturday-night printing as objectionable as the cheap illustrated weeklies which delight and pervert our lower classes here. No doubt English country papers are dull, respectable, printed for the information rather than the amusement of their readers, and altogether old fashioned, but, considering how very antiquated the local mind of my corner of New England is in some important respects, it is a pity that it cannot be content with old-fashioned and decent newspapers. About education, for instance, we are marvelously conserva-

tive. I have mentioned English ignorance of America; it is almost matched by New England ignorance of the next State or even town. The real and practical knowledge of life is picked up from newspapers and persons one meets occasionally, — a peddler who has traveled in many parts of the world, a soldier who has been through some Indian war or the civil war, a relation who has "gone West," etc. School sometimes furnishes a basis on which to found intelligent education. There is scarcely a thing with which America is, in the popular estimation of Europe, so thoroughly identified as universal education. Even universal suffrage is not more "American;" but the practical outcome of this supposed perfection is very different from the image of it in an Englishman's mind. It is of no use pointing to statistics as proving how many million children attend school and learn the three "R's" and all the natural sciences; the practical state of the rural population in three fourths of the inhabited country is the test which alone deserves the attention of any one familiar with country neighborhoods. Besides this, there are still places in New England, as well as West and South, where not even an apology for a school exists, and where the grown people cannot read or write. It is the case some twenty or thirty miles from the place where I write.

The conservatism of rural neighborhoods is in no instance so prominent as in the degree of willingness exhibited by the people to learn new ways or teach their own to new-comers. A man of the world, who has lived all sorts of lives and been used to all sorts of surroundings, will readily fall into any way, however narrow, uncouth, or backward; but the traveler in the narrow way has no such versatility, and lays down the law as a matter of course, considering your discipleship and docility equally a matter of course. No one is so ready to teach and dogmatize as a man who has never left his native village; and this applies equally to both sides of the Atlantic, as well as of the British Channel. The self-sufficiency of a man narrowly brought up is prodigious, and his argument that "his fathers did so before him" is to his own mind unanswerable. But if this doggedness of moral toryism is a trait of human nature, equally distributed in every remote rural neighborhood, whether Roumanian, Navarrese, Finlandish, or Zulu, it is none the less exhibited in perfection in the typical land of frantic progress and abnormal "smartness," the New England States. The manners of Boston are as mysterious and as little worth respect in my corner as the manners of Constantinople. San Francisco and New Orleans are as foreign as Cabul and Pekin: the centre of the world lies within our own circle. Slowness and diffuseness of speech are a local characteristic, not excluding, however, startling and forcible terms of expression, as when a very religious and earnest old woman said, "My God is not a confined being," alluding to her own inability to go to meeting and her substituted habit of prayer at home. The one item in which the speech of country and city is shamefully alike is profanity: no one would dream, to hear the representative average man in these parts, that there was any Puritan past behind him. It is true that swearing is mostly a habit,[1] but a habit so ingrained as to be second nature. I once went to a barn-raising, and noted as a matter for surprise that during two hours' work, and among fifteen men, hardly one of them beyond middle age, there was no swearing save by one individual. As a rule, every tenth word is an oath, in any

[1] A man whom a clergyman reproved for swearing excused himself thus from any profane intention in the use of his very frequent and forcible oaths: "Well, now, sir, you see, it is much the same with both of us. I swear a good deal and you pray a good deal, but we don't either of us mean much by it."

average ten or five minutes' conversation, especially in the "store." Slowness of manner in general is a characteristic of what is often called "brisk" New England: shopping, especially, is an exercise of patience. There is but one man in our town who ever seems in a hurry, or aware of the value of time. Any one would think that I was describing some back part of Yorkshire or Cornwall, or, better still, of fat and contented Lincolnshire; yet every one who has lived in the country will recognize such portraits, and realize how entirely the reputation of quickness and smartness belongs to the city Yankee. I know how forward are some towns, suburban villages, and even less peopled neighborhoods; how there are "readings" and libraries, improvement societies with intellectual and material objects, lectures, etc., in many such places, especially in Massachusetts, and perhaps some parts of Vermont; but the more improved, the less genuinely "country," are these ambitious, newspaper-supporting, topsy-turvy places. They are aping city life; they think farming a worse trade than a lawyer's, and they furnish the thousand failures in city ventures which form the basis of each of those rare exceptions, that is, the success of the country-bred youth in a city avocation. Besides the gossiping which is the food of country life, and, by the way, is even more indulged in by men than women, there is another un-Puritan trait in my corner, — drinking. It is nearly as common as in New York city. We are not many miles from the Maine frontier, and the only difference between the two sides of the line is that it is a trifle easier to get liquor on the Maine side than on ours. Neal Dow is less a prophet in his own State than on further removed platforms of temperance meetings. Again, dancing is the only amusement heartily enjoyed here, and the only thing for which purse-strings will open, or with regard to which interest will grow into practical shape. It is true that there is a stratum of society to which the fun cannot penetrate, because if there is one thing more conspicuous and general here than anything else it is poverty. Such communities need absolutely free amusements, and in providing them, I should not consider the giver a visionary and an enthusiast, but a particularly practical man. What our neighbors need here is a place of free public and popular evening resort, especially in winter, — a room combining comfort and ease; a place with plenty of illustrated periodicals and cheap books of a respectable, but above all of an interesting and secular nature; appliances for smoking; opportunity for meeting and conversation; a social atmosphere entirely comprehensive and tolerant; no religious test or cant; and, if possible, plenty of good coffee. With such a weapon, I would undertake in two years to raise, and in ten to change, the character of the rowdiest or most Rip-Van-Winkle-like rural population. It is useless to preach about gratuitous pleasures deteriorating one's self-respect. When the lack of money is so great that not one third of the population can clothe itself, and one can count on one's fingers the number of unmortgaged farms within the town, it is time to throw theories away, and seize the easiest means of doing good.

Utilitarianism is one of the Juggernauts of rural New England. There is no love of life in itself, and very little enjoyment but what can be snatched between two wheels of work slowly grinding the life of the laborer. Everything is subordinate to "the work," especially the human machines who do it. One would think that man was made for the land, not the land for man. Health as well as pleasure is sacrificed, chiefly the health of women. The food is generally of a nature to disagree with any constitution even if bred to its use through the inherited tendencies of several generations; but the men have the antidote of

fresh air, while the women have not. It is no rare thing for a woman not to put her foot out of the house for three or four months at a time. The long winters are somewhat to blame, but the incessant march of work far more. She may go out to feed the chickens, or hang out the clothes, sometimes even to do a hasty job in a starveling flower-bed,[1] but of out-door exercise she knows nothing, and to save time a farmer's wife seldom walks. On Sundays she may go on foot to meeting, but it is only because the old tradition still lingers that baking and churning, and all that is not absolutely necessary, should not be done on Sunday; and therefore, rather than sit and do nothing, she would as soon pass the time taking the fresh air. City women do much more walking than country women; and when one sees some of them out on their yearly holiday, in short dresses, and with leather straps round their waists and alpenstocks in their hands, climbing and camping, the English notion that American women do not walk is somewhat shaken.[2] Amusements being few and costly, excitements have to do duty for them, and so it comes about that church meetings and funerals, being free, absorb a good deal of interest, and sewing-circles, being cheap (and free to the men), are turned into mild shadows of make-believe dissipation. The sewing-circle is a good deal the representative amusement of the purely religious circles. The greatest intolerance is of course found among church-members, and they are too often the greatest stumbling-blocks to repentant black sheep. Conversion is a sensational process, each detail being eagerly canvassed by the local public, and the hero occupies a position suspiciously like that of a prize "walkist" during an international match. The last time a conspicuous conversion took place here, the contest was finally made more interesting by the sudden choice of the reformed sinner, who, having been preached into repentance by, say, a zealous Methodist, joined the Orthodox church, instead of adorning that of his converter. There is a greater parallel between English and American forms of religious sensibility than between any other thing shared by the two nations. The spirit of dissent wears almost the same forms in both countries, but Unitarianism is socially stronger in New than in Old England. The Methodist church I have heard called a political power; but it has less power here than West and South, though it is still surprising to an English observer to note how much the sway of the Orthodox or Congregational church has lessened in agricultural neighborhoods. The Episcopal church is still an exotic in my corner, and the A B C of its ritual still a mystery; but, unlike English country people, who are rather awed by anything they do not understand, New England country people treat everything beyond their own knowledge as being of questionable utility and scarcely worth study. A new idea is unwelcome; in-

[1] One of the signs of a latent love of beauty for its own sake which is very prominent here is the cultivation, under the most discouraging circumstances, of pot-plants and green-house flowers. Women will get up in the coldest winter nights to keep up the fire for the sake of the plants, and take great pride in the result of their care. I have seen as beautiful plants here as in cities, and often in the poorest of houses, where artificial appliances are the scantiest, and where household work presses the hardest.

It would be a real blessing if, from their love of flowers, one could rouse the energies of our people, and teach them a love of competition and of knowledge, such as would be stimulated by a yearly flower-show, strictly local, and a distribution of prizes.

[2] Americans are always shocked when they see, in Europe, women working in the fields. I think there is some exaggeration in this notion, as there is doubtless exaggeration of another sort in the amount of such work done in some countries by women. It is a question if field-work, within certain bounds, is not more healthy than house-work, continued as it is generally without intermission. The climate of the United States is less favorable to it than that of Europe, but I know by experience that there are branches of work at which, morning and evening, women could work with advantage and convenience.

deed, though doctrinal orthodoxy is slack, a social temper, the exact counterpart of heresy-hating, pervades the whole community.

No doubt this love of letting things alone, and walking in the grooves of old but not necessarily intelligent custom, accounts for the curious carelessness about building. Shelter rather than protection seems the motive which urges our neighbors to build barns, houses, and schools, and this in a climate where five months of the year are piercingly cold, and the thermometer is often twenty degrees below zero. There are not more than a dozen houses or barns within our town which are properly fortified against the cold, while in England, with a climate ordinarily so temperate as to suggest nothing worse than a New England October or April, buildings are tight, dry, and warm. No wonder we are obliged to use such exaggerated stove heat as English travelers complain of, when the walls and roof are like basketwork for the play of the wind. I fear this item of discomfort is not so wholly the result of poverty as one would be glad to believe; on the other hand, it reveals a certain indifference to weather and power of resistance to its effects which to some extent do away with the reproach Englishmen often throw at Americans, — that of a womanish sensitiveness to the discomforts of the atmosphere.

The love of home is less developed in new than in old lands; nature appears rather in the disguise of an enemy to be subdued than a mother to be loved, and her obstacles to the outward signs of civilization make men impatient of her beauties. Forests and precipices have no attraction for the man whose chief thought is how he can grow corn and pasture cattle to feed his family; and it is no wonder that where life is so hard no time should be left for the enjoyment of beauty. The love of the mountaineer for his mountains, said to be common in Europe, is not the rule among New England mountaineers. They have hardly any pride in their scenery, and often long for a smooth, fertile plain, where agriculture would be easier and the conditions of life softer. Forests are "well enough in their way;" an indefinite but forcible expression of depreciation. The struggle for bare existence, added to the naturally silent, reserved nature of an almost purely Anglo-Saxon (and largely east coast of England) race, has developed a type similar in all but religion to the traditional Puritan. Here and there gleams of a more genial life cross the path of one's observation, and by and by, when one has lived years in the midst of this undemonstrative people, an insight into their real selves, sympathy with the necessities which have saddened them and the work which has repressed them, comes to change one's first estimate, and brings before one another example of the freemasonry of human nature. Deep below this crust of unattractiveness, there are sterling qualities, — honesty, justice, immense perseverance, patience and endurance, evenness of temper and faithfulness of friendship, almost invariably a high standard of domestic virtue, and a serious acceptance of life's responsibilities. If there is no elasticity of spirits, there is a wonderful steadfastness of purpose, and a tendency to make the best of everything. Home love does not include surroundings, even of the loveliest scenery, but it is intense within a narrow circle of persons; though even here, in death almost as much as in life, it is singularly undemonstrative. The present conditions are of course far removed from the picturesque roughness of a hundred years ago, when the first settlers, not long before the Revolution, came in the dead of winter, some walking eighty miles on snow-shoes, the women riding on horseback, and salt, at that time the most precious and unattainable article, conveyed on men's backs, or in

large kettles drawn on sleds; but a good deal of the rawness of frontier life clings to our towns, whose fag-ends run up mountains where bears are still not infrequent, while their central parts are dotted over with summer hotels and railroad depots. Personally, it is only with the latter ingredients that I find fault. The life of the natives is more natural, and therefore, even if rough or dull, more dignified, than that of the tourists and such as minister to the tourists' artificial wants. The majority of the travelers in these parts are of the nondescript kind, so aggressive in all countries, — the class which, because it is largely urban, thinks itself necessarily superior, and because it can afford a yearly holiday (taken meanly enough, with a maximum of show at a minimum of expense; for some of our visitors spend five cents on peanuts with the air of a Stewart handling government bonds) looks down on the stay-at-home farmer who can hardly make both ends meet. With all his drawbacks, the latter is a nobler man than the half-educated, "smart" inhabitant of large villages and cities. His life is truer and more genuine, his character more stable, his insight into right and wrong straighter, and his worth to the country infinitely greater. Behind all the unloveliness of outward life, there is the almost unconscious respect for duty, the instinctive uprightness of purpose, and the love for work as the test of human worth and fitness, which constitute the chief virtues of a manly race. There are strength and stubbornness, plainness of speech and hatred of roundabout ways, which, if they could be infused into political life, would make the government as sound as the nation.

The influence of New England character on the history of the country is not to be explained by theological reasons only, apart from the individuality of the body popularly known as Puritans, and the elements which went in the first instance to found the colony, and subsequently to mold the State, are to a great extent still represented throughout New England. The minute-men of 1776 are exceptional only in our imagination; our next-door neighbor is their strict counterpart. Exactly the kind of men, slow, sure, and dogged, who pass us on the road, who log and harvest and plow, and gossip and lounge in the store, the rough but kindly, primitive, natural men that meet us at every turn of country life, arose a hundred years ago to fight for independence, and the same sort was ready to do the same work nineteen years ago. Heroes are not always romantic, nor fit for the pages of a novel, and the instruments of almost every important national change are not the exceptional beings one's fancy sometimes betrays one into sketching, but common men, with the husk of common life temporarily shed. Much the same human raw material was first planted here by the Pilgrim Fathers, poetic as the appellation is, and dramatic as the circumstances of the exodus and landing now appear to us. Except for the more formal recognition of religion, the descendants of the first immigrants are true chips of the old block. That the Puritans founded the republic may be historically disputed, but intellectually and morally, I see no doubt about it. In the highest sense they were the founders of the present commonwealth. It is easy to say that their doctrines were illiberal and their views narrow, but there was a leaven at work in their system of which they were themselves unconscious. Above all doctrinal and ethical narrowness of spirit, there was the old, sturdy English spirit which never bowed to anything which it did not understand. This independence of mind gradually burst the bonds of Puritan belief when it discovered, under another name, the tyranny of a theocracy trying to fetter its intellectual choice. The value, however, of

the stern Puritan's training, — or rather of the English habit of mind turned to good account by Puritanism, — remained. It was fit for soldiers, pioneers, and patriots. It was physically the healthiest training that could have been invented, for if the fathers of New England had aimed at making a temporal instead of a spiritual army, they could have done no better. It was mentally the healthiest, for the condition of the mind depends at least three fourths on that of the body. Such men could not fail to win. Endurance, however, was not all they had; they knew also what discipline meant. An intelligent submission, for the sake of the general good, to a leader perhaps individually your inferior is much above the mere military and mechanical obedience generally known by the name of discipline. This is what the men of New England possessed, over and above their patriotism, and in this they excelled the well-trained English troops. Each man had at heart the rearing of a commonwealth, in which he knew that it only depended on himself to make a name and carve out a future. Conscious of his power, he knew that neither space nor opportunity would be wanting as soon as he had conquered the right to enjoy them. The first step won, the rest would follow. The history of the Union has proved the speed of this development. The impulse of New England has been the most prominent of the forces that have molded the growing nation, and it has always been a forward one, whether in commerce or in intellect. The men who are preëminently, in European eyes, representative Americans are almost invariably New Englanders. Some, it is true, came of a scholarly stock, but many, and the original of each stock, came from the farm. Roughly speaking, if you go back to the ancestry of any man of note, you find a farmer at the head of it. Farmers are the majority of New England population, and the real backbone of the country. Such as they are now, with all their shortcomings and disadvantages, they are collectively, and always have been, the state. Their influence is ostensibly less than in the days of the Revolution, but I cannot help thinking that they have yet a silent weight in the community.

By comparison with the average West and South, the most primitive New England life is one of luxury and refinement; by comparison with the average European agriculturist, the most antiquated New Englander is a learned and progressive man. There is among farmers a wide-spread love for advancement, chiefly through education, which, often misdirected or stifled, none the less has given us some of the best public men the century can boast of. The inborn love of work, which is almost pushed to a mania or an idolatry, is nevertheless the only basis on which to found lasting and honorable success; and domestic virtue as practiced in the vast majority of homes, even though devoid of the graces of affection, is a schooling in itself. The naturalness of this country life, as in its common specimens it comes under the observation of a stranger, has a fascination irresistible to the moral philosopher equally with the experienced man of the world. There is a relief from ceremony, a sense of manly freedom, which to some Europeans at least is an overwhelming attraction. That this simplicity should not always appeal to the imagination of the young farmer, to whom it is rather a matter of necessity than of choice, is excusable; but that which sometimes seems an irksome prospect to a boy of twenty, eager but untaught, yet probably not so capable as he is eager, and therefore not likely to succeed should he leave the substance for the shadow, becomes to the man of thirty-five a serious and beloved task. It is not custom alone which makes the farmer contented, nor

even the force of contrast, which seldom comes in any shape save that of rough experience and defeat, but the consciousness of independence and the power of supporting his family. He acquiesces with stoical composure in the certainty of inevitable hardship and small profit which accompanies his business, and distinguishes it from others more showy, but less useful and dignified; for after all he knows that husbandry lies at the basis of civilization, and may be truly called the standard profession. If he cannot put this consciousness into glib words, it none the less pervades his life and comforts his old age. His dearest associations are bound up with remembrances of his calling; his hopes for his children's welfare are practically identified with the possibilities of its increase and success. Of all this there is, it is true, hardly an outward sign, but beneath the shell (which in this case is fully as rough and deep as that of a Lowland Scotchman) the human sympathies are as intensely active as a poet could wish for. Explosive natures are a *lusus naturæ* in New England, but pathetic constancy and a sustained self-denial which totally ignores its own heroism are common. Poems have been written with less material than the story of many an ordinary New Englander contains, and men whose outward manner suggests nothing but coarseness and folly could startle you with tales as touching as that of the far-famed lovers of Verona. I know of such cases personally, and though I was once ignorantly surprised at the notion, it has grown so familiar to me by repeated instances and my own closer observation that I can only wonder at the intolerant blindness that is bred of prejudice.

THE REED IMMORTAL.

(Pliny tells us that the Egyptians regarded the papyrus as an emblem of immortality.)

I.

Reed of the stagnant waters,
  Far in the Eastern lands
Rearing thy peaceful daughters
  In sight of the storied sands!
Armies and fleets defying
  Have swept by that quiet spot;
But thine is the life undying,
  Theirs is the tale forgot.

II.

The legions of Alexander
  Are scattered and gone and fled;
And the queen, who ruled commander
  Over Antony, is dead;
The marching armies of Cyrus
  Have vanished in earth again;
And only the frail papyrus
  Still reigns o'er the sons of men.

III.

Papyrus! O reed immortal!
  Survivor of all renown!
Thou heed'st not the solemn portal
  Where heroes and kings go down.
The monarchs of generations
  Have died into dust away;
O reed that outlivest nations,
  Be our symbol of strength to-day!

T. W. Higginson.

TAURUS CENTAURUS.

The umbrella that I bought in Burlington Arcade came speedily to grief.[1] Going to pay for it, I had taken it in my hand, not because it rained or that the sky was lowering, but because one always carries an umbrella in England, whether one uses it or not. Indeed, a Lancashire friend of mine, who was with me when I bought an umbrella on another occasion, said, as I was picking and choosing, "Find a good stick! An umbrella serves chiefly as a walking-stick. Get a good one for that, and you 're all right." As I walked away from the Arcade, at the very first crossing, — at Sackville Street, I believe, — I was suddenly conscious of a horse and a rushing of wheels. I had just time to draw back when a hansom cab dashed past me so close that I smelled the horse's breath. The great wheel caught my umbrella, which was twisted out of my hand in a twinkling, like a foil from the hand of an unwary fencer, and thrown upon the ground, where the wheel passed over it. The cabman took not the slightest notice of me as he turned the corner and dashed down Piccadilly. I picked up my wounded umbrella, and returned with it to Burlington Arcade, where it was found that, although stick and ribs were uninjured, every gore of the silk was cut through in two or three places, and that never having been used it would yet have to be completely new covered. I could not but remark the plainly unaffected concern of the saleswoman from whom I had bought it. As she opened gore after gore and found them all destroyed, her countenance fell, and she looked ruefully in my face, as if she and not I had lost twenty-five shillings, and as if she, not I, would have to pay for a new cover. I remarked her manner, although it was undemonstrative and perfectly simple. It was one of many manifestations of like feeling from tradespeople toward their customers to which I was witness in England.

My adventure with the cab, happening on the second day after that of my arrival in London, gave me timely warning of a fact which I found to be both characteristic and important, — that in England the man on horseback is master of him that goes afoot. He who walks is expected to give place to him who rides and to him who drives. He is, for the moment at least, the inferior person, the subject of the mounted man, whose convenience or whose pleasure he is expected to consult at loss of his own pleasure, or of his own comfort, or of his property or his limbs, or, it would almost seem, of his life itself. A sign or token of this in London, and if I

[1] Atlantic, February, 1879, where by mistake I wrote Regent Street.

remember rightly in other cities, is the contrivance called a "refuge," which is placed at intervals more or less convenient in the road-way of the street. These refuges are formed of stout stone or iron posts about a yard high, which stand some two or three feet apart, half-way from curb to curb, making a sort of pen or pound, into which persons who are timid or not agile may flee as they cross the street, and where they may rest in safety until the way is clear for them to complete their crossing without the risk of broken bones. If it were not for this contrivance there are many women, and, I suspect, some men, in England who would never get quite across some of the thronged thoroughfares. The man who undertook to swim across a mill-pond, and who, having got half-way over, instead of going on turned round and swam back again, might, if he had found a place for a moment's repose and reflection, have seen that it was as well to go forward as to turn back; and thus the timid wayfarer in the streets of London is enabled to pause amid the clattering of hoofs and the whirl of wheels, and, taking courage from offered opportunity, complete his half-made transit. The refuge seemed to me a very characteristic thing. It is a sign of that thoughtfulness of the personal safety and comfort of the general public which is a much more constant and impelling force in England than it is in the United States; but it is also a sign of that deference to the horse and to his rider or driver which is one of the most striking of English traits.

My horseless English friend who told me that a gentleman in England was a man that had horses and green-houses was nearly right in his jocose definition. But the first half of it is the more significant. The importance of the horse in England, and the importance which he gives to his possessor, even his temporary possessor, is not easily overrated. The feeling from which this springs is traditional, and comes down from the time when, in peace as well as in war, nobles, gentlemen, and men-at-arms were mounted men and rode over the common people. When coaches came in they were for a long time, of necessity, an appanage of the great and the wealthy; and indeed they were such a sign of high social position that even among inferior persons many of those who could well afford them did without them, lest they should subject themselves to the charge of presumption. It is amusing to read Pepys's debates with himself on this point; his doubts being not whether he could afford a coach, but whether his position was such as warranted him in appearing before the public with his wife in his own vehicle. It need hardly be said that a private carriage is everywhere an evidence of a certain degree of wealth in the owner; but although the grandson of the man who first set up a carriage in New York is yet living, the possession of such a "leathern conveniency" (as this staid old gentleman styled his private carriage) conveys to the public mind nothing of that feeling which still lingers in England in regard to the man who (for pleasure, not for business) has a "stable," great or small. Mrs. Gilpin, on her only holiday in twenty years (how cruel she was to poor John in saying "these twice ten tedious years"!), did not have even her hired chaise and pair brought to the house, but had it stayed three doors off, lest folk "should say that she was proud."

It is partly because of a great liking for horses, but partly also because of the survival of this feeling, although in a much modified form, that the first desire of an Englishman when prosperity begins to come to him is to be the possessor of a horse. Chiefly, his desire is to ride; and if he is a weak-minded, pretentious creature, he tries to seem to have ridden or to be about to ride. In England the stirrup is the first step to

gentry. The phrase "in the saddle," as an expression of readiness for work, is a peculiarly English phrase. We use it because we are of English blood and speech; still it has not with us the full pertinence and significance which it has in England. An English "gentleman" who cannot ride reasonably well, and who does not ride, is an exceptional sufferer from some hapless disability, physical, moral, or pecuniary. Englishwomen not only walk more than their American cousins do, but they ride very much more. Ten to one of them, compared with women here, are accustomed to the saddle. Girls as well as boys begin to ride early; indeed, before they begin to learn to dance.

I was walking one morning in the weald of Sussex, with a friend, to call at the house of a kinswoman of his. And, apropos of my subject, this gentleman, although he had a stable on such a scale that, seeing it first by chance in the twilight, I thought that it was another country house, and although he was a grandfather, proposed as a matter of course that we should walk the three miles between the two houses. Notwithstanding it was a warm September day, I was very glad that he did so, and that I did not lose one smiling moment of the bright beauty of that morning, or one of the ever-varying phases of the view across the weald to those grandly reposing downs, that couch like headless sphinxes before the sea. We had walked about two miles, when we saw, a few hundred yards off, what might at first have been taken for a great doll mounted upon a great dog coming rapidly toward us. It was a little girl riding a shaggy-maned pony, whose back was not nearly so high as a donkey's. Little miss, although she certainly could not have been more than eight years old, came tearing along at a pace that turned back her short skirts in a flutter, and made her long curls stream out in the air behind her. "Oh, uncle," she broke out, as she pulled her pony up to a sudden jog-jog-jog, which I thought must pitch her out of the saddle, but which did not, — "oh, uncle, what an awfully nice pony this is! He goes like lightning. Papa says he thinks there is n't a match for him in all the weald," — pronouncing the last word, by the way, quite perceptibly as two syllables, yet with the suggestion that this was only the effect of a full and rich enunciation of the letter *l*. Her eyes were dancing, her cheek glowed; and after a kiss and a few more hurried words from her fresh little mouth, off she dashed again, at the same headlong pace. Soon we met the maid who was out in attendance upon her, and to whom, as I found, it was her wont to ride back, after she had gone about a quarter of a mile, and take a fresh start. Although she had a pony and a maid, her dress was as simple and as uncostly as it could possibly be consistently with cleanliness and comfort. Nor was her father at all a man of wealth. My host, who was his landlord, told me that the rent of the pretty house and grounds, at which we soon arrived, and which looked much like a villa at Brookline or Dorchester Heights, was but two hundred and forty pounds a year, and the furniture and upholstering was far less gorgeous than that which is found in the houses of thousands of New York men whose daughters never saw a pony, and who could no more keep a seat upon such a tempestuous little beast as that than they could ride a whirlwind. But *per contra*, as their fathers might say, their *toilettes* would, in their splendor, altogether eclipse the homely garb of this unmistakable little gentlewoman. Ponies like this one of course we all know; but I saw more of them during my short visit to England than I had seen in New England and in New York in all my life.

The number of ladies that one constantly sees in England on horseback, in the parks, public and private, and on

the rural roads, is a distinguishing feature of the country. They ride in parties, with gentlemen, of course, and often alone with a groom in attendance, but oftenest, it seemed to me, in pairs, with the inevitable tidy groom just out of ear-shot behind them. There is not a more characteristic representation of English life, nor one more pleasing to man's eye, than the sight of two fair, healthy English girls, well mounted, their blue riding-habits full of health and their faces full of good-nature, cantering easily through a wooded park. I remember meeting such a pair on a visit to —— Hall, in Lancashire. I had chosen to walk, as I often did, and I met these young ladies in the park, about three quarters of a mile from the house. They were walking their horses, and I had opportunity to make good view of them. Their faces were beaming with the delight of life; the indefinable charm of the spring-tide of existence seemed to radiate from them, and to take me within its influence; they sat their horses with an ease and grace which Englishwomen do not always show on foot; and their dark blue habits on the bright bay coats of their black-maned, black-hocked horses, sharply shown against the rich, green sward, made a combination of color which was grateful to my eye. It was a sight worth seeing for itself, and the most English thing that could be seen in England. I saw that they were the daughters of the house, or at least that one of them was, and raised my hat as I passed them, and got a pretty blush and half a bow in return. After I had walked on a while, I thought that I might venture to turn and look again at such an attractive spectacle; when to my surprise I found that they had anticipated me in my exhibition of inquisitiveness, in which their groom stolidly took no share. I could not see them blush again, but I could see their white teeth as they smiled at this mutual detection of our common curiosity. I am sure that should they chance to see this page they, who added so much to the pleasure of my visit to —— Hall, will pardon this reminiscence of our meeting.

The Egyptians mummied all sorts of sacred brutes, including bulls, cats, and crocodiles. If Englishmen should ever take to embalming beasts, I am sure that, notwithstanding the national name and the place which roast-beef holds in English song and story, they would pass by the bull, and swathe the defunct horse in muslin and spices. For if the horse be not a god in England, at least the cult of the horse is a sort of religion. There are tens of thousands of English gentlemen who have horse on their minds during the greater part of their waking hours. The condition of the animals; their grooming; the cut of their tails and manes; the way in which they stand, or step, or stride; the fashion of their harness; the build, the look, the dress, of coachman and groom, — these are matters to them of deep concern, of uneasy anxiety. And this is so not once a year, or once a quarter, or once a month, but every day, and two or three times a day; every time, indeed, that they ride or drive. Nor do I mean only those who are called "horsey" men, gentlemen drivers of mail-coaches and the like, who are grooms in everything except taking wages, and some of whom, I was told, will carry their coachmanship so far as to take a "tip." Apart from these, there is a very large class to whom the perfection in the minutest point of their equestrian "turn-out" is a question of the major morals. When one of this class feels sure that his horse, his "trap," and his groom will bear the criticism of his friends and rivals, the ineffable air of solemn self-sufficiency with which he sits the saddle or the box is at once amusing and pitiable. These men criticise each other's equipages as women criticise each other's dress, as pedants criticise each other's

scholarship. Indeed, in England there is a pedantry of the stable.

In a lower condition of life there is of course less expense and less display, but not a whit less of the hankering after horses. On the roads in the suburbs of London, a frequent sight in the afternoon, when it does not rain, is a sort of light cart or buggy with a smallish horse driven furiously by a coarse man, who sometimes has a coarse companion, male or female. I rarely took an afternoon's walk within five or ten miles of London without meeting a dozen of these Jehus. They tear along the road at a mad pace, and evidently expect everybody and everything not bigger or stronger than they are to make way for them. I remarked upon this one day to a friend who was walking with me, and who lived in a little suburban town, and he told me that they were mostly small tradesmen or farmers of "horsey" propensities, who used in this way at every opportunity the horses which in the mornings were used in their business. This cart or buggy takes the place in England of our hideous contrivance, the trotting wagon; and I must confess that it seemed to me much the pleasanter vehicle. Certainly, the drivers appeared to enjoy themselves much more than our trotting men do. They do not sit in stolid silence, pulling at the reins with gloomy determination. They give the horse his head, and drive with a free rein and an easy hand, and chat and laugh as they bowl along the smooth, well-packed road. Indeed, these fellows appeared to me really to have more pleasure in their horse exercise than their superiors did. They were without the conscious, anxious look of the others, and did not seem to sit in fear of criticism. And yet I have no doubt that they did criticise each other as they met or passed, and made remarks upon each other's "tits," or harness, or driving. For when an occupation or an amusement becomes a cult this is inevitable. But I never saw them race. If they were overtaken or passed by one of their own sort, they kept their pace, and seemed to enjoy their drive for the drive's sake, without running the risk of taking off each other's wheels, and without anxiety upon the important question whether they "did" the last mile in 2.40 or 2.39, 30.

English riding did not, however, awaken in me all the admiration which I had expected. The horses and their riders were indeed in all respects admirable; nor did the boldness and self-possession of the latter in the saddle, and their calm mastery of the situation, leave anything to be desired, at least so long as the pace was not very rapid. But the English seat did not seem to me graceful, or easy, or even quite safe; although it must be so. And yet to see men rising to the horse, as they commonly do, and alternately sitting in the saddle and standing in the stirrups, awakened in me a feeling of anxiety and distress, which, superfluous as it must have been, I found not infrequently reflected in the countenances of the riders. Accustomed to see men who were accounted good horsemen sit in the saddle or on bareback as if they sat in a chair, although the horse was at full career, it did not please me to see riders bobbing up and down so that a good artilleryman could send a round shot between pig-skin and buck-skin at every stride. In this feeling, however, I must have been wrong. English riding is far beyond such criticism as I could bring to bear upon it. The matter must be one of mere habit and fashion.

I had not the good fortune to see a hunting field, — only some cub-hunting; but even that was made a pretty sight by the horses, and the light crimson coats of the riders, and the action of the hounds. But I did not mourn my loss greatly in this respect; for I shall not hesitate to sink myself very low in the estimation of some of my Yorkshire

friends by confessing that the only interest that a fox-hunt would have for me would be the show, and that, fond as I am of riding, I should enjoy it in any way better than in risking my neck in the chase of a little red beast with a bushy tail. The excitement and the pleasure of hunting tigers, or bears, or wolves, or boars, I can not only understand, but sympathize with heartily; but that twenty or thirty grown men on horseback should follow a pack of hounds in chase of a little creature about as big as a cat seems to me a proceeding so essentially absurd and preposterous that I cannot think of it with patience. Still worse, and with the addition of most inhuman (I wish that I could say unmanly) cruelty, seems the coursing of the hare. That men should go out with hounds to find pleasure in the flight, in mortal terror, of the most timid and harmless of dumb creatures is to me quite inexplicable. Shooting hares is one thing, coursing them quite another. I know that there are no wild beasts left in England but hares and foxes, and that field sports are delightful and invigorating. If country gentlemen must have field sports, and there are only foxes and hares left for them to hunt, I suppose that foxes and hares must be hunted. But it would seem that men might get open-air exercise and excitement in a more humane and reasonable way.

As to fox-hunting, however, with all that we read about it in English novels and other books, we have hardly a just appreciation of its importance as an English "institution." It also is a religion. It comes next to the British constitution and the Church of England. Hunting men talk of it with an earnestness and a solemnity which is infinitely amusing to an "outsider." To hunt well, or, as the phrase there is, to ride well to hounds, is an accomplishment, like the mastery of an art or of a science, or like distinction in literature. I do not believe that there are ten men in any thousand in England, whatever their success or their distinction in other respects, who would not prize, if they could attain, the added distinction of being good fox-hunters. Hunting has even a moral significance. Years ago an English lady, a Yorkshire woman, writing to me of Louis Napoleon, after telling me this and that of him in terms of admiration, added, "And he rode well to hounds; and somehow if a man rides well to hounds he is pretty sure to be a good fellow." I could not see the *sequitur*. But perhaps if I had been born and bred in Yorkshire I could have discovered the connection between good-fellowship and a good seat in the saddle, — between a sound heart and bold and wary riding.

To hunt something seems to be a sort of necessity with the "average" Englishman, with whom it is a creed, an article of faith, that certain animals are created by a benign Providence to be hunted and killed in a certain way. For the way in which it is done is all important. A man who would shoot a fox is little better than a heathen; far worse than a publican and a sinner. And the feeling pervades all classes. In Joseph Andrews, as the hero, his sweetheart, and Parson Adams are on the road near Squire Booby's, a hare, pursued by hounds and huntsmen, interrupts a passage of love between the two younger folks, and Fanny exclaims, "with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent, defenseless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion." Fanny would have protected the hare, but he fled from her. The end is told in the following paragraph: —

"The hounds were now very little behind their poor, reeling, and staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and being driven out of the

covert was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favor of the hare, which he said was killed fairly."

This passage is remarkable, first, because it shows that although Fielding was the son of an English squire and soldier, his good sense saw and his tender heart felt the cruelty of the sport which he describes; although, with an eye to the prejudices of his fox and hare hunting readers, he puts his own thoughts into the breast of a young woman and expresses them by her lips. Next, we see that this careful delineator of contemporary manners makes Joseph something of a sportsman in his youth, although he had been brought up in the humblest condition of life. Finally, the hero, whom Fielding sets before us as a model of all that is good and kind and gentle, refuses to protect the hare even to stop the tears of his sweetheart, but lets it be torn to pieces before her eyes, because, according to the laws of hunting, it was killed fairly. This establishment of laws, which it is unsportsman-like if not ungentlemanly to violate, but according to which a poor dumb, timid creature may be driven wild with terror and to death's door with fatigue during a very appreciable part of its little life, and at last torn to pieces for the amusement of those who make the law, may not be peculiar to England, for the laws of venery have prevailed in all lands; but it is safe to say that in none are they so religiously observed as they are in England, and that their application there to hares is a peculiarity due probably to the lack of larger game. The combination of a strict regard for the laws of hunting with an utter disregard of the sufferings of the hare, resulting in a kind of implication that the poor beast itself should be quite satisfied if it were chased and worried and torn to pieces "fairly," is an exquisitely perfect manifestation of a feeling, not confined to field sports, that pervades society in England. This feeling is embodied in the phrase, so common there that it has become cant, "May the best man win." It would seem that it is in the spirit of this phrase that John Bull looks upon any strife. He says not, May the right man win; not, May the right put down the wrong; but, Right or wrong, may the best man win, — "best" meaning strongest and boldest. The very sympathy which he shows sometimes for the weaker, and on which he prides himself, is but another manifestation of this feeling. If the little fellow can go in and win, and kill his antagonist, or beat him, "fairly," let him do it; may he do it! "Hooray for the little 'un!" But the little one, for all that he is little, may be utterly in the wrong; he may be so foully and so aggressively in the wrong that he ought to be trodden out of existence, like a venomous creature. But let him show "pluck" (favorite word in England, but hideous, as Professor Newman has said), and he is sure of John Bull's cheer, if he were as wicked as Satan and as venomous as a viper.

This feeling has its spring in a quality of the John Bull nature (by which, be it remembered, I do not mean the best or even the characteristic English nature [1]) to which I am extremely loath to apply the only word that will describe it, — brutality. And in brutality I imply nothing of the wild-beast nature, nothing of cruelty. I mean an admiration of brute force, a deference to it, a contented recognition of it as the rightful title to the possession of all things. Strength must indeed be the *ultima ratio;* and civilization means that strength is on the side of society. But between the first reason and the last reason there

[1] See The Atlantic, August, 1878.

is a long series of stages in which brute force may at least be kept out of sight. In England, however, it is kept constantly before men's eyes, and they are taught to worship it from very children. The little boy goes to school to run the errands, pick up the balls, and black the shoes of the big boy; to be tyrannized over by him; to have his ears boxed by him; to be flogged by him, — not merely to be "licked" in a boyish fight, but to be solemnly flogged, whipped with a rod, or "tunded" with staves as punishment. "I had the honor," writes Thackeray, "of being at school with Bardolph before he went to Brasenose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off as at a god-like being. . . . When he shouted out, 'Under boy!' we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he once called me from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground. 'Pick up my hockey stick!' he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on. He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good to stoop to pick it up himself." A small boy may free himself from tyranny by beating his tyrant "fairly" in a fight. But this is only another manifestation of the worship of brute force. He is free not because it is right that he should be free and strength is on the side of right in his little society, but simply because he has had the pluck and the luck to beat his tyrant.

It is commonly sought to dignify this feeling by showing that it is no respecter of persons. But what a story is that of the boy who, on his first appearance at an English public school, was asked by the bully head-boy, "Who are you?" and on his answering, "I am Lord ——, son of the Marquess of ——," was greeted with the reply, both in words and in action, "Well, there's one kick for the lord and two for the marquess!" I have heard this story told by men of rank as well as by middle-class men, with an expression of delight in it as a manifestation of English manliness. "Did the boy good, sir, — took the nonsense out of him." But what sort of nature must that be which needs, and takes kindly to, one kick for itself and two for its father, by way of taking the nonsense out of it! And what a school of manners is that which thus welcomes a stranger, young, weak, friendless, ignorant yet of his surroundings! I for one refuse to believe that the English nature requires this brutal discipline to bring it to that manliness and dignity and that solicitous consideration for others which it exhibits in its highest perfection. I believe that this worship of brute force is merely a traditional cult preserved in a spirit of Philistinism, and that without it more Englishmen would attain a full development of all the highest English virtues and graces than now do so with it. Were it otherwise, in discriminating between the two peoples I should be obliged to say that brutality was one of the things which Yankees left behind them in the old home.

Next to the horse in England is the gun. Accustomed as we are to see Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic to visit America, and whose idea of that tour of observation seems to be to go two thousand miles further to the Western plains to shoot, we yet have no adequate appreciation of the importance which shooting as one of the occupations of life has in the minds of tens of thousands of Englishmen. Hunting and shooting in England are not mere recreations, forms of casual pleasure, to be enjoyed now and then, leisure and weather serving. In the hunting season hunting men are not content, as I found on talking with some of them, to go out with the hounds once or twice a week. They hunt three or four times a week, and even every day, except Sunday, if possible. I wonder that they except Sunday. For if a man in the country

may work in his garden, and a woman in London may cry water-cresses on Sunday, out of church hours, I can see no reason why these gentlemen should refrain on that day from laboring in their vocation. Their vocation and calling it surely is. It is the business of their lives; and to hear them talk about it one would imagine that it had the importance of an affair of state. Shooting is hardly less thought of, and is more general because it is less costly. The pheasant, the partridge, and the woodcock are sacred birds provided for solemn sacrifice. "Does he preserve?" is a question that I have heard asked by one country gentleman about another with as much interest and seriousness as if the inquiry were whether he had a seat in Parliament. An engagement to shoot is paramount to all others; an invitation to shoot, like an invitation from the President at Washington, sets aside all others. Englishmen will go from one end of the country to another for a few days' shooting; and shooting means, nowadays at least, not a morning's walk with dog and gun in a fine country and the bringing home of a few well-earned birds and rabbits, but mere gun-practice in a park at birds as flying marks. It has lost its connection with the enjoyment of nature and invigorating exercise. The "sportsmen" take their stands, and the birds are roused from the gorse by the gamekeepers' helpers, and are shot down, or missed, as they come within range.

As I was in England during the shooting season, I had some invitations to take my chance at the pheasants. But I accepted none. I could use the little time I had to spend there in other ways, more to my advantage, and also to my pleasure. As to shooting birds in that business-like fashion, I would as soon take trout out of a tub. And that, I suppose, will be the way soon provided for the practice of the contemplative man's recreation. The next thing to it seems to be the going to a fishing-hotel and angling from a boat in a mill-pond. Why not fish and shoot by telegraph as well as in this way? The charm of field sport is the field, — the early start, the sharp, clear morning air, the sunrise, the walk over hill and through meadow, the country through which the game leads the seeker, the mid-day rest and luncheon with a companion or two by a clear, sheltered spring, whose cool water is tempered by the contents of flasks which counteract the unmitigated effect of that dangerous fluid, the renewal of the search for game by wood-side or brook-side, and the pensive walk home to a hearty dinner, a pleasant evening's languid chat, and a well-earned dreamless sleep. Compared with this, what are preserve-shooting and pond-fishing?

"Does your ladyship hunt?" Sir Harcourt Courtly asks of Lady Gay Spanker, in the most brilliant comedy of English life that has been produced in the last thirty years and more. "Does my ladyship hunt?" ironically replies that wily she-centaur; and then comes that description of the hunting field, which, given with spirit by a pretty woman, always brings down the house. Lady Gay has always seemed to me one of the most forbidding, because she is one of the most unfeminine, female characters upon the modern stage, and her hunting speech a mere clap-trap deliberately set for what it always catches. Here, however, I remark upon her and it only in the way of the illustration of my subject. It need hardly be said that the number of hunting women in England is comparatively small; but it must be positively great. Now while so many women hunt in England, it seems somewhat strange that English men and English women should find occasion of criticism in a tendency which they discover in their American sisters to usurp the places and the occupations of men. Riding itself is not the most feminine of ac-

complishments. A horse's back is not exactly the place for which nature has fitted woman. Neither in body nor in soul is she peculiarly suited to the saddle. But of all occupations hunting belongs, on every consideration, peculiarly to man. Now American women don't hunt. I never even heard of one who hunted,—except for that wild beast of whom every woman hopes to capture and tame one in the course of her life. While this distinction in the sex obtains in the two countries, it seems at least perilous for the countrymen of the hunting ladies to be censorious on the point of womanliness. And these criticisms back and forth are neither pleasant nor profitable. The customs of both countries are such as have been imposed upon peoples of the same race by the conditions of life in which they respectively live. Either transplanted to the other's soil becomes in a few years as if he were "native and to the manner born." I have no doubt that with practice John Bull might learn to sit still in his saddle, and thus become truly Taurus Centaurus.

Richard Grant White.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THEIR CANDIDATE.

THE republican party escaped a serious danger at Chicago. How great the peril was from which it found a happy deliverance the party leaders did not acknowledge to one another, if indeed they were conscious of it themselves. The newspapers half revealed it to their readers, while taking considerable pains to conceal it. After the convention was over, however, it became apparent to every one not blinded by partisanship that the nomination of General Grant would have killed the party. A bolt would inevitably have occurred, and a second convention would have assembled within a month to put another republican ticket in the field. All the conditions were ripe for such a movement. Party organs would have declaimed against it, and the men who get their living from republican politics would have denounced it; but the movement would have gone on just the same, and would have swept away many of the best elements in the old organization. The republican party would practically have closed its career. Its successor, the third-term party, beaten by the democrats at the election, would soon have disbanded, and the new anti-third-term party, by whatever name it might have called itself, would in a few years have grown into a principal organization, ready by the next presidential election to make a close contest for the possession of the government.

It is a mistake to suppose that parties are necessarily long-lived, and can go through deadly perils with impunity. They are all vulnerable. Some die of old age; some because they cannot assimilate the nutriment of the new ideas of the time; some perish from corruption within themselves; some are assassinated. The republican party has narrowly escaped being killed by the selfishness and ambition of a few of its leaders. These men did not designingly seek its life, but they were so bent upon accomplishing the nomination of General Grant that they became singularly indifferent to public opinion and recklessly careless of results.

The outcome of the struggle at Chicago was a fortunate one in all respects. The attempt to fasten on the entire country the Boss system, which flourishes in New York and Pennsylvania,

was defeated. The third-term plot which aimed a blow at one of the chief safeguards of free government,—frequent change in the supreme executive office,—was completely baffled and overthrown. The republican party was preserved for another four years, at least, in undiminished strength and vigor. Still more, by a happy inspiration it obtained a candidate possessing the full confidence of all its members and of all its leaders; a candidate who represents its highest intelligence and broadest statesmanship, and whose record on every public question of the day is clear, conspicuous, and consistent; a candidate who has elements of popularity such as no presidential nominee has had since Lincoln.

General Garfield's career illustrates in a remarkable degree the possibilities of American life to one born with a strong brain in a strong body, and gifted with industry, courage, perseverance, and a high ambition. His father, a poor farmer, possessed of a few sterile acres and a large family, died when he was six years old. He had no well-to-do relatives to help him along. In fact, he had no help save the counsels of a wise, resolute, religious mother, and no capital save what lay in his own head and hands. With the labor of his hands, put forth in the lower forms of honest toil, with the axe, the hoe, the carpenter's plane, and on the tow-path of a canal, he gained the means to obtain such education as a rural academy afforded. Then, making a capital of his new store of knowledge, he taught country schools, and got the means to take a higher course of study. Equipped with the training of a Massachusetts college, he opened for himself a path in life which began with the Latin and Greek professorship of an obscure school in Ohio, and broadened out until it led to a major-generalship in the Union army, to a seat in Congress held for nine consecutive terms, to an election to the senate by the unanimous choice of his party in the Ohio legislature, and now to the republican nomination for the presidency. All these honors came to him without solicitation, and without effort on his part to grasp them. So far as fate shaped his career in life, it was the career of a day laborer. High purposes, an indomitable will, a great capacity for work, fixed principles, and good habits enabled him to compel fate, and change that career to one of conspicuous honor and usefulness. Every farmer boy cannot become a major-general, a senator, and a presidential nominee, but the lesson of Garfield's life is that the institutions of this country place no obstacles in the way of the poorest lad who toils in the fields or the workshop. It is a lesson full of encouragement and cheer. It shows that the country is not wholly given over to the rule of political rings, bosses, and conspirators, and that one party at least is still strong enough and wise enough to "pluck from the nettle danger the flower safety," and to select for its leader a man whose worthiness and fitness are his only strength. It shows, too, that in spite of all the changes in our social fabric, brought about by the growth of great corporations and the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands, talent and manliness, unaided by money, can still win their way to the most exalted positions. The presidency is not yet sold to the highest bidder, nor disposed of by a junto of selfish political schemers.

The most careful research and calculation could scarcely have discovered a candidate possessing more elements of what the politicians call availability than the man whom the convention chose without forethought, on the impulse of a moment. General Garfield is acceptable to both wings of the party, and to the supporters of all the Chicago candidates. An outspoken anti-third-term man, he had nevertheless retained the personal respect and liking of the third-term leaders. The friends of Grant will work for his election as energetically as

will those of Blaine and Sherman. His moderation in debate and hearty kindliness of manner disarm prejudice and win friends amongst those who differ with him in opinion. Had Blaine or Sherman been nominated, New York might have been thrown away by the lukewarmness of Mr. Conkling and his adherents, as it was in 1876. Now the assistance of this powerful element in the pivotal State of the contest is doubly assured; first, by the friendliness and confidence it feels towards Garfield; and, second, by the nomination of Chester A. Arthur, Mr. Conkling's nearest political friend, for vice-president. General Garfield has a gallant record as a soldier, and is popular among the soldier class, which likes to see its services to the country recognized by the selection of its representative men for high positions. The farmers like him because he is one of them. He is a product of the soil, and his only property beside his house in Washington is his Ohio farm; where, in the vacations of Congress, he delights in the wholesome out-door labors of the farmer. The workingmen of the towns and cities, who are growing more restless year by year at the limitations of their condition, and who have no strong political ties, admire a man who once worked for wages, like themselves, and who has had no favors from fortune that he has not won by his own toil of hand or brain. Cultivated people of all sorts have a hearty sympathy for him because of his broad culture, and see in him the student and the friend of letters as well as the successful politician. Business men have full confidence in him. His record on all questions affecting the debt and the currency is as clear as sunlight. Never has he swerved a hair's-breadth from the straight line of principle. Honest money based on coin and an honest payment of the nation's obligations has been his motto through all the fluctuations of public opinion and all the vagaries of party action. No other man in Congress has made so thorough a study of the history and science of political economy and national finance, or is better grounded in his convictions upon sound principles. Independent republicans remember that he has never been an ultra-partisan, and that he has more than once shown the courage to stand almost alone in opposition to his party in Congress. Straight-out, stalwart republicans know that his judgment as to the best course for the party to pursue has always been safe and conservative, and has generally been justified by events. His leadership in the house has not been dashing and brilliant, but when he has marked out a position for the republicans to take they have always been able to hold it, and have come out victors in the contest before the people. Better, perhaps, than any man in public life, he represents the strong, average good sense, patriotism, liberality, tolerance, and progressive impulses of the republican organization.

He will have to go through an angry contest and face much detraction and slander. Unfortunately for both parties, the democrats are without a clearly-defined, vital issue this year. In their poverty of principles on which to appeal to the public, they will yield to the temptation to resort to abuse and vilification of the opposing candidate, and the republicans will no doubt be led to retort in kind. The charges the democrats bring against General Garfield have been fully tried before the most exacting jury a man can face, — that of his own neighbors and constituents, — and have been rejected as unworthy of belief. They will be repeated, however, and new ones will be invented, but his character is too well established and his record too well known for him to suffer from them. The leader of the republicans of the house, with eighteen years of congressional service behind him and a term of six years in the senate ahead, to resign in case he should be elected president,

will not be damaged in the eyes of republicans by the personal abuse of the opposing party. We are going to have a square fight between the two parties this year, each polling its full vote, and the one which has the most votes at the start will win. The campaign will not change the party attachments of any considerable number of voters. It will only consolidate the two parties, and rally all their stragglers.

There are questions concerning this nomination other than the popularity, availability, and good character of the candidate, — questions which will be asked by men who care nothing for politics save as a means of securing good government, and value parties only as instruments to that end. What sort of an administration, they ask, will General Garfield make? Will the good tendencies of the Hayes administration be continued and strengthened by him, or will the country be thrown back into the rut of selfish, trading, machine politics into which it sunk during the eight years of Grant? A beginning has been made in Washington, during the last three years, towards the elevation of national politics to the plane of patriotic statesmanship, — halting and cautious at times, it is true, but still an honest beginning. Will the good work go on, or will it stop?

The answers to these questions must be sought in the career, surroundings, and bent of thought and purpose of the republican candidate. During his seventeen years' service in the house, General Garfield has taken so prominent a part in debate and legislation that his opinions, and even the intellectual processes by which he arrives at conclusions concerning public questions, are known to all his associates. No other man in Congress has a record of such fullness and clearness. The political history of two decades might be written from his speeches, if no other material existed. Not only on the general questions of politics has he made this broad, plain record, but his ideas on all the details of government policy and expenditure have been expressed again and again, with such definiteness and consistency that there is scarcely a question likely to arise during his term in the White House, if he should be elected, on which his views might not be found by searching the pages of the Congressional Record. The country is not called upon to make an experiment with this man. The general course of his administration can be confidently predicted in advance. A strong believer in the value of the republican party as the best political organization the country has, or is likely to get in our day, General Garfield is not a bigoted partisan. The temper of his mind is essentially judicial. He never jumps to a conclusion. He gathers his facts with conscientious care before making up his mind. Instinctively he asks himself, "Is there not another side to this question than the one I now see?" If he finds another side, his intellect argues both to his judgment before he decides. This inherent desire to be fair has often weakened his position as a party leader in the house, but it is an excellent qualification for a high executive station.

General Garfield has not grown up in the spoils school of politics. Representing a district overwhelmingly republican, he has never been tempted to make use of official patronage for his own advantage. In recommending appointments to office in his district, he has always consulted the public sentiment of the locality where the place was to be filled. Where there was a doubt as to the candidate favored by the people, an informal election has frequently been held, at his request, and he has then recommended the man having a majority of the votes cast. He was one of the first, if not the first, Congressmen to institute competitive examinations for applicants for appointment to the Military

and Naval Academies. In more than one instance he has appointed a young man of obscure parentage, wholly unknown to him, because he had passed the best examination before a board of teachers and physicians. All practicable ideas of civil-service reform have always found in General Garfield an earnest advocate, and we have a right to expect from him an even fuller development and wider application of these ideas than we have witnessed under the present administration, because he will have the advantage of Mr. Hayes's experience to guide his own efforts.

We have no reason to apprehend an attempt at personal government from General Garfield. He is essentially a man of the people, open, cordial, and accessible. Like President Hayes, he will be approachable with all, wholly free from the arrogance and conceit of office, and regarding the presidency as a grave public trust to be conscientiously administered for the good of the people. The simplicity of his tastes and manners has not been affected by his long career in Washington, and will not be changed if he goes to the White House. He is still the wholesome product of Western Reserve farm life that he was in his younger days, and will always remain so. His personal surroundings are good. His near family friends are without exception persons of intelligence and character. The best men in politics, science, literature, and journalism are his associates. He never had the slightest inclination for low company. His administration will not savor of the barrack and the stable-yard, nor will it imitate the pride and exclusiveness of Old World courts. The plain, practical, hearty republicanism of President Hayes will continue to be the rule at the White House under his successor.

Besides the judicial temper of his thought, his perfect familiarity with public affairs, and his excellent personal associations, General Garfield has another qualification for the executive office such as few presidents have had when inaugurated, — a remarkably extensive acquaintance with public men throughout the country. There are scarcely a score of men of the type and experience that aspire for public office whom he does not know personally. His intellectual and social qualities and his rank as a republican leader have caused men from every State to seek his acquaintance. He is a good judge of character, and this wide knowledge of men will be of great help to him in making good appointments. We may expect from him a cabinet and a diplomatic service representing the best brains and the best purposes of the republican party, and a civil service where fitness will be the test for appointments, and where competent, honest men once in office will not be displaced at the dictation of party managers.

There is still another question, and one of great importance: What will be the tendency of his administration, apart from its personal surroundings and its function of filling the public offices of the country? What impress will it leave on the history of the United States? President Hayes has done the country an immense service in restoring specie payments, and in giving the people a repose from intense political excitement and an opportunity to concentrate their attention on the development of their industries. The new administration, if directed by General Garfield, will without doubt prolong this epoch of tranquillity and devote its chief attention to economic problems. All his life General Garfield has been a close student of industrial, commercial, and financial questions. Few of our statesman are as familiar with the resources of the country and what has been done to utilize them, and no one is more competent to give wise direction to government policy in all its constitutional avenues of activity concerning their further develop-

ment. The new problems raised by our advancing civilization, our increasing material wealth, and our growing density of population will be studied by him with characteristic thoroughness and conscientiousness. If we are correct in the view that this nation is at the beginning of an era of remarkable material development, during which the questions of our politics will be mainly of an economic nature, General Garfield is exactly the man for the time. If, on the other hand, the solid South continues to give cause for sectional agitation beyond the next apportionment of representation in Congress, we may trust his steady republicanism and his broad views of the scope of national authority steadfastly to maintain the results of the war as they affect the integrity of the Union and the equal citizenship of all its inhabitants.

The Chicago convention has therefore given the republicans a candidate who possesses in a remarkable degree the elements of popularity and availability, and who is peculiarly fitted by training, study, experience, and character for the high office of president of the United States. So fortunate a result has rarely come out of the conflict of local pride, personal feeling, selfish ambition, and low considerations of expediency which rages in all national nominating conventions, and goes under the euphemism of the "deliberations" of the body.

SOME AMUSING BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Professor Nordenskiöld has won for himself a high place among arctic explorers by his accomplishment of the northeast passage, a bit of navigation that had been often tried, and always in vain, during the last three centuries. The English were the first to make the attempt, in 1553. This expedition was fitted out under the care of Sebastian Cabot, and it sailed with Sir Hugh Willoughby as commander. He was found afterwards frozen to death along with his crew, while his companion, Chancelor, made his way to Russia. Chancelor was lost, however, in another expedition, and Stephen Burrough was unsuccessful a few years later. Arthur Pit had no better luck, and when the Dutch tried the experiment, which the English at last gave up, Henry Hudson failed three times. The Danes then took it up, but only to share the same fate. The Russians sent out eighteen expeditions to explore their northern coast, and especially the Kara Sea, which lies just to the eastward of Nova Zembla, but they failed to accomplish much. In 1875–76, Nordenskiöld succeeded in exploring this sea, and this inspired him with renewed zeal for pushing on to Behring's Straits, his latest and greatest feat.

He believes that the voyage is a possible one for ships of commerce, but one ship in three hundred years would hardly tempt merchants to try many experiments with the Siberian markets. But whatever the commercial value of his voyage, it is most interesting to science, and the long training of the leading men enabled them to profit most fully by their advantages. This volume [1] by no means pretends to completeness, but it gives in compact form an intelligent outline of Nordenskiöld's life and work. He was well trained for scientific study, and it is curious to observe how far adventure and commerce become compara-

[1] *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld.* 1858–1879. With Illustrations and Maps. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

tively insignificant in undertakings like these to which Nordenskiöld has devoted himself, in comparison with what is done in the cause of science. From the beginning of his career as an explorer of Spitzbergen, Nordenskiöld has dedicated himself with enthusiasm to his work, and he has well won the admiration of the civilized world.

In short, his success is the result of long-continued, well-directed endeavor. His completion of the northeast passage was but the last step of a series of undertakings, all of which had been done with the utmost care. First, Spitzbergen was explored thoroughly; then gradually investigation extended itself further and further eastward, until the whole wild coast was, as it were, brought into order.

It is curious to read, as one of the incidents of arctic travel, that his ship arrived at the northern part of Behring's Straits only in time to be frozen in for the winter. The distinguished traveler himself said, "A single hour's steaming of the Vega at full speed had probably been sufficient to traverse this distance, and a day earlier the drift ice at this point, would not have formed any serious obstacle to the advance of the vessel;" but "a winter's meteorological and magnetical observations at this place, and the geological, botanical, and zoölogical researches which our being frozen in will give us an opportunity of prosecuting, are besides of sufficient interest to repay all the difficulties and troubles which a wintering involves." This extract makes Nordenskiöld's method clear, and satisfactorily accounts for his success.

Those who take an interest in Siberia, and who care to see what sort of country it is that Nordenskiöld has opened to the world, will find a certain amount of information in the little volume that has been compiled for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by Mr. Charles H. Eden.[1] This writer has carefully collected his facts from a number of authorities, and the reader will be strengthened in whatever patriotism he may have by gratitude for not being born in Northern Asia. The raw edges of civilization are unattractive places at the best, and it is a dreary picture that Mr. Eden draws, but it seems to be a faithful one. The little volume contains an interesting abstract of Nordenskiöld's last voyage. As interesting as any part is the account of the native races that are fading away before the advance of the Russian power.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae is one of the vast swarm of English tourists who have of late years been improving their minds by a brief visit to this country. When they get home again, they generally publish a book about their journeyings, recording the number of buffaloes they have shot, if they have gone far into the West, or describing the ways and manners of our fellow-citizens, if they have taken an interest in anything but sporting matters. Mr. Rae was here at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, and he describes with considerable humor some of the things he saw at Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, and Saratoga, with an account of a hasty trip in Canada. His book[2] is sufficiently amusing from his lack of sympathy with our most cherished institutions. Thus in speaking of the Knights Templar, who visited Philadelphia at the time of his stay in that interesting city, he says, "It was difficult to believe that they were simple citizens of the republic, so grand was their appearance, and

[1] *Frozen Asia: A Sketch of Modern Siberia.* Together with an Account of the Native Tribes inhabiting that Region. By Charles H. Eden, F. R. G. S., Author of Australia's Heroes, China, Historical and Descriptive, etc., etc. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

[2] *Columbia and Canada.* Notes on the Great Republic and the New Dominion. A Supplement to Westward by Rail. By W. Fraser Rae. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

so proud did they seem of their new clothes. As a rule, there is no more soberly dressed person than a citizen of the United States. A paternal Congress has forbidden a civilian to indulge in the vanity known as court costume, and has enjoined that when he attends a foreign court he shall wear ordinary evening dress. No restriction, however, is put upon the citizen donning any kind of military uniform he pleases, and this is said to be one of the reasons why the order of Knights Templar is attractive and popular in the United States. Its members have the further gratification of reading their names, with handles to them, in the newspapers; and when plain Brown, Jones, and Robinson see themselves in print as Sir John Brown, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir Joseph Robinson, they may experience the satisfaction of men who have made their mark."

"Till I beheld the Knights Templar, I had never realized the effect produced by entire regiments clad in the uniforms of general officers of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. With cocked hats adorned with feathers upon their heads, embroidered trousers upon their legs, tunics round their bodies, their breasts being as thickly covered with ribbons and medals as the breasts of officers in the service of the Prince of Monaco, and with swords in their hands resembling the toy swords of children, these Sir Knights appeared to the simple-minded a splendid spectacle, and to the critic a set of guys."

It is only necessary to add to this the statement that the author speaks disrespectfully of the east wind that occasionally rages in Boston.

Mr. N. H. Bishop has a singular fondness for long voyages, in strange craft, through almost unknown waters, and he writes very interesting accounts of his mysterious trips. It is not long since he published the story of a journey in a canoe along the Atlantic coast, and now he gives us the log of his passage down the Ohio and Mississippi, along the Gulf of Mexico, to the point in Florida where his previous trip had ended.[2] His vessel this time was what is called a sneak-box, a little skiff, much used by New Jersey sportsmen. His sneak-box was twelve feet long, four feet wide, and thirteen inches deep, weighing two hundred pounds. It has a spoon-shaped bottom and bow and a removable centre-board, and is what boating-men call stiff. It carries a mast ninety-eight inches high, with a boom ninety-six inches long and a sprit of the length of the mast. If the sail is not wanted, the mast can be unshipped, and then the craft may be propelled by rowing, though this is naturally slow work against a head-wind.

It was early in December, 1875, that Mr. Bishop started from Pittsburgh, Pa., and made his way through the ice-cakes as long as daylight lasted. He began at once, what he afterwards did habitually, to camp out in his little boat, which he moored somewhere on the shore. For food he was mainly dependent on what he carried with him in the shape of potted meats, canned fruits, etc., although at times he was driven to the society of man by stress of weather. The monotony of the trip was relieved by amusing adventures with the flat-boat-men who were traveling in the same direction, and with the inhabitants of the river-banks, all of whom were exceedingly interested in this boat and its owner.

Mr. Bishop adds to his book some valuable historical and statistical information, and he gives useful accounts concerning the natural history of the regions he visited. We can only regret that a man who has shown himself so good an explorer should not once more

[1] *Four Months in a Sneak-Box.* A Boat Voyage of 2600 Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and along the Gulf of Mexico. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP, Author of A Thousand Mile Walk across South America, and A Voyage of the Paper Canoe. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

visit some really unknown region, and put his gifts to what may be called more genuine work.

The most striking thing about Miss Bird's very entertaining volume [1] is her indomitable energy and good spirits. From the moment that she appears on the scene, dressed so as to ride on a horse man-fashion, to the end of her book, where she is writing letters with her ink directly in front of the fire that it may escape freezing, one finds nothing but the utmost persistence and cheerfulness, in the face of obstacles that would surely break the spirits of less dauntless travelers. The severer the hardships she encountered, the happier she seems to have been. She very nearly tasted of perfect happiness when living with some "low-down" settlers, of the grim and silent kind, who were "thoroughly ungenial." "They wear boots, but two of one pair, and never blacked, of course, but no stockings. They think it quite effeminate to sleep under a roof, except during the severest months of the year." She climbed Long's Peak, and achieved perfect happiness at Estes Park, Colorado. She was snowed up in the middle of October: the thermometer fell to zero; the snow drifted through the chinks in the wall; and after a chilly dressing "we all sat in great cloaks and coats, and kept up an enormous fire, with the pitch running out of the logs." This was but a trifling adventure. She rode alone in the coldest weather, through snow-storms, over wild mountains. She found Denver too highly civilized for her comfort, and when, owing to the panic, she was unable to cash her circular notes, she returned to Estes Park, for a new experience of cold and hunger.

Her account of her deeds is certainly worth reading; a more extraordinary tale of adventure it would be hard to find. The book is made up of letters written at the time, and they are as entertaining as they are curious. Great as was her interest in the people she saw in outlandish places, there is no doubt that she herself must have afforded a vast deal of pleasure to the inhabitants, who might in time become indifferent to the scenery and the misdeeds of ruffians.

Very little like Miss Bird's method of viewing the world is that which Mrs. Brassey describes so agreeably in her Sunshine and Storm in the East.[2] Mrs. Brassey has a steam-yacht at her command, with stewards, cabin cook and cabin-cook's boy, and a forecastle cook with a forecastle-cook's boy. Some of her voyages in the Mediterranean are what she has narrated in this volume. The first feeling that the reader has is one of intense envy for so delightful a method of traveling. For the ability to choose one's destination between Cyprus, Constantinople, Southern Spain, and Italy, and to be able to move about in such delightful quarters, are things that make one discontented with muddy streets and crowded horse-cars. When we have agreed that there could be no pleasanter method of traveling, and no more interesting part of this globe than the shores of the Mediterranean, there is no room for doubt about the charm of this volume. Of course, there are no new descriptions of the places visited, — at least, no formal descriptions, such as travelers of old times used to employ as a ballast for their light works, — but there is plenty of agreeable information about one place and another, and notably of Cyprus, concerning which there has been of late more curiosity than knowledge. The illustrations are numerous, and with but few exceptions good, most of them being from photographs taken by the travelers. One

[1] *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains.* By Isabella L. Bird, Author of Six Months in the Sandwich Islands, etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879-80.

[2] *Sunshine and Storm in the East; or, Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.* By Mrs. Brassey, Author of Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

thing the book infallibly suggests is wonder that more of the rich Americans, whose highest ambition seems to be to play hockey on horseback before a number of admiring ladies, do not put their yachts to some better use than sailing short races around a light-ship, when the wind is not blowing too hard. These accounts of Mrs. Brassey's serious and to a certain extent perilous voyages should make our lily-handed, pink-cheeked fresh-water yachtsmen ashamed of their timid trips from New York to Newport, through Long Island Sound, and back.

There is no doubt that Mr. J. Mortimer Murphy has sound views about sporting matters, and in his entertaining volume [1] he has given us a good deal of information about the game of the West, from grizzly bears to muskrats. Of late years there have been a good many books written about hunting in that region, but there is hardly one that has quite the practical value of this convenient volume. The general directions to sportsmen are valuable, and all that he has to say about the game is important. The book contains a number of interesting anecdotes of adventures, some comic, and some tragic enough. As to the way in which fur-covered animals are slaughtered by men who sell the skins, nothing need be said except that in a few years there will be nothing left to kill. The buffalo is disappearing, as well as the elk, moose, antelope, etc., the process of killing the goose with the golden egg keeping pace with the improvements in fire-arms. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Murphy's book tells us all that is to be known about the process, and he raises his voice against the present indiscriminate slaughter.

Another good book is Mr. F. A. Ober's Camps in the Caribbees,[2] in which he describes his adventures in the Lesser Antilles, a region of the earth that is but little known to most of us. The author's object in taking this trip was to make ornithological discoveries in behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, and he did his work well. He brought back many rare birds, and he has described his experiences in getting them with the double zeal of an ornithologist and a hunter. Moreover, he tells in agreeable style all that he saw in these remote regions. His book is very pleasant reading, and is adorned with many engravings from Mr. Ober's photographs. An amusing chapter is the one in which he narrates his experiences with a number of monkeys, none of which he was heartless enough to shoot.

If Mr. Cox's reputation as a humorist were, geographically at least, less extensive, he could probably have written a better book than this Search for Winter Sunbeams,[3] a second edition of which has just been given to the world. The book is made depressing reading by the fact that the author seems to have labored continually under the feeling that it was incumbent upon him to be funny, and in obedience to this sense of duty he frequently indulges in jests by the side of which grinning through a horse-collar is a serious and dignified occupation. If he had been content to be natural, his book would have been an interesting account of some still tolerably little-known regions, but he incessantly pokes us in the ribs, kicks at the tambourine, and reminds us by his forced merriment that he remembers his position as "end-man." When he is sensible he is readable, but when he is funny he is lamentable.

Mr. Oppert is not to blame that his

[1] *Sporting Adventures in the Far West.* By John Mortimer Murphy. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[2] *Camps in the Caribbees.* The Adventures of a Naturalist in the Lesser Antilles. By Frederick A. Ober. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1880.

[3] *Search for Winter Sunbeams in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain.* By Samuel S. Cox, Author of The Buckeye Abroad, Eight Years in Congress, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

book[1] about Corea has not more information concerning that unknown country. He evidently did his best to explore that inaccessible region, but in spite of his boldness and energy he was able to do extremely little in his three attempts. Naturally enough, travelers turn to any part of the world which has not yet been described, and Mr. Oppert, besides this reason, was anxious to see if Corea could not be brought into relations with civilization. At first, so far as the people were concerned, he seems to have been received with kindness. They were curious about these foreigners who had dropped down among them, and even the officials with whom they came in contact were personally agreeable, although they were obliged, by their position, to frown upon all attempts to explore the land. The second time he made the experiment was just after the outbreak against the French missionaries and their converts. It was at this time that Mr. Oppert had the curious experience of receiving some information about the survivors of the massacre from a native Corean, who wrote down what he had to say in Latin, which he had learned from the missionaries. The feeling against foreigners was only heightened by the taste of blood, and Mr. Oppert had no success. The third time had an even more unfortunate ending.

The author has amassed a good many statistics about the country and its inhabitants. He says, among other things, that he believes it to abound in mineral wealth. If he is right, the policy of exclusion which the government of Corea has hitherto maintained is pretty sure soon to disappear before the inroads of foreigners.

Mr. Arnold is fortunate in the choice of his subject,[2] for a great many people who are more or less familiar with other parts of Europe have but the slightest knowledge, if any at all, of Pontresina and the Upper Engadine. In his book he gives the reader a certain amount of statistical information about this spot, and, what is better, he gives us, what statistics alone can never do, the air of the place, its scenery, the ways of the inhabitants, the manners of its visitors, and all the impressions of his visit there. The whole book is written in a humorous fashion that recalls to the reader Sir Francis Head's Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, but Mr. Arnold's humor turns into something like venomousness when he has occasion to write about English people. International recrimination is quite as poor a thing as international flattery, with but this advantage, that it is generally much sincerer; and there seems to be but little profit in pointing out the faults of those who in traveling abroad, at least, are our neighbors. Still it cannot be denied that he sees the faults of the English people as they stand out in glaring prominence; but they should certainly receive credit for the way in which they try to alleviate the loneliness of journeyings by ready and interesting talk. We believe the chance traveler who declines to enter into conversation abroad is as likely to be one of our fellow-countrymen as an Englishman.

Besides the English, Mr. Arnold discusses the Etruscans, and on this subject he runs less chance of wounding delicate susceptibilities, unless they be those of the German who has written a book descriptive of alleged traces of the Etruscans in those remote regions. This book Mr. Arnold proceeds to controvert, and apparently he is perfectly successful. It is not only the traveler to the Engadine who will enjoy Mr.

[1] *A Forbidden Land: Voyages to the Corea.* With an Account of its Geography, History, Productions, and Commercial Capabilities, etc., etc. By ERNEST OPPERT. With two Charts and twenty-one Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

[2] *Gleanings from Pontresina and the Upper Engadine.* By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Arnold's humorous account of his travels; those of us who are too patriotic to spend our money in Europe will find pleasure in his humor.

The lady who has received so many blessings from her contemporaries under the name of Marion Harland, besides composing novels, has, like a great many other people, written a book [1] about her travels in Europe. Her book, too, is so much like a great many other books on this subject that there is no need of describing it at any great length. The journey was taken for the benefit of the author's impaired health, and the book contains much that cannot fail to be of practical value to invalids. Let them take warning from this lady's experience of a foreign cook's preparation of oatmeal. After full and doubtless most lucid explanations of what was wanted, the irrepressible *chef* sent up this simple dish flavored with garlic.

Mr. A. Judd Northrup has written a very pleasant account of various excursions to the wilderness, and especially to the Adirondacks. The book [2] is a simple, readable, and evidently photographically true record of all the pleasures and easily forgotten misadventures of his experience. He does not omit to mention the mosquitoes and black flies, but he contrasts with them the trout and deer that also await the sportsman. Every lover of the woods, whether he be destined to pace the scorching sidewalk or to share the joys it describes, should read this volume.

PROFESSOR FISHER'S DISCUSSIONS.

The recent debate occasioned by the call for an added endowment to the theological school connected with Harvard University turned in part upon the possibility of a scientific study of theology. To those whose notion of science is limited by the perceptions of the senses, nothing can be said; but if there are any who still regard theology as a mere field for unlimited speculation, outside of scientific methods, we commend to them Professor G. P. Fisher's recent collection of essays and reviews,[3] as an excellent illustration of a treatment of theological subjects which is eminently scientific. The method which Professor Fisher employs in dealing with questions of history, belief, government and development in the religious domain, is in no respect different from that which any candid student in natural science would employ. He postulates God and a divine order, but so does a student in nature postulate an origin and an order; if the facts with which he deals are facts in history and consciousness, they are no less facts than stones and bugs are facts. He may have his predilections for one order of church government over another, but we doubt if a reader unacquainted with his ecclesiastical connection would readily discover what they were beyond the fact that, in any case, they were in favor of an inclusive rather than an exclusive order. That he has a reverent attitude toward religious subjects only renders him a more competent historian and critic.

[1] *Loiterings in Pleasant Paths.* By Marion Harland, Author of Common Sense in the Household, etc. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. 1880.

[2] *Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks, and Grayling Fishing in Northern Michigan.* A Record of Summer Vacations in the Wilderness. By A. Judd Northrup. Syracuse, N. Y.: Davis, Bardeen & Co. 1880.

[3] *Discussions in History and Theology.* By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

When was it discovered that the naturalist was a surer guide who felt a contempt for the world he was surveying, or eyed every object presented to him with a doubt as to its right to exist?

We are saying that Professor Fisher treats his subjects impersonally and judicially, but it must not be inferred that his manner is indifferent, or, what is worse, patronizing. In a previous volume,[1] more strictly historical in its method, there was even better opportunity than is given here to mark the temper of the Christian scholar. He was called upon to display the historic connection between Christianity at its inception and the world of humanity which it has been reorganizing ever since. His task was no new one, and he did not attempt a novelty of treatment. Yet he gave to this familiar subject a freshness and value by the fairness with which he stated, it and the interest which as a student he took in so mighty a matter. There have been discussions of the planting of Christianity which would seem to imply that an order which has changed the current of the world's history was to be measured very much as the Mormon delusion or Shaker eccentricity might properly be measured. A scholarship which treats a great subject in a petty way shows itself incompetent to record, much less to judge in history. It professes to be impartial, but in reality has divested itself of the means of forming a judgment; it is like an attempt to judge Christianity as Celsus judged it, and reminds one of the school-master who, when the world was ringing with the sound of Frederick's victories, doubted if his majesty could conjugate a Greek verb in *mi*.

It is not the school-master who speaks in Professor Fisher. Everywhere there are the caution and prudence of the accurate scholar, but there is also the generosity of a catholic mind. His Discussions, bringing together studies in various fields, include mainly three classes of topics: there is a group relating to the history, polity, and dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church; another of New England Theology; a third relating to Theism and Christian Evidences. These groups, though pointed out by the author in his preface, rather follow from the lines of his general study and interest than appear as the occasion of the volume. They do not, indeed, quite include all the papers, but it is of little moment that the book should have a specific unity; as the collected papers, on generally related subjects, of a wise student, they have sufficient justification. They range in point of original publication from 1867 to 1880, and, while the subjects discussed are none of temporary interest, it is a pity that in reprinting the author has not in some cases brought the discussion to date. In the paper, for example, on the Temporal Kingdom of the Popes, which was tolerably complete in 1867, we miss a full treatment of the very interesting movements since that date; in the same paper, by the way, we see scarcely any reference to the political recantation of Pius IX., whose short-lived liberalism gave rise to lively hopes.

The essays forming the first group are perhaps the most interesting, and as giving a Protestant examination of certain phases of Roman Catholicism are free from bitterness or unkindness. His interest in contemporary questions will quickly be perceived by the reader. Unlike many polemical writers of his own bias, he is capable of seeing that Romanism is not a fixed, immovable system, and he searches eagerly for signs of change from within it. His catholic spirit and his sagacity are both shown in the admirable words with which he closes his paper on the Old Roman Spirit and Religion in Latin Christianity.

[1] *The Beginnings of Christianity.* With a View of the State of the Roman World at the Birth of Christ. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

We should be glad if we could quote more than these few passages: —

"Starting with these principles respecting the nature and use of symbolism, we are prepared to allow to Protestantism the liberty of conforming its ritual to the temperament, taste, and national peculiarities of the several peoples among whom it may be planted. . . . A rigid adhesion to a particular method of worship, when there are reasons for varying from it, is itself formalism, one of the principal evils against which Puritanism contended. A certain elasticity must be allowed in things external. The criterion is to ascertain what conduces to the edification of the flock, not in some foreign latitude, but in the place with respect to which the question is raised. Should the Protestant doctrines spread extensively in Latin countries, it is not impossible that forms of worship may arise specially consonant with the native characteristics of the inhabitants of those lands. There may arise a Latin Protestantism, different in its external features from Germanic Protestantism." He shows more than once the abortive character of Old Catholicism in its reluctance to abandon the theory of a mediatorial priesthood. Again, in The Temporal Kingdom of the Popes, he says well: "It is on a believing, and not on a free-thinking, Protestantism that we must depend for a success that is to be enduring. It is requisite that deep and enlightened convictions of Christian truth, and a true love of the gospel as understood by Protestants, should spread among the people of Catholic countries. The church is founded not on Peter as an individual, but on Peter as a warm and sincere confessor of the faith that Jesus is the Son of God and Saviour of the world. With the progress of this faith, unencumbered by the traditions of men, the decline and fall of the papal system are linked. Political changes may be valuable auxiliaries, but it is easy to overestimate their importance. . . . Every blow struck at one of the great churches is a blow struck at all, and at Christianity itself. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant have adversaries in common, who are far more distant from both than the Catholic and Protestant are from one another. The Catholic and Protestant profess the same Christian faith, important as the points of disagreement are between them. The adversaries attack this faith, and their attacks at the present day are mischievous and formidable. It is, therefore, suicidal as well as wrong for Protestants to join hands with indifferentism and irreligion, for the sake of weakening their ancient theological antagonist."

In his papers on New England Theology, Professor Fisher writes with a freedom which personal knowledge, unhampered by partisanship, gives; and, while some of the discussions have rather a local than a general interest, his consideration of Channing's position appeals to all readers, and will carry force by its acuteness and judicious tone. His statement of what he calls the clew to the explanation of Channing's dissent from catholic theology is an admirable example of his breadth and decision. "The catholic theology," he declares, "if I may venture to interpret its verdict, does not find in him and in his teaching, as a whole, that discernment of the *guilt* of sin, of that particular quality of evil-doing which may blanch the cheek and strike terror to the heart of even the prosperous criminal; which moved the publican to beat upon his breast; which makes the strong man bow his head in shame and trembling; and which pierced as a sharp arrow the souls of Augustine, Luther, Edwards, and the Apostle Paul. I have no wish to bring an accusation against Channing, or to magnify a defect. I simply seek to account for an antagonism which he himself and everybody else admits to exist. The catholic theology, once more, fails

to discover in Channing a sufficiently strong grasp of sin as a principle, revealing itself in multiform expressions or phenomena, entering into numberless phases of manifestation, exercising sway in mankind, and holding fast the will in a kind of bondage. . . . The moral malady is not explored to its sources; and hence the tendency is to treat it with palliatives. He is too much inclined to rely on education to do the work of regeneration."

It would be easy to cite many instances of Professor Fisher's catholicity and acumen. He proves in these two volumes, as in his other works, better than any theoretical argument could, the possibility of a science of theology, catholic, scholarly, and unsectarian. Here and there among our students there are such men, and as a practical matter we are disposed to think they are of more service in the various divinity schools than if they could all be brought together under the walls of a single university. No school of theology can be hopelessly devoted to party which gives residence and occupation to such men as the author of these Discussions.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

When the young die the fact of death is very reluctantly conceded. The will accepts it tardily, though the understanding has received it. The condition before death is canvassed afterward as earnestly as if hope of life still remained, and the inherent immortality of youth joined to our own resolution seems for a moment to check fate. The bitterness of death, then, is not at the moment of death, but when the fierce flame of life in us has died down. It is two years since Armitt Brown died. His memoir has been written, his four orations collected, and it is useless longer to try to believe that he is living here, except through an influence which this volume[1] may help to extend. It is part of the significance of his life that his college course was coincident with the war for the Union. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1865; while the young men who graduated as he entered were fighting for the country, he was preparing for that later contest, not yet closed, in which the idealism of youth is quite as conspicuously needed. The memoir, in its earlier pages, sets before the reader a delightful picture of a generous, hearty boy, growing by natural degrees into self-possession and well-defined power of consciousness. The college life, stamped with the special mark of Yale characteristics, was not at all singular, nor was it unobserved or commonplace. It was followed by study of the law as a profession and by travel in Europe; in 1871 he settled to his work as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and the seven years which remained of his life were now crowded with professional, political, and social service.

He made his mark as a public speaker in December, 1872, when he responded for The Juniors of the Bar, at a dinner given by the Philadelphia bar to ex-Chief-Justice Thompson. In the short, melodious speech which he then made, he disclosed a rare power, which gave him at once a hearing among men whose ears were deaf to any mere achievement of rhetoric. He himself had only begun to feel the rising of his genius for

[1] *Memoir of Henry Armitt Brown, together with four Historical Orations.* Edited by J. M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

oratory, but he showed the make of his nature when he turned his power into a turbid political channel. A Citizens' Municipal Reform Association had recently been organized, to secure purity of elections and effect a change in the corrupt organization which was an unconnected part of the prevalent political immorality. He was identified with this movement from the outset. There was an evil to attack, and the young lawyer became a political knight. The power of speaking to a crowd was not a simple gift of nature, nor the product of careful art, but it was the character and purpose of an enthusiastic young American spending himself, without counting the cost, upon the nearest political duty, and using the weapon which he could wield most effectively. His political work, begun in his own city and upon municipal questions, extended and widened by a natural impulse. He was found in 1875 among the reformers in the Pennsylvania State election, and in March, 1876, he may be said to have opened the ball for the Bristow movement in his noble letter to the New York Tribune. He was a member of the Fifth Avenue Conference, and as delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, in June, made a stirring speech in behalf of a candidate who had character, capacity, and courage. When the campaign began he threw himself into it with extraordinary vigor, and no one Eastern man did more at the West to insure Hayes's election. He returned to Philadelphia again to take up the battle for municipal reform, in which he was recognized now as the leader. The sentences which closed his most important speech in that cause hint at the sources of power in him: —

"My countrymen: 'Time makes no pauses in his march.' The moments are swiftly passing, and you who make up this mighty multitude will presently have scattered to your homes. Great opportunities come but once, and stay but a little while. Days quickly make the weeks, and soon this battle will be lost or won. Change is ever going on about us, and you who listen, and I who speak, shall in brief time pass from the stage on which we are to-day the actors, and our places be taken by our own children. Let it not then be written that while the sounds of your great festival still lingered in the air, ere yet that pleasant city which Penn founded, where Jefferson wrote, and Washington lived, and Franklin died, had filled her second century, self-government was already an outcast, and true liberty could find no stone to pillow her head. Let them rather say that then, as always, in every crisis of her history, though leaders were weak and parties wanting, the heart of the people did not falter, and the sons of those who had so often protected others still had the courage to protect themselves."

The names to which Brown appealed, the history which enrolled them, — these he used not for rhetorical effect, but because they were the weightiest arguments he knew. Running by the side of his political work was a series of notable achievements in oratory upon subjects more purely historical. The centennial celebration at Philadelphia owed its success not to any merely commercial considerations, nor to lively sentiment kept energetic through months and years, but chiefly to the solid national sentiment of men and women ably led. Brown was one of the leaders, and out of his enthusiasm came both executive labor, and that fine aid which his oratory could so well give. His address at Carpenter's Hall, September 5, 1874, on the anniversary of the meeting of the first Continental Congress, gave him a national reputation, and the three orations which followed — at Burlington, December 6, 1877, at Valley Forge, June 19, 1878, and at Freehold nine days later, but, alas, not from his lips — are incontestable evi-

dences, as they stand upon the printed page, of his remarkable skill in grouping historical events, his insight into sources of political life, and, above all, of his glowing and lofty patriotism. His rich voice and impassioned delivery are but a shadow to the reader of these orations.

It is easy for one, with the help of Professor Hoppin's memoir, to catch a glimpse of the social and domestic life which Brown led, and the letters and passages from his diary offer clear pictures of his rare nature. There were the beginnings, in all that one reads, of a large and impressive life, and it seems impossible for one, whether he knew him personally or not, to withhold the offering of praise and affection. Yet what Brown might have done, had he lived, affects us less than what he actually did. Ben Jonson's noble lines rise to our lips when we think of him: —

> "In small proportions we just beauty see,
> And in short measures life may perfect be."

The life of the country at this day is not so dramatic as in the time of war, but Brown's career is as signal an example of devotion to country in peace as was that of any brilliant, regretted young soldier. He had seen men like himself die for their country, and, wanting that opportunity, used what was given to him, and lived for her. He had the old and noble passion of patriotism, and if he did not buckle on his sword, it was because there was no enemy to be assailed in that way. There was an enemy in the corruption of public life, and there were no more fatal blows dealt it than those which came from Brown's fervid lips and untiring mind. His patriotism was fed from the higher streams, and the force of his nature rose to an equal height. If it be said that no country need despair which can point to the rolls of her battles and show the names of her noblest young men, it can be said with equal truth that the devotion to public civil life of such men as Brown marks the possibility of a greatness in politics as heroic and glorious as any that can be shown in war. The inspiration of this life comes to one with a power unsurpassed by that which one feels when he stands before the tablets of the dead in our memorial halls.

NATURAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.[1]

THERE are theological creeds and there are scientific creeds.

One scientific creed in its essential elements runs as follows: —

"I believe in the great age of the world; the existence of a susceptibility to variation in living forms; the action of natural selection, in aid of a grand scheme of development from the lower to the higher; and the continuity between the vegetable and animal kingdoms."

Another creed differs from this only in not expressing a belief in a supernatural scheme of development. And still another creed, which may be denominated the guarded scientific creed of the trinitarian theologian, runs as follows: —

"I believe in the great age of the world, with sentiments of respect still for the first chapter of Genesis. I believe that each species of living form is a separate creation, and that the Creator

[1] *Natural Science and Religion.* Two Lectures delivered to the Theological School of Yale College. By ASA GRAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

from time to time has filled the earth with new forms of life."

The first of these creeds, we gather from his lectures, is that of Dr. Gray. In one place he says: "The great antiquity of the habitable world and existing races gave some anxiety fifty years ago, but is now, I suppose, generally acquiesced in, — in the sense that existing species of plants and animals have been in existence for many thousands of years; and as to their associate, man, all agree that the length of his occupation is not at all measured by the generations of the biblical chronology, and are awaiting the result of an open discussion as to whether the earliest known traces of his presence are in quaternary or in the latest tertiary deposits."

In another sentence he speaks of the change of view in which the Bible is now regarded. At one time it was held that Holy Scripture must speak with authority on points of natural science which occurred in its context. At the present time the most that is claimed is that the teachings of Scripture and science are not incompatible. And the lecturer states his belief that "the fundamental note of the Old Testament is the declaration of one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, — a declaration which, if physical science is unable to establish, it is equally unable to overthrow." Leaving the dangerous ground of theological discussion, however, Dr. Gray passes to a discussion of purely scientific beliefs. His own studies have been largely upon the continuity between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Movements of plants which could not be explained by the action of heat or of elasticity, and which closely resembled the movements of the lower forms of animal life, early attracted his attention. He expresses his conviction that "the animal and vegetable lines, diverging widely above, join below in a loop. At one time cellulose, which makes up the bulk of a vegetable, was thought to be peculiar to the vegetable kingdom, but it is now found to enter into "the fabric of certain animals not of the very lowest grade." Chlorophyll, also, which constitutes the green of leaves, is found in sea anemones and planarias, "which are as certainly animals as are oysters and clams." It has been discovered, moreover, that chlorophyll performs the same office — that of decomposing carbonic acid and evolving oxygen gas — in the case of the green leaf and in that of the lower forms of animal life. Next, the digestive organs of plants are alluded to, especially in the case of Dionæa and Drosera. The latter plant, which is common along our northern sea-coast, and is found in abundance at Mt. Desert, digests flies which alight upon its sticky leaves, and the Dionæa is capable of movements which can imprison a restive fly securely in its trap-like leaves.

The movements of tendrils of plants are likened to certain actions of animals, and, rising from the observed facts to a broad generalization, Dr. Gray shows that both plants and animals are alike in their function of storing up energy at the expense of the sun, and the doctrine of the conservation of energy binds them together in a close relationship. He traces the building up of cell walls, the growth of component cells, and the continued structure which is "animated and operated by a common life of higher grade than that of any of its components." There is no doubt that the author of these lectures is thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of development. The lowest animals differ from vegetables only in greater capability of motion; the higher animals are superior to the lower in possessing a greater range of "unconscious feeling;" and man rises above the brutes in his gift of reflective reasoning. "The beginning of organization is individuation, or

tendency to individualize. The completed self is man."

Dr. Gray then touches upon the mooted point of successive creation of species, and leaves no doubt of his belief in the opposed doctrine of development. At one time, not very remote, species were supposed to be absolutely fixed, and to have descended to us from the time of Noah's Ark. This belief has been gradually changing. Once the capacity to interbreed was the criterion of species, but now it is found that this test is of use only in the "discrimination of the higher grade of varieties from species. Now, in fact, some varieties of the same species will hardly interbreed at all; while some species interbreed most freely, and produce fully fertile offspring." In the absence of any true test, naturalists have gradually come to the conclusion "that species as well as varieties were natural developments." Dr. Gray alludes to the fact, also spoken of by Darwin, that Dr. Wells, the author of the theory of dew, while resident in America, hit upon the idea of natural selection. The reader will perceive from these lectures that natural selection is no longer a hypothesis or a theory. It is the expression of a number of observed facts, or, as the author says, "it is a truth of the same kind as that we enunciate in saying that round stones will roll down hill further than flat ones." The hypothesis based upon natural selection is that the operation of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest accounts for the rise and ramifications of living forms, and the progress from lower forms to higher. It is shown that the hypothesis says nothing upon the question of the introduction of life, but concerns itself only with the development of forms which we can study. Here a direct issue is made with those who invoke miracles to account for the introduction of new species. The lecturer treats his audience tenderly here, but leaves no doubt of his conviction that the doctrine of evolution contains a higher and grander conception of deity than can be held by those who believe in successive creations. Those who are impelled to preach upon natural selection and Darwinism would do well to read the portions of the lectures which carefully define the meaning of these expressions; for there is much looseness of interpretation of them in the pulpit. In the first place, we have a tendency to variation. This tendency to variation gives us natural selection, and natural selection leads to Darwinism proper, which endeavors to explain why we have species.

Another interesting point of Darwinism Dr. Gray touches upon, but does not commit himself to, namely, "that the variation of plants and animals, out of which so much comes, is indefinite or all-directioned and accidental." Darwin believes that this assumption is warranted by the facts. It is evident that if the tendency to variation is indefinite the result will be many-sided, and will radiate according to no fixed laws. Dr. Gray thinks that since it is generally agreed that the variation is from within, and is in answer to certain external impressions, the connection between these external impressions and the internal response must constitute certain laws of limit. He also deprecates the idea, entertained by many, that Darwinian evolution is a function of the time,—in other words, that the variation must take place among all existing species, and must be connected in some way with the time. "Evolution," he quotes, "is not a course of hap-hazard and incessant change, but a continual readjustment, which may or may not, according to circumstances, involve considerable changes in a given time." The mind of a physicist connects the conclusions of Dr. Gray in relation to the action of variation with the new theories in conservation of energy which

deal with chemical equilibrium. In the concluding lines of the first lecture there is an eloquent plea for broad views of our kinship with the varied lower forms of life about us. "We are sharers not only of animal but of vegetable life, — sharers with the higher brute animals in common instincts and feelings and affections. It seems to me that there is a sort of meanness in the wish to ignore the tie." When we read these words, we are reminded of the touches of sympathy for the brute creation in that fine poem of Arnold, The Light of Asia. Thus it is that the broad sympathies of the naturalist and of the poet unite in one stream.

In the second lecture, On the Relations of Scientific to Religious Belief, dogmatism and bigotry, though not referred to by name, are delicately and happily contrasted with the attributes of an open and receptive mind. There is one sentence in this lecture which expresses the difficulty a scientific man has in getting upon a common ground of interchange of opinions with the unscientific sectarian. This sentence runs as follows: "The proofs upon which both biological and theological investigations have to rely are largely probabilities, some of a higher, some of a lower order, and much that is accepted for the time is taken on trial or on *prima facie* evidence. Much is or should be held under suspense of judgment, a state of mind eminently favorable to accurate investigation. As to those who can forthwith assort the contents of their minds into two compartments, one for what they believe and the other for what they disbelieve, neither their belief nor their denial can be of much account."

Dr. Gray shows that modern physical conceptions of states of matter rest upon the same degree of faith as ultimate religious ideas. No one ever saw an atom; yet we are led by various facts to build up a hypothesis which is daily on trial in our laboratories. Many facts tend to prove the existence of a subtle ether whose properties are entirely different from a gas in any condition of which we have knowledge. We have faith in our belief, for many lines of reasoning tend to prove the existence of atoms and the ether. No one can rigidly prove the existence of a God, as one can prove a geometrical proposition. No one can prove the existence of an atom by steps free from assumption; yet there are higher methods of reasonable proof than are contained in any one school of human philosophy. The highest mathematical analysis breaks away from the thralldom of Cartesian coördinates, and deals with probabilities. The difficulty which a scientific man has in addressing the non-scientific sectarian is therefore very great. There is a wide-spread desire for expressions of authority in religious teachings. This longing for something definite, something which breathes of authority, something which puts to rest anxious doubts and fears, constitutes the stronghold of many sects. The scientific man finds very few who can tread the heights where he leads, and can balance themselves even for a moment where he has learned to walk with an open mind. In the progress of development men and women may be found who can acquire a balance of philosophical faith which can guide and illumine their path through this life of doubts and perplexities; but the average man and woman cannot obtain this philosophical basis; they feel themselves safe only under the teachings of authority. We therefore doubt whether the utterances of a scientific man, however reverential they may be, can be put in a form which will not be criticised by some of the religious organs of the day.

The acceptance of authority cramps the reasoning powers on the points at issue between religion and science. One critic objected to the lectures of Dr. Gray on the ground that they implied

that God needed rest after having made the world, and therefore had not set things right from time to time. The want of maturity of thought in such criticism as this is very evident. Yet from the reasons which we have already given, such want of acumen must be expected.

A late critic attacks Dr. Gray's metaphysics, and attempts to show that he is afraid to relinquish the doctrine of supernatural interference in favor of "the fundamental principle of modern science that every event has, and has ever had, its adequate physical consequent since the beginning." This indisposition to relinquish the doctrine of interference, taken with Dr. Gray's avowed belief in miracles, is thought by the critic to destroy the force of the argument which the lectures were written to set forth. A metaphysician can perhaps find points to attack in these lectures; but we question if intellectual culture in its broadest sense would gain more by detecting logical fallacies in these lectures — limited, necessarily, in scope by the exigencies of time and place — than by accepting the frank, spontaneous testimony of a great naturalist of a belief working within him, which he finds not to be inconsistent with what science reveals. We have personally no trust in the power of metaphysicians to set scientific men and theologians aright. It must be recognized that the religious stronghold is in faith and reliance upon a spiritual faculty which is more or less developed in every human creature. Every thinking man knows that there is within him this faculty for growth in spiritual things. On the other hand, rigid methods of proof form the basis of all secure advance in science: sentiment is put aside, and faith must be supported by experiments the truth of which every one can test. Dr. Gray is a receptive man, and believes in the possibility of both religious and scientific growth. To a metaphysician his utterances may not tally with any system of logic; but how can there be materials for the metaphysician to readjust from a logical point of view when science is in its infancy, and we do not know whether there may not be a break in the present order of things? We are ignorant of the mechanical equivalents of men's thoughts. Psychology to-day has no system of absolute measurements, and Dr. Gray can be pardoned, from the present state of our ignorance, in retaining a belief in miracles, or in certain forms of supernatural interference, at the same time that he gives the reasons of his belief in the theory of the conservation of energy and the development theories of the day, as far as he perceives them to be operative.

The strength of these lectures is, we repeat, in their exposition of the attitude of Darwin as an attitude of suspense of judgment; in their clear presentation of the continuity of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. While the metaphysician cannot reconcile the glow of religious faith evidenced in this book with the scientific logic set forth, the true worker in science, who realizes the marvelous power given to man to develop in all directions, spiritually as well as intellectually, will recognize a fullness and receptiveness in the lecturer which will have its force, and cannot be supplanted by the limited results of the limited reasonings of any school of philosophy.

ITALIAN POETRY.

Mr. Symonds's two volumes,[1] already well known as published in England, are a collection of essays mainly on Italian subjects, most of them first written for the Cornhill Magazine and the Fortnightly Review. In a certain sense, this is a book of travels, and yet between this and the old-fashioned book of travels there is a vast difference. The enlargement of the functions of our newspapers and the increased ease of communication have both done their part in working this change in what is written about foreign countries. If there is a great occasion, such as the Ober-Ammergau play, we hear of it not from the published journal of a chance traveler, but from the "special correspondent;" while the picturesque incidents of travel are reduced to a minimum by the railway and the telegraph. A comparison of what Mr. Symonds has to say of the ruins at Syracuse and Girgenti and of Palermo with Mr. Patrick Brydone's account of the same places in his Tour through Sicily and Malta, published just one hundred years ago, makes it plain that it was far easier then than now to write what was readable and new about foreign parts. The adventures which befell the travelers, their entertainment by various great people, — notably by the clergy at Girgenti, who all, from the bishop down, became disgracefully drunk on the occasion, — fill the greater part of Brydone's entertaining book, the interest of which culminates in a description of the festival of Saint Rosalia at Palermo, far beyond the powers of the "special correspondents" of to-day. In place of such an account of personal adventures, with scattered reflections upon the monuments, the people, their history and their literature, Mr. Symonds has written upon these various themes a number of careful essays, each of which may profitably be read out of connection with the rest.

Adopting the rough classification of the title, we will consider first the sketches, and then the studies. In the sketches is given a description of various places and works of art which the author has visited and studied. The places are, for the most part, off the beaten track of tourists, such as Bergamo, Cremona, and Orvieto. The studies are upon historical, literary, and æsthetic subjects, too numerous and various to summarize. In the sketch of a town Mr. Symonds first strives to call it up before the mind by an effective description, and then carries the reader with him to see its great monuments and pictures, telling also of the striking names and events which fill its past. Of Amalfi he gives a most vivid picture, as follows: "The houses are all dazzling white, plastered against the naked rock, rising on each other's shoulders to get a glimpse of earth and heaven, jutting out on coigns of vantage from the toppling cliff, and pierced with staircases as dark as night at noonday. Some frequented lanes lead through the basements of these houses; and as the donkeys pick their way from step to step bare-chested macaroni-makers crowd forth to see us strangers pass. A myriad of swallows or a swarm of mason-bees might build a town like this."

In his account of historical persons Mr. Symonds is equally vivid. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Como and the pirate-prince, whose brother became Pope Pius VI., and whose sister was the mother of Saint

[1] *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe.* By John Addington Symonds, Author of Studies of the Greek Poets, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

Carlo Borromeo, while he himself was variously known as Il Medeghino Gian Giacomo de' Medici and the Marquis of Marignano. It is in what he writes of the art of Italy that Mr. Symonds seems to be least effective; not because he finds fault with things recognized as the greatest, but because he has chosen things of minor importance for mention in these pages. This, no doubt, is due in part to the fact that he has very properly sought to write on unhackneyed topics; but, allowing for this, surely the pages devoted to Correggio's frescoes at Parma might have been fewer, and thus have left room for some account of the frescoes in the church of St. Francis at Assisi. And, more than this, the works of art on which our author's great power of description is lavished are very apt to be of the later time; he seems fond of dwelling upon the overwrought detail in Renaissance work, though he himself says that much of the Renaissance art is "worth more for its decorative detail than for its constructive design."

The many studies of literature which these volumes contain show that literature is the field where our author is most completely at home. Indeed, the three chapters on English Blank Verse, added by way of an appendix, will seem to many almost the best part of his book. Nowhere have the supreme merits of Shakespeare's versification been more clearly and appreciatively pointed out; and Milton's periods are here most triumphantly defended against Dr. Johnson's ponderous attacks. All that is required to justify these great poets is that their verses should be read with reference to the meaning and connection, in place of making emendations and changes to suit the over-refined ears of Pope's admirers. In the essays on Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance and on the Orfeo of Poliziano, the reader finds copious translations of Poliziano's poetry, with a commentary which by no means overpraises that scholarly trifler. Unfortunately, even Mr. Symonds's skill cannot adequately reproduce the slender charm of a writer like Poliziano. The worth of his poetry lies completely in the way in which he expresses things in themselves hardly worth saying, in the skill and taste displayed in fitting together turns of expression and thoughts, which are borrowed most frequently, perhaps, from Virgil and the later Latin poets, but very often, too, from Dante or from Guido Guinicelli and other early Italians. If Poliziano was satisfied with the manner in which he had expressed himself, he was capable of losing all sense of appropriateness, and would drag in his musical *tour de force* at any point; and this is the best proof that he hardly bestowed a thought upon what he was saying. Certain musical lines on the inconstancy of woman, to be found in his Stanze per la Giostra, reappear in the lament of Orpheus over the loss of Eurydice, whom he had but just won from the domain of Pluto. Their effect in this new context is simply ludicrous, and it is not surprising that Mr. Symonds, though he did not notice where these lines were taken from, should complain, in speaking of the whole of Orpheus's lament, that the poet "fails to dignify" his hero's grief.

If the Orfeo of Poliziano hardly deserved the pains which Mr. Symonds bestowed upon its translation, the same is by no means true of the popular ballads reproduced in the chapter on Popular Songs of Tuscany. What could be simpler and more winning than these lines?

> "Grind, miller, grind; the water 's deep!
> I cannot grind; love makes me weep.
> Grind, miller, grind; the waters flow!
> I cannot grind, love wastes me so."

One of the most entertaining of these studies is on Two Dramatists of the Last Century. It is a contrast between Alfieri and Goldoni, founded upon their autobiographies, which culminates as follows: —

"These two scenes would make agreeable companion pictures: Goldoni staggering beneath his wife across the muddy bed of an Italian stream, — the smiling writer of agreeable plays with his half-tearful helpmate, ludicrous in her disasters; Alfieri mad with rage among Parisian Mænads, his princess quaking in her carriage, the air hoarse with cries, and death and safety trembling in the balance." The essay on Antinous and the one on Lucretius are most excellent and solid contributions to our knowledge. The account of the worship of Antinous is particularly thoughtful, and the essentially Roman traits of Lucretius are most appreciatively set forth.

Speaking broadly of the style in which these essays are written, it should be said that Mr. Symonds's very exceptional command of English, which so constantly makes his work attractive, sometimes has the opposite effect; the language occasionally seems to outstrip the thought, as in the following passage written of the Baglioni at Perugia: —

"From the balconies and turrets of these palaces, swarming with their *bravi*, they surveyed the splendid land that felt their force, — a land which, even in midsummer, from sunrise to sunset, keeps the light of day upon its upturned face." Again, at the beginning of a most interesting and instructive chapter upon Rimini, Mr. Symonds speaks of the story of Francesca da Polenta as "known not merely to students of Dante, but to readers of Byron, . . . to all, in fact, *who have of art and letters any love.*" But whatever flaws may be found in them, these essays make every one who reads them look forward with pleasure to new work from Mr. Symonds, and rekindle in those who have seen it a yearning to revisit "the fair land where the *Sì* doth sound," while they open a new world to those who have not traveled there.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE Atlantic for April, 1860, contained an article (entitled Come si Chiama?) on the names of American towns. At that time there were some ten thousand places, cities, towns, and villages, on the census return for 1850. The United States Postal Guide now contains the names of thirty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty-five post-offices. There are only about half that number of names for use in distinguishing them. If mere nominal differences be overlooked, where the variation is in the mode of writing, as Flat Woods, Va., and Flatwoods, Pa., or the adding of *s* apostrophized, as Foster and Foster's, the names would be less than one half the places. The postmaster-general has therefore issued an official circular requesting the use of the county names. But for the two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven counties are provided only one thousand four hundred and fifty-five names. Some popular names are found in half the States of the Union.

Since the article of 1860, much has been done to correct the evil. There were then *one hundred and thirty-eight* towns named Washington. There are now but *twenty-six* post-offices so entitled. The same is true of other names, then popular, that they have been reduced in like proportion.

But the poverty of invention then complained of remains. Many of the names are not names at all. They are simply appellations. They might be

borne by a ship or a horse or a locomotive with more fitness than by a town.

For instance, all proper names of persons. The classic names which perpetuated the founder or the founder's favorite showed by the grammatical termination what was meant. Alexandria or Antiochia was the city of Alexander or Antiochus, Cæsarea the city of Cæsar. The name recorded a fact. It may be pretentious for Mr. Smith or Mr. Dodge to call his new factory village Smithville or Dodgeopolis, but it is legitimate. Smith or Dodge is the real *conditor urbis*, and has as good right to say so as had Nimrod or Belus.

But if patronymics are objectionable, given names are more so. The Postal Guide shows how deeply we have sinned in this particular. Under the letter A alone are more than thirty, beginning with Aaron and Abel, and ending with Aubrey and Aucilla.

Again, names belonging to countries or natural features are unfit. What is the sense of calling a town Europe, or America, or Andes, or Australia, or Italy, or Ireland? Yet this has been done repeatedly, as the Postal Guide shows.

There is no good reason for applying to petty places the names of famous cities and towns abroad. There is one exception, which is justifiable on the ground that it records a fact, namely, that the settlers of the new town came from the old. Thus, in my former paper I was puzzled over the title High Spire. A correspondent informed me that it was the corruption of Neu Speyers, — New Speyers, — from the famous Rhineland city.

Scriptural names were once highly significant; but repeated they lose all their meaning, and become as distasteful as when the good New Englanders bestowed on their children names taken at random from the Bible, regardless whether they were of prophets or of apostates, of martyrs or of malefactors.

The classic fever which led to the baptism of so many unhappy towns, notably in Western New York, has died out. But names taken from modern literature, as Ivanhoe, Waverley, Highland Mary, Don Juan, are not much better.

Also, there is a class of names which seem borrowed from the sheet music which lies on the pianos of rural inns, such as Hazel Dell, Sunny Dale, Glen Julia, and the like.

Then there are names chosen mainly for the sound. Thus I find in the Postal Guide Ambrosia, Alpharetta, Animosa, Alexandriana, Amicolola, Alpha, Beta, Delta, Kappa, Omega, Caverna, Colita, Robious, Noverta, Padora, Omro, Ora, Orel. There are quaint names with a meaning, such as Accident, Recklesstown, Troublesome, Difficult, Disputanta, Discord, Antiquity, Agenda, Alert, Alembic, Arcana, Arcanum, Harmonious, Jollytown, Jolly, Industry, Glad Tidings, Good Intent, Gravity, Mirabile, Mutual Love, Energy, Liberty, Effort, Equality, Eminence, Justice, Enterprise, Modest Town, Clear Grit, Sublimity, Temperance, Tolerance, Bird in Hand, Blowout, Bargaintown, Cashtown, Businessburg, Pay Down, Convenience, Congruity, Day Book, Buyerstown, Competition, Compensation, Confidence, Concert. Form is represented by Angle, Acme, Apex, Ogee, Oblong; architecture by Fan-Light and Cupola; Latin grammar by Amo, Amor, Esto, Novi, Ira, Cela, Caput, Strata, and Caro. Mythology appears as Lethe, Medusa, Saturn, Ceres, Juno, Clio, River Styx. Cleon and Denos suggest Aristophanes. There are unsavory names, too, as Graball and Bangall, Muck, Drain, Cuthand, Cut Shin, Catarrh, Dirt-Town, Dismal, Bogus, Saw-Dust, Frost, Hurricane, Cyclone, Fussville, Poverty Hill, Raub, Trickum.

There are names without meaning or euphony, as Ari, Alzey, Anso, Baloil, Bashi, Busti, Canni, Chilo, Chino, Cul-

drum, Drenthe, De Turksville, Elo, Elrod, Eucutta, Gardi, Cisne, Hahira, Hico, Harthegig, Hiko, Hika, Lapidum, Inkpa City, Jadden, Leopaa, Marak, Moe, Mattawoman, Gonic, Medybemps, Nurey, Nuzums, Pysht, Clitherall, Slagle, Speonk, Squak, Skagit, Zif, and Zig. There are compound titles, also odd, as Cob Moo Sa, Coinjock, Bonduel, O. K., O. Z., Jay Eu, Ni Wot, Ty Ty, Nola Chucky, Dragonsville, Colehour, Gap Civil, U Bet, Shoo Fly, Funny Louis, Happy Jack, Board Tree, Calf Killer, Birthright, Blowzit, Old Brother, Keep Tryst, Loyalsock, Lucky Queen, Sir John's Run, and Chismville. Some of these are, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "capable of a wide solution," if one knew where to look for it.

Laurel Bloomery would do fairly, if one could recognize the bad English of the termination, though Creamery is getting itself naturalized; but the names which belong to times of day, as Sunrise, Sunset, Daylight, etc., are hardly legitimate. There are many names of saints, some two or three hundred. These are historical. They mark first a settlement by French or Spanish pioneers, and next a possible clew to the date as found in the saint's day whose name the place bears. But where in the calendar is one to find St. Tammany? Tammany is regarded as the English or Dutch corruption of the Indian Sachem, Miantonomoh, who certainly was never canonized. Yet a county in Louisiana bears that name. Saint Gilman and Saint Wendell look suspiciously like a bit of Protestant beatification. Also, St. Jo and St. Joe are hardly reverent enough for formal appellations, though permissible in colloquial use. There are traces of other religious or philosophic proclivities which are characteristic; thus Laud and Calvin, and some sympathizer with the French Revolution has Ça Ira. But Philomath and Catharpin, this last a nautical term, require explanation. Selah, which puzzles readers of the Psalms, is more puzzling as the name of a town.

But one marked feature of this nomenclature is the repetition of popular names. Paradises, Edens, appear by the dozen. Names like Auburn and Melrose are everywhere. In 1850 there were *fourteen* Newports, now there are *twenty-two*. Apropos of the confusion this makes, I once came to the Hartford station with a fellow-traveler. On one side of the building was a train bound north, on the other one bound east. He was going to Newport, Lake Memphremagog; I to Newport, R. I. He, with American brevity, said, "Check for Newport." Why I suspected a mistake I forget now, but I did, and interposed just in time to save his trunk from going astray, and was duly grumbled at for my officiousness by everybody but the proprietor, and he was too busy in anathematizing the confusion of names to notice me. Like Dean Ramsay's hero, "he did na sweer at onything in parteecular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at lairge." Dean Stanley lost a day of his hurried trip by going to Concord, N. H., for Concord, Mass.

It is not always fair to transfer names from the old States to the new. Thus Charter Oak and Plymouth Rock are both found in Iowa, and this is a manifest wrong to history. The historian of 1979 may be much bewildered in his facts.

Now it is evident that the post-office department has tried to do something to correct this reduplication, and has partly succeeded. In 1850, presidential names abounded. Out of ten thousand names, over *five hundred*, more than *one twentieth* of the whole, were divided among *nine* presidents. This list has been greatly cut down. Still, vast confusion remains. The Burlingtons, Springfields, Salems, Cambridges, are manifold.

The English way of distinguishing in such cases is to append a title, as Har-

row-on-the-Hill, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and New York State has sensibly followed this by Hastings-on-the-Hudson, etc. Might not the department enact that the oldest town of a name should keep its title, and all the rest either change, or put on a distinguishing surname? The newest comer should be required, under penalty of lacking postal facilities, to drop the reduplicated name, and to adopt one unappropriated. Perhaps, in view of the post-offices which will be, ere this paper sees the light, probably forty thousand, this may not be easy.

It was once the case that human beings were called by some name which denoted their personal peculiarity. This passed away, either because names or because peculiarities were exhausted. The supply fell short of the demand. All parents and sponsors had not the inventive genius of the mother who presented her infant at the font as Cular Semira, informing the rector that "she made the name up out of her own head." One would think she had been at the christening of some of the above-named towns.

I think there is a principle which should rule the matter. The mark of locality should, if possible, be upon the names of a section. When one hears an English name for the first time, it is generally possible to guess the quarter of the island to which it belongs. Thus, nobody would put Trewartha in Yorkshire, or Thirsk in Cornwall. Where the Indian names have been kept, the same is true of this country. Eufala, Alabama, are quite unlike the many-consonanted jaw-breakers of Maine.

The local names of natural objects vary with each section. I notice the word Glaize in several Western names. I presume it is from the French *glaise*, potter's clay. It is a good local title, and implies French discoverers at once and what they found. Where they can be, Indian names should be retained. The worst of them can hardly be as bad and meaningless as Globe or Cosmos. Where they cannot be kept, they may be translated. Failing this source, why not fall back upon the archaic form of the English name already in use? Thus, Birmingham the second might be required to take the Saxon form of Bromwich-ham, still preserved, by the way, in the popular Brummagem. There is an instance of this in the Connecticut Killingworth, named by first settlers after their native Kenilworth, but pronounced according to local use.

There is a usage somewhere, when new townships are made out of parts of two old ones, of combining the names, and the effect is not always unhappy: thus Waterbury, in Connecticut, out of Watertown and Woodbury. Here is a historical fact preserved in a shape which can survive the loss of town records.

It is sometimes said that this continent has no history. In a certain sense this is true. It has had no infancy, no childhood. Its civilization came over ready-made in the Mayflower and Half-Moon, and still exists in the shape of antique furniture enough to load Noah's Ark to the water lines. But that is the more reason for preserving what history there is. Names of places are history's landmarks. And since a name once given is like a label pasted on a trunk, not easily gotten off again, it is simply an outrage to allow the caprice of an early pioneer to affix to a town a title which shall ever after be hateful in the ears of its citizens. Let the reader look back over the lists given (and these are but a few of the weeds pulled up from the parterre), and think of himself writing many of them after his name in a hotel register, or being greeted by Mr. Speaker as the honorable gentleman from, say, Squak.

I do not know where the ultimate power of reform resides. I only do know, on comparing the present Postal

Guide with the census report of 1850, that a great reform has been partly accomplished.

If it is in the power of the post-office department absolutely to correct the evil, — which can hardly be the case, — I suggest that it is still a flagrant one. If it is not, then I ask, What pressure can be brought to bear upon recalcitrant towns? How can Burlington, Vt., Burlington, N. Y., and Burlington, Iowa, for instance, decide their claims?

Some force there should be, and, as in certain cases mentioned above, rebaptism seems particularly needful. I have ventured to try what a dip in the Atlantic may do.

— But few things, in the opinion of Mr. Freeman, have had greater influence in furthering, in a liberal direction, the development of the English constitution than the apparently unimportant fact that the younger sons of peers are not distinguished, by a "particule" or otherwise, from the mass of commoners.

The Slavic languages, also, do not permit the particule, although French journalists continue to speak of Monsieur de Gortschakov, as they used to of Monsieur de Palmerston. But English nations are probably the only ones which set little value upon fine-sounding names, the reason, of course, being that, with them, they confer no practical advantage. How different this is in France, especially when a rich *roturier* desires to marry, we all know. Not many, however, are aware how few genuine noble names there are, nor how easy it is to establish a claim to a false one. In Mr. Hamerton's charming book on French life, there are some agreeable pages on this subject; though Mr. Hamerton describes only the manner in which titles are assumed, and ignores statistics. But in a conversation which the late Mr. Senior had with Mr. Adolphe de Cercourt in 1862, I get the numbers required. In 1789, he said, there were some 220,000 persons *censés* to be noble. At least nine tenths of these families perished in the Revolution, or died out, or sank into poverty so abject as to be now unknown. "In my province, Lorraine, there were then about two hundred and fifty families of recognized nobility. In 1815, only eleven were left. The creations by later sovereigns have not been numerous enough materially to affect the number. If there are now in France 22,000 nobles, it is the maximum. At three to a family, they form 7333 families."

But, however few the real nobles may be, the spurious ones are numerous enough; and, in most cases, nobody but some old woman who has made a Bible of her peerage can tell the difference. And even if it were easy to do so, it would not be for the interest of the noblesse to expose false claims, for it is only through the eagerness to please and to be received on the part of the spurious gentry that it maintains any hold upon the country. An apparently invented name is sometimes an accident in the case of the person who was first called by it, but it is likely to become a barefaced assumption with his descendants. In the Parliament of 1848, for instance, there were two men named Dupont, and one of them, who was called, from the district whence he came, "de l'Eure," became well known. But the son of Mr. Dupont (de l'Eure), if he had one, probably calls himself, briefly, Mr. So-and-So de l'Eure. Thus Mr. Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac, who died last January, printed his name as we have here; but his son Paul ignores the plebeian Granier, and is De Cassagnac simply. Sometimes, however, a noble patronymic can be acquired in a single generation; as in the case of Mr. Eugène Jacquot (de Mirecourt), a country town in Vosges. In Germany, the making of high-sounding names is even more common than in France; for the ways in which the assumption can be made are there more numerous. Of the

Cassagnac style, the name of the Paris correspondent of The Times is an amusing instance. This gentleman's name was Oppert, and he came from the village of Blowitz, in Prussia. He was, therefore, in his native land, Mr. Oppert *aus* Blowitz; but as the French knows no distinction between the meaning of the words *aus* and *von*, he was, in that language, Mr. Oppert de Blowitz, or, as he usually signs himself, O. de Blowitz; whence arose the suggestion of Le Voltaire, that, so long as he had entire liberty of choice, he might as well have called himself O. de Cologne. This, however, is not the common way in which German names are assumed. As the titles of the lower grades of the German nobility are shared by all the sons, some device is necessary to distinguish between them, and this is usually done by bracketing with the family name that of the personal estate. Bismarck, for instance, being the only *Fürst* of the name, can now afford to do without an appendage of this kind; but he began life as Mr. von Bismarck-Schönhausen, the "Schönhausen" distinguishing his branch of the family from their cousins, the Bismarck-Bohlens, and perhaps others. Now, while there are plenty of instances of German *bourgeois* substituting the aristocratic "von" for the merely descriptive "aus," the ordinary way of distinguishing one's self is to make out of the vulgar Schulze, for instance, the comparatively high-sounding Schulze-Delitsch; out of plain Braun and plainer Schmidt, the new and beautiful appellations of Braun-Wiesbaden and Schmidt-Weissenfels. Of the other kind of improved names, the best examples are perhaps those of the poets Müller von Königswinter and Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

It remains to mention a third way in which Germans become noble. While, in that country, some are born noble, and others, as we have seen, acquire nobility, a third class have nobility thrust upon them. Thus the husband of Mrs. Paalzow, whose life and work have recently been brought so agreeably to our notice, was a simple bourgeois, nor did letters patent ever bestow nobility upon his wife. But her characters breathed an atmosphere so aristocratic, and she herself was so patronized at court, that the public regarded it as a matter of course that she had the *von*, and, though she never herself used it, it accompanies her name in the literature histories to this day.

— A comparison of the various "authorities" on the life of Poe furnishes as great a curiosity as there is in American literature. I have not tried to go through the whole list, but from a few works I have gathered these interesting facts.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, on the 19th of January and the 19th of February, 1809. It would seem that this might have satisfied him as a beginning, especially if Bostonians are right in thinking — as a famous divine once said they do — that a man who is born in Boston does not share with the rest of mankind the need of being born again. But for some unknown reason Poe changed his birthplace in 1811, and this time began life in Baltimore. On the face of it this seems a grave error of judgment; but it was not; it was merely the working out of an inherited tendency: for his parents died quite as often as he himself was born. His mother died of pneumonia, in Richmond, December 8, 1811; "Mr. Poe died of consumption, two weeks after the death of his wife;" he was also burned to death at the destruction of the Richmond Theatre on the 26th of December, 1811. (According to one authority, he perished in a vain attempt to save his wife, who was in the burning building.) Finally both parents died of consumption, in 1815.

Young Poe was then adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond, in 1811, and

by Mr. John Allan of Baltimore in 1815. After some rather mythical experiences at English schools, he returned home, and in 1822 entered the University of Virginia, from which he graduated in 1826, after having been a member of the University only one session; he was also expelled for "gambling, intemperance, and other vices," leaving a spotless record behind him ("at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty"). After all this, one is not surprised to learn that without leaving America he went to Athens to aid in freeing the Greeks, but was mysteriously sent home from St. Petersburg before he reached Athens. And so the stories go, through a great part of the life of this man who is variously described as being almost as satanic as Beelzebub, almost as angelic as Gabriel, and quite as nobly human as the purest and tenderest husband and son.

It is certainly a pity that our standard works of reference, and the books which we put into the hands of our school-children, should be so contradictory. It is easy to see how Allibone, Thomas, Underwood, and the others who wrote ten years ago, or more, were led into their inaccuracies. They naturally trusted much to Griswold's imaginative book, which he called a memoir of Poe, and hence they repeated many of his statements, drawing from them such inferences as they severally chose. But since Mr. Gill's fruitful labors have found expression in his Life of Poe, and since the publication of several memoirs in which there is at least a close approximation to the truth, it has been possible for critics and anthologists to avoid the mistakes of their predecessors. Yet Adams, in his Dictionary of English Literature (1877), though he refers to Ingram's excellent memoir, gives the old, wrong date of birth; and Mr. Eugene Lawrence, in his Primer of American Literature (1880), says doubtfully, "Poe was born at Baltimore, 1811 (1809)," — while Mr. Richardson, in his book bearing the same title, published two years ago, gives only the wrong date. The latest anthology that I have seen, too, credits Poe with being born at Baltimore in 1811, and graduating from the University of Virginia.

— "Father has an ear for grammar," said a lady who wished to signify that her father used correct language, although he had little knowledge of rules. It struck me as an odd expression when I heard it, but I have since had reason to regard it as a very appropriate one. I was again reminded of the saying by the article on Unlearnable Things in the June Contributors' Club, which I read with a great deal of interest. (It is strange what an interest people *do* take in such matters, — even people who have only "an ear for grammar.") The writer of the article in question gives it as his opinion that "one man can't punctuate another man's manuscript." Should one man ever try to amend in *any* way another man's, or woman's, manuscript? I had occasion to use the expression "to look charming," in a recent article which I sent to a magazine. Imagine my annoyance, when I saw it in print, at finding that the editor had substituted "charmingly" for "charming," — as if I did n't know where adverbs should be used, and where adjectives!

You see the adverb is not included in the "freightage of unlearnable things" which I carry, — in fact, it is my strong point, as it is A Boston Girl's, — but the thing that troubles me most is the use of the subjunctive mood. I have studied Bullions' Grammar on the subject, which, though an old work, seems still to be very good authority, judging from the conformity to its rules which I have noticed in the best writers; and I thought when I read, "The present subjunctive, in its proper form, according to present approved usage, has always a *future* reference; that is, it denotes a present uncertainty or contingency respecting a

supposed *future* action or event: thus, 'If he *write*' is equivalent to 'If he should write,' or 'If he shall write,'" that I had found a safe rule to follow, and resolved that I would use the subjunctive only in reference to a future action or event. This rule, however, I find is constantly violated by good writers and I conclude that the distinction therein laid down has become obsolete, and that I must draw the line somewhere else. Therefore it is a great comfort to me to see it stated that "some grammarians reject the subjunctive altogether," — if they only *all* would, it would be such a happy way out of my difficulty! — although, as it confronts me everywhere in my reading, I can not avail myself with a quite clear conscience of the license allowed by that rather vaguely defined class.

— Our friend Saavedra is in Curaçao again, on his way to Caracas, and he has been telling us of the *fiestas* in his town of Bocono. Saavedra, whose father was at one time president of the state of Trujillo, was sent abroad to study, with a number of young men, by the Venezuelan government. On returning to his country he resolved to devote himself to the education and elevation of his countrymen, preferring to begin his work in Bocono, — far in the interior, — and rejecting all proffered advantages, so tempting to young Venezuelans, held out by friends in the larger cities, who earnestly desired him to make a name for himself, and "not bury himself in the interior." He lives in the Cordilleras, in the most beautiful valley, full of trees, with three rivers, all large enough for boats, where the climate is a little cooler than in Caracas. When Saavedra returned from Europe he founded a Society for Recreation and Progress, hired two large rooms, and began to form a library. Each member gave a book or two, so that now they have two hundred and fifty volumes and a number of periodicals. The library is open all night, and the workingmen go there to read. Next, Saavedra proposed to buy a printing-press. Immense enthusiasm. Everybody contributed: "eighty señoras and señoritas," he says proudly. The money was sent to the United States, and they soon heard that the famous press was in Curaçao. Then it was proposed to make a great fiesta in honor of its arrival. The members of the society decided to name all the streets of Bocono, and to plant trees in the central square. The authorities had nothing to do in all this but give the permission, and added twelve dollars to buy paint. The members themselves painted the names. Bocono has six thousand inhabitants, and there are sixteen streets, eight one way and eight the other. Thus they form squares, which are named Calle de Bolivar, Calle de la Independencia, etc. The people also planted one hundred and eighty trees in a square where there is a tree called Liberty set there on the day which gave liberty to the slaves. When they heard that the press was on the road and almost there, eighty people on horseback went to receive it. There were thirty ladies, each with a small flag and a wreath of flowers. When they reached the cart with the press, they covered it and the packages with the flags and flowers, and conducted it in triumph to Bocono. They dedicated the square with music and speeches, and in the evening met in the library. Imagine it, — they had never seen a printing-press! The printer came from the capital, Trujillo. Saavedra says there was a breathless silence when the press was put in motion, and as the sheet was drawn out with the declaration of the independence of Venezuela printed on it every one, ladies, gentlemen, and the populace in the doors and windows, burst into cheers. Bocono is full of Indian caves, in which they find skeletons, arms, and big-headed idols. Saavedra is founding a museum, and intends to have a grand exploration of all the caves.

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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XXIII.

When the down express arrived at Stillwater, that night, two passengers stepped from the rear car to the platform: one was Richard Shackford, and the other a commercial traveler, whose acquaintance Richard had made the previous evening on the Fall River boat.

There were no hacks in waiting at the station, and Richard found his politeness put to a severe test when he saw himself obliged to pilot his companion part of the way to the hotel, which lay—it seemed almost maliciously—in a section of the town remote from the Slocums'. Curbing his impatience, Richard led the stranger through several crooked, unlighted streets, and finally left him at the corner of the main thoroughfare, within pistol-shot of the red glass lantern which hung over the door of the tavern. This cost Richard ten good minutes. As he hurriedly turned into a cross-street on the left, he fancied that he heard his name called several times from somewhere in the darkness. A man came running towards him. It was Mr. Peters.

"Can I say a word to you, Mr. Shackford?"

"If it is n't a long one. I am rather pressed."

"It is about Torrini, sir."

"What of him?"

"He 's mighty bad, sir."

"Oh, I can't stop to hear that," and Richard quickened his pace.

"The doctor took off his hand last Wednesday," said Peters, keeping alongside, "and he 's been getting worse and worse."

Richard halted. "Took off his hand?"

"Did n't you know he was caught in the rolling-machine at Dana's? Well, it was after you went away."

"This is the first I 've heard of it."

"It was hard lines for him, sir, with the woman and the two children, and nothing to eat in the house. The boys in the yard have done what they could, but with the things from the drug-store, and so on, we could n't hold up our end. Mr. Dana paid the doctor's bill but if it had n't been for Miss Slocum I don't know what would have happened. I thought may be if I spoke to you, and told you how it was"—

"Did Torrini send you?"

"Lord, no! He 's too proud to send to anybody. He 's been so proud since they took off his hand that there has been no doing anything with him. If they was to take off his leg, he would turn into one mass of pride. No, Mr. Shackford, I came of myself."

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"Where does Torrini live, now?"

"In Mitchell's Alley."

"I will go along with you," said Richard, with a dogged air. It seemed as if the fates were determined to keep him from seeing Margaret that night. Peters reached out a hand to take Richard's leather bag. "No, thanks, I can carry it very well." In a small morocco case in one of the pockets was a heavy plain gold ring for Margaret, and not for anything in the world would Richard have allowed any one else to carry the bag.

After a brisk five minutes' walk the two emerged upon a broad street crossing their path at right angles. All the shops were closed except Stubbs the provision dealer's and Dundon's drugstore. In the window of the apothecary a great purple jar, with a spray of gas jets behind it, was flaring on the darkness like a Bengal light. Richard stopped at the provision store and made some purchases; a little further on he halted at a fruit stand, kept by an old crone, who had supplemented the feeble flicker of the corner street-lamp with a pitch-pine torch, which cast a yellow bloom over her apples and turned them all into oranges. She had real oranges, however, and Richard selected half a dozen, with a confused idea of providing the little Italians with some national fruit, though both children had been born in Stillwater.

Then the pair resumed their way, Peters acting as pioneer. They soon passed beyond the region of sidewalks and curbstones, and began picking their steps through a narrow, humid lane, where the water lay in slimy pools, and the tenement houses on each side blotted out the faint starlight. The night was sultry, and door and casement stood wide, making pits of darkness. Few lights were visible, but a continuous hum of voices issued from the human hives, and now and then a transient red glow at an upper window showed that some one was smoking a pipe. This was Mitchell's Alley.

The shadows closed behind the two men as they moved forward, and neither was aware of the figure which had been discreetly following for the last ten minutes. If Richard had suddenly wheeled and gone back a dozen paces, he would have come face to face with the commercial traveler.

Mr. Peters paused in front of one of the tenement houses, and motioned with his thumb over his shoulder for Richard to follow him through a yawning doorway. The hall was as dark as a cave, and full of stale, moldy odors. Peters shuffled cautiously along the bare boards until he kicked his toe against the first step of the staircase.

"Keep close to the wall, Mr. Shackford, and feel your way up. They 've used the banisters for kindling, and the landlord says he shan't put in any more. I went over here, the other night," added Mr. Peters reminiscentially.

After fumbling several seconds for the latch, Mr. Peters pushed open a door, and ushered Richard into a large, gloomy rear room. A kerosene lamp was burning dimly on the mantel-shelf, over which hung a coarsely-colored lithograph of the Virgin in a pine frame. Under the picture stood a small black crucifix. There was little furniture, — a cooking-stove, two or three stools, a broken table, and a chest of drawers. On an iron bedstead in the corner lay Torrini, muffled to the chin in a blanket, despite the hot midsummer night. His right arm, as if it were wholly disconnected with his body, rested in a splint on the outside of the covering. As the visitors entered, a tall, dusky woman with blurred eyes rose from a low bench at the foot of the bed.

"Is he awake?" asked Peters.

The woman, who comprehended the glance which accompanied the words, though not the words themselves, nodded yes.

"Here is Mr. Shackford come to see you, Torrini," Peters said.

The man slowly unclosed his eyes; they were unnaturally brilliant and dilated, and seemed to absorb the rest of his features.

"I did n't want him."

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Torrini," said Richard, approaching the bedside. "I am sorry about this."

"You are very good; I don't understand. I ask nothing of Slocum; but the signorina comes every day, and I cannot help it. What would you have? I'm a dead man," and he turned away his face.

"It is not so bad as that," said Richard.

Torrini looked up with a ghastly smile. "They have cut off the hand that struck you, Mr. Shackford."

"I suppose it was necessary. I am very sorry. In a little while you will be on your feet again."

"It is too late. They might have saved me by taking the arm, but I would not allow them. I may last three or four days. The doctor says it."

Peters, standing in the shadow, jerked his head affirmatively.

"I do not care for myself," the man continued, — "but she and the little ones — That is what maddens me. They will starve."

"They will not be let starve in Stillwater," said Richard.

Torrini turned his eyes upon him wistfully and doubtfully. "You will help them?"

"Yes, I and others."

"If they could be got to Italy," said Torrini, after meditating, "it would be well. Her father," giving a side look at the woman, "is a fisherman of Capri." At the word Capri the woman lifted her head quickly. "He is not rich, but he's not poor; he would take her."

"You would wish her sent to Naples?"

"Yes."

"If you do not pull through, she and the children shall go there."

"Brigida!" called Torrini; then he said something rapidly in Italian to the woman, who buried her face in both hands, and did not reply.

"She has no words to thank you. See, she is tired to death, with the children all day and me all night, — these many nights."

"Tell her to go to bed in the other room," said Richard. "There's another room, is n't there? I'll sit with you."

"You?"

"Your wife is fagged out, — that is plain. Send her to bed, and don't talk any more. Peters, I wish you'd run and get a piece of ice somewhere; there's no drinking-water here. Come, now, Torrini, I can't speak Italian. Oh, I don't mind your scowling; I intend to stay."

Torrini slowly unknitted his brows, and an irresolute expression stole across his face; then he called Brigida, and bade her go in with the children. She bowed her head submissively, and fixing her melting eyes on Richard for an instant passed into the adjoining chamber.

Peters shortly reappeared with the ice, and after setting a jug of water on the table departed. Richard turned up the wick of the kerosene lamp, which was sending forth a disagreeable odor, and pinned an old newspaper around the chimney to screen the flame. He had, by an odd chance, made his lampshade out of a copy of The Stillwater Gazette, containing the announcement of his cousin's death. Richard gave a quick start as his eye caught the illuminated head-lines, — Mysterious Murder of Lemuel Shackford! Perhaps a slight exclamation escaped Richard's lips at the same time, for Torrini turned and asked what was the matter. "Nothing at all," said Richard, removing the paper, and placing another in its stead.

Then he threw open the blinds of the window looking on the back yard, and set his hand-bag against the door to prevent it being blown to by the draught. Torrini, without altering the rigid position of his head on the pillow, followed every movement with a look of curious insistence, like that of the eyes in a portrait. His preparations completed for the night, Richard seated himself on a stool at the foot of the bed.

The obscurity and stillness of the room had their effect upon the sick man, who presently dropped into a light sleep. Richard sat thinking of Margaret, and began to be troubled because he had neglected to send her word of his detention, which he might have done by Peters. It was now too late. The town clock struck ten in the midst of his self-reproaches. At the first clang of the bell, Torrini awoke with a start, and asked for water.

"If anybody comes," he said, glancing in a bewildered, anxious way at the shadows huddled about the door, "you are not to leave me alone with him."

"Him? Whom? Are you expecting any one?"

"No; but who knows? one might come. Then, you are not to go; you are not to leave me a second."

"I've no thought of it," replied Richard; "you may rest easy. . . . He's a trifle light in the head," was Richard's reflection.

After that Torrini dozed rather than slumbered, rousing at brief intervals; and whenever he awoke the feverish activity of his brain incited him to talk, — now of Italy, and now of matters connected with his experiences in this country.

"Naples is a pleasant place!" he broke out in the hush of the midnight, just as Richard was dropping off. "The band plays every afternoon on the Chiaia. And then the *festas*, — every third day a festa. The devil was in my body when I left there and dragged little Brigida into all this misery. We used to walk of an evening along the Marinella, — that's a strip of beach just beyond the Molo Piccolo. You were never in Naples?"

"Not I," said Richard. "Here, wet your lips, and try to go to sleep again."

"No, I can't sleep for thinking. When the signorina came to see me, the other day, her heart was pierced with pity. Like the blessed Madonna's, her bosom bleeds for all! You will let her come to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes! If you will only keep quiet, Margaret shall come."

"Margherita, we say. You are to wed her, — is it not so?"

Richard turned down the wick of the lamp, which was blazing and spluttering, and did not answer. Then Torrini lay silent a long while, apparently listening to the hum of the telegraph wires attached to one end of the roof. At odd intervals the freshening breeze swept these wires, and awoke a low æolian murmur. The moon rose in the mean time, and painted on the uncarpeted floor the shape of the cherry bough that stretched across the window. It was two o'clock; Richard sat with his head bent forward, in a drowse.

"Now the cousin is dead, you are as rich as a prince, — are you not?" inquired Torrini, who had lain for the last half hour with his eyes wide open in the moonlight.

Richard straightened himself with a jerk.

"Torrini, I positively forbid you to talk any more!"

"I remember you said that one day, somewhere. Where was it? Ah, in the yard! 'You can't be allowed to speak here, you know.' And then I struck at you, — with that hand they've taken away! See how I remember it!"

"Why do you bother your mind with such things? Think of just nothing at all, and rest. Perhaps a wet cloth on your forehead will refresh you. I wish

you had a little of my genius for not keeping awake."

"You are tired, you?"

"I have had two broken nights, traveling."

"And I give you no peace?"

"Well, no," returned Richard bluntly, hoping the admission would induce Torrini to tranquillize himself, "you don't give me much."

"Has any one been here?" demanded Torrini abruptly.

"Not a soul. Good Heaven, man, do you know what time it is?"

"I know, — I know. It 's very late. I ought to keep quiet; but, the devil! with this fever in my brain! . . . Mr. Shackford!" and Torrini, in spite of his imprisoned limb, suddenly half raised himself from the mattress. "I — I" —

Richard sprung to his feet. "What is it, — what do you want?"

"Nothing," said Torrini falling back on the pillow.

Richard brought him a glass of water, which he refused. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut, as if composing himself, and Richard returned on tiptoe to his bench. A moment or two afterwards Torrini stirred the blanket with his foot.

"Mr. Shackford!"

"Well?"

"I am as grateful — as a dog."

Torrini did not speak again. This expression of his gratitude appeared to ease him. His respiration grew lighter and more regular, and by and by he fell into a profound sleep. Richard watched a while expectantly, with his head resting against the rail of the bedstead; then his eyelids drooped, and he too slumbered. But once or twice, before he quite lost himself, he was conscious of Brigida's thin face thrust like a silver wedge through the half-open door of the hall bedroom. It was the last thing he remembered, — that sharp, pale face peering out from the blackness of the inner chamber just as his grasp loosened on the world and he drifted off on the tide of a dream. A narrow white hand, like a child's, seemed to be laid against his breast. It was not Margaret's hand, and yet it was hers. No, it was the plaster model he had made that idle summer afternoon, years and years before he had ever thought of loving her. Strange for it to be there! Then Richard began wondering how the gold ring would look on the slender forefinger. He unfastened the leather bag and took out the ring. He was vainly trying to pass it over the first joint of the dead white finger, when the cast slipped from his hold and fell with a crash to the floor. Richard gave a shudder, and opened his eyes. Brigida was noiselessly approaching Torrini's bedside. Torrini still slept. It was broad day. Through the uncurtained window Richard saw the blue sky barred with crimson.

XXIV.

"Richard did come home last night, after all," said Mr. Slocum, with a flustered air, seating himself at the breakfast table.

Margaret looked up quickly.

"I just met Peters on the street, and he told me," added Mr. Slocum.

"Richard returned last night, and did not come to us!"

"It seems that he watched with Torrini, — the man is going to die."

"Oh," said Margaret, cooling instantly. "That was like Richard; he never thinks of himself first. I would not have had him do differently. Last evening you were filled with I don't know what horrible suspicions, yet see how simply everything explains itself."

"If I could speak candidly, Margaret, if I could express myself without putting you into a passion, I would tell you that Richard's passing the night with that man has given me two or three ugly ideas."

"Positively, papa, you are worse than Mr. Taggett."

"I shall not say another word," replied Mr. Slocum. Then he unfolded the newspaper lying beside him, and constructed a barrier against further colloquy.

An hour afterwards, when Richard threw open the door of his private workshop, Margaret was standing in the middle of the room waiting for him. She turned with a little cry of pleasure, and allowed Richard to take her in his arms, and kept to the spirit and the letter of the promise she had made to herself. If there was an unwonted gravity in Margaret's manner, young Shackford was not keen enough to perceive it. All that morning, wherever he went, he carried with him a sense of Margaret's face resting for a moment against his shoulder, and the happiness of it rendered him wholly oblivious to the constrained and chilly demeanor of her father when they met. The interview was purposely cut short by Mr. Slocum, who avoided Richard the rest of the day with a persistency that must have ended in forcing itself upon his notice, had he not been so engrossed by the work which had accumulated during his absence.

Mr. Slocum had let the correspondence go to the winds, and a formidable collection of unanswered letters lay on Shackford's desk. The forenoon was consumed in reducing the pile and settling the questions that had risen in the shops, for Mr. Slocum had neglected everything. Richard was speedily advised of Blake's dismissal from the yard, but, not knowing what explanation had been offered, was unable to satisfy Stevens's curiosity on the subject. "I must see Slocum about that at once," reflected Richard; but the opportunity did not occur, and he was too much pressed to make a special business of it.

Mr. Slocum, meanwhile, was in a wretched state of suspense and apprehension. Justice Beemis's clerk had served some sort of legal paper — presumably a subpœna — on Richard, who had coolly read it in the yard under the gaze of all, and given no sign of discomposure beyond a momentary lifting of the eyebrows. Then he had carelessly thrust the paper into one of his pockets and continued his directions to the men. Clearly he had as yet no suspicion of the mine that was ready to be sprung under his feet.

Shortly after this little incident, which Mr. Slocum had witnessed from the window of the counting-room, Richard spoke a word or two to Stevens, and quitted the yard. Mr. Slocum dropped into the carving department.

"Where is Mr. Shackford, Stevens?"

"He has gone to Mitchell's Alley, sir. Said he 'd be away an hour. Am I to say he was wanted?"

"No," replied Mr. Slocum, hastily; "any time will do. You need n't mention that I inquired for him," and Mr. Slocum returned to the counting-room.

Before the hour expired he again distinguished Richard's voice in the workshops, and the cheery tone of it was a positive affront to Mr. Slocum. Looking back to the week prior to the tragedy in Welch's Court, he recollected Richard's unaccountable dejection; he had had the air of a person meditating some momentous step, — the pallor, the set face, and the introspective eye. Then came the murder, and Richard's complete prostration. Mr. Slocum in his own excitement had noted it superficially at the time, but now he recalled the young man's inordinate sorrow, and it seemed rather like remorse. Was his present immobile serenity the natural expression of an untroubled conscience, or the manner of a man whose heart had suddenly ossified, and was no longer capable of throbbing with its guilt? Richard Shackford was rapidly becoming an awful problem to Mr. Slocum.

Since the death of his cousin, Richard had not been so much like his former

self. He appeared to have taken up his cheerfulness at the point where he had dropped it three weeks before. If there were any weight resting on his mind, he bore it lightly, with a kind of careless defiance.

In his visit that forenoon to Mitchell's Alley he had arranged for Mrs. Morganson, his cousin's old housekeeper, to watch with Torrini the ensuing night. This left Richard at liberty to spend the evening with Margaret, and finish his correspondence. Directly after tea he repaired to the studio, and, lighting the German student-lamp, fell to work on the letters. Margaret, came in shortly with a magazine, and seated herself near the round table at which he was writing. She had dreaded this evening; it could scarcely pass without some mention of Mr. Taggett, and she had resolved not to speak of him. If Richard questioned her it would be very distressing. How could she tell Richard that Mr. Taggett accused him of the murder of his cousin, and that her own father half believed the accusation? No, she could never acknowledge that.

For nearly an hour the silence of the room was interrupted only by the scratching of Richard's pen and the rustling of the magazine as Margaret turned the leaf. Now and then he looked up and caught her eye, and smiled, and went on with his task. It was a veritable return of the old times. Margaret became absorbed in the story she was reading, and forgot her uneasiness. Her left hand rested on the pile of answered letters, to which Richard added one at intervals, she mechanically lifting her palm and replacing it on the fresh manuscript. Presently Richard observed this movement, and smiled in secret at the slim white hand unconsciously making a paper-weight of itself. He regarded it covertly for a moment, and then his disastrous dream occurred to him. There should be no mistake this time. He drew the small morocco case from his pocket, and leaning across the table slipped the ring on Margaret's finger.

Margaret gave a bewildered start, and then seeing what Richard had done held out her hand to him with a gracious, impetuous little gesture.

"I meant to give it you this morning," he said, pressing his lip to the ring, "but the daylight did not seem fine enough for it."

"I thought you had forgotten," said Margaret, slowly turning the band on her finger.

"The first thing I did in New York was to go to a jeweler's for this ring, and since then I have guarded it day and night as dragonishly as if it had been the Koh-i-noor diamond, or some inestimable gem which hundreds of envious persons were lying in wait to wrest from me. Walking the streets with this trinket in my possession, I have actually had a sense of personal insecurity. I seemed to invite general assault. That was being very sentimental, was it not?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"That small piece of gold meant so much to me."

"And to me," said Margaret. "Have you finished your letters?"

"Not yet. I shall be through in ten minutes, and then we 'll have the evening to ourselves."

Richard hurriedly resumed his writing, and Margaret turned to her novel again; but the interest had faded out of it; the figures had grown threadbare and indistinct, like the figures in a piece of old tapestry, and after a moment or two the magazine glided with an unnoticed flutter into the girl's lap. She sat absently twirling the gold loop on her finger.

Richard added the address to the final envelope, dried it with the blotter, and abruptly shut down the lid of the inkstand with an air of as great satisfaction as if he had been the fisherman in

the Arabian story corking up the wicked afrite. With his finger still pressing the leaden cover, as though he were afraid the imp of toil would get out again, he was suddenly impressed by the fact that he had seen very little of Mr. Slocum that day.

"I have hardly spoken to him," he reflected. "Where is your father, to-night?"

"He has a headache," said Margaret. "He went to his room immediately after supper."

"It is nothing serious, of course."

"I fancy not; papa is easily excited, and he has had a great deal to trouble him lately, — the strike, and all that."

"I wonder if Taggett has been bothering him."

"I dare say Mr. Taggett has bothered him."

"You knew of his being in the yard?"

"Not while he was here. Papa told me yesterday. I think Mr. Taggett was scarcely the person to render much assistance."

"Then he has found out nothing whatever?"

"Nothing important."

"But anything? Trifles are of importance in a matter like this. Your father never wrote me a word about Taggett."

"Mr. Taggett has made a failure of it, Richard."

"If nothing new has transpired, then I do not understand the summons I received to-day."

"A summons!"

"I 've the paper somewhere. No, it is in the pocket of my other coat. I take it there is to be a consultation of some kind at Justice Beemis's office to-morrow."

"I am very glad," said Margaret, with her face brightening. To-morrow would lift the cloud which had spread itself over them all, and was pressing down so heavily on one unconscious head. To-morrow Richard's innocence should shine forth and confound Mr. Taggett. A vague bitterness rose in Margaret's heart as she thought of her father. "Let us talk of something else," she said, brusquely breaking her pause; "let us talk of something pleasant."

"Of ourselves, then," suggested Richard, banishing the shadow which had gathered in his eyes at his first mention of Mr. Taggett's name.

"Of ourselves," repeated Margaret gayly.

"Then you must give me your hand," stipulated Richard, drawing his chair closer to hers.

"There!" said Margaret.

While this was passing, Mr. Slocum, in the solitude of his chamber, was vainly attempting to solve the question whether he had not disregarded all the dictates of duty and common sense in allowing Margaret to spend the evening alone with Richard Shackford. Mr. Slocum saw one thing with painful distinctness, — that he could not help himself.

XXV.

The next morning Mr. Slocum did not make his appearance in the marble yard. His half-simulated indisposition of the previous night had turned into a genuine headache, of which he perhaps willingly availed himself to remain in his room, for he had no desire to see Richard Shackford that day.

It was an hour before noon. Up to that moment Richard had been engaged in reading and replying to the letters received by the morning's mail, a duty which usually fell to Mr. Slocum. As Richard stepped from the office into the yard a small boy thrust a note into his hand, and then stood off a short distance, tranquilly boring with one toe in the loose gravel, and apparently waiting for an answer. Shackford hastily ran his eye over the paper, and turning

towards the boy said, a little impatiently, —

"Tell him I will come at once."

There was another person in Stillwater that forenoon whose agitation was scarcely less than Mr. Slocum's, though it greatly differed from it in quality. Mr. Slocum was alive to his finger-tips with dismay; Lawyer Perkins was boiling over with indignation. It was a complex indignation, in which astonishment and incredulity were nicely blended with a cordial detestation of Mr. Taggett and vague promptings to inflict some physical injury on Justice Beemis. That he, Melanchthon Perkins, the confidential legal adviser and personal friend of the late Lemuel Shackford, should have been kept for two weeks in profound ignorance of proceedings so nearly touching his lamented client! The explosion of the old lawyer's wrath was so unexpected that Justice Beemis, who had dropped in to make the disclosures and talk the matter over informally, clutched at his broad-brimmed Panama hat and precipitately retreated from the office.

Mr. Perkins walked up and down the worn green drugget of his private room for half an hour afterwards, collecting himself, and then dispatched a hurried note to Richard Shackford, requesting an instant interview with him at his, Lawyer Perkins's, chambers.

When, some ten minutes subsequently, Richard entered the low-studded square room, darkened with faded moreen curtains and filled with a stale odor of law-calf, Mr. Perkins was seated at his desk and engaged in transferring certain imposing red-sealed documents to a green baize satchel which he held between his knees. He had regained his equanimity; his features wore their usual expression of judicial severity; nothing denoted his recent discomposure, except perhaps an additional wantonness in the stringy black hair falling over the high forehead, — that pallid high forehead which always wore the look of being covered with cold perspiration.

"Mr. Shackford," said Lawyer Perkins, suspending his operations a second, as he saluted the young man, "I suppose I have done an irregular thing in sending for you, but I did not see any other course open to me. I have been your cousin's attorney for over twenty-five years, and I 've a great regard for you personally. That must justify the step I am taking."

"The regard is mutual, I am sure," returned Richard, rather surprised by this friendly overture, for his acquaintance with the lawyer had been of the slightest, though it had extended over many years. "My cousin had very few old friends, and I earnestly desire to have them mine. If I were in any trouble, there is no one to whom I would come so unhesitatingly as to you."

"But you are in trouble."

"Yes, my cousin's death was very distressing."

"I do not mean that." Mr. Perkins paused a full moment. "The district attorney has suddenly taken a deep interest in the case, and there is to be a rigorous overhauling of the facts. I am afraid it is going to be very unpleasant for you, Mr. Shackford."

"How could it be otherwise?" asked Richard, tranquilly.

Lawyer Perkins fixed his black eyes on him. "Then you fully understand the situation, and can explain everything?"

"I wish I could. Unfortunately, I can explain nothing. I don't clearly see why I have been summoned to attend as a witness at the investigation to be held to-day in Justice Beemis's office."

"You are unacquainted with any special reason why your testimony is wanted?"

"I cannot conceive why it should be required. I gave my evidence at the time of the inquest, and have nothing to add to it. Strictly speaking, I have had

of late years no relations with my cousin. During the last eighteen months we have spoken together but once."

"Have you had any conversation on this subject with Mr. Slocum since your return from New York?"

"No, I have had no opportunity. I was busy all day yesterday; he was ill in the evening, and is still confined to his room."

Mr. Perkins was manifestly embarrassed.

"That is unfortunate," he said. "I wish you had talked with Mr. Slocum. Of course you were taken into the secret of Taggett's presence in the marble yard?"

"Oh, yes; that was all arranged before I left home."

"You don't know the results of that manœuvre?"

"There were no results."

"On the contrary, Taggett claims to have made very important discoveries."

"Indeed! Why was I not told!"

"I can't quite comprehend Mr. Slocum's silence."

"What has Taggett discovered?"

"Several things, upon which he builds the gravest suspicions."

"Against whom?"

"Against you."

"Against me!" cried Richard, recoiling. The action was one altogether of natural amazement, and convinced Mr. Perkins, who had keenly watched the effect of his announcement, that young Shackford was being very hardly used.

Justice Beemis had given Mr. Perkins only a brief outline of the facts, and had barely touched on details when the old lawyer's anger had put an end to the conversation. His disgust at having been left out in the cold, though he was in no professional way concerned in the task of discovering the murderer of Lemuel Shackford, had caused Lawyer Perkins instantly to repudiate Mr. Taggett's action. "Taggett is a low, intriguing fellow," he had said to Justice Beemis; "Taggett is a fraud." Young Shackford's ingenuous manner now confirmed Mr. Perkins in that belief.

Richard recovered himself in a second or two. "Why did not Mr. Slocum mention these suspicions to me?" he demanded.

"Perhaps he found it difficult to do so."

"Why should he find it difficult?"

"Suppose he believed them."

"But he could not believe them, whatever they are."

"Well, then, suppose he was not at liberty to speak."

"It seems that you are, Mr. Perkins, and you owe it to me to be explicit. What does Taggett suspect?"

Lawyer Perkins brooded a while before replying. His practice was of a miscellaneous sort, confined in the main to what is technically termed office practice. Though he was frequently engaged in small cases of assault and battery, — he could scarcely escape that in Stillwater, — he had never conducted an important criminal case; but when Lawyer Perkins looked up from his brief reverie, he had fully resolved to undertake the defense of Richard Shackford.

"I will tell you what Taggett suspects," he said slowly, "if you will allow me to tell you in my own way. I must ask you a number of questions."

Richard gave a half-impatient nod of assent.

"Where were you on the night of the murder?" inquired Lawyer Perkins, after a slight pause.

"I spent the evening at the Slocums', until ten o'clock; then I went home, — but not directly. It was moonlight, and I walked about, perhaps for an hour."

"Did you meet any one?"

"Not that I recollect. I walked out of town, on the turnpike."

"When you returned to your boarding-house, did you see any one?"

"No, I let myself in with a pass-key.

The family had retired, with the exception of Mr. Pinkham."

"Then you saw him?"

"No, but I heard him; he was playing on the flute at his chamber window, or near it. He always plays on the flute when he can't sleep."

"What o'clock was that?"

"It must have been after eleven."

"Your stroll was confined to the end of the town most remote from Welch's Court?"

"Yes; I just cruised around on the outskirts."

"I wish you had spoken with somebody that night."

"The streets were deserted. I was n't likely to meet persons on the turnpike."

"However, some one may have seen you without your knowing it?"

"Yes," said Richard curtly. He was growing restive under these interrogations, the drift of which was plain enough to be disagreeable. Moreover, Mr. Perkins had insensibly assumed the tone and air of a counsel cross-examining a witness on the other side. This nocturnal cruise, whose direction and duration were known only to young Shackford, struck Lawyer Perkins unpleasantly. He meditated a moment before putting the next question.

"Were you on good terms — I mean fairly good terms — with your cousin?"

"No," said Richard; "but the fault was not mine. He never liked me. As a child I annoyed him, I suppose, and when I grew up I offended him by running away to sea. My mortal offense, however, was accepting a situation in Slocum's yard. I have been in my cousin's house only twice in three years."

"When was the last time?"

"A day or two previous to the strike."

"As you were not in the habit of visiting the house, you must have had some purpose in going there. What was the occasion?"

Richard hung his head thoughtfully. "I went there to talk over family matters, — to inform him of my intended marriage with Margaret Slocum. I wanted his good-will and support. Mr. Slocum had offered to take me into the business. I thought that perhaps my cousin Lemuel, seeing how prosperous I was, would be more friendly to me."

"Did you wish him to lend you capital?"

"I did n't expect or wish him to; but there was some question of that."

"And he refused?"

"Rather brutally, if I may say so now."

"Was there a quarrel?"

Richard hesitated.

"Of course I don't press you," said Mr. Perkins, with some stiffness. "You are not on the witness stand."

"I began to think I was — in the prisoner's dock," answered Richard, smiling ruefully. "However, I have nothing to conceal. I hesitated to reply to you because it was painful for me to reflect that the last time I saw my cousin we parted in anger. He charged me with attempting to overreach him, and I left the house in indignation."

"That was the last time you saw him?"

"The last time I saw him alive."

"Was there any communication between you two after that?"

"No."

"None whatever?"

"None."

"Are you quite positive?"

"As positive as I can be that I live and have my senses."

Lawyer Perkins pulled a black strand of hair over his forehead, and remained silent for nearly a minute.

"Mr. Shackford, are you sure that your cousin did not write a note to you on the Monday preceding the night of his death?"

"He may have written a dozen, for all I know. I only know that I never

received a note or a letter from him in the whole course of my life."

"Then how do you account for the letter which has been found in your rooms in Lime Street, — a letter addressed to you by Lemuel Shackford, and requesting you to call at his house on that fatal Tuesday night?"

"I — I know nothing about it," stammered Richard. "There is no such paper!"

"It was in this office less than one hour ago," said Lawyer Perkins sternly. "It was brought here for me to identify Lemuel Shackford's handwriting. Justice Beemis has that paper."

"Justice Beemis has it!" exclaimed Richard.

"I have nothing more to say," observed Lawyer Perkins, reaching out his hand towards the green bag, as a sign that the interview was ended. "There were other points I wished to have some light thrown on; but I have gone far enough to see that it is useless."

"What more is there?" demanded Richard in a voice that seemed to come through a fog. "I insist on knowing! You suspect me of my cousin's murder?"

"Mr. Taggett does."

"And you?"

"I am speaking of Mr. Taggett."

"Well, go on, speak of him," said Richard desperately. "What else has he discovered?"

Mr. Perkins wheeled his chair round until he faced the young man.

"He has discovered in your workshop a chisel with a peculiar break in the edge, — a deep notch in the middle of the bevel. With that chisel Lemuel Shackford was killed."

Richard gave a perceptible start, and put his hand to his head, as if a sudden confused memory had set the temples throbbing.

"A full box of safety matches," continued Mr. Perkins, in a cold, measured voice, as though he were demonstrating a mathematical problem, "contains one hundred matches. Mr. Tagget has discovered a box that contains only ninety-nine. The missing match was used that night in Welch's Court."

Richard stared at him blankly. "What can I say?" he gasped.

"Say nothing to me," returned Lawyer Perkins, hastily thrusting a handful of loose papers into the open throat of the green bag, which he garroted an instant afterwards with a thick black cord. Then he rose flurriedly from the chair. "I shall have to leave you; I 've an appointment at the surrogate's."

The old man quitted the office without another word. Richard lingered a moment with his chin resting on his breast.

XXVI.

There was a fire in Richard's temples as he reeled out of Lawyer Perkins's office. It was now twelve o'clock, and the streets were thronged with the motley population disgorged by the various mills and workshops. Richard felt that every eye was upon him; he was conscious of something wild in his aspect that must needs attract the attention of the passers-by. At each step he half expected the leveling of some accusing finger. The pitiless sunshine seemed to single him out and stream upon him like a calcium light. It was intolerable. He must get away from this jostling crowd, this babel of voices. What should he do, where should he go? To return to the yard and face the workmen was not to be thought of; if he went to his lodgings he would be called to dinner, and have to listen to the inane prattle of the school-master. That would be even more intolerable than this garish daylight, and these careless squads of men and women who paused in the midst of their laugh to turn and stare. Was there no spot in Stillwater

where a broken man could hide himself long enough to collect his senses?

With his hands thrust convulsively into the pockets of his sack-coat, Richard turned down a narrow passage-way fringing the rear of some warehouses. As he hurried along aimlessly, his fingers encountered something in one of his pockets. It was the key of a new lock which had been put on the scullery door of the house in Welch's Court. Richard's heart gave a quick throb. There at least was a temporary refuge; he would go there, and wait until it was time for him to surrender himself to the officers.

It appeared to Richard that he was nearly a year reaching the little back yard of the lonely house. He slipped into the scullery and locked the door, wondering if his movements had been observed since he quitted the main street. Here he drew a long breath and looked around him; then he began wandering restlessly through the rooms, of which there were five or six on the ground-floor. The furniture, the carpets, and all the sordid fixtures of the house were just as Richard had known them in his childhood. Everything was unchanged, even to the faded peacock-feather stuck over the parlor looking-glass. As he regarded the familiar objects and breathed the snuffy atmosphere peculiar to the place, the past rose so vividly before him that he would scarcely have been startled if a lean, gray old man had suddenly appeared in one of the doorways. On a peg in the front hall hung his cousin's napless beaver hat, satirically ready to be put on; in the kitchen closet a pair of ancient shoes, worn down at the heel and with taps on the toe, had all the air of intending to step forth. The shoes had been carefully blacked, but a thin skin of mold had gathered over them. They looked like Lemuel Shackford. They had taken a position habitual with him. Richard was struck by the subtile irony which lay in these inanimate things. That a man's hat should outlast the man, and have a jaunty expression of triumph! That a dead man's shoes should mimic him!

The tall eight-day clock on the landing had run down. It had stopped at twelve, and it now stood with solemnly uplifted finger, as if imposing silence on those small, unconsidered noises which commonly creep out, like mice, only at midnight. The house was full of such stealthy sounds. The stairs creaked at intervals, mysteriously, as if under the weight of some heavy person ascending. Now and then the wood-work stretched itself with a snap, as though it had grown stiff in the joints with remaining so long in one position. At times there were muffled reverberations of footfalls on the flooring overhead. Richard had a curious consciousness of not being alone, but of moving in the midst of an invisible throng of persons who elbowed him softly and breathed in his face, and vaguely impressed themselves upon him as being former occupants of the premises. This populous solitude, this silence with its busy interruptions, grew insupportable as he passed from room to room.

One chamber he did not enter, — the chamber in which his cousin's body was found that Wednesday morning. In Richard's imagination it was still lying there, white and piteous, by the hearth. He paused at the threshold and glanced in; then turned abruptly and mounted the staircase.

On gaining his old apartment in the gable, Richard seated himself on the edge of the cot-bed. His shoulders sagged down and a stupefied expression settled upon his face, but his brain was in a tumult. His own identity was become a matter of doubt to him. Was he the same Richard Shackford who had found life so sweet when he awoke that morning? It must have been some other person who had sat by a window

in the sunrise thinking of Margaret Slocum's love, — some Richard Shackford with unstained hands! This one was accused of murdering his kinsman; the weapon with which he had done it, the very match he had used to light him in the deed, were known! The victim himself had written out the accusation in black and white. Richard's brain reeled as he tried to fix his thought on Lemuel Shackford's letter. That letter! — where had it been all this while, and how did it come into Taggett's possession? Only one thing was clear to Richard in his inextricable confusion, — he was not going to be able to prove his innocence; he was a doomed man, and within the hour his shame would be published to the world. Rowland Slocum and Lawyer Perkins had already condemned him, and Margaret would condemn him when she knew all; for it was evident that up to last evening she had not been told. How did it happen that these overwhelming proofs had rolled themselves up against him? What malign influences were these at work, hurrying him on to destruction, and not leaving a single loop-hole of escape? Who would believe the story of his innocent ramble on the turnpike that Tuesday night? Who could doubt that he had gone directly from the Slocums' to Welch's Court, and then crept home red-handed through the deserted streets?

Richard heard the steam whistles recalling the operatives to work, and dimly understood it was one o'clock; but after that he paid no attention to the lapse of time. It was an hour later, perhaps two hours, — Richard could not tell, — when he roused himself from his stupor, and, descending the stairs, passed through the kitchen into the scullery. There he halted and leaned against the sink, irresolute, as though his purpose, if he had had a purpose, were escaping him. He stood with his eyes resting listlessly on a barrel in the further corner of the apartment. It was a heavy-hooped wine-cask, in which Lemuel Shackford had been wont to keep his winter's supply of salted meat. Suddenly Richard started forward with an inarticulate cry, and at the same instant there came a loud knocking at the door behind him. The sound reverberated through the empty house, filling the place with awful echoes, — like those knocks at the gate of Macbeth's castle the night of Duncan's murder. Richard stood petrified for a second; then he hastily turned the key in the lock, and Mr. Taggett stepped into the scullery.

The two men exchanged swift glances. The bewildered air of a moment before had passed from Richard; the dullness had faded out of his eyes, leaving them the clear, alert expression they ordinarily wore. He was self-possessed, but the effort his self-possession cost him was obvious. There was a something in his face — a dilation of the nostril, a curve of the under lip — which put Mr. Taggett very much on his guard. Mr. Taggett was the first to speak.

"I 've a disagreeable mission here," he said slowly, with his hand still resting on the latch of the door, which he had closed on entering. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Shackford."

"Stop a moment!" said Richard, with a glow in his eyes. "I have something to say."

"I advise you not to make any statement."

"I understand my position perfectly, Mr. Taggett, and I shall disregard the advice. After you have answered me one or two questions, I shall be quite at your service."

"If you insist, then."

"You were present at the examination of Thomas Blutton and William Durgin, were you not?"

"I was."

"You recollect William Durgin's testimony?"

"Most distinctly."

"He stated that the stains on his

clothes were from a certain barrel, the head of which had been freshly painted red."

"I remember."

"Mr. Taggett, *the head of that barrel was painted blue!*"

XXVII.

Mr. Taggett, in spite of the excellent subjection under which he held his nerves, caught his breath at these words, and a transient pallor overspread his face as he followed the pointing of Richard's finger. If William Durgin had testified falsely on that point, if he had swerved a hair's-breadth from the truth in that matter, then there was but one conclusion to be drawn from his perjury. A flash of lightning is not swifter than was Mr. Taggett's thought in grasping the situation. In an instant he saw all his carefully articulated case fall to pieces on his hands. Richard crossed the narrow room, and stood in front of him.

"Mr. Taggett, do you know why William Durgin lied? He lied because it was life or death with him! In a moment of confusion he had committed one of those simple, fatal blunders which men in his circumstances always commit. He had obliterated the spots on his clothes with red paint, when he ought to have used blue!"

"That is a very grave supposition."

"It is not a supposition," cried Richard. "The daylight is not a plainer fact."

"You are assuming too much, Mr. Shackford."

"I am assuming nothing. Durgin has convicted himself; he has fallen into a trap of his own devising. I charge him with the murder of Lemuel Shackford; I charge him with taking the chisel and the matches from my workshop, to which he had free access; and I charge him with replacing those articles in order to divert suspicion upon me. My unfortunate relations with my cousin gave color to this suspicion. The plan was an adroit plan, and has succeeded, it seems."

Mr. Taggett did not reply at once, and then very coldly: "You will pardon me for suggesting it, but it will be necessary to ascertain if this is the cask which Durgin hooped, and also if the head has not been repainted since."

"I understand what your doubt implies. It is your duty to assure yourself of these facts, and nothing can be easier. The person who packed the meat — it was probably a provision dealer named Stubbs — will of course be able to recognize his own work. The other question you can settle with a scratch of your penknife. You see. There has been only one thin coat of paint laid on, — the grain of the wood is nearly distinguishable through it. The head is evidently new; but the cask itself is an old one. It has stood here these ten years."

Mr. Taggett bent a penetrating look on Richard.

"Why did you refuse to answer the subpœna, Mr. Shackford?"

"But I have n't refused. I was on my way to Justice Beemis's when you knocked. Perhaps I am a trifle late," added Richard, catching Mr. Taggett's distrustful glance.

"The summons said two o'clock," remarked Mr. Taggett, pressing the spring of his watch. "It is now after three."

"After three!"

"How could you neglect it, — with evidence of such presumable importance in your hands?"

"It was only a moment ago that I discovered this. I had come here from Mr. Perkins's office. Mr. Perkins had informed me of the horrible charge which was to be laid at my door. The intelligence fell upon me like a thunderclap. I think it unsettled my reason

for a while. I was unable to put two ideas together. At first he did n't believe I had killed my cousin, and presently he seemed to believe it. When I got out in the street the sidewalk lurched under my feet like the deck of a ship; everything swam before me. I don't know how I managed to reach this house, and I don't know how long I had been sitting in a room up-stairs when the recollection of the subpœna occurred to me. I was standing here dazed with despair; I saw that I was somehow caught in the toils, and that it was going to be impossible to prove my innocence. If another man had been in my position, I should have believed him guilty. I stood looking at the cask in the corner there, scarcely conscious of it; then I noticed the blue paint on the head, and then William Durgin's testimony flashed across my mind. Where is he?" cried Richard, turning swiftly. "That man should be arrested!"

"I am afraid he is gone," said Mr. Taggett, biting his lip.

"Do you mean he has fled?"

"If you are correct — he has fled. He failed to answer the summons to-day, and the constable sent to look him up has been unable to find him. Durgin was in the bar-room of the tavern at eight o'clock last night; he has not been seen since."

"He was not in the yard this morning. You have let him slip through your fingers!"

"So it appears, for the moment."

"You still doubt me, Mr. Taggett?"

"I don't let persons slip through my fingers."

Richard curbed an impatient rejoinder, and said quietly, "William Durgin had an accomplice."

Mr. Taggett flushed, as if Richard had read his secret thought. Durgin's flight, if he really had fled, had suggested a fresh possibility to Mr. Taggett. What if Durgin were merely the pliant instrument of the cleverer man who was now using him as a shield? This reflection was precisely in Mr. Taggett's line. In absconding Durgin had not only secured his own personal safety, but had exonerated his accomplice. It was a desperate step to take, but it was a skillful one.

"He had an accomplice?" repeated Mr. Taggett, after a moment. "Who was it?"

"Torrini!"

"The man who was hurt the other day?"

"Yes."

"You have grounds for your assertion?"

"He and Durgin were intimate, and have been much together lately. I sat up with Torrini the night before last; he acted and talked very strangely; the man was out of his head part of the time, but now, as I think it over, I am convinced that he had this matter on his mind, and was hinting at it. I believe he would have made disclosures if I had urged him a little. He was evidently in great dread of a visit from some person, and that person was Durgin. Torrini ought to be questioned without delay; he is very low, and may die at any moment. He is lying in a house at the further end of the town. If it is not imperative that I should report myself to Justice Beemis, we had better go there at once."

Mr. Taggett, who had been standing with his head half bowed, lifted it quickly as he asked the question, "Why did you withhold Lemuel Shackford's letter?"

"It was never in my possession, Mr. Taggett," said Richard, starting. "That paper is something I cannot explain at present. I can hardly believe in its existence, though Mr. Perkins declares that he has had it in his hands, and it would be impossible for him to make a mistake in my cousin's writing."

"The letter was found in your lodgings."

"So I was told. I don't understand it."

"That explanation will not satisfy the prosecuting attorney."

"I have only one theory about it," said Richard slowly.

"What is that?"

"I prefer not to state it now. I wish to stop at my boarding-house on the way to Torrini's; it will not be out of our course."

Mr. Taggett gave silent acquiescence to this. Richard opened the scullery door, and the two passed into the court. Neither spoke until they reached Lime Street. Mrs. Spooner herself answered Richard's ring, for he had purposely dispensed with the use of his pass-key.

"I wanted to see you a moment, Mrs. Spooner," said Richard, making no motion to enter the hall. "Thanks, we will not come in. I merely desire to ask you a question. Were you at home all day on that Monday immediately preceding my cousin's death?"

"No," replied Mrs. Spooner wonderingly, with her hand still resting on the knob. "I was n't at home at all. I spent the day and part of the night with my daughter Maria Ann at South Millville. It was a boy," added Mrs. Spooner, quite irrelevantly, smoothing her ample apron with the disengaged hand.

"Then Janet was at home," said Richard. "Call Janet."

A trim, intelligent-looking Nova Scotia girl was summoned from the basement kitchen.

"Janet," said Richard, "do you remember the day, about three weeks ago, that Mrs. Spooner was absent at South Millville?"

"Yes," replied the girl, without hesitation. "It was the day before" — and then she stopped.

"Exactly; it was the day before my cousin was killed. Now I want you to recollect whether any letter or note or written message of any description was left for me at this house on that day."

Janet reflected. "I think there was, Mr. Richard, — a bit of paper like."

Mr. Taggett, whose interest had been rather languid and skeptical up to this stage of the inquiry, riveted his eyes on the girl.

"Who brought that paper?" demanded Richard.

"It was one of the Murphy boys, I think."

"Did you hand it to me?"

"No, Mr. Richard, you had gone out. It was just after breakfast."

"You gave it to me when I came home to dinner, then?"

"No," returned Janet, becoming confused with a dim perception that something had gone wrong and she was committing herself.

"What did you do with that paper?"

"I put it on the table in your room up-stairs."

Mr. Taggett's eyes gleamed a little at this.

"And that is all you can say about it?" inquired Richard, with a fallen countenance.

Janet reflected. She reflected a long while this time. "No, Mr. Richard: an hour or so afterwards, when I went up to do the chamber-work, I saw that the wind had blown the paper off of the table. I picked up the note and put it back; but the wind blew it off again."

"What then?"

"Then I shut up the note in one of the big books, meaning to tell you of it, and — and I forgot it! Oh, Mr. Richard, have I done something dreadful?"

"Dreadful!" cried Richard. "Janet, I could hug you!"

"Oh, Mr. Richard," said Janet with a little coquettish movement natural to every feminine thing, bird, flower, or human being, "you 've always such a pleasant way with you."

Then there was a moment of dead silence. Mrs. Spooner saw that the matter, whatever it was, was settled.

"You need n't wait, Janet!" she said, with a severe, mystified air.

"We are greatly obliged to you, Mrs. Spooner, not to mention Janet," said Richard; "and if Mr. Taggett has no questions to ask, we will not detain you."

Mrs. Spooner turned her small, amiable orbs on Richard's companion. That was the celebrated Mr. Taggett! "He does n't look like much," was the landlady's unuttered reflection; and indeed he did not present a spirited appearance. Nevertheless Mrs. Spooner followed him down the street with her curious gaze until he and Richard passed out of sight.

Neither Richard nor Mr. Taggett was disposed to converse as they wended their way to Mitchell's Alley. Richard's ire was slowly kindling at the shameful light in which he had been placed by Mr. Taggett, and Mr. Taggett was striving with only partial success to reconcile himself to the idea of young Shackford's innocence. Young Shackford's innocence was a very awkward thing for Mr. Taggett, for he had irretrievably committed himself at head-quarters. With Richard's latent ire was mingled a feeling of profound gratitude.

"The Lord was on my side," he said presently.

"He was on your side, as you remark; and when the Lord is on a man's side, a detective necessarily comes out second best."

"Really, Mr. Taggett," said Richard, smiling, "that is a handsome admission on your part."

"I mean, sir," replied the latter, slightly nettled, "that it sometimes seems as if the Lord himself took charge of a case."

"Certainly you are entitled to the credit of going to the bottom of this one."

"I have skillfully and laboriously damaged my reputation, Mr. Shackford."

Mr. Taggett said this with so heavy an air that Richard felt a stir of sympathy in his bosom.

"I am very sorry," he said good-naturedly.

"No, I beg of you!" exclaimed Mr. Taggett. "Any expression of friendliness from you would finish me! For nearly ten days I have looked upon you as a most cruel and consummate villain."

"I know," said Richard. "I must be quite a disappointment to you, in a small way."

Mr. Taggett laughed in spite of himself. "I hope I don't take a morbid view of it," he said. A few steps further on he relaxed his gait. "We have taken the Hennessey girl into custody. Do you imagine she was concerned?"

"Have you questioned her?"

"Yes; she denies everything, except that she told Durgin you had quarreled with the old gentleman."

"I think Mary Hennessey an honest girl. She's little more than a child. Her weakness is a fondness for Durgin. He was much too shrewd to trust her, I fancy."

As the speakers struck into the principal street, through the lower and busier end of which they were obliged to pass, Mr. Taggett caused a sensation. The drivers of carts and the pedestrians on both sidewalks stopped and looked at him. The part he had played in Slocum's Yard was now an open secret, and had produced an excitement that was not confined to the clientèle of Snelling's bar-room. It was known that William Durgin had disappeared, and that the constables were searching for him. The air was thick with flying conjectures, but none of them precisely hit the mark. One rumor there was which seemed almost like a piece of poetical justice, — a whisper to the effect that Rowland Slocum was suspected of being in some way mixed up with the murder. The fact that Lawyer Perkins, with his green bag streaming in the wind, so to speak, had been seen darting into Mr. Slocum's private residence at two o'clock that aft-

ernoon was sufficient to give birth to the horrible legend.

"Mitchell's Alley," said Mr. Taggett, thrusting his arm through Richard's, and hurrying on to escape the Stillwater gaze. "You went there directly from the station the night you got home."

"How did you know that?"

"I was told by a fellow-traveler of yours, — and a friend of mine."

"By Jove! Did it ever strike you, Mr. Taggett, that there is such a thing as being too clever?"

"It has occurred to me recently."

"Here is the house."

Two sallow-skinned children with wide, wistful black eyes, who were sitting on the stone step, shyly crowded themselves together against the door-jamb to make passage-way for Richard and Mr. Taggett. Then the two pairs of eyes veered round inquiringly and followed the strangers up the broken staircase, and saw one of them knock at the door which faced the landing.

Richard's hasty tap bringing no response, he lifted the latch without further ceremony and stepped into the chamber, Mr. Taggett a pace or two behind him. The figure of Father O'Meara slowly rising from a kneeling posture at the bedside was the first object that met their eyes; the second was Torrini's placid face, turned a little on the pillow; the third was Brigida sitting at the foot of the bed, motionless, with her arms wrapped in her apron.

"He is dead," said the priest softly, advancing a step towards Richard. "You are too late. He wanted to see you, Mr. Shackford, but you were not to be found."

Richard sent a swift glance over the priest's shoulder. "He wanted to tell me what part he had played in my cousin's murder," said Richard.

"God forbid! the wretched man had many a sin on his soul, but not that."

"Not that!"

"No; he had no hand in it, — no more than you or I. His fault was that he concealed his knowledge of the deed after it was done. He did not even suspect who committed the crime until two days afterwards, when William Durgin" —

Richard's eyes lighted up as they encountered Mr. Taggett's. The priest mistook the significance of the glances.

"No," said Father O'Meara, indicating Brigida with a quick motion of his hand, "the poor soul does not understand a word. But even if she did, I should have to speak of these matters here and now, while they are fresh in my mind. I am obeying the solemn injunctions of the dead. Two days after the murder William Durgin came to Torrini and confessed the deed, offering to share with him a large sum in gold and notes if he would hide the money temporarily. Torrini agreed to do so. Later, Durgin confided to him his plan of turning suspicion upon you, Mr. Shackford; indeed, of directly charging you with the murder, if the worst came to the worst. Torrini agreed to that also, because of some real or fancied injury at your hands. According to Torrini, Durgin did not intend to harm the old gentleman, but simply to rob him. The unfortunate man was awakened by the noise Durgin made in breaking open the safe, and rushed in to his doom. Having then no fear of interruption, Durgin leisurely ransacked the house. How he came across the will, and destroyed it with the idea that he was putting the estate out of your possession — this and other details I shall give you by and by."

Father O'Meara paused a moment. "After the accident at the mill and the conviction that he was not to recover, Torrini's conscience began to prick him. When he reflected on Miss Slocum's kindness to his family during the strike, when he now saw her saving his wife and children from absolute starvation, he was nearly ready to break the oath

with which he had bound himself to William Durgin. Curiously enough, this man, so reckless in many things, held his pledged word sacred. Meanwhile his wavering condition became apparent to Durgin, who grew alarmed, and demanded the stolen property. Torrini refused to give it up; even his own bitter necessities had not tempted him to touch a penny of it. For the last three days he was in deadly terror lest Durgin should wrest the money from him by force. The poor woman, here, knew nothing of all this. It was her presence, however, which probably prevented Durgin from proceeding to extremities with Torrini, who took care never to be left alone."

"I recollect," said Richard, "the night I watched with him he was constantly expecting some one. I supposed him wandering in his mind."

"He was expecting Durgin, though Torrini had every reason for believing that he had fled."

Mr. Taggett leaned forward, and asked, "When did he go, — and where?"

"He was too cunning to trust his plans with Torrini. Three nights ago Durgin came here and begged for a portion of the bank-notes; previously he had reclaimed the whole sum; he said the place was growing too warm for him, and that he had made up his mind to leave. But Torrini held on to the money, having resolved that it should be restored intact to you. He promised Durgin, however, to keep his flight secret for three or four days, at the end of which time Torrini meant to reveal all to me at confession. The night you sat with him, Mr. Shackford, he was near breaking his promise; your kindness was coals of fire on his head. This is the substance of what the poor creature begged me to say to you with his dying regrets. The money is hidden somewhere under the mattress, I believe. A better man than Torrini would have spent some of it," added Father O'Meara, waving a sort of benediction in the direction of the bed.

Richard did not speak for a moment or two. The wretchedness and grimness of it all smote him to the heart. When he looked up Mr. Taggett was gone, and the priest was gently drawing the coverlet over Torrini's face.

Richard approached Father O'Meara and said, "When the money is found, please take charge of it, and see that every decent arrangement is made. I mean, spare nothing. I am a Protestant, but I believe in any man's prayers when they are not addressed to a heathen image. I promised Torrini to send his wife and children to Italy. This pitiful, miserable gold, which cost so dear and is worth so little, shall be made to do that much good, at least."

As Richard was speaking, a light footfall sounded on the staircase outside; then the door, which stood ajar, was softly pushed open, and Margaret paused on the threshold. At the rustle of her dress Richard turned, and hastened towards her.

"It is all over," he said softly, laying his finger on his lip. Father O'Meara was again kneeling by the bedside.

XXVIII.

One June morning, precisely a year from that morning when the reader first saw the daylight breaking upon Stillwater, several workmen with ladders and hammers were putting up a freshly painted sign over the gate of the marble yard. Mr. Slocum and Richard stood on the opposite curbstone, to which they had retired in order to take in the general effect. The new sign read, — Slocum & Shackford. Richard had protested against the displacement of its weather-stained predecessor; it seemed to him an act little short of vandalism; but Mr. Slocum was obstinate, and would have it done. He was secretly atoning

for a deep injustice, into which Richard had been at once too sensitive and too wise closely to inquire. If Mr. Slocum had harbored a temporary doubt of him, Richard did not care to know it; it was quite enough to suspect the fact. His sufficient recompense was that Margaret had not doubted. They had now been married six months. The shadow of the tragedy in Welch's Court had long ceased to oppress them; it had taken itself off with the departure of Mr. Taggett, who subsequently, in a very intricate case, redeemed the professional repute which had somewhat suffered by his management of the Shackford affair. Neither he nor William Durgin was seen again in the flesh in Stillwater; but they both still led, and will probably continue for years to lead, a sort of phantasmal, legendary life in Snelling's bar-room. Durgin in his flight had left no traces. From time to time, as the months rolled on, a misty rumor was blown to the town of his having been seen in some remote foreign city, — now in one place, and now in another, always on the point of departing, self-pursued like the Wandering Jew; but nothing authentic. His after-fate was to be a sealed book to Stillwater.

"I really wish you had let the old sign stand," said Richard, as the carpenters removed the ladders. "The yard can never be anything but Slocum's Yard."

"It looks remarkably well up there," replied Mr. Slocum, shading his eyes critically with one hand. "You object to the change, but for my part I don't object to changes. I trust I may live to see the day when even this sign will have to be altered to — Slocum, Shackford & Son. How would you like that?"

"I can't say," returned Richard laughing, as they passed into the yard together. "I should first have to talk it over — with the son!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWOSCORE AND TEN.

Across the sleepy, sun-barred atmosphere
  Of the pew-checkered, square old meeting-house,
Through the high window, I could see and hear
  The far crows cawing in the forest boughs.

The earnest preacher talked of Youth and Age:
  "*Life is a book, whose lines are flitting fast;*
Each word a moment, every year a page,
  Till, leaf by leaf, we quickly turn the last."

Even while he spoke, the sunshine's witness crept
  By many a fair and many a grizzled head,
Some drooping heavily, as if they slept,
  Over the unspelled minutes as they sped.

A boy of twelve, with fancies fresh and strong,
  Who found the text no cushion of repose,
Who deemed the shortest sermon far too long,
  My thoughts were in the tree-tops with the crows;

Or farther still I soared, upon the back
Of white clouds sailing in the shoreless blue,
Till he recalled me from their dazzling track
To the old meeting-house and high-backed pew.

"*To eager childhood, as it turns the leaf,*
How long and bright the unread page appears!
But to the aged, looking back, how brief, —
How brief the tale of half a hundred years!"

Over the drowsy pews the preacher's word
Resounded, as he paused to wipe his brows:
I seem to hear it now, as then I heard,
Reëchoing in the hollow meeting-house.

"*Our youth is gone, and thick and thicker come*
The hoary years, like tempest-driven snows;
Flies fast, flies fast, life's wasting pendulum,
And ever faster as it shorter grows."

My mates sat wondering wearily the while
How long before his *Lastly* would come in,
Or glancing at the girls across the aisle,
Or in some distant corner playing pin.

But in that moment to my inward eyes
A sudden window opened, and I caught
Through dazzling rifts a glimpse of other skies,
The dizzy deeps, the blue abyss of thought.

Beside me sat my father, grave and gray,
And old, so old, at twoscore years and ten!
I said, "I will remember him this day,
When *I* am fifty, if I live till then.

"I will remember all I see and hear,
My very thoughts, and how life seems to me,
This Sunday morning in my thirteenth year; —
How will it seem when I am old as he?

"What is the work that I shall find to do?
Shall I be worthy of his honored name?
Poor and obscure? or will my dream come true,
My secret dream of happiness and fame?"

Ah me, the years betwixt that hour and this!
The ancient meeting-house has passed away,
And in its place a modern edifice
Invites the well-dressed worshiper to-day.

With it have passed the well-remembered faces:
 The old are gone, the boys are gray-haired men;
They too are scattered, strangers fill their places;
 And here am I at twoscore years and ten!

How strangely, wandering here beside the sea,
 The voice of crows in yonder forest boughs,
A cloud, a Sabbath bell, bring back to me
 That morning in the gaunt old meeting-house!

An oasis amid the desert years,
 That golden Sunday smiles as then it smiled:
I see the venerated head; through tears
 I see myself, that far-off wondering child!

The pews, the preacher, and the whitewashed wall,
 An imaged book, with careless children turning
Its awful pages, — I remember all;
 My very thoughts, the questioning and yearning;

The haunting faith, the shadowy superstition
 That I was somehow chosen, the special care
Of Powers that led me through life's changeful vision,
 Spirits and Influences of earth and air.

In curious pity of myself grown wise,
 I think what then I was and dared to hope,
And how my poor achievements satirize
 The boy's brave dream and happy horoscope.

To see the future flushed with morning fire,
 Rosy with banners, bright with beckoning spears,
Fresh fields inviting courage and desire, —
 This is the glory of our youthful years.

To feel the pettiness of prizes won,
 With all our vast ambition; to behold
So much attempted and so little done, —
 This is the bitterness of growing old.

Yet why repine? Though soon we care no more
 For triumphs which, till won, appear so sweet,
They serve their use, as toys held out before
 Beguiled our infancy to try its feet.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
 The blessing lies, and new experience gained;
In daily duties done, hope kept alive,
 That Love and Thought are housed and entertained.

So not in vain the struggle, though the prize
  Awaiting me was other than it seemed.
My feet have missed the paths of Paradise,
  Yet life is even more blessed than I deemed.

Riches I never sought, and have not found,
  And Fame has passed me with averted eye;
In creeks and bays my quiet voyage is bound,
  While the great world without goes surging by.

No withering envy of another's lot,
  Nor nightmare of contention, plagues my rest:
For me alike what is and what is not,
  Both what I have and what I lack are best.

A flower more sacred than far-seen success
  Perfumes my solitary path; I find
Sweet compensation in my humbleness,
  And reap the harvest of a tranquil mind.

I keep some portion of my early dream:
  Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
It lights my life, a far elusive gleam,
  Moves as I move, and leads me on forever.

Our earliest longings prophesy the man,
  Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
And in my life I trace that larger plan
  Whereby at last all things are reconciled.

The storm-clad years, the years that howl and hasten,
  The world, where simple faith soon grows estranged,
Toil, passion, loss, all things that mold and chasten,
  Still leave the inmost part of us unchanged.

O boy of long ago, whose name I bear,
  Small self, half-hidden by the antique pew,
Across the years I see you, sitting there,
  Wondering and gazing out into the blue;

And marvel at this sober, gray-haired man
  I am or seem. How changed my days, how tame
The wild, swift hopes with which my youth began!
  Yet in my inmost self I am the same.

The dreamy soul, too sensitive and shy,
  The brooding tenderness for bird and flower;
The old, old wonder at the earth and sky,
  And sense of guidance by an Unseen Power, —

These keep perpetual childhood in my heart.
  The peaks of age, that looked so bare and cold,
Those peaks and I are still as far apart
  As in the years when fifty seemed so old.

Age, that appeared far off a bourn at rest,
  Recedes as I advance; the fount of joy
Rises perennial in my grateful breast;
  And still at fifty I am but a boy.

J. T. Trowbridge.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.[1]

If it is true, as is often affirmed, that Scott no longer has as many readers and admirers as he did, say, fifty years ago, the reason is not hard to find. Our grandfathers, as well as many of ourselves, found in him the first guide into the regions of romance, and when he stood without a rival it is no wonder that he carried everything before him. But, as we all know, there is generally a reaction of the public taste against a writer who has been long admired, — a reaction felt by a later generation, which fully responds only to its own contemporaries, who speak its own language and echo its own desires and regrets; and, besides this, the same persons who once admired an author have a certain feeling of disappointment when, in later years, they read him again, and miss the surprise, the glow, that thrilled them when they were younger. We now see something of the same kind going on in the case of Macaulay, of Dickens, and, possibly, of Tennyson. Twenty years ago, when Macaulay died, a feeling of personal loss went through the English-speaking people, and yet since then we have all been taught to have our fling at him for being uncomplex, without the power of perceiving delicate shades of distinction, and over-fond of an elaborately simple style. As for Dickens, how many people nowadays devote any part of the winter holidays to reading over those Christmas stories to which we all used to look forward as eagerly as do children for the tardy dawn of that day? Those who read Dickens when they were children, now that they are grown up, are prone to detect inaccuracy where once there seemed to be no fault. Who reads the Pickwick Papers with the glee with which he read it twenty years ago? Those who laughed over it then have no longer the same high spirits; the pathos of his other books has grown hackneyed in the hands of later writers, and we who are no longer aroused by it to the once familiar emotion are ungrateful enough to put the blame upon the author.

There is something of this indifference in the way that many people regard Scott. His successors no longer choose large canvases. Where he took a whole century and packed it full of living people, the novelists of to-day busy themselves with a sort of literary pre-Raphaelitism: they take a brief period and, generally, commonplace people, and describe a few tepid passions that flourish in every block in the street. Where Scott drew inspiration from spoken or written history, some of the novels of to-

[1] *Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated Library Edition. With Portraits and Steel Plates. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

day read as if they were based on that record of contemporary history, the newspaper. Imagine a man of to-day writing a novel with Queen Elizabeth, or Louis XI. of France, among the characters! Imagine the book-seller who would take the novel in his hand except as a missile! To state it more precisely, the romance has given place to the novel; and the writer of the historical novel has almost disappeared from the surface of the globe.

Since there is so great a change of taste between the time when Scott wrote and the present, those readers who cannot like anything but literary analysis must smile at his broadly drawn characters and heroic incidents. Yet, in general, it is hard to believe that this indifference is not exaggerated by those who write about Scott. He does not receive undivided attachment, but he is still very sincerely admired. That there is a change in the feeling of the world concerning him cannot be denied, but it is a change that can be readily accounted for. We must not forget that he lived in the time of a great literary revival, when, as it were, a great mist had been blown away from a past that had been looked upon with contempt, and the picturesqueness of things suddenly became their most striking quality. The eighteenth century had been a period in which much had been sacrificed to taste. That had been a sort of fetish, just as the principal unromantic enthusiasm of the present day is for scientific exactness. What did Scott care for a few anachronisms that would be the ruin of one of our contemporaries? He thought nothing of confusing all the dates about Shakespeare, in his Woodstock, — and the list of his sins in this respect might be made a long one, — and there are really few readers who are disturbed by such errors, if indeed they be errors. After all, the scientific laws of the imagination are not yet drawn up, and an anachronism is more pardonable than the pedantry that is shocked by it. But what we have learned to admire is precision, completeness of detail, and the analysis of passion: these are not the things that are most abundant in Scott.

It is an old story that it was Bürger's poems that started Scott out to writing poetry, and Bürger, it must not be forgotten, had been inspired by Percy's Reliques; the native product had more value when it returned from abroad, like those simple American cheeses that return from England, dubbed with some well-known name, to find extravagant purchasers in the land of their birth. It was only by a sort of reflected light that shone from Germany that this most national of writers was shown the path to immortality. He was already crammed to the lips with old ballads and traditions of Scotland, and in his poems he gave them a literary form, although it was nine years after he published his translations that he offered to the world his Lay of the Last Minstrel, the first of his original poems.

If there is any part of Scott's work that it is the fashion to look upon with indifference, it is certainly his poetry; it enjoys the quasi-immortality of the reading-book and the Boy's Speaker, to be sure, but few grown people read it except for the pleasure of getting an echo of the enthusiasm they felt for it when they were younger. Yet this they are surer to find there than in some of the poetry they once admired. Although it was driven from the field by Byron's verses, we may well wonder whether it does not now meet more favor than do the greater poet's Oriental poems. The Corsair, for instance, one might say, has to our ears a note of ungenuineness that is not in what Scott wrote.

When we read Byron's lines, —

> "He knew himself a villain, but he deemed
> The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
> And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
> Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
> He knew himself detested, but he knew
> The hearts that loathed him, crouched and dreaded too.

> Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alone exempt
> From all affection and from all contempt:
> His name could sadden and his acts surprise,
> But they that feared him dared not to despise,"
> etc., —

when we read these lines, and the many that are like them, we see that they introduced a wholly new element, a dramatic interest, which made Scott's knights and dames appear like figures on a tapestry; but to us Byron's heroes seem like characters in private theatricals, and Scott's defiant speeches and wholesome fighting give us a thrill that we are not so sure to receive from Byron's more successful and more complicated tales. When Byron was at his best, however, his poetry of course far surpassed Scott's, and it is one of the many instances of Scott's rare knowledge of himself that he, as he said, struck sail before his new rival. He seems always to have known just what his own powers were; it was one of the many beautiful qualities of his character that he was never spoiled by flattery; and it is a question whether *character* is not one of the surest means of keeping for a man the fame that must first be won by something done, or said, or written. It would seem as if Ben Jonson's fame were more a matter of tradition, of inherited respect, than the result of keen appreciation of the value of his heavy plays; and Scott's lovableness, his kindliness, and pleasant dignity have undoubtedly done their part in keeping his memory fresh. Certainly, no one has ever accused him of vanity, and yet he knew what he could do, and he recognized his limitations in his journal, under date of March 14, 1826. "Also read again," he says, "and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of Pride and Prejudice. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." No critic could say a truer thing about him than that.

But what he calls the Big Bow-wow strain is not so simple a thing as it seemed to him. He found no difficulty in it; his rich imagination and copious fund of information enabled him to run on without interruption; but others have tried the same thing with less success. Mr. Matthew Arnold, with perfect justice, denies what, to be sure, no one had affirmed, namely, the existence of the Homeric quality in Scott's poetry; but in his prose there is something of the easy abundance that marks the Greek bard. This unlimited fertility of invention, the representation of diverse stages of civilization, has been made one of the arguments in favor of dividing among a number of poets the honors given to a single Homer. But it is precisely one of the peculiarities of genius to be able to do single-handed what can otherwise be done, if at all, only by a number of ordinary men; and it is not hard to imagine circumstances under which an argument might be made against the likelihood that Guy Mannering and Quentin Durward were written by the same person. It is, above all, this wonderful abundance and variety of invention that won Scott his high position. Nothing about him is more striking than his unwearying imagination. It seldom soars to the greatest tragic heights, but it still less frequently flags. In his treatment of historical incidents he taught historians how they should look upon the chronicles of the past. While they had written about wars and treaties, he set before his readers the feelings of the people. The histories written in the last century had been unsatisfactory, from the fact that while they showed research they contained no definite statement of the underlying causes that made history.

They touched only the outside of things, but Scott, and, indeed, in his inaccurate way, Châteaubriand, told what the people felt. Scott saw the people living, and he represented them living on his crowded pages. It may be safely said that there is no subsequent historian who has not felt his influence. Augustin Thierry acknowledged his indebtedness to the great romancer in the warmest terms, calling him the greatest master there has ever been in the matter of historical divination.

Scott not only drew the feelings of the people in the times he wrote about, but he had especial power in representing the most famous characters. He gave the kings and queens in his novels an air of royalty such as Vandyke gave to them on canvas. His James I., in the Fortunes of Nigel; his Charles the Bold and Louis XI., in Quentin Durward; his Queen Elizabeth, in Kenilworth, — to mention but a few, — are characters never to be forgotten. This reverential side of Scott's imagination showed itself in his private life after a fashion that is sometimes mentioned with a little sneer. The incident of his putting into his coat-tail pocket the glass from which George IV. had just drunk has been often repeated, with particular delight when the end of the story is reached and we are told that Scott destroyed his relic by sitting down on it when he came home. Yet this is but the more or less ludicrous appearance in private life of the same imagination that drew royalty so well in fiction.

Some people object to the amount of his work. Carlyle, for instance, says that Scott was always writing impromptu novels, and the reason is said, with some justice, to have been his desire to make money. But if we condemn all novelists who write for money, we shall have but few left to praise; and Scott's haste, which is what is really condemned, was but one of the conditions inseparable from his great facility of improvisation. To lament that Scott did not write more slowly is like complaining that Napoleon was so swift a campaigner. It was in his nature to compose swiftly; he himself said that he regretted the necessity of finishing his novels, and that he would have been happier if he could have written but the first two volumes, and have left the end to some one else. Like the rest of the world, he had the faults of his qualities, and compression, conciseness, was not a possible thing for him. We feel the want of it in the prolonged conversations, in the occasionally heavy humor, and in the conventionality of his youthful heroes. For Scott's imagination, while it was abundant in certain directions, was lacking in others. Kings and queens, peasants and adventurers, he knew how to describe admirably, but what may be called every-day society people he drew less well. Even Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford, whom he painted from his friend William Clerk, and himself, respectively, are but cold creations.

As for the superabundant buff-jerkins and other mediæval paraphernalia, they are a direct inheritance from the Castle of Otranto and those novels which were the first to bring into repute a notion of Gothic antiquity. Scott took the material that lay ready to his hand, and his fame suffers somewhat from his easy choice. The inner life of his heroes had but little interest for him, in comparison with the general life of their time; their especial method of making love seemed to him a trivial matter, in comparison with things of wider bearing; and while he paid his tribute to the demands of novel-readers by bringing the subject into his novels, it generally holds a subordinate place there. The Bride of Lammermoor is an exception in this respect to the majority of the Waverley novels; yet even here Scott is wholly remote from the modern point of view, which makes courtship the main thing in life. This novel, particularly in contrast with

those we are accustomed to read nowadays, is in the grand style. There is a classic air about its tragedy which raises it far above an ordinary love story.

The readers of these later days, or at least some of them, say of Scott's novels that the historical part is untrustworthy, and the part that they share with ordinary novels is poorly done. But, after all, who reads novels for exact information about dates? And is there not a good deal on the credit side of Scott's account with history? As for the second charge brought against the novels, argument is in vain. It is undeniable that later writers have performed so much vivisection on the human heart that to the more experienced readers of to-day the crude love-making of Scott's heroes seems simplicity itself, like the caresses of rustics in the cars. But to children and to their parents there are apt to be things of more importance and interest than the relations of young people to one another. In answering questions like these there is one test of the truth, and that is our own experience; and how many are there of his readers who do not fall under the charm of his genius? Indeed, when one thinks of what Scott is, the very notion of putting him, as it were, on the defensive against the accusations of a later generation savors of unwisdom. The first thing to be proved is the goodness of the plaintiff's taste. So much may be said while acknowledging limitations to the excellence of Scott's work; but those who refuse to call him great are like the man who said that Heine was not really witty, he only went about saying witty things to convey that false impression to other people. After all, Scott's powers are distinctly noteworthy for their bulk, so to speak. One is reminded, not so much of those little streams which all people agree in calling lovely, as of a large, broad river, flowing with uniform current. Other men have beaten him at this thing and at that: one has more pathos, another a subtler humor, and a great many have a more charming style, — compare, for instance, Mérimée's Chronique du Règne de Charles IX. with any of Scott's work by which it was inspired, — yet where else do we find anything like Scott's abundant picturesqueness of imagination? We have, to be sure, learned more things concerning the kings he wrote about than he put into his novel, but does our learning give us a more definite, and for that matter a more precise, impression of, for example, James I. than Scott gives us? There is but one answer.

When he had plainer people to draw, his method was very different from that which is current nowadays, as we can see by comparing his Caleb Balderstone, for instance, with one of Thomas Hardy's minor characters, such as Joseph Poorgrass, in Far from the Madding Crowd. Joseph had just been asked to tell one of his stories. "'No, no, no; not that story!' expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern, and forcing out too much for the purpose, — laughing over the greater part of his skin, round to his ears, and up among his hair, insomuch that Shepherd Oak, who was rather sensitive himself, was surfeited, and felt he would never adopt that plan for hiding trepidation any more."

Scott does not take his reader behind the scenes, as it were, in this way; he busies himself with the words and actions of his people, and leaves them to make their own impression, without these little confidences as to their feelings. That is to say, his novels have a sort of old-fashioned air; they are set in frames, as it were, like works of art, and nowadays novels are what some one has called slices out of life. But with all the tendency towards realism that has been talked about so much of late, though it has always been one of the main characteristics of English literature, and, for that matter, extremely common in the French, Scott's realism in his treatment

of the Scotch peasants, for instance, is something in which he has not yet been excelled. His David Deans, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, is a good example of his way of putting a character vividly before us. He is a man drawn from the life, and but one of the many characters with which Scott's imagination has peopled the world of fiction.

From his life, we see what a pleasant, easy-going person Scott was; how his genius was a companion to him, and not a tyrant that disturbed his life, as in the case of Byron. His views on all matters were simple, like those of an ordinary country gentleman who had a fervent belief in the divine origin of aristocracy, and more interest in the picturesque past than in the present. His story-writing kept him as busy as if he had been at work shoe-making, and hence some have blamed him for looking upon the composition of his novels as a trade. It was at any rate wholesale trade, which is generally regarded as a very respectable thing.

Carping of this kind about a man of Scott's calibre is small work, and there are few who will feel disposed to quarrel with the number of the Waverley novels: they will rather accept the abundance with a grateful heart. When one considers the many periods of history that Scott's imagination illuminated for us; the host of characters he taught us to know and love; the generous philosophy with which he looked upon life, not hiding its afflictions, but, without sentimentality, showing us its consolations, — for even the pessimist can comfort himself by admiring his own intelligence in knowing how bad the world is, — when one considers these things and the nature of the man who enriched literature in this way, one asks where his like can be found in modern literature.

The upshot of all criticism of him is that in some particular ways others have surpassed him. And this, as was said before, must be granted. Take for an example his treatment of nature. Few writers give us so distinctly the feeling of open air, of being out-of-doors, as he does. His love of nature is neither the classical elegance of the writers of the last century, nor the modern analysis of our feelings before natural phenomena, as we see it in certain modern writers. Nor does he cloy us with labored picturesqueness. His is a prose treatment of the subject, as of a man who is, so to speak, of the same family as the blue sky and the green grass and the rushing water, and who is thereby saved from the excessive emotions of those who know nature less well. We feel that he lived out-of-doors, and that he had what may be called a good appetite for scenery, and that he enjoyed it without looking at himself at the same time to see how it struck him.

In his poetry, his descriptions of nature are very simple, and at times the comparisons in which they are used are like tales in words of one syllable. Thus, in Rokeby, Canto 2, IV.: —

> — "the stream rejoicing free,
> As captive set at liberty,
> Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
> And clamoring joyful on her road;
> Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
> The trees retire in scattered ranks,
> Save when, advanced before the rest,
> On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
> Lonely and huge, the giant oak,
> As champions, when their band is broke,
> Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
> The bulwark of the scattered host," etc.

Take, again, the famous passage in the beginning of the Lady of the Lake: —

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Was bathed in floods of living fire.
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Within the dark ravines below,
> Where twined the path in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid,
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
> Round many an insulated mass,
> The native bulwarks of the pass,
>
> . . . .
>
> Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
> Or seemed fantastically set
> With cupola or minaret,

Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrops' sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs."

Surely, this is simplicity itself, and is very different from the sort of simplicity, one of choice rather than of nature, that we find in Wordsworth, for example, in his Influences of Natural Objects, when, "shod with steel, we hissed along the polished ice," — for so in the phraseology of the last century he called skating: —

"With the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away."

It is easy to see the vast difference between Wordsworth's impressive lines and Scott's clever verse-making; yet there is in Scott's longer poems a vivacity that is not of course the highest quality that poetry can have, but one that few readers are wholly indifferent to, and some of his short poems, such as Proud Maisie in the Wood, are almost faultless in their way. In his prose-writing he never sets too much store by the scenery he describes; he does not try to make it play a more important part in his novels than it does in real life; yet his descriptions seldom fail to impress the memory of those that read them.

In novel-writing there are many things he has done well which other men have done better, but no one maker of fiction has combined so many rare qualities as he. There are always plenty of men cleverer than he, but he has no rival in a sort of majestic abundance of power. In fact, his prose is epic. For that sort of composition there is no need of precise and superfluous detail; what is required is a sort of grandeur and massive strength, such as Scott alone has possessed in modern times. The form that he chose, in accordance with the taste of the day, — for to sit down to compose an epic poem would have been like sacrificing a bull to Jupiter, — is one that other dexterous craftsmen have worked in a more intricate fashion; so that his novels bear the same relation to modern stories that one of Nelson's seventy-two-gun frigates bears to a mastless steel-clad ram. Hence it is that some people are inclined to look upon him as old-fashioned; but there are certain things that never go out of fashion, even if they undergo seasons of neglect, or even if they are weighed down by acknowledged deficiencies. It is easy to learn that the Middle Ages were something very different from what Scott thought them to be, and that there is inexactness in his accounts of the crusades and the crusaders, but it will be a long time before the completest collection of details will bring before us those remote times with anything like the vividness of Scott's portrayal. The siege of Troy was doubtless something very unlike Homer's account of it, but what Hector and Helen and Achilles have done for Homer, Scott's characters will do to keep his fame fresh when all the stucco and paste of his ornamentation have fallen away.

Scott, it must be remembered, does not belong to readers of English alone. He and Byron are the only English writers of this century, — and Shakespeare is the only other, — whose fame has spread over the whole of Europe, and Scott's influence over his contemporaries is really beyond estimation.

The invention of English writers has gone back to its customary channels, those of domestic incident and inartistic detail, but readers still possess the faculty of imagination, and those who care more for the free air of romance than for narrow precision still return to him as the last purely imaginative writer of English fiction.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

POLITICAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

We have heard much of the failure of democratic government. This was indeed the key to the reputed popular cry for a Rising Man. Some attribute the assumed failure to universal suffrage, and in their opinion educated suffrage is the cure-all. Several of these live in Massachusetts, where suffrage is thus limited, — a condition which does not seem to have banished demagogues from that State. Such admit that less happy States cannot easily get back to this limitation; but this is not unwelcome confirmation of the general melancholy of their view. Others lay the evil to the existence of parties, and propose to abolish them, — they have not told us how. These and still other critics agree perfectly as to their own function in the government: they will let ill enough alone.

It is true that we do not live in Utopia. The evils of democratic government have been many, and particularly it has blossomed profusely into those flowers of tyranny and corruption which have domesticated into the American language such words as "rings" and "bosses" and "the machine." But it is also true that previous governments had not been so completely successful but that modern democracy was devised as a means to enable the governed to do their own governing, which had been to their mind a "failure" at the hands of others. So far as our own system is a failure, it is not because the people do the governing, but because they do not do the governing; because the people are not enabled to express at the polls their own desires as to who shall administer their government, and on what principles it shall be administered.

It is the purpose of this paper to suggest that this failure is due not to the system, but to the individual voter under the system, particularly to the individual voter of intelligence and education. It goes without saying, in arithmetic, that a million is made up of ones. It requires a great deal of saying to emphasize this fact in politics. Nevertheless, it is there also a fact, and the most important fact. The political responsibility of the individual is still the basis of our government, and no other basis for it is possible.

It is at least questionable whether the first panacea of the Utopians would better things. It is the chief complaint of these gentlemen that men of education do not go to the polls. This is not found to be true, because the "brown-stone districts" of New York poll a large percentage of their voting population; but were it true, how will educated suffrage be better, if the educated do not go to the polls? It is replied that this is trifling with words; that the educated would go to the polls, but that they know they would be out-voted by ignorance. The reply disregards the facts. The conditions of choice are not greatly different between universal and so-called educated or limited suffrage. The limitation can scarcely be beyond that existing in Massachusetts, — ability to read and write and the payment of a minimum tax, — and this excludes but a small share of our population. It is not this class that holds the balance of power. For it is remarkable that almost any given body of men divides itself on almost any question, so that a small proportion of the body, exercising deliberate choice, gives the decisive vote. This is shown to be peculiarly true in political elections: in those last occurring in Ohio and in New Hampshire the republicans were in the majority, and in Maine were in the minority by less than one half of one per cent.; and the election of Judge Morton to be governor of Massachusetts

by only one vote is an often-quoted fact. It is the more unthinking class whose votes, in the normal state of things, make up the body of the parties on both sides, so that universal suffrage, by the subtraction of the fixed less-educated vote, is resolved to something very like educated suffrage. The politicians practice "gerrymandering" to evade this result. In individual instances, as in the city of New York, the ignorant vote will give a decided preponderance. But here comes into play a curious illustration of Mr. Spencer's law of development, — from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, — in the inevitable tendency to divide overwhelming majorities into subordinate parties on subsidiary questions. This has in New York city again and again divided the dominant party, and in a choice between their candidates restored to the small, unattached vote its balance of power. It is because the voter of education has failed to see and seize the opportunity given him in the significance of this unattached vote that ignorance has out-voted him.

And here one thing more is to be said. The burden of leadership is not accepted by the educated class, upon whom it properly falls. The masses proverbially seek leaders. They ought to find them among men trained to take the broader, the far-looking, the less close and selfish view which education, if it means anything, should mean. As a matter of fact, it is from their selfishness that they are led, by leaders who share with them this selfishness. The farmer, with his load of debt, stumbles after the greenback demagogue, who leads him farther and farther into the mire, just as the day laborer in the cities gets his political gospel from the grog-shop keeper who can promise him a "job" out of the "spoils." These men should be led by those able to show them that the chance of clearing the farms is better under honest money, decent office-holders, and low taxes; and the chance of steady work, good homes to live in, and clean streets about them is better the moment the "spoils" are swept away. Unhappily, they have too good reason to reject the leadership of the "enlightened" as that of a selfish and exclusive class. The cry of this class is a puling "Why don't *they* better things?" instead of "*We* will right this wrong." Take away the "patronage" from the grog shop keepers (and this is civil-service reform), and let the educated accept the duty of the educated to replace selfishness with at least "enlightened self-interest," and universal suffrage, like educated suffrage, is not simply a count of noses, but a balancing of brains. Despite the communistic tendencies that upper-class selfishness has helped to prevail, I venture to say that the employer of a hundred men, or the builder of a model tenement, who is seen by his acts to desire not so much his own selfish interests as the good of his community, will still have more political influence among his part of the masses, year in and year out, than the corner loafer who now rallies the mob. Here again it is not universal suffrage, but the educated class, that is at fault.

The remedy proposed by the next class of Utopians is to abolish parties. It will be long before we reach the millennium under their leadership. If this be the sole remedy, the disease will not be cured. To chop off a man's head is not a satisfactory way to cure the toothache, nor is the reform of party government to be similarly brought about. So long as fifty million people are not of one mind, so long those who agree among themselves as to certain political ideas, and oppose the political ideas of others, will desire to coöperate in the expression of those ideas; and this implies, where thousands and even millions of votes are involved, a very high degree of organization. This organized coöperation is party, and nothing has yet been suggested to take its place. No one

objects to organization: it is the abuse of organization which is stigmatized as "the machine." When a railroad train is wrecked by reckless driving, it is not proposed to abolish steam-engines, but to discharge drunken engineers. Moreover, party government, that is, modern government in general, requires as a rule the opposition of one great party to another great party, — two parties, and no more. Into our legislative assemblies we shall doubtless, some of these days, in one shape or another, introduce the practice of minority representation, and profit by it in breaking the reckless despotism of a legislative majority. (The French chamber of deputies is superior to our house of representatives in the particular of political elements, forming third and fourth and fifth party groups in many questions.) But this principle cannot operate in the case of most of our elective offices. When one man is to fill one place, neither minority representation nor third parties will help us much, and until human nature is much changed there will remain places where one man is twice as good as two. A third party is not a normal part of our system of government. It is a temporary expedient, with the purpose of becoming one of two great parties, — in itself a contradiction of terms, and produced only when the worst comes to the worst, as a "new departure," which deliberately surrenders the present to the future.

Let us admit, then, that for some years yet this country will remain a democracy, to be governed by universal suffrage through the means of parties, and let us consider where the difficulties are, and whether a remedy is as hopeless as some would have us believe.

It is as true of good government as of other good things that it cannot be had without taking trouble for it. It is true, also, that the average citizen cannot take a great deal of trouble for it, because the thrust of every-day duties, in this thronged life of to-day, will not let him. The more valuable he is in the community, and the more useful as a factor in governing, the less likely he is to devote much of his force to governing, because his time is so much occupied with other affairs. He needs, therefore, a means of producing political results without much trouble. In the hope of this, he has here inclined to accept the modern principle of the division of labor, and let the "politicians" arrange his politics for him.

The results have not been satisfactory. The practice has not produced good government. While the business of this deputized class should have been to arrange political affairs so that the busy man might declare his opinion by his vote, it has labored chiefly to prevent the citizen from expressing his desires at the polls, presenting to him issues other than those on which he desires to give his opinion, and confining him to men for whom he does not want to vote. This remains true until a supreme issue forces itself upon the attention, or until the dissatisfaction with the dominant managers acquires the force to sweep them out of power and make room for another set. But healthful life is not procured by a series of crises or a succession of explosions; it consists in the quiet replacement, atom by atom, of bad and effete material by good and fresh material.

What we know as "the machine" is in fact the trades-union of politicians, banded together to keep outsiders from interference with their business. Indeed, to such a pitch is this motive carried that the performers on the stage of active politics, who call earth and heaven to witness that the country is lost if the other party have a remnant of power left them, will be found presently in the green-room making an even dicker of the spoils. The trades-union proper has its justification and its usefulness; that of the politicians copies only its abuses,

and is chronically on strike. Skill in the actual calling, which with the politician should be the business of conducting government, is a secondary matter to skill in making fiery orations, for instance, that will hold the union together, and so prevent outsiders from taking any part in the work. It is thus that dexterity in defeating or obscuring the desire of the body of voters becomes the chief political value in a country of universal suffrage.

Nor is this question of the machine a question of one party or the other. It is a question of class inside of party, and inside of any party. The evolution of such a class would probably begin, under present circumstances, in any new party that might be formed. A reform party is not least apt, unfortunately, to practice any means toward "reform."

This trades-unionism involves a curious professional habit of mind: there is no longer moral perspective, and means are mistaken for ends. Parties and measures and men are not means for good government, but government is the means for obtaining party success, which is the chief end of man. This sometimes rises to sincere conviction. Providence is called in; a Southern outrage is an interposition against the democrats. Men who are not corrupt begin unconsciously to accept this view of the party. They will be "loyal" to party leaders who are unloyal to everything but their own interests. They will look with complacency upon that consuming patriotism which will buy up every voter in the district before it will let the opposition defile the purity of the ballot. While the "henchmen" are held together by the "cohesive force of public plunder," the more honest party men are kept in the traces through what may be called the party state of mind. Men think only in the terms of their own party. Good government depends on "the success of the party," whether the party carries its principles into practice or not. The politicians find it easy to renew the moral sense of their side of the community, so that every lapse of virtue on the part of the other side becomes a moral gain. Thus they obtain a factitious morality for their own party, which is subjected to none of the tests of actual morality. The other party is a bogy, to be exorcised. The superstition of the nursery dominates grown men. In the decadence of a faith, religion becomes a name to cloak the absence of it; to doubt the priests who make a living out of the relics of the saints is to question the existence of the gods. So party becomes a name, and the absence of purpose is forgotten: deceived by dead bones and living hucksters of them, educated voters are enslaved by a superstition.

We want a vigorous Protestantism in our politics, — a new reformation, appealing from creeds that mean nothing in practice to the individual conscience of right and wrong; a new emancipation from the hierarchy of office-holders and the slavocracy of party whips.

There is, indeed, now a crisis in this country, which demands a new antislavery crusade. It is a struggle of the people against the politicians, not easy to fight, and with none of the heroics about it. Civil-service reform is at this moment a more important national question than the success of either of the two existing parties, because in the abuse of the civil service the politicians of either side are intrenched. So long as the bread and butter of a great body of men, extending all through the public offices and the public works, depends upon keeping their own party and particular managers of their own party "in," so long every effort will be made not to express the desires of the voters through the party, but to keep the party and its managers "in" against the desires of the voters. So long as the politicians can control "patronage," — whether they be republican senators or democratic bosses, — so long

they will prevent either party from presenting issues on which the people wish to vote. So long as there is this temptation to a large class to conspire against the voter's expressing his real desires at the polls, so long the machinery of government will be used for the opposite purpose from that for which it was intended. But that civil-service reform is the "paramount necessity" we have heard before. The question is how we are to get it. Both parties will oblige us, though not cheerfully, by putting fine generalities about it into their platforms, and both are quite as ready to leave it out of their practice. Especially it is a stock in trade with the "outs," who whack vigorously with this plank at the "ins." The trick is transparent, and the "ins" know that the people know it. "O dear public," they have only to cry, "the other fellows will be worse than we are, and what is the use of putting us out and them in?" On either side, the voter is made to cast his vote for the principle of civil-service reform, and against the practice of it. Civil-service reform, in a word, cannot be reached directly: it must be got at in some other way.

It is upon the moral confusion above noted, and the perplexity and hesitancy of the educated voter in view of it, that the politicians of the winning side have long relied. They have seen that with no class of men is party superstition stronger, the dread greater of what the other party may do. They have come to look upon the educated vote as cowardly, and of this as a working principle they have had abundant confirmation. They have heard time and time again fine speeches of independence at conventions: they have beaten the orators and sent them home in the absolute certainty that the "fear of consequences" would whip them into line with the party before it should come time for the polls. "I wish we had the bull-dog jaw back again in our educated men!" cried one disheartened reformer. But it is not bull-dog jaws that conquer the world in these days; it is firm-set lips. It is purpose made resolute by the determination to fight for the future, if in the present it may not prevail. The politician appals your educated man with the fear of remote consequences, which his education has trained him peculiarly to understand; but his education has taught him something more, and this it is time for the politican to understand. It has taught him that the present and the immediate future must sometimes be sacrificed for the remoter future; that results cannot be had without risks; that, in a word, it pays to be far-sighted. This is the philosophy of history applied to the present. As soon as the individual voter gives the politician to understand that, in this larger view, he will disregard the combination of circumstances purposely planned to restrain him, that moment the politician must begin to give way.

It has been well said that the one thing for the honest voter to do is to make the politician's trade uncertain. This is in fact the key to the situation. It is by the free flux of votes on the edge of party lines, the fluidity of parties, so to speak, that politicians can most practically be controlled and politics be most effectually reformed. The independent voter is the the strong man. If the parties will not apply civil-service reform for him, let him apply it for himself to the parties.

In fine, the educated voter, if he wants to better parties and to better politics, must resolutely refuse to cast his vote for a bad or unfit candidate, or for a candidate representing bad practice, because the candidate is nominated by the party whose professed principles he desires to support, and by whose name he calls himself. If a more fit man is nominated for the same place by the opposing party, he will vote directly for him. If there is but a choice of evils, he will refuse to cast his vote for

either, not by staying away from the polls, but by leaving the objectionable name off his party ticket, whether or not he replaces it by a good name, which he cannot expect to see chosen, but which offers a warning and a protest to his party managers.

This at once involves the dilemma of the undesired election, by default, of the bad candidate of the worse party; but this is a dilemma which must be resolutely met. It is the game of the politicians on both sides to keep the voter in this dilemma. They can be checkmated only by peremptory notification that at any hazard this kind of game must be stopped. The responsibility of party defeat is not with the voter, but with the party manager who has deliberately defied him.

For a political party, also, must be known by its fruits: if it produces bad candidates, it is not a good party; nor is it any longer "our" party if it rejects in its nominations and its administration the avowed principles which make it "ours." It cannot be too often repeated that party is only the coöperation of voters to put into practice given principles, and that there is nothing but fetichism in the worship of a party name. It is notorious at this time that neither great national party represents either its avowed principles or the better men in it. Each party subsists chiefly on the blunders, or worse than blunders, of its opponents, and finds its political capital not in its own usefulness, but in the dread of the worse possibilities of the other side. The cry of "Principles, not men" — which represents the true conflict of real parties — is a mockery in these days. This is the reason that the fight must be made first on men, before we can get back again to the conflict of principles. The way to stop stealing is not to pass resolutions against it, but to punish the particular men who steal. The way to make a party represent principle is to reject the men in it who have no principle. If the worst comes, and the party is captured by unprincipled men for their own ends, then their defeat is the only method of reform within the party, because by such purification only can it again rise to its true power. If party managers invite this, this they must have.

It is to be noted, however, that the entire defeat of the party is not likely to be found needful. At most elections there are fit men and unfit men joined on our too comprehensive tickets. It is not necessary to reject the whole ticket, that is, to "bolt," but only to reject the bad men, — in which event, if the practice becomes chronic, there will not be many elections before bad men will be left off the ticket, and decent men made the rule. The machine knows that after all it must *elect* its man, and it will not long persist in putting up men whom the voters will not elect. If it is known that a considerable class of voters, whatever their party name, are unlikely to vote for a man who has no fitness for his office, whatever his party name, the managers will take this fact into their very practical calculations. There is no danger of "provoking" them to ignore it, — that is not the way in which the mind of the politician works. If tools or dupes of the machine are thus rejected from elective offices, its control over appointive offices will be weakened and the system ultimately broken up. Civil-service reform will be no longer a "plank," but a possibility, and the influences on legislation which have hitherto prevented its permanent adoption by law will no longer be adequate. The men elected will set themselves honestly to putting into practice the principles they were elected to represent, and the men appointed to doing the business they were appointed to do. Parties will not lose their organization, — there is no danger of that in this self-organizing country, — but they will resume their normal function of making

party machinery the means of expressing the popular will as guided by enlightened opinion. This is a simple process, which does not attempt a great deal, but it is effective, and effective with little machinery. It is not even necessary that the revolters should agree on any candidate of their own. The managers, however defiant they may be, cannot get along without votes, and the easy check is to give them not enough votes to elect their man. If the first result is to elect by default a man who is not desired, the second and most permanent is to obtain from the party a candidate who will be elected, because he will represent the principles the party professes to represent.

It is objected that this remedy is not adequate, because it produces only negative and not positive results. It is in fact the exercise of the veto power of the individual voter, and no more. It does not select good men, but only defeats bad ones. But we have here an evil to be cured, and destruction is the first and necessary step to construction. Positive results will follow, for when the heavy hand of the boss is off the party organization, the individual voter can again take part at the "primaries" in selecting his candidate. At present this is not practicable. The good citizen is urged to go into the party machinery and do his little best there. The trouble here is that his little best is so very little. The primaries offer no more freedom of choice than the polls. They are wheels within wheels of the machine. The citizen plays against loaded dice. Results may be obtained, but by an outlay of force entirely disproportionate to the results. The organization is against the individual, until it is forced to accept him as a part of it; and to attain this is to devote time and skill and other values which a busied man cannot afford.

This remedy is no new thing. For years men on both sides have voted a discriminating ticket. But there have not been enough of them to disturb the politicians, and it is only recently that the evils of machine domination have attained such dimensions, and the policy of reform within the party by a forgiving trust in the penitence of managers in "off years" has so conspicuously failed, as to emphasize the necessity of enrolling men of this mind into a visible and adequate force. The movement which embodies it is based essentially on the power of ideas and appeals to the individual sense of right and wrong in political matters. It is, in a word, political Protestantism. It strives to produce a habit of mind in the community differing from the present habit of mind in political matters, and indeed reversing it. A voter is now called upon to show why he should *not* vote with "his party," whereas the party ought to show why he *should* vote with it. But concert of action is greatly promotive of independence in thinking, and ideas are much more effective in the concrete form of organization. Among the class of men likely to think and act for themselves, the American faculty of organization might indeed be expected to show itself. Common-sense suggestion, publicly made, by a few men who come together to represent a purpose has a considerable power in shaping public opinion and modifying action, and the conscience vote will be the more effective if individual consciences know that others are concentrated on the same aim. But the principle remains the same: reliance on the individual voter and his balance-of-power vote.

Nothing is more illogical than to call voters of this mind traitors, dictators, impracticables, or irreconcilables. They are not traitors, for they say, We want to support the principles avowed by our party, and the candidate you offer does not support them. It is he and you who are traitors. They are not dictators, for they say, We do not desire to name a candidate of our own; we want a good

candidate, that is all, and we will not vote for one whom we think bad. They are not impracticables, for they are doing the very practicable thing of fighting the politician with his own methods; they accept his challenge. They are not irreconcilables if, as between Jack Sheppard and Fra Diavolo, they venture to express a desire for some other kind of man. These all are but variations of the cry for "harmony," when harmony means the surrender of everything for which a party is useful.

The last resource of the party managers is the cry, All this is very well for ordinary occasions, but you must not jeopardize your party on great issues. This is the whip which drives in the independent voter, for the argument is specious and effective. They are perfectly willing to have reform in off years. But it is as occasions rise to state and national importance that the people have most need to be entirely bold against machine conspiracies. The stream cannot be purified from below. A dishonest town clerk we may easily get rid of, but a demagogue governor or a questionable president is another affair. It is the supreme mockery of the machine that, with scornful contempt, it tells the people that in matters of such importance it must be let alone. Its stock in trade is "supreme issues," and it is here, if anywhere, that its challenge must be defiantly accepted.

The answer to this is that many people believe that there are certain principles paramount to party which it is vitally necessary to put into practice in this country, and which neither party is willing to put into practice. Wherever neither party as a party seems worthy of of support, they will vote for the man whose character, record, and surroundings promise best. When both candidates are bad, they are willing to cast a conscience vote, because they think the danger of misgovernment for a year or two ahead is less than the danger of permanent misgovernment by the final victory of party schemers. In this dilemma of parties, there remains the clear question of good or bad men.

The class of men who, counting themselves republicans, hold this view already find in the results of the national convention of their party happy confirmation of the efficacy of the remedy here set forth. They believe that the practical expression of these views, in the preliminary campaign of last fall and in the canvass before the convention, have had their positive effect in procuring a candidate under whose leadership party principles will mean something. They will be glad indeed to see a campaign fought between candidates on the two sides both of whom can be relied upon to make promises practice. But no mistake can be greater than to suppose that by any temporary success everything is achieved. Party names are yet stronger than party principles, and the citizen cannot afford to flatter himself that the beginning is the end.

We have naturally heard much, since the war, of military metaphors. We have become accustomed to look upon a political "campaign" as the grand battle of two opposing armies, with their officers and their generals disdainfully regarding their privates as ammunition to be fired against the enemy, and nothing more. On the contrary, the truest thing about a political party is that it is not an army, and that military parallels do not apply. The situation is exactly opposite, — except in one particular. This particular is that in war as in politics everything depends finally on the fibre of the individual privates. But in war it is the private's business to go into the battle massed with other men, with no idea but to do as his general bids, and if he deserts he is rightly shot. In politics the citizens go to the polls one by one; each casts his ballot by himself and for himself, without the knowledge

of others as to its direction, and the very act of voting is the invitation to use his individual judgment as between the opposing forces. Without enough of these votes, no man, or machine, or party can win.

The men who recognize the force of this axiom challenge each party to declare, not through the farce of platform promises, but by the nomination of men who will put principles into practice, whether they desire the support of those who think for themselves before they go to the polls. If party managers take the hint, the real issues on which voters desire from time to time to express their opinions are likely to be met as they come up by the modification of present parties under present names. Otherwise the recourse of purposeful men is a conscience vote that will begin to provide a better instrument for the future.

Results are not achieved in a day, and in the face of present and prospective discouragements there must be that faith in works which has been so marked a characteristic of the American people. Persistent fearlessness will overcome even the superb organization and scornful power of this new slavocracy of the machine. The responsibility of the individual, not to a party cry, but to the principles of political morality, is still the basis of American government, and the independent voter must keep at his work, if need be, as his grandsires fought the first battle of the Revolution, — each from behind his own tree. There is an increasing company coming to their support in the generation which has been growing up since the war, those who believe that the men of the war died for liberty; it is their less heroic duty to live for honesty, — to "highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

R. R. Bowker.

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur
  Who started out to sing,
Eight hundred years ago, or more,
  On a leafy morn in spring;
And he caroled sweet as any bird
  That ever tried its wing.

Of love his little heart was full, —
  Madonna! how he sang!
The blossoms trembled with delight,
  And round about him sprang,
As forth among the banks of Loire
  The minstrel's music rang.

The boy had left a home of want
  To wander up and down,
And sing for bread and nightly rest
  In many an alien town,

And bear whatever lot befell, —
  The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's carolling lips are dust,
  And ages long since then
Dead kings have lain beside their thrones,
  Voiceless as common men, —
But Gerald's songs are echoing still
  Through every mountain glen!

James T. Fields.

AU SÉRIEUX.

I.

Hector von Imhoff had been traveling for six months in the United States, when, early in November, 187–, he reached New York, expecting to be met by letters from his family urging an immediate return to Berlin. Much to his surprise, and we might also say gratification, his father granted him a few weeks' respite. His marriage, which was to have taken place in January, had been postponed until Easter, on account of a death in the family of the young Baroness Emilie von Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen. The circumstances were so imperative that Hector instantly stifled his regrets, and wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to his betrothed. He deplored the necessity for this delay, but self-sacrificingly affirmed his resolution to be patient. It had been, he explained, his intention to embark at once for Europe, but since a return to Prussia at the present juncture could effect no result except to make him restless, he had made up his mind to remain (should his parents sanction this decision) a month or two longer in America. He had seen the Falls, the great lakes, the prairies, crossed the Mississippi, explored the Sierras and the valley of the Yosemite. Now it might be well for him to make the most of his proffered opportunity, and gather a few ideas about the inhabitants of the country, of whom he had so far received only the scantiest impressions. A wider experience and a closer acquaintance would enable him to carry away more just and discriminating notions of what their vaunted freedom had accomplished for civilization.

These admirable reasons for a prolonged stay he also detailed in a letter to his father and mother. Then, feeling certain of their consent, Hector sought his friend Raymond Ferris, and asked his advice about the best method of passing the winter and making the most of his time. Raymond unhesitatingly told him that the easiest way to attain the coveted knowledge of American society was to settle down in New York. He knew that the young Prussian's means were moderate, and accordingly established him in a room adjoining his own near Union Square, and introduced him at the Hungarian restaurant, a block away, where he took his own meals. This arrangement, Raymond obligingly remarked, was inexpensive: they could go about on easy terms of *camaraderie* when the occasion suited, and at other times be absolutely free.

Hector and Raymond had studied together at the university at Göttingen, and their habit of friendship was already well tested. The young American re-

turned to New York after completing his course, and had not met Von Imhoff again for the intervening five years. They had occasionally written to each other, and Raymond had been made a confidant to his friend's matrimonial prospects. Hector was Baron von Imhoff's fifth son, and his patrimony was to be of the smallest; thus nothing could be more judicious than this marriage, which was to unite him to an heiress of good rank and enormous estates. Raymond had, it is true, seen the little baroness, on the occasion of a Christmas visit to the Château Imhoff, without having been enchanted; but in spite of her somewhat calamitous absence of outward attractiveness, he had never expressed the faintest doubt of his friend's supreme good luck, for he firmly believed certain substantial compensations more essential in marriage than fleeting personal charms.

Hector himself was now twenty-seven. He was tall, and had a soldierly figure and a plain but strong face. His manners were simple, direct, and absolutely quiet. He seemed always — or so, at least, Raymond Ferris was in the habit of saying — to be acting under orders, which may have been one of the results of his military training. He took life more seriously than his American friend, and was consequently rewarded by more vivid impressions. He possessed high ardor for art; was clever with brush and pencil, and a proficient in music. He spoke several languages with ease, and was perfectly at home in English, pronouncing it in a way which curiously enhanced the value of certain words commonly slurred over. He was, in fact, so pleasing a fellow that Raymond Ferris was enormously proud of him, piqued himself on their intimacy, and was in no hurry to part with him. He took pains to have him admitted to the two best clubs, where he became necessarily something of a lion. He was, to begin with, a baron, — indifferent to his rank although he appeared to be; he was an officer in the Prussian army; he seemed, in short, one of those enviable children of good luck who are presented at birth with St. Peter's keys to whatever they want in heaven or on earth.

But where his friend's introduction to feminine society was concerned, Raymond went to work more leisurely, determined to spoil nothing by haste. Nothing worth caring about was going on in society as yet, and it was as well, perhaps, that Hector's curiosity should be slightly whetted regarding the fair ones he met in the street, or looked at between the acts of the opera.

"You seem to have a great many female acquaintances," the young Prussian now and then remarked, with admiring patience.

"Yes, I count on knowing everybody in New York I consider worth knowing," Raymond would reply.

Athirst for social information as he was, Hector could not resist the feeling at such times that his friend was indifferent to his interests, and held him back from any chance of compassing the wide experience of New York he was ambitious to gain. On further reflection, however, he was inclined to trust Raymond's disinterestedness and rest upon his sagacity, knowing him to be a quiet fellow, who took all things coolly and never brought his green corn to market.

"They are very magnificent women," he went on to say of these beautiful and seductive creatures, who gave him such charming glances and indicated such a large and vivid interest in him.

"The loveliest women in the world," Raymond returned, appreciative, but not enthusiastic.

"They must have enjoyed very superior advantages to become acquainted with society so early."

"Why so?"

"They do not seem in the least afraid of the admiration their beauty excites."

"Well, why should they be afraid?" was Raymond's sensible reply.

Hector refrained from saying that he could not get over his amazement at the discovery that the fascinating young women he constantly came across were mostly unmarried. There was something in their ease, aplomb, perfect mastery of any accidental circumstances that chance offered, which had fastened the indelible impression upon his mind that they were matrons. When this notion was reversed, and he learned what a gloriously free and unfettered creature the American girl actually is, he began to think her a worthy object of study, and to take notes as far as his scanty opportunities afforded. He had prolonged his stay in New York with the definite purpose of improving his stock of knowledge; and what a pleasant field for patient and laborious investigations these charming creatures might offer! It seemed to him that if he could only become acquainted with one of them, he might go back to his own country considerably enlightened concerning the resources of the gentler sex. So far he had made sure of two things: first, that the American girl was the most exquisite production of nature or art; second, that she took an emancipated view of her relations to the universe, and could survey whatever she came across with coolness and decision in her beautiful-eyed wonder. He burned to know more of her; to study her *au fond*, as it were. Let him but enjoy the chance, and he would go to work with zeal, purely disinterested in his scientific investigations, avoiding hasty generalizations, taking pains to discriminate accidental phenomena from essential facts.

"Why should they be afraid of us?" repeated Raymond. "If the truth were but known, I dare say it might come out that we are more afraid of them. We all require a pretty cool head and heart to refrain from committing absurdities on their account. But they can take care of themselves."

"A cool head and heart?" said Hector. "Why so? You are not betrothed. You expect to commit a few absurdities."

"Can't afford it."

"I know very well what those words mean to me," Hector went on to say. "I could never afford to be carried away by my own feelings, — to plunge headlong without counting the risks of getting into water over my head. . . . At the time of my betrothal, Raymond, I thought of you. You were left free; you were master of your own destiny; you were not domineered over by a tyrannical family decree, in which your own voice was not once heard. . . . I was somewhat slow to realize my good fortune. I counted for more, perhaps, than they were worth those youthful forces of the heart and brain forbidden to me. . . . I asked for three years when they promised me to Emilie. I felt I could not be sure of myself sooner. . . . After a time I came to look at the circumstances which controlled me in a different light."

"Oh, you 're an infernally lucky fellow!"

"I suppose I am. I was restless at first, but now I am sobered. My fate no longer afflicts me. . . . You have seen Emilie. . . . I have no doubt of her affection. . . . She will make me an excellent wife. . . . Already I see myself a *père de famille*. We shall reside on her estates. We shall have children. I care not how many, — one, two, three, four, five, six. Let them come. They may all be well portioned, for Emilie is rich, and their education will interest me, perhaps, and lighten the *ennui* of a country life. I began a year ago the study of agriculture. I shall pass my life experimenting on manures and crops and reading the foreign reviews."

"That 's a capital arrangement," said Raymond. "Of course we manage things very differently here. We go in altogether for sentiment."

"Ah, yes! The young men of a new country may logically assert their right

to a different set of principles. Alas, we of the Old World are forced to be strictly rational, — to study prudence and keep our hold on our hereditary order. I have envied you, Raymond!"

Raymond burst out laughing.

"You may fall in love," pursued the young Prussian, with ardor. "You may choose one of those beautiful Juno-eyed creatures, and become anchored to married life by an imperious and tender sentiment."

"Oh, hang it!" cried Raymond. "I'm not rich enough to fall in love. Heiresses are rare. I don't want a wife till I am well off. Besides, none of these girls would care to marry me. They understand my position. I'm doing moderately well, but I need every cent I make for myself. I go about among them to amuse myself; that is the only definite good I seek to gain, while marriage is a definite evil to be avoided."

"And by amusement you mean" —

"Oh, I always take pains to have two or three flirtations every season."

Von Imhoff regarded his friend with some expression of quickened interest in his candid brown eyes. The two were dining together at the Hungarian restaurant, and after some very fair red wine were sipping their coffee.

"Two or three flirtations," the Prussian repeated. "I think you have explained the word, — you are attracted, — you" —

"Attracted? Yes. I insist on that. I fall in love up to a certain point."

"Ah, — up to a certain point."

"Yes. I always compel myself to stop there, and never to take things *au sérieux*."

"I see. Never take things au sérieux."

"By Jove, no! That would n't do!"

"No. The wise drinker never goes too deep. He stops short at the right moment."

"Exactly. I never get intoxicated. I admire a girl's style and enjoy her conversation, — make sure that she is not heavy in hand, that she has spirit and temperament enough to interest me."

"And she? She is no more serious than you?"

"Serious? No, not she. She's too shrewd for that. She accepts my devotion with a charming air, but never forgets to keep her eye on the chance of a richer fellow's turning up. I begin by sending her flowers. I call at her house as often as possible, and walk home from church with her. She is my regular partner in the German, and if I can afford it I take a box at the theatre, invite her mother to make up a party, and give them all a little supper at Delmonico's or the Brunswick afterwards. I buy her bonbons and the new novels. She reads them and tells me about them, and we discuss all subjects under heaven. I assure you, it's quite sufficiently diverting. I'm more than amused; in fact, I'm instructed! There's no end to the cleverness of these girls! They know everything in a sort of way. I declare to you, Hector, the girl I flirted with last winter was the most fascinating creature! She had violet eyes and pale yellow hair; she was so devilish pretty that I expected I should have to make allowances for her. Yet I found out that to love her was a liberal education."

"That is well said," put in Von Imhoff. "'To love her was a liberal education.'"

"Somebody said it before me. That's where I fail, — in originality. But she never did. She was like the princess who kept the sultan amused for a thousand and one nights. Then, too, she was so lovely! One might have pardoned *bêtises* issuing from such delicious lips, but she never uttered bêtises. She knew music and art and china-painting and pottery glazes. Then, how witty she was, too!"

"Where is she now?"

"She was married in September."

"Ah, my poor Raymond!"

"Not in the least. I was very glad to hear of her good fortune. She met the fellow in Newport. It was her mission to marry a rich man. I grudged her nothing."

"And you were familiar with this exquisite, brilliant creature all winter, yet you kept cool! You said to yourself, 'This is all a very pleasing amusement, but must not be taken seriously.'"

"That was precisely my state of mind. That exquisite, brilliant creature had a great many needs which would have become imperious requirements the moment she had a husband, and she by no means wasted her aspirations on hopes of connubial happiness with me on a small income and a growing family."

"Strange, strange!" mused Hector.

"What is strange?"

"I suppose it must be the effect of this fine, clear climate."

"What must be the effect of the climate?"

Von Imhoff changed the subject. It did occur to him that if Raymond were a typical American, Americans must have their feelings pretty well in hand, — that in fact they must be cold-blooded, cold-hearted egotists. Still, it was not his notion of good manners to criticise the customs of the country he was visiting.

All the same, no word of his friend's philosophy had been lost upon him, and this description of the ravishing ease with which a moderately pleasing young man might compass delightful experiences of these brilliant American girls, without dangerous results, suggested corresponding advantages for himself in his present pursuit of knowledge. It crossed his mind that Raymond's methods, admirably simple as they seemed in his case, might with his own more ardent temperament become a little complicated in practice; but, after all, people went to strange countries merely to observe; they left their hearts at home, and the only essential thing was to use eyes and intellect boldly, to master all facts presented, put them in logical order, and deduce theories from them.

The autumn was almost over, but Indian summer had now set in, with such soft airs and rare skies that it was Raymond Ferris's habit to drive his friend to the Park every afternoon, where they would leave their wagon and saunter through the Mall and Ramble. Few leaves were left upon the trees, but of those few not one but was yellow or russet or dull red, and the calm sunshine gave its own warmth to all things, filling the landscape with color.

Towards the end of one of these days the two friends had left their drag near the Mall, and after a prolonged stroll had sat down on a rustic bench near the lake, and were as usual deeply engaged in conversation, when suddenly Raymond sprang to his feet. A young lady was approaching, attended by a diminutive gentleman some forty-five or fifty years of age, of the most solemn and faultless demeanor, wearing a red carnation in his button-hole. The girl was of unusual height and of a charming, slender figure. She wore a wide hat trimmed with black plumes and a gown of black velvet and silk, over which she had put a long redingote of cream-colored cloth. Her rich dress trailed a yard behind her, making her slim height appear yet more commanding.

"My dear Raymond!" she exclaimed, in a peculiarly impressive voice.

"My dear cousin Lisa!" Raymond returned, flushing with pleasure. "When did you get back from Newport?"

"Only this morning. Raymond, let me introduce you to Mr. Long."

"I have had the honor of meeting Mr. Ferris," Mr. Long returned in a precise and painstaking tone, "but I have never yet enjoyed the pleasure of shaking hands with him."

The two at once proceeded to this ad-

vance in intimacy. Raymond knew Mr. Long very well as the successful financier of certain well-known railway corporations. After shaking hands with this important personage, he impressively introduced Baron Hector von Imhoff to him and to his cousin, Miss Walden.

Miss Walden gave the Prussian a glance out of the corners of her long dark eyes, and decided at once that he had a refined and powerful face.

"My step-mamma is driving about in the carriage," said she, "and Mr. Long and I started to walk through the Ramble, promising to meet her beyond the bridge. Will you come with us?"

"With — the — utmost — pleasure," stammered Von Imhoff, his admiring glance fastened full upon her, and unable to repress his enthusiasm at such a prospect.

Lisa smiled at him very graciously, and walking down a side-path kept him with her, while Mr. Long and Raymond fell behind. The four went on tirelessly, under bridges, through grottoes and vine-covered arbors, apparently losing themselves in the tortuous paths of the labyrinth. If any one felt dissatisfaction at the distance it was not Raymond, who had long wished to get the ear of his present companion; nor Hector, who now trod on air, having gained his much-coveted opportunity; nor Lisa herself, who talked incessantly, smiling, and constantly turning to study her new acquaintance with her full, splendid glance.

Not even Mr. Long made an effort to shorten the promenade until finally the thickets in shadow began to gloom together, when he quietly suggested that they had better turn towards the drive. Here they found the carriage in waiting. On the back seat reclined a lady, who, if not in her first youth, had no more than reached the point of perfected beauty. She was, in truth, remarkably handsome, of a listless, drowsy, blonde type, well set off by a bonnet and carriage-dress of dark blue.

"Well, Lisa!" was her exclamation, as the group approached. "I was on the point of going home and sending back for you."

"Mamma," returned Miss Walden, "let me introduce Baron von Imhoff. And here is cousin Raymond Ferris."

Mrs. Walden opened her eyes and stared frankly at Hector.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am very glad to meet you. How do you like New York? Is it like what you expected an American city to be? Now that we have got back, I hope you will come a great deal to see us. Raymond, you must bring Baron von Imhoff to the house at once."

"To-night?"

"Certainly, to-night. We have to dine early, for Mr. Long is on his way to Washington." She looked sleepily at Hector. "You 'll come, baron?" she added, softly smiling, sweetly speaking.

Hector bowed, and expressed extreme happiness in accepting the invitation. Mr. Long assisted Miss Walden to her seat, followed her, shut the door with a bang, and the carriage rolled away. The sun had now really set. The sky was half rosy, half amber color; in the north and east the horizon toned gradually into violet. The landscape, with its crimsons, russets, and yellows, still kept the light, and in the Indian summer atmosphere took on a look of infinite richness. The two young men stood until the warm light faded into pale gold, then into whiteness, and at last flushed into a vermilion after-glow. The air grew chilly, and Raymond's trap, for which they had been waiting, rattled up, and they got in.

Hector had not spoken since he parted with Miss Walden. He looked flushed and excited, but not until they were dining together did he broach the subject agitating his thoughts.

"Do I understand, Raymond, that Miss Walden is your cousin?"

"Our mothers were sisters."

"Is it possible!"

"Why not? There is nothing incredible in the relationship, is there?"

"Never in all the time that I have known you have you mentioned her name to me!"

"Have n't I? I looked forward to your meeting her. In fact, New York never seems worth the candle until she is here, and I hesitated to introduce you until she and Mrs. Walden could set affairs going. It takes women to manage these things."

"You have waited until I had the chance of meeting the most beautiful, the most distinguished! I thank you, Raymond, from my heart."

Raymond stared at his friend.

"What the devil is there to be so sentimental about?" he thought to himself. "Lisa is no end of a nice girl," he said aloud. "I 've always been fond of Lisa."

"She is a goddess!" exclaimed Hector. "Never have I seen so magnificent a woman!"

"Well, for my own part, I don't call her as handsome as Mrs. Walden, yet I acknowledge she 's thorough-bred to her finger-tips, and has a style of her own which makes her effective. Then, too, she is infernally clever, — one of those girls with eyes to see and sense to understand everything. She 's crammed full of ideas, — she might write a book. She will appreciate you."

"Appreciate me!" murmured Von Imhoff, flushing to his hair. "I am not so presumptuous."

"She 's ambitious," pursued Raymond, "and is n't overburdened with heart. She will make a rich marriage, and likely enough is going to accept Long, — the fellow she was with this afternoon."

"That mummy!" gasped Hector. "That pale, cold shadow! That dull automaton! That mere semblance of a man! Impossible!"

"He may not be an Apollo, but after all what difference does it make? She 's not rich. My uncle was a millionaire when he married that young wife, but he sunk his money in two railroads, and disaster overtook him in '73. He died too soon to get out of the scrape. He did n't leave much available property, yet those two women have been spending right and left ever since. Lisa has told me over and over that she has n't a penny, and must either marry or go to work. That alternative is a neat stroke of hers. I don't think there need be much doubt that both she and her step-mother will make good matches."

If Lisa had charmed the young Prussian in the Park, the impression gained both in breadth and vividness when he saw her at home. She seemed younger, more girlish. She was dressed in some sort of clinging white material, and looked taller and more virginal than before. She had talked in the afternoon with the ease and finish of an experienced woman, and he had listened considerably dazzled. Her fancy to-night was to reverse this order, and Hector was stimulated to the point of pouring out almost the entire history of his life. If he did not confess his betrothal, it was perhaps that nothing seemed to suggest it.

"You are much more interesting than our young men," Miss Walden remarked to him frankly. "I do not know when I was ever so delightfully entertained. I hope you will come and see us very often. Let us be the very best friends in the world."

Now this struck Von Imhoff as something distinctly novel and charming, — to have a young and beautiful creature look at him declaring admiring appreciation of his gifts, and demand that they should swear an eternal friendship. . . . Yet all the time there was no coquetry about her, no blushes, no self-consciousness.

"To be your friend," Hector returned promptly, "is the height of my present ambition."

"How delightful!" said Lisa, laughing. "What can I do for you in New York?"

"To be your friend," remarked Hector, "is an occupation in itself. I ask no other."

Lisa regarded him smiling, her head a little on one side. In his eyes she grew more and more beautiful every moment.

"Oh, I know!" she cried presently, as if she had caught an idea which had hitherto eluded her. "Raymond told me your wish was to study the customs of the country."

"Yes. In that case, is it not well to begin with a particular subject?"

"Oh, no doubt. But it is all a very difficult matter for foreigners. They never understand us. They look at us from the outside,—they persist in taking up an utterly false hypothesis, and then deducing the most absurd sequence and calling it logical."

"That is what I want, — to make no mistakes. I want to go to the bottom of things. I want to comprehend from the inside."

"Let me help you!" said Lisa eagerly. "I think," she added, resting her splendid glance on him and smiling, "that you might understand us. You are not dull, you are not bigoted. I would trust your perceptions and your instincts."

Hector gazed at her.

"What I want," he said hesitatingly, with an ingenuous blush, "is to make a study of American women."

Lisa laughed.

"That is a large, deep, and difficult subject," said she.

"I might," he ventured, — "I might begin with one."

"That would be simpler and pleasanter. How would you set about it?"

"I should try to do everything which your cousin Raymond, for instance, does. I should like for the time being to become American."

"What does Raymond do?"

"I myself have always taken life too seriously," Hector went on, still hovering about his subject, and leaving her partly to infer his meaning. "Now I admire Raymond's philosophy. He has roses without thorns, — the sparkle of wine without the dregs."

"I did not know Raymond had any philosophy," returned Lisa, "except perhaps on the subject of falling in love. I have heard him discourse on that."

"He says he half falls in love," said Hector. "That is — he has — he has — he has — flirtations."

Lisa laughed again, with a very arch face.

"I see!" she exclaimed, — "I begin to understand! You are anxious to follow his example. It is a flirtation you want."

"Who could resist such an example?"

"You want to — half fall in love."

"Precisely."

"You are certain of leaving off at the right moment, — of not being led to take things au sérieux?"

"Raymond says that it is not difficult."

"Not at all. A flirtation is a very simple matter. All that is necessary is a thorough understanding at the beginning that the heart is not to meddle."

"Certainly. The heart might be a troublesome factor, — it should be eliminated."

"What is essential is a perfect intellectual sympathy."

"And that we possess!" cried Hector, with ardor. "Ah, if you" — He gazed into her face almost breathless. "You promised me your friendship," he faltered.

"And I hope we may both receive a great deal of pleasure from our friendly intercourse," said Lisa, looking at him kindly.

"And I am free to see you often?"

"As often as you please."

"I have nothing more to ask for," murmured Hector in ecstasy. He had risen, and was preparing to take leave. She had extended her fair hand, to which he now stooped and pressed his lips with fervor.

Lisa grew scarlet. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "they were our customs you were to study. You were not to teach us yours."

He looked at her with an air of solemn and startled regret.

"Have I made a mistake? Have I offended?" he said deprecatingly. However, it was impossible that his repentance should go very deep, for Miss Walden's sudden embarrassment brought her down from the heights of her woman-of-the-world aplomb into something distinctly lovable and feminine, adding new charms to her beauty. The conquest which her magnificent self-possession had begun her girlish shyness fully achieved.

"Von Imhoff," called Raymond from the next room, "we are staying too long. The ladies are tired." There was no more delay in the leave-taking.

"Well," said Raymond, when they were walking down the street, "did you like Lisa as well as you expected?"

"Ye-es," returned Hector, with discretion.

"Did your acquaintance begin well?"

"Very well." He spoke with animation.

"Look out for your head, my boy! She may lead you into deep waters."

"I might warn you," retorted Hector. "I saw you with the fair widow. You know the fascination of widows — you" —

"I don't care what you saw. It was all right. She is fascinating, — devilish fascinating. We're old friends, we're connections, and what is more we are going in for a tremendous flirtation."

"Oh, you are!"

"She said, 'What's this dull town to me?' and I offered to amuse her until something more to her fancy turned up. I know nobody half so handsome, and I like to hear her talk. She has no subjects, and does n't get up enthusiasms like Lisa, but she prattles and she purrs. I rather like a woman to purr. I foresaw that I should be taking you to the house frequently, so I thought it as well to provide for my own entertainment."

"It is all easy to you."

"You seem to be going ahead very well, yourself."

"I am not 'to the manner born,' as your Hamlet says," answered Von Imhoff, a little absently; then, after a pause, went on: "Tell me, Raymond, ought I — ought I in honor to acquaint Miss Walden with the fact of my betrothal?"

Raymond chuckled. "No, — not a word."

"But — but — perhaps — if" —

"You don't mean to say you flatter yourself there's any danger of her falling in love with you? I assure you, you need have no scruples. She'll take care of herself. She'll not begrudge you a little innocent flirtation. She takes a purely artistic interest in men, and is fond of studying different types."

II.

Von Imhoff felt grateful to Raymond for that phrase. It suggested and expressed the situation, and frequent repetition of it was certain to limit his imagination and keep it well within bounds. "A purely artistic interest" was what he wished to take in the American type of woman, and however hazy his notions of what this feeling was might be, it was well at least to have a precise definition of it. He was at last well launched in the pursuit of knowledge, and never was

mastery of any science attended apparently with fewer difficulties.

He saw Miss Walden constantly, and every time he saw her the impression gained in depth and charm. They played together, for Hector was a performer on both the piano and violin; they sang together, studying assiduously at music with the fervor of artists thrilled and moved out of themselves; they read German together; they sketched and painted and decorated together; they went into society to meet; in fact, the whole existing order of things seemed especially created for them to enjoy each other's intimacy. If there were drawbacks, Hector had no notion of them. There were no bristling barriers, no obstacles, no *chaperons* even, except as Mrs. Walden and Raymond played the part by always appearing judiciously at the right moment and ingeniously taking the part of chorus when occasion needed.

Raymond's devotion to the pretty widow continued unabated.

"I assure you, Hector," he used to say, when hearing the chimes of midnight or later hours they walked discreetly homewards, — "I assure you, she 's a delightful creature. I should n't be at all surprised if the affair lasted me all winter, unless somebody more eligible turns up for Maddy."

"You seem ready to show a noble spirit of self-sacrifice," remarked Hector.

"I don't mean to let my own feelings stand in the way of Maddy's good," Raymond conceded, with an air of generosity.

They walked along in silence for a time; then the young Prussian suddenly exclaimed, "Your American women are charming!"

"Charming is the word."

"Unlike any other women I ever knew or heard of," pursued Hector, warming with his theme. "Full of fancy, full of wit, full of paradox; delightful in caprice, changeable as the wind; reserved where one does not want full illumination, yet frank as children; shy and delicate over womanly secrets, yet ready to utter the most audacious opinions on every subject."

"By Jove!" said Raymond. "Look out! You 'll be falling in love, next."

"One does not fall in love with such women," returned Hector, his ears tingling. "They have fascination but no tenderness, caprices but no impulses. They are too rational; they only listen to their intellects, and lack the inspiration of real feeling."

"You know them like a book."

"You remember I wanted to gain a definite idea of them."

"You seem to have got hold of it. I dare say you 're right. I have been their humble admirer a good while, but never took pains to analyze the precise nature of their strength or to discover their limitations. Speaking of women to fall in love with, I suppose the Baroness Emilie is" —

"Precisely," said Hector, all alert, — "precisely." He was silent a moment, then went on: "Emilie is not brilliant, but she will afford me a refuge, — a haven."

"Just what a fellow wants," remarked Raymond, with cheerful ease. "And I suppose, too, it 's that sort of thing my cousin Lisa expects to find in her marriage with Mr. Long."

They were passing a lamp-post, and Von Imhoff seized his friend by the shoulder, drew him under the light, and gazed at him with solemn intensity.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Exactly what I say. In marrying Mr. Long, Lisa does not expect to find emotion, excitement, and all that. What she wants is a handsome house and a general feeling of comfort about her future prospects."

"But Miss Walden is not going to marry Mr. Long!"

"Well, I am not in her confidence;

the engagement is not announced, but I fancy the thing is settled."

"He has not been near her!"

"He can't afford the time. He is out West, making ten thousand dollars a month."

"She never speaks of him!"

"By the way, have you ever talked to her about the Baroness Emilie?"

Hector had experienced a palpable shock. His blood tingled to his very finger-ends, and he found some difficulty in concealing his state of feeling from Raymond, who was chuckling to himself, and seemed to take an almost brutal pleasure in what he would have called the humor of the situation.

"I warned you," he went on. "Lisa is nothing if not a coquette. Don't let her have a chance of laughing at you. What on earth is the use of taking the matter seriously? You don't want to marry her."

Hector could hardly repress an exclamation.

"When you find yourself becoming a little infatuated," pursued Raymond, "the best antidote is to fall in love with somebody else. When you can realize with equal vividness the charms of two very different women, you're safe. I find I have to go on to Washington to-morrow night. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to an enchanting little creature, the daughter of a senator."

"On the whole," said Hector, "my father told me to spend some little time in Washington. I'll go."

Naturally, before he set out, his paramount duty was to bid good-by to Miss Walden. He had been obliged to stifle a sort of emotion when Raymond alluded to the impossibility of his feeling a wish to marry the young lady, but after all his friend was right. He had had a chance to study the most beautiful of women, and had made the most of his opportunities. He had sought her constantly; he knew the house as well as his own mother's at home; the very flowers growing in the pots on the window-sills, the open piano, the fire in the grate, seemed to have been watching for him, and to greet him with a radiant welcome when he went in. But all the same, the uniform, regular line of his life was to contain neither Miss Walden nor her surroundings; even the smiles on her lips and the bright glances of her eyes were to play no part in his future.

He walked to the little house on Thirty-Eighth Street, humming the music to which one of Heine's songs was set. Heine had realized, both as a man and an artist, the sweet bitterness of his present pain.

> "Es hat mich zu ihrem Hause geführt
> Ich küsste die Steine der Treppe
> Die oft ihr kleiner Fuss berührt
> Und ihres Kleides Schleppe,"

he sang to himself as he pulled the door-bell, but for all that his heart was throbbing when he was ushered into Miss Walden's presence.

"I am going to Washington," he announced at once. "I start with Raymond to-night. My father has written that I ought to see the city where your chief magistrate lives."

"I suppose you ought," said Lisa, with a frank sigh. "Of course, all you are doing here is to observe and study the country and its institutions, but I confess I had forgotten all that. It has seemed to me that the *raison d'être* of your life was much the same as mine."

"And that is?" asked Hector, when she paused.

"To put as much pleasure into my days as possible. How dull it will be without you!" she went on. She was sitting in a very low chair, and had to look up at him with her face fully lifted in order to meet his eyes. "I shall not care about my music; I shall not care about my painting; I shall not even care about a beautiful new dress which I was expecting to wear to Mrs. Parker's ball to-morrow night. As for my German books, I shall put them

away altogether. I shall have no object in my life." She sighed again, looking at him and smiling, but the gayety of her lips seemed quenched by the melancholy of her long dark eyes. "And you, meanwhile," she added, — "you will be gaining new ideas, new impressions. A woman has only one tune to play, — even that tune has very few notes, — which must be repeated over and over; but your harp has many strings, and can answer every sort of a vibration. You are not obliged to endure endless variations on the old theme." She smiled again, half sighing the while. Hector felt a little dizzy; his head was certainly swimming. She did not wait for him to answer. "Have you liked New York?" she asked him, with something pensive and wistful about her. "Of course it is not like your brilliant Continental cities, but I hope you will carry away pleasant impressions."

"I shall carry away one impression," returned Hector in a deep voice, — "an impression fixed and indelible."

"I am glad you speak in a melancholy tone," said Lisa. "I feel very melancholy myself. How long shall you be absent?"

"A fortnight."

"After a week, then, I may begin to have a horizon. I shall get out my music and my German, and look for you to return. Even the new dress shall wait. Still, don't let us talk about your going away any more now. It dispirits me."

"I wish," muttered Hector, "that I dared to believe that."

"Oh, you have widened my world for me!" cried Lisa. "I had had a surfeit of New York life before you came. I was looking forward to a very dull season, yet it has not been dull. But why do I say these things? They may all be told when you are really bidding us good-by, — when you are going back to the Old World. Let us talk still about our occupations, about what we are doing and are going to do. And you are not setting out until to-night. We have the whole day to spend, and there are half a dozen engagements. Mamma," — at this moment Mrs. Walden came into the room, exquisitely dressed, — "Mr. von Imhoff is going away. Help me to entertain him so that he may remember us in Washington. Let us impress ourselves upon his memory."

Hector found his day fully occupied. He drove about with the two ladies, lunched with them, attended a concert and a reception, and looked in at a wedding; but after dinner he was on his way to Washington. He had heard nothing more about Mr. Long, and had almost entirely forgotten the troublesome suggestion Raymond had offered concerning that gentleman. Lisa had certainly succeeded in impressing herself upon his memory, — he could think of nothing else.

He was not the first man who has run away from a woman's fascinations, nor was his experience unique when he made the discovery that by substituting a dream for a reality he had not improved his state of mind. Raymond took pains to launch him in Washington society, and not only the enchanting daughter of the senator gave him favorable attention, but all the diplomatic service rushed to do him honor, and he was included in the most unbounded hospitality. He had, however, plenty of time to think. It is, in fact, a little curious how much opportunity for reflection a young man of twenty-seven may find when there is a beautiful girl to think about. It seemed the first chance he had enjoyed to think about Miss Walden, and the subject afforded scope for all his powers. Hitherto his mind had been kept in a state of tension by being perpetually with her. New emotions of curiosity, surprise, and admiration had carried him constantly from point to point, and thus piqued, diverted, stimulated, he had not had the requisite leisure to take stock of his im-

pressions. At one time she had been gay, and at another grave; she delighted in alternations of magnificence and humility, *hauteur* and child-like abandon. He went to work to realize her to his imagination as a whole.

It was a very pleasing amusement indeed. It would have been a luxury to have given himself up to it unreservedly, — to have sat over his fire and thought the whole thing out; but he had a programme to go through, and mechanically obeyed the prescribed routine. But whether he was talking or dancing, dining or supping, listening to debates in the senate and house or laughing at the witticisms of his friends among the *attachés*, who were full of amusing stories concerning the great country where they represented their sovereigns, he was always improving his time. The picture on his mental retina was so vivid that, no matter to what brilliant pageant he gave his outward attention, he never lost sight of Lisa. She had given him her picture at parting, and by looking at it for an hour in the morning and another hour before seeking rest at night he was enabled to remember her features exactly. He could think of her under all circumstances; could see her move about the room; could catch the exact spirit of her gestures, — her trick of adjusting the violets she wore at her belt, the necklace at her throat, or the train of her dress. She was very near him indeed in these days, — so near, in fact, that besides looking into her long, dark, laughing or melancholy eyes, or at her mutinous rosy lips, he could hear the tones of her voice, her low laugh, — could even feel the pressure of her light touch upon his hands. Going about with actual women of flesh and blood was a tame amusement compared with this. But all the while he was in capital spirits; he could talk wittily, almost brilliantly, and could fancy the turn of Lisa's head and the glance of her eye in return. Having reconstructed her from his chaotic and fragmentary recollections, his tumult of various impressions, sensations, and inclinations, he was not slow to endow his creation with a warmth and impetuosity of feeling which seemed to include him, and him only, in this charming intimacy with which his imagination now made him every hour more dangerously familiar.

By a curious coincidence, while he was thus picturing Lisa Walden for himself, he received a letter from his mother in Germany, inclosing a portrait of his betrothed. At such a moment, and with such a state of mind as our hero's, we are all aware that this new portrait should have served as an amulet; but we are obliged to confess that it only fretted him, and added fuel to the fire already too thoroughly kindled.

The truth was the Baroness Emilie did not photograph well. She was of low stature, but excessively plump; her face was plain and colorless; her scanty hair was of the faintest yellow. The process threw into glaring relief the irregularity of her features, and quenched her poor little near-sighted eyes of all their light. Then the style of her dress and head-gear struck Hector as mortifyingly provincial and crude. He had of late learned by heart some of the charms and subtilties of a very different sort of toilette, for Lisa dressed with a perfection of taste absolutely ravishing. In fact, the difference disclosed by these two pictures was extreme; it amounted to a revelation.

These comparisons were not taken up with a view to any one's disparagement, but after placing the two portraits side by side the truth glared in upon him. There was Emilie, good, simple, faithful Emilie, whom he had known from the time she was a featureless little girl, solemnly toddling about the gardens with her *bonne*. He had never permitted himself to own that he was bored by Emilie, but had insisted to his own heart that he entertained a placid affec-

tion for her, and regarded her settled little habits with kindly, if amused, approbation. She had no passions and only one enthusiasm, which was for knitting and crochet work; the sorrow of her life was that her eyes were too weak for embroidery. In spite of her aristocratic lineage, she inherited no social impulses, and the great world was an irksome, even painful, ordeal to her. She was educated to appreciate music in a degree, and had practiced conscientiously all the sonatas for which Hector ever expressed a liking, and he had felt obliged to forgive the indifferent results out of respect for her faithfulness. Never had he felt a moment's doubt about her qualifications for wifehood, nor did he now.

These excellent qualifications he had more than once distinctly repudiated in Miss Walden's case. He had told himself that in married life a man wanted a rest. Alas, looking now first at Emilie and then at Lisa, it suddenly occurred to him that a passion for one's wife might fill existence with not only emotion, but inspiration!

Once having entertained this dangerous sentiment, the picture of his future, with which he had for years been familiar, grew all at once abhorrent to him. The great Schloss Sonderhausen suddenly loomed up gloomy as a prison; he hated its fair meadows and deep forests, and felt he never could draw breath there. What dullness! What *ennui!* That peaceful picture of walking about the gardens, with Emilie waddling by his side, and discussing what should be planted here and what cut down there, while their placid offspring played about them on the grass, inspired only a feeling of icy annoyance.

Good Heavens! He could not, — he would not. He yielded to the pressure of feeling which all at once clutched him with a giant's hand. He threw aside Emilie's picture, and looked with a beating heart into that other face, so arch, so brilliant, so suggestive, with its dangerous eyes and lips. Here was his life. He loved Lisa, — he loved her madly. And what was her actual feeling for him? He deliberately sat down, folded his arms, and thought over the entire history of his acquaintance with her. There had been certain words, signs of emotion, and looks which threw everything into the most enchanting light. He rose triumphant. No doubt existed in his mind that her destiny was to belong to him; she had been created for his happiness as he for hers. Had she not told him he had widened her world?

He made up his mind at once. Of course it was very wrong, — of course it was very dishonorable. Nevertheless, there was something irresistibly pleasant, for a young fellow who had been tutored from his infancy, in awakening to the fact that he had at last a vital, personal experience, which must change all the old order of his life.

Hector remembered his father, the baron, with his grim face, his few words, always to the point and always in command, his contemptuous rejection of all individual wishes on the part of his sons. He thought, too, of the stately, gentle old baroness, in her faded boudoir, with her mingled teachings of religion and worldliness. It was easy for him to throw off his allegiance both to father and mother. They had governed him so tyrannically, — they had made him live by mechanism. He remembered with bitterness the pressure put upon him at the time of his betrothal. In spite of his duty to his parents, his honor, his assured future, this thing he had pledged himself to do seemed monstrous, a sacrilege!

He flung off his long-trained consciousness. All his feelings rushed in one current, and he yielded to it. He cut his visit short, determining to return instantly to New York. While he made his few preparations a voice rang in his

ears, — a voice so sweet, so seductive, that it obliterated all his scruples, and made him glad and proud to feel that he was in the full sweep of the world's forces towards his own hopes and his own needs. He constantly saw Lisa's beautiful eyes; he thought of her exquisite hands. . . .

He would have been delighted had this ecstatic state of mind continued all through the sleepless night's length of his journey back to New York. The reflection, however, had finally asserted itself, with more or less strength, that although the love he had to offer Miss Walden was mighty, his purse was light. He began to think about his thirty-five hundred thalers, which was all the money he had in the world to call his very own, after paternal remittances should cease. It was not much of a foundation for a baronial hall to which to conduct a fair baroness. Hector did not, however, allow these thoughts to dishearten him. He had a large, if vague, sense of the resources of a new country, and he had already studied agriculture for a year. Yielding to the seductiveness of delightful results independent of tedious processes, he saw himself the possessor of a bonanza farm, yielding luscious pears, grapes, all the wealth of Eden without one of the fruits forbidden. The vision was so charming that it seemed to Hector actually better to be Adam and Eve in this paradise than to hold all the titles and honors of the Old World. He had a reckless desire to out-Antony Antony, and kiss away his kingdoms and provinces at once.

He spent his day after arriving in New York in writing to his father, detailing his reasons for his present action, and defining his state of mind towards love and marriage in general, and towards Emilie in particular. Many thoughts came into his mind as he addressed the baron, and he put them all down, and forebore no mention of any of his old grievances. The letter covered so many sheets that it was not yet finished when Hector discovered that the morning and part of the afternoon had passed, and that it was time to go and see Miss Walden.

He had sent her word that he was coming, and he found her alone, sitting before the fire in the library. It was a cloudy afternoon late in January, and the twilight fell early. Mrs. Walden had gone out to a "tea," and the house was utterly quiet. In the low grate the coal fire burned with an occasional crackle and hiss, but seemed to hush itself and wait. Everything seemed waiting for Hector as he went in, even to the girl who sat in a low chair against a gorgeous screen, her white flannel morning-dress tinged with the vermilion fire flush. His heart was beating fast as he approached her; he could hear it throbbing violently against his breast.

"I was so delighted to learn of your return," said Lisa, with a radiant smile. "You were better than your word. You told me you would stay a fortnight, but you have not been away a week."

"Have I not?" asked Hector. "Something strangely retarded the days in Washington, and they stood still."

He sat down near her, not once taking his eyes from her face. Heavens! how beautiful she had grown! She regarded him smilingly at first, answering his look without breaking the silence. He certainly could not complain of any lack of opportunity; this opportunity seemed ready made for a lover's purpose. There was that about him Miss Walden had never seen before. He had quite lost his old quiet manner as if obeying orders, and appeared excited, fervent, even reckless.

Lisa herself was, however, quite unchanged. She was charming. She was, as usual, ready to discuss all sorts of matters, and said graceful things, witty things. She showed a frank pleasure in seeing him again, and gazing at him unhesitatingly described everything which

had taken place in his absence. Had Hector had it in his heart to wish her to be different, he might have longed to see her a little less unconscious; not so brilliant, but more subdued; not so inclined to laugh light-heartedly over the humorous aspects of the social experiences she so very cleverly described. She told him the plot of a new play, recounted the drolleries of a madcap dinner-party, dwelt enthusiastically upon her delight in listening to a new symphony.

"And now tell me all you did in Washington," she said at length.

"So long as I stayed, I did everything I was asked to do," he replied.

"And did you like the city?"

"I do not remember anything about the city."

"It was the people who impressed you, of course. Tell me how Washington life struck you. Looking at it impartially and without prejudice, how did it seem to you? Symmetrical or chaotic, crude or finished and complete, harmonious or a thing of shreds and patches? I always like to know a foreigner's estimate of Washington. Now New York one finds manageable; one may have the set one chooses, and live as one chooses. One may be English, or German, or French in one's style of living; one may lead and one may govern. But Washington is beyond anybody's control; it is a sort of unclassified monster, which goes where it pleases, and does what it pleases, and devours what it pleases."

"Ah," murmured Hector. He did not precisely follow Miss Walden, but it was a fascinating experience merely to sit and look at her unforbidden. She made little gestures with her pretty hand, and he reflected that twice his lips had been pressed to that satin skin. Did that remembrance color her consciousness, he wondered.

"But being a stranger, I suppose you did not find all that out," said Lisa.

"I beg a thousand pardons" —

"Now tell me all about it," she went on. "Let me hear everything you said and did and thought" —

"I spent my time thinking of you."

Lisa laughed a little, — a low laugh, exquisitely pleasant to the ear.

"That is a very delightful way of accounting for your whole week, but I can hardly be expected to believe it. What ladies did you admire most? Who gave the best dinners? With what beautiful creature did you become enamored? Washington girls are so gay, so charming. They see so much, they do so much, they are used to so much; they are always on tiptoe, ready for something unexpected and delightful to happen. I promise to sympathize with you. Tell me all about it. Was she beautiful, or was she witty? Was she Eastern or Western, Northern or Southern, domestic or foreign? I am holding my breath and waiting for you to begin." Miss Walden was laughing merrily.

"Don't laugh!" cried Hector. He moved his chair nearer, and looked earnestly in her face. "Don't laugh at me," he said again. "I am feeling so deeply. I — I — expected to stay away for a fortnight, but I came back because — I — have — something — important — to — say — to — you."

But Miss Walden did not pause. It was not safe to pause with this young fellow staring into her face, his eyes full of ardent folly.

"I felt sure you would finally tell me what your experience had been," she pursued sweetly. "Your experiences always interest me, Mr. von Imhoff. What experiences you men can have, alas! You may exercise all your capacities, all your talents. What kind of game did you hunt in Washington? I do really want your views on our legislators and our legislation. I made a point of reading all the debates while you were away, feeling certain you were sitting in judgment on our institutions.

Never before had I been so anxious to know how our institutions looked."

But no matter how wise or how witty she was, it was all of no use. She preached in the desert. Hector would not let go his opportunity.

"I desire you to listen to me," said he forcibly.

Lisa laughed again. "Am I not ready to listen? Am I not longing to listen? Have I not been asking you all manner of questions about everybody and everything in Washington? Yet what answers have you vouchsafed me?"

"What I have to say to you," began Hector, "concerns only you and me."

"Now that is unexpected, — that is delightful!" murmured Lisa, smiling at him radiantly. "Do you know, Mr. von Imhoff, I was a trifle jealous of your trip to Washington? It seemed as if you had had enough of New York; as if you had said to yourself, 'Let me have a little amusement after this long *joue maigre.*' I dreaded lest you should not care to return. You are so greatly interested in everything American, and Washington is so ultra-American in many respects, with its jumble of people. You might have found it the best place to pursue your studies of our civilization. But now you have come back, and our friendship may go on. There are some French pictures at Cottier's which I want you to tell me about, and at the next Philharmonic" —

Hector laid his hand on hers. He was so much in earnest that he looked angry and frowning.

"I seem to know you less and less!" he said reproachfully.

"Oh, no, Mr. von Imhoff, — better and better."

"I hope not, I hope not!" he cried passionately; then calmed himself. "I knew before I went away that you had taken possession of all my thoughts," he proceeded, speaking now with deliberation, all the more effective because he subdued his actual vehemence by a strong effort. "When I reached Washington I suddenly discovered that I loved you with my whole nature."

Lisa had been gently withdrawing her hand from his, and now seemed to be looking it over carefully to examine if his close pressure had injured it.

"I am glad you thought of me kindly, missed me a little," she said, with just a shade of reluctance in her voice.

"I thought of you kindly, missed you a little!" he repeated. "Do you know what a man means when he says, 'I love you'?"

She folded her hands in her lap and looked at him.

"I understand one thing," she replied, in a deprecating manner. "I was a novelty to you; you have been studying me. But I did not suppose you would remember me when you had such rich and varied resources for forgetting me."

"You shall not pretend to laugh at me!" he said.

"I am not laughing at you."

"You shall not try to make me believe that you halt on the threshold and will not look within. What I feel for you is the passion a man longs to live for if he may; if not, then to die for."

She had a clear consciousness of his nearness to her. She shivered once; her lips seemed to him to be still smiling, but they trembled, nevertheless. Yet she continued to look at him, and gently shook her head.

"Don't make me afraid of you," said she.

"Afraid of me! My heavens!"

"We Americans do not take things so seriously. Many ideas are very beautiful, very poetic, but they do not belong to real life. We are forced to be practical, you know."

"*This* is fact, *this* is reality, this is *life*," declared Hector. "I seem never to have had emotion before. You have

taught me what was hitherto not only unknown, but unimaginable."

"That is German sentiment," observed Lisa, regarding him with a sort of pensive curiosity.

He stared back at her with a certain solemn brightness, as if dazzled.

"Do you mean to make me unhappy?" he asked.

"No, no, no." Lisa's voice had a vibration in it which thrilled him. "I do not want to make you unhappy."

"Then listen to me."

"We are only friends; we can be no more than friends, and friends do not talk in that way."

"We are more than friends, — much more."

"Say that we have — have flirted — ever so little, — just for a passing amusement, and because you wanted to be enlightened about the customs of the country" —

"Do not speak to me of the customs of this country as if" —

"One is not so serious even in flirtation."

"I am serious!" cried Hector, almost violently.

"That is why you make me afraid," said Lisa, with gentle expostulation. "You allow yourself to be carried away. You forget how we began, and you do not seem to remember" —

"No," declared Hector, "I remember nothing, — I who have so much to remember. For your sake I forget all, and — and — it is easy to forget."

"But you must not forget. There are certain things you must remember; you must above all remember the Baroness Emilie von Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen."

The room was by this time quite dark, and at this moment the servant entered and lit the candles in the sconces and the gas-jets under the globes. When they were again alone, and Hector could plainly see Miss Walden's face, he discovered that almost for the first time in their acquaintance she showed excitement. A little scarlet spot burned on each cheek; her eyes were shining. Her beauty animated and stirred his heart with an actual promise.

"All that was before I knew you," said he, in his simple, direct manner. "The Baroness Emilie belongs to my past, and my past is not of my own making. She has nothing to do with my future; I take that into my own hands. Hear what I have to say to you. I have learned to love you with my whole heart, — I ask you to become my wife. I offer you myself and all I may win for you."

They were looking at each other intently.

"It is a pity," she began softly; but he interrupted her.

"I ought to add," said he, blushing as he thought of his sole fortune of thirty-five hundred thalers, "that I am not rich, — I am, in fact, very poor; but I am young and strong, — I can conquer the world."

"I hope you will," said Lisa. "I am sure you will." She had dropped her eyes, and her expression baffled him. He tried to take her hand. "I am engaged to marry Mr. Long," said she quietly.

"Engaged to marry Mr. Long?" he repeated blankly, as if such an idea had never before penetrated his consciousness. "*I will not believe it!*" he added, almost fiercely.

"I had already been engaged to him a week when I first met you. . . . I have promised to marry him very soon, — as soon as he returns."

Hector, clasping her wrist loosely, looked at her. Her face dazzled and blinded him, but her beauty had grown bitter to his eyes. Its enchantments had vanished, — it held no promise for him; it had cheated him, and now mocked him. The rich dark hair waving back from the temples, the little pearly ear and the round girlish throat, the splendid pose

of head and shoulders, — these minor points of her powerful womanly charm struck him as if for the first time. . . . But she was Mr. Long's possession; his betrothed in the present, his wife in the future. It was for that wealthy gentleman to look with triumphant tenderness at such beauty, estimating its worth and counting over its delights.

While Hector stood silent, watching Lisa, her color rose, until a vivid emotion dyed her face. "*This* is fact, *this* is reality, this is *life*," seemed to sound again in her ears. Mr. Long, with all his millions, had at the moment no place in the thoughts which made her blood thrill along her veins. It was a long time before she dared raise her eyes. "After all," she was saying to herself, "it is something to dare to be young and to be happy."

All at once Hector dropped her hand, and she looked up. He stepped back, and his face was averted.

"Mr. Long has my felicitations," he said, as if he did not find it easy to speak, — as if his tongue had stiffened.

If Lisa had wanted a moment, it was over. The door opened, and Mrs. Walden came in, dressed in a magnificent visiting toilette of black velvet, and wearing a bonnet with pale blue plumes. She was attended by two gentlemen, both of whom seemed in equally radiant good spirits. The first was Raymond Ferris; the second, a small, red-haired man with an enormous nose, was impressively introduced to Von Imhoff as Mr. Markham Jones. Mrs. Walden looked from her step-daughter to the Prussian and back again with an air of amused curiosity. She felt that something had been interrupted, but was not certain which scene in their little comedy it was. Her glance forced Lisa to rally, but her voice was a little constrained and languid as she said, —

"You must congratulate mamma, baron. I put off telling you that piece of news. She is engaged to be married."

"Engaged?" returned Hector, with the air of a man still dizzy with his fall over a precipice. "Engaged? And to my friend Raymond?" He nodded to Ferris; then, turning, kissed the fair widow's hand. "I congratulate you from my heart," said he. "I love him as a brother. He has been my friend for years."

"Oh, by Jove, Hector!" cried Raymond, while Mrs. Walden smiled with the best grace possible under the circumstances. "It is Jones here who is the happy man, — Mr. Markham Jones," he repeated, as if insisting on making an impression upon Hector's bewildered consciousness.

The young Prussian looked at the stranger with an air of grave surprise.

"Indeed!" muttered Hector. "Indeed!" Then, as if feeling that any signs of astonishment on his own part were wholly uncalled for while everybody else, including Ferris, was in such capital spirits, he added rather vaguely, "It is most fortunate, — most fortunate."

"Fortunate?" repeated Raymond. "Fortunate? I suppose you mean it is fortunate for Jones! As for me, I am going to become a cynic. While one is young the heart may stand constant breakages, constant repairs, but I must begin to be world-hardened."

"Don't, Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Walden, laughing as she went over to the fire and sat down. "We could ill spare your fresh susceptibilities."

"There is a fatality upon me," pursued Raymond. "I ought to have been a poet. My sufferings would have been useful."

Hector had felt lost in a maze. For a while everything had seemed tottering and unsubstantial. But he had been well drilled, and could hold on to his good manners and be a person in general, although his private and special existence seemed utterly cut off. Lisa had walked over to the window, and stood

half turned, as if looking out, while her fingers clutched tightly at the casement. Hector felt a sudden impulse seize him to get away, — to end this.

"Oh, Raymond," said he, "your heart must not break yet. Let it have more smiles, more pangs, more burnings, more greetings, and more adieux. Your American hearts can stand all that. As for me, my poor soul is heavy with the one farewell I am to utter."

"Farewell?" exclaimed Mrs. Walden. "You have but just come back from Washington. Are you going away again?"

"I am going home to Germany. I sail to-morrow."

Lisa turned and advanced slowly down the room until she stood opposite to him. "Going home to Germany?" she repeated, as if her lips were half frozen.

"Yes," said Hector. Their eyes met. He had but one feeling in his heart, and it was impossible for him to understand the meaning of her face.

"We have heard of a very magnificent young baroness," said Mrs. Walden, in her caressing tones, "and I can easily fancy you are going back to her."

"I am going back to her."

"And what shall you tell her about our country?"

"That I admired everything in America," returned Hector unreservedly.

"Particularly the charming girls you met."

"Precisely."

"And of course you candidly admire our women," said Mr. Markham Jones, with an air of holding settled convictions on the subject.

"I am their humble worshiper."

"The most beautiful creatures in the world," said Raymond; "then, besides, they are so sensible, so spirited, so clever."

Hector glanced for the last time at Miss Walden, who had sat down by the fire.

Her face was half in light and half in shadow. She no longer glowed with color, but looked cold. It seemed to him she was musing intently, and of what? Of course she was thinking about Mr. Long.

"They are very clever!" he cried, — "they are too clever!" Mr. Long's *fiancée* flung him a glance which his jealous heart interpreted all wrong. "They are very beautiful," he pursued, as if stung by some personal feeling, "very spirited, and profoundly sensible. In fact, for a plain German like me, made of mere flesh and blood, they are, if I may be permitted to say so, *trop spirituelles*."

"Trop spirituelles?"

"Precisely. Trop spirituelles."

Ellen W. Olney.

UNAWARE.

There is a song some one must sing,
In tender tones and low,
With pink lips curled and quivering,
And eyes with dreams aglow.

There is some one must hear the tune,
And feel the thrilling words,
As flowers feel, in early June,
The wings of humming-birds.

And she who sings must never learn
What good her song has done,
Albeit the hearer slowly turn
Him drowsily, as one

Who feels through all his being thrown
The influence sweet and slight
Of strange and subtile perfume, blown
Off dewy groves by night!

Maurice Thompson.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART I.

It was on a fine day in the latter part of May, 187–, when, with a little one clinging to either hand, I stepped from the gang-plank of the small transfer steamer at Bremerhaven. Of course it was not from sentimental motives that, after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, we were allowed to step out upon this green and flowery bank instead of the crowded, unsightly wharf where the Lloyd steamer N——g discharged her freight, etc.; but nevertheless one could only feel grateful for the privilege. I wonder if my feet will ever touch earth again with such a mingled sense of reverence and exultation! Right at the first step a surprise awaited me, for scores, yes, hundreds of well-known faces crowded up to give me welcome. There they were, the darlings of my childhood and girlhood, — buttercups, clover, dandelions, and one new yet strangely familiar face, the daisy's, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped," — smiling up at me from the greensward! It was like an unexpected greeting in the English language. Some little flaxen-braided German girls were picking nosegays near by; a flock of geese gabbled excitedly and fled at our approach; and a motherly nanny, who, with a brace of dappled kids, was tethered on the hill-side, gave us one grave, comprehensive glance, imparted her impressions to her offspring in a brief staccato note, and resumed her interrupted meal.

An hour of confusion at the depot, and we were huddled indiscriminately into dirty second and third class cars, and placed under lock and key. The two hours' journey to Bremen gave us a succession of pretty pictures, although the country is flat and the scenery by no means remarkable. We passed many villages, all to the fleeting glance charming and picturesque, the peak-roofed cottages of each clustering about a small, ivy-grown church with low, square tower. On every eminence a windmill waved its ponderous arms. The orchards were white and rosy with bloom. Peasant women in big hats and much-curtailed petticoats were at work in the fields, and turned invariably to stare at the passing train with as much interest as if it were the first of locomotives on its trial trip. I was childishly excited over everything, and when at last I saw a pair of veritable storks in a meadow, poising on one long leg to regard the whizzing train with a *blasé* and knowing air, then indeed I realized that I was in Germany.

We arrived without adventure in Ber-

lin, just at sunset. I knew that a friend of B——'s was to receive us here, — a baroness with an awe-inspiring title and a jaw-breaking name. I descended from the coupé, therefore, with considerable trepidation, expecting to meet a *grande dame* whose magnificence and hauteur would crush me to the earth. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when I met the gaze of a very short, very fat, very much dressed old lady who was advancing towards me, a carte-de-visite in her hand. After a hasty scrutiny of my person and a glance at the photograph, she rushed up to us with the abandon of a school-girl, and showered upon us words of welcome in a shrill voice and the funniest German-English I ever listened to: —

"So! you have camed allein mit two shilderns von Amerikah! Nein, dat ish not posseeble! How you are live? Poor tings, came mit me! I have all arrange, alles in ordnung!" — and much more in the same style, and in the kindliest, motherliest manner imaginable. She gave orders to her resplendent footman, and we were soon on our way to the Hôtel de France, where, as the good soul explained with pardonable frankness, she had engaged us rooms for the night, her husband, the general, being very old, *nervös*, and unused to the presence of children. How kind, how good, she was; and how valiantly she struggled with the English language, merely from principle, as I assured her from the first moment that it was unnecessary in my case! She insisted also on going with us to our rooms, and in the lack of an elevator toiled pantingly up to the fifth story, where they were situated. She ordered our supper, and turning down the covers of the beds rigidly examined them.

"Mein Gott!" she cried, "de bedcloths are *humid!*" and then summoning the chambermaid she scolded her roundly in her shrillest tones, and fussed and fumed and fluttered about, with the best of intentions, until I, too, was utterly disgusted with rooms, beds, and supper, which were not so bad after all in *quality*, although meagre in quantity. The dear lady had never possessed children of her own, but her capacious bosom evidently harbored maternal love enough for a large brood, and her heart seemed to open very warmly to my little girls, whose father she had known from his infancy. She told me much of the place and people to whom I was going, and was loud in her praises of B——, whom she declared emphatically to be "one angle." As we were to leave next morning at a very early hour, she bade us good-by, or rather "*auf wiedersehn*," as she was to visit Y—— in the course of the summer.

Bright and early the footman was on hand, with many messages from his mistress, lunch for the journey, and bonbons for the children. How pleasant was that early ride to the depot! The great city was just beginning to stir uneasily in its slumbers, and the fever of traffic and pleasure would evidently soon set in; but now everything was cool, fresh, and quiet. We soon left the splendid city behind us, and sped on to D——, where we were to change cars and B—— was to meet us. We alighted, and were immediately greeted by a plainly-dressed little woman, whose face was radiant with sweetness and nobility.

"Thank God that you are here!" she exclaimed, in a cordial voice and most excellent English.

Such a welcome broke down every barrier, and in a few minutes we were chatting, over cups of smoking *bouillon*, as if we had known each other for years. Two hours more of railway travel and we reached W——, where the family carriage awaited us. A short drive over the rough cobble-stones of the queer, slow little city, a half-hour's drive over a fine *chaussée* bordered all the way with cherry-trees, and we reached the tiny village of Y——, where the resi-

dence of F—— is situated. Lots of funny little peasants, real Oscar Pletsch children, ran out to stare at us; geese, ducks, and pigs were thrown into a violent state of agitation, and plunged precipitantly into their puddles; while withered old men and women hobbled out and peered from under their shaking hands at "the Americans," whose advent had probably been known and talked of for months previously. I have no doubt they expected to see us either black or copper-colored, and in a costume consisting principally of a feather head-dress and a pair of moccasins. At the further end of the village we turned from the chaussée into the *Hof* (court-yard), around which the buildings appertaining to the estate are situated. Across this court-yard, opposite the entrance, stands the *Schloss*, or castle, before whose door the members of the family were gathered to receive us; and what a welcome it was! F——, grave, dignified, but with such gentle, *genuine* manners; the little boys, fair, rosy, manly fellows, who hung shyly back at first, but came forward when bidden, and greeted us in pretty, formal German phrases.

All the servants of the household came to pay their respects, also: the men with deep obeisances; the women, from the lady's-maid to my own newly-installed little *Kindermädchen*, kissing our hands and showering admiring epithets on the two *Contesseinen*, as my little girls were henceforth called. I heard myself spoken of habitually among the *Dienerschaft* as the Frau Gräfin *unten*, to distinguish me from B—— who was the Frau Gräfin *oben;*" in plain English, the "down-stairs" and the "up-stairs" countesses.

The village of Y—— is only one of the thousands with which the country is literally *peppered.* It possesses most of the qualities, good, bad, and otherwise, which they share in common, at least in this province. At a distance they are picturesque, but if one desires to preserve one's illusions one must not come too near. They do look well in pictures, — rude cottages, filthy puddles, and all; but then artists cannot, and would not, paint the *smells.* This particular village consists of a hundred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old thatched with straw, the new with tiles. They are not unsightly in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in orchards, hedges, and gardens, but their surroundings are abominable. Before each door is a huge dung-hill (*mit Respect zu sagen*), where hens and swine dispute the territory, and evil-smelling, green puddles, where geese, ducks, and dirty children whose hair is bleached white with exposure to the sun, paddle together in placid bliss from morn till dewy eve. So far from trying to keep such necessary adjuncts of agricultural life as dung-hills, etc., etc., out of sight, as is our American custom, they are here given the *place d'honneur*, and I fancy the family pretensions to *rank* are gauged in accordance with the more or less rapid accumulations of these manure heaps.

Old men and women, beyond more active service, sit in the door-ways and keep the feathered and unfeathered bipeds within bounds. Their faces are brown and wrinkled, like dried pears, their bodies bent and shriveled, but their tongues wag vigorously, and they knit incessantly, both sexes, upon coarse woolen socks. There is no church at Y——, the people attending service at a neighboring village. The dignitary of the place seemed to be the schoolmaster, whose cottage was distinguishable from the rest by an air of superior neatness and the presence of a pretty garden full of well-cared-for flowers. There is here, as in all villages, a green where the peasants meet for recreation, windmills on every little hill-top, and a well-filled, dreary old churchyard, which for barrenness would vie with any New

England country burying-ground. There are no shops, not even a bakery, all purchases being made in the distant town.

On entering the Hof, a stranger marks with surprise that here as elsewhere, the stables, granaries, etc., are situated at the very entrance, a custom which produces an unpleasant effect on more senses than one. These buildings are of stone, roughly plastered, one being surmounted by a weather-cock, a bell to be rung in case of fire, and a discouraged-looking old clock, which refuses utterly, or did when I was there, to record the passage of time. Half-way up the court, on the right, is the dwelling of the inspector, a low, thatched, charming cottage under a spreading linden. Opposite this, sandwiched between a granary and a carriage-house, is another dwelling, called the *Schlösschen*, or little castle, of which more hereafter, and at the extreme end of the court stands the Schloss itself, alalmost concealed from view by a row of magnificent horse-chestnuts. At the time of our arrival these trees were in full bloom, opulent with fan-like foliage and great spikes of rose-colored flowers. The ground beneath was spread inch-deep with a brilliant carpet of their fallen petals.

The Schloss is a plain, substantial structure, without the least pretension to architectural beauty, being in fact only a comfortable country mansion, called a "castle" out of courtesy. Still, it had for me an oddly pleasant look, with its steep, red-tiled roof and arched windows peeping out from the dark foliage and rosy bloom of the grand old trees. The grounds are not extensive, but well laid out, with an abundance of flower-beds, shrubbery, shaded walks, and summer-houses furnished with green and white painted chairs and tables, where the family spend a greater part of the long summer days. In the centre of the court is a basin and a fountain with a languid jet, and there are beautiful old trees everywhere. The whole place, though by no means lordly, is pleasant and home-like. I found most of the home flowers and shrubs here, and others new to me. The roses are fine, the bushes being trimmed into the shape of trees, and growing as high and often higher than an average person's height. Against the sunnier walls apricots and peaches are trained upon espaliers.

The bachelor uncle from whom F—— inherited this and two adjoining estates passed only a few weeks here, during the hunting season. He seems to have regarded this property merely as a milch cow to be drained for the expenses of his city pleasures. Being left for many years in the hands of one dishonest inspector after another, things were in a deplorable state when F—— took possession. He told me that the very cattle were starving in their stalls. Under his thrifty and scientific management everything is flourishing now, and I heard plans discussed for the erection of a magnificent new Schloss and the laying out of a park worthy of the family name and position. The uncle referred to was of a festive turn, and whenever he came, on hunting bent, brought with him a host of congenial spirits. But from some whim he built for his own personal convenience the little residence before mentioned, the Schlösschen, which is quite a *bijou* of an affair. The Schloss itself was given over to the guests, though they all dined together in the stately hall of the Schlösschen. Now the case is just reversed, F——'s family occupying the Schloss, and the little castle being reserved for guests. I, however, was installed in a spacious apartment on the ground-floor of the family dwelling.

The first thing which struck me on entering the Schloss was the odd contrasts of simplicity and magnificence seen on every hand. One enters a broad hall which leads directly through the house, another crossing it midway from

end to end. The floors of these halls and of the adjoining kitchens are paved with tiles, and the walls are lined with massive mahogany presses, containing household stores. On this floor, besides the kitchens, are the governess's, footmen's, and lady's-maids' rooms, and a few guest rooms. Above are the dining-room, salons, and private rooms of the family.

In all these rooms the floors are bare: those in the salons waxed and strewn with rugs; the rest, plain, well-scoured deal. The furniture is mostly of mahogany and rose-wood, much of it carved and inlaid with ivory, ebony, etc. I saw some pieces, two hundred years old, which would set an American collector frantic with vain longings. In nearly all the rooms were oil-paintings, many of them really good. There were originals of Tintoretto, Titian, Holbein, Paul Veronese, — or at least what purported to be originals. There was much bricabrac lying about, and book-cases stored with classic lore. I saw no modern books in any tongue. They told me a good story of the manner in which a portion of the paintings came into the old count's hands. They belonged formerly to an old and impoverished nobleman, who proposed to him to take the entire collection, paying him therefor a moderate annuity for the rest of his life. The count assented, no doubt with many a secret chuckle, for their owner was apparently tottering on the very brink of the grave. But those laugh best who laugh last. The old fellow seemed endowed with a new lease of life. He lived on and on, until the full value of the pictures had been paid twice over. The story is told by their present owner with a mingling of humor and chagrin which my bare recital cannot impart.

The upper hall of the Schloss is decorated with all manner of trophies of the chase; handsome rugs of deer and fox skins lie before the doors. In every room is one of those great stoves of white, gray, or pink-tinted porcelain, gilded and battlemented. Great, dignified-looking arm-chairs, in which one would never dream of *lolling*, are everywhere about, but never a rocking-chair! That seems to be looked upon by our German sisters as a promoter of idleness and vanity.

Best of all I liked F——'s own rooms. A piquant flavor of old bachelorhood still hung about them, which the ten years' presence of a wife, where no wife had ever been seen before, had failed to dissipate. The very chairs wore a more genial expression there, and seemed to say, "Come, you may lounge and idle in *me*. I am used to it." Scattered about were odd bits of furniture, china, and bronze, smacking of masculine use and masculine tastes; among the former some very pretty chairs constructed of antlers and covered with foxes' skins, head and brush complete. Some of the best but most startling of the paintings were in these rooms. Before several of these the discreet B—— had hung little curtains of green silk. And over all and through all the delicate odor of the very choicest Havanas was perceptible.

My own room was large, lofty, and cheerful. Three great windows, hung with snowy curtains, opened upon the kitchen garden and some quaint outbuildings draped with magnificent ivy. The floor was scoured white, and strewn with rich, faded old rugs. The furniture was heavy and handsome. I had one of the great porcelain stoves, a grand affair, surmounted by a swan with gold-tipped wings and beak; also a capacious and inviting sofa, and a perfect jewel of a writing-desk, full of unexpected little drawers and pigeon-holes. At the further end of the room, behind an immense screen, were the toilet arrangements and three of those small plethoric beds for which Germany is famous. The linen was simply exquisite, and all the appointments of the beds quite elegant;

but oh, those *plumeaux!* How many times did I wake up in the cool June nights to find all three of us uncovered and shivering! Finally, I implored B—— to take the slippery things away and give us some English blankets, which, with much wondering at our strange tastes, she immediately did.

The routine of life was quiet, even monotonous, but to an American woman, fresh from the "fitful fever" of American housekeeping, sweet and restful. The servants were numerous and well trained, and performed their duties with little noise, and at the right time and in the right manner. It must be said in passing that it took ten men and women to do the work which half that number would be required to perform in an American household. Then, on the other hand, it must be stated that they have not half our conveniences. Their utensils are primitive and cumbrous, and they have much to "fetch and carry;" but, looking at *results*, one can only indulge in an envious and useless sigh. The absence of those pests of American housekeeping, the weekly washing and ironing days, is one reason why the German servants are able to go about their work with so much more regularity and thoroughness. In Germany the family wash is done no oftener than once a month, — in many places not oftener than once in three or six months, — and then is done by extra help hired for the occasion. On Monday of the week devoted to this work, according to my observations, the women came and began preparations. The clothes, etc., were sorted under the supervision of the lady's-maid or housekeeper; the wood laid ready for lighting under the great boiler in the wash-house, and every tub, hogshead, etc., filled with water. The water was pumped laboriously, and brought from some distance in cumbrous buckets. The carriers wore upon their shoulders for this purpose heavy wooden yokes, like ox-yokes, with a chain and hook at each end, to which the full buckets were attached. The next morning at three o'clock they were at work, busy as bees, and out-chattering the swallows in the ivy which grew about the wash-house eaves. Wash-boards, those instruments of destruction, were unknown, all rubbing being done between their horny knuckles. The ironing is done in Germany by means of a mangle, where possible, and the clothes are beautifully smooth and clean.

The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful and drowsy. Pigeons cooed, swallows twittered, from morn until night. These, and the musical baying of the hounds, the lowing of distant cattle, and the muffled rumble of wagons upon the chaussée, were the sounds to which the ear became attuned. The occasional shriek of a locomotive was the only reminder of a world outside this Sleepy Hollow of a place.

I was told that the railroad company offered to establish a station near Y—— for the accommodation of the leading families of the neighborhood, — an offer which was unanimously refused, they preferring the numerous inconveniences connected with their isolation to the influx of new elements and the confusion incident to a depot in their midst. This fact, as an indication of the exclusive and conservative spirit of the "privileged class," seems to me very striking.

Hurry, bustle, excitement, those foes to peace which follow us from the cradle to the grave, are almost unknown there. Repose, — everywhere repose! One reason, perhaps *the* reason, is that the Germans are an eminently *systematic* people. Everything is made to work by rule. Gradgrind himself could not exceed them in the importance attached to bare *facts* and figures. They never say it is hot or cold, but it is "so many degrees Réaumur." A thermometer was hung *outside* the window of each room, as well as inside. These were closely watched, and the windows

shut as soon as the mercury indicated a higher temperature outside than inside. They were opened only towards evening, when the case was reversed. Fresh air was a secondary consideration and a *draft* was believed absolutely fatal.

The precautions observed in bathing were very extensive. In the absence of bath-rooms, tubs were brought to the room, and filled with water whose temperature was carefully adjusted by means of a thermometer. The fresh body linen was wrapped around stone bottles filled with hot water, as was also the large sheet to be used in drying off. After the bath, every one lies in bed for an hour or so before dressing. This renders bathing an elaborate and consequently a less frequent process than with us.

Communication with the world was kept up by means of that primitive institution known as the *Botenfrau*, — a peasant woman who trudges every morning to the town and back, bearing on her shoulders a large oblong basket, in which she carries the mail-bag, and brings the white bread and cakes for the family and any other small portable articles required by them or the villagers. Nearly all our small shopping was done through the Botenfrau by means of samples. She presented herself immediately after breakfast for orders, which she faithfully executed, returning about noon, ordinarily while we were at the dinner-table. The little mail-bag was handed in, and the contents distributed at the close of the meal. Her arrival was for me the event of the day. The sound of her bare feet on the stairs, the creak of her heavy basket, always threw me into a tremor of expectation. I can see her now, this humble beast of burden, as she invariably was found when we left the dining-room, standing in the hall awaiting us. Her dusty feet, pathetic, sunburnt face, and air of patience always touched my heart. A kind word brought a cheery smile into her face; an extra *Dreier* (three-penny piece) filled her with delight.

Five meals a day were served. The family breakfasted very early, previously to which religious services were held, when all the household were expected to be present. I, however, took my breakfast — the simple German one of coffee and bread without butter — in my own room whenever I chose to rise. At ten o'clock a second breakfast, consisting of cold meats, fruit, beer, etc., was served; at half past twelve dinner; at four o'clock vespers a lunch of coffee, cakes, and fruit, always, when possible, in the open air; and at seven *Abendbrod* (supper), which was a heavy and often luxurious meal. It can be seen from this that one has never the smallest chance of becoming really hungry. Before dinner grace was said by the elder son of the house, and at the close thanks returned by the younger. Then all rose, and according to a time-honored custom a mutual hand-shaking and wishing each other "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" (blessed repast) ensued. So much has been said in regard to the German *cuisine* that I can hope to offer nothing new, but my experience both in America and Germany has made me an enthusiastic convert.

In the family where I was guest the *menu* was always excellent, — full of delicate surprises for the palate, created often by simplest means used with admirable skill and knowledge. But then B——'s cook was an artist. A tiny old woman, with a keen, refined face, she presided over her intricate cooking-range and innumerable porcelain saucepans like a beneficent fairy. A month's experience of her cookery inspired me with admiring awe. I remember on one occasion of hearing a great commotion in the kitchen, in which the children's voices were so conspicuous that I ran to see what was going on. I found the little old cook in a lively struggle with a monster fish, almost as large as

herself, — a horrible fellow, with big, square head, goggle eyes, wide mouth, and bristling horns. It must be mentioned *en passant* that all fish for the table are purchased alive, and brought to the kitchen in tubs of water, to be slaughtered by the cook. Knife in hand, an expression worthy of St. George attacking the dragon on her wrinkled face, the little woman was struggling valiantly with the slippery, flopping monster, endeavoring to give him the fatal stroke. Whether she would finally succeed, or herself disappear in his capacious maw, seemed for a while doubtful; but at last, to the relief of the spectators, the monster's blood deepened the red hue of the tiled floor, and old Paulinchen retired, flushed and triumphant, from the gory field, muttering as she wiped her victorious blade, "*Das* war aber ein Kerl!" At dinner the fish was served entire, reclining in a graceful curve upon an immense trencher, which required two servants to present.

B—— kindly decreed that I should sleep every day after dinner, a rule at which I felt no disposition to rebel. Finding that, from the situation of my room, I could not sleep without interruption, she gave me every day the keys of the Schlösschen, and there, upon a comfortable couch in the stately dining-hall, I slept away the drowsy summer afternoons, until a servant summoned me to vespers.

This small establishment interested me a great deal. Below, through the centre, an arched passage for carriages leads from the chaussée to the court. On one side is an immense apartment, used now as a store-room; on the other is a perfectly arranged kitchen and a broad stone staircase leading to the upper story. The doors above consist of solid mahogany, with handles of carved ivory. The ceilings are frescoed, the walls hung with rich damask paper, the floors inlaid with vari-colored woods. There are handsome vases, and rich furniture in all the rooms. Such paintings as were too forbidding in subject for B——'s taste remain here in lonely oblivion. One sleeping-room was filled with lumber-boxes of doubtful literature; portfolios of engravings of an equally dubious nature, although artistically of much value; odd bits of furniture; and stuffed birds and beasts, among the latter a veritable two-headed calf, born on the estate, and preserved for the wondering eyes of future generations. The first time I went over alone for my post-prandial nap, I confess I found the place somewhat uncanny. The key of the outer door, a huge, rusty, mysterious-looking affair, gave out a hoarse, suggestive sound as I put it into the mouth of the bronze dolphin which served as lock, — a sound to make the flesh creep. The great valves closed of themselves behind me with a bang which rang dismally through the empty passage. The door which opened upon the stair-way creaked ominously, and my foot-falls awoke unpleasant echoes on the stairs. Before lying down I locked the door upon the stuffed calf and his associates, whose glassy eyes followed me maliciously. These siestas became almost a necessity of my existence, and when the arrival of guests, later in the season, put an end to them, I found it difficult to resign myself to the change. In fact, I had begun to regard the Schlösschen as my own exclusive domain; for in addition to the undisturbed slumbers it had afforded me, the piano, too, stood there, out of regard to F——'s tympanum, which had never recovered from the tortures of his governess days.

That piano deserves more than a passing word. When I arrived at Y—— no such institution existed. All F——'s predecessors had been bachelors, and, neither he nor his wife being "musical," F—— had declared, with stinging memories of his own early struggles, that his boys should *not* learn music. Therefore, to my dismay, no piano, as I have said,

was to be found. But after long consultations, elaborate correspondence, and the lapse of weeks, an instrument was procured in a distant town, which was, unfortunately, not on the line of the railway. It took a cart, four horses, and two men all day to get it to Y——. Its arrival created a profound sensation. Men and beasts remained over night and nearly all the next day. To hear those men deliberate how to get that instrument up one flight of broad, easy stairs would have consigned an American dealer to a lunatic asylum. They began early in the morning. All the available help on the place was put in requisition. By dint of much gesticulation, oft-repeated " Potztausends " and " Donnerwetters," much groaning and perspiring, and the united powers of strong arms, ropes, pulleys, and braces, the work was finally accomplished; men and beasts ate, rested, and departed. The next day the school-master of a distant village was sent for to put the instrument in tune. He, too, remained to dinner, vespers, and Abendbrod, and I began to think he would stay all night, but he packed up his little carpet-sack at dusk, and " silently stole away."

The next morning I had the pleasure of producing the first strains of *piano* music, at least, which had ever woke the echoes of the Schlösschen. The instrument defies description. It was "grand" in form, and constructed of cherry-wood. Its legs were fearfully attenuated, its tone faint and ghost-like. It had quite the air of a high-born spinster of the last century. When I say that the present owner bought it from a lady who inherited it from her grand-mother, who bought it second hand at an auction, the reader can imagine the rest.

One thing which caused me much perplexity was the effort I was constantly making to reconcile the *de facto* German countess with that haughty creature who, wearing a coronet of diamonds on her lofty brow, trails her velvet robes through her ancestral halls, — on the stage and in Marlitt's novels. The ancestral halls are certainly there, and the coronet, in some form or other, is omnipresent. One sees it carved upon the furniture, engraved upon the plate, embroidered upon every conceivable article from a handkerchief to a dust-cloth, embossed upon every button of every male servant's livery, and branded conspicuously upon the wooden shovels and buckets in use about the place. I should not have been surprised to see it in *repoussé* upon the shells of the eggs served at Abendbrod. In short, it is everywhere except upon the place it was originally intended to adorn, where it appears only on occasions of state.

But the German countess, according to my observation, is a plain, domestic creature, who trots briskly about during the forenoon hours, attired in a simple short dress, with big apron and snowy cap, a heavy key-basket jingling in her hand. She arranges to the minutest detail the meals of the family, the servants of the house, and the laborers in the court, all of whom receive a separate bill of fare. Every article required in the preparation of these meals, even to the salt, is carefully weighed out. Each servant has so much sugar, tea, and coffee per week, which he can consume at his pleasure. That this alone is a laborious task every housekeeper will admit. At dinner the countess appears freshly, but still simply, dressed. After dinner she is seen with knitting in hand, or a great basket of mending by her side, working with as much assiduity as any American housewife, hardly allowing herself as much time for reading or recreation. Each napkin, towel, etc., is held up against the light, and rigidly inspected; each thin place, even in the coarsest crash towel for kitchen use, is carefully darned. I was much amused, at one place where I visited, to see the daughter of the house, fresh from boarding-school, going through this process

with a great basket of linen, under the supervision of her mother. I remarked, rather in the way of self-congratulation, that in America we made ourselves less trouble.

"What!" exclaimed the lady. "You do not mend your linen?"

"Not the kitchen towels, at all events," I ventured to answer.

"Oh, Frau S——!" exclaimed the young girl, with melodramatic fervor. "Take me to America with you! A land where one need not darn the kitchen towels must be heavenly!"

I think our American girls are unconscious of their blessings.

As in this, so in all other matters, the most vigilant economy is observed. It would be simply incomprehensible to an American reader should I attempt to describe the extent to which this idea is carried. Everything eatable, drinkable, or stealable is kept under lock and key, even down to the contents of the cisterns and rain-barrels. If there be anything a true American woman holds in utter scorn, it is *keys*, and I saw with ill-concealed triumph that this rigid key system frequently caused confusion even in the ranks of those to the manner born. Whenever I saw the servants rushing about with panic-stricken faces and wild gesticulations, I knew a key had been misplaced. On one occasion B—— departed on a visit, leaving her key-basket at home, but safely locked in a drawer, whose key she took with her. During her absence visitors came, and the usual refreshments, which had been previously "given out," of course, were served. On her return her first question was, "What did you offer them?" "An empty sugar-bowl!" was the stern reply of her irritated spouse. She had *forgotten* (unpardonable levity!) to fill it. Soon after my arrival B—— solemnly confided to my keeping, for my own private use, a silver sugar-bowl, with cover, lock, and key. I was requested to keep it locked, for fear that my little maid might steal the sugar; and for fear that somebody else might be tempted to purloin the bowl itself, an heir-loom and a beauty, I kept it locked in my bureau. Frequently, when seated by the open window, with my delicious coffee, thick cream, and rolls before me, I would remember that the sugar was in the bureau, the key of the bureau in a dress pocket, the dress in the wardrobe, the key of the wardrobe in the writing-desk, and the writing-desk — somewhere, anywhere!

This system of restraint and repression lies at the very root of things. It begins with the new-born babe, which, lest it be accidentally disjointed, is tightly swathed and bound to an oblong hair cushion, from which it has no relief, day or night, during the first three months of its existence, excepting, of course, while its toilet is in process. I do not believe an American baby would submit to it! It grieved me to the core to see B——'s nearest neighbor's fine boy baby thus trammeled, and sweltering beneath a big silken plumeau through the hottest summer weather. That he was often cross and restless while in that position, and that he became immediately quiet and joyous when released for a few minutes from his bonds, the young mother naïvely confessed.

"Do you not do the same in America?" she asked me, with wide-open eyes, when I expressed my sympathy for the poor baby. "The Indians do," I answered. She gazed pensively at my own fine, active girls. "Merkwürdig," she remarked, with a puzzled shake of the head. I explained to her that the American nation has doubtless more "backbone" than European nations, at which she looked still more puzzled, but uttered no demurrer. When they leave the *Wickelküssen* behind them their limbs are free, to be sure, but the restraint system is applied to every impulse of their natures. They dare not express a choice of food at table; they

dare not leave a spoonful of anything upon their plates. It is the same with everything, — their childish peculiarities and tastes are studiously ignored, or crushed out. Although every possible means is furnished to *boys* of all classes in Germany for physical and mental development and varied recreation, there is a constant *espionage* exercised, and a blind submission to petty rules required, which must make their very pleasures a bore.

Although parental love and tenderness are nowhere deeper or more demonstrative than in Germany, yet the home discipline seemed to me needlessly severe. I am willing to confess, however, that we Americans err in the other extreme.

It was with utter astonishment that I saw hanging on the wall of the boys' room two specimens of that ancient preserver of domestic authority, the traditional "rod" of Scripture. Not, dear reader, a slender "tickler," but a carefully selected and well-tied bundle of twigs, such as I had hitherto seen only in pictures. I could not imagine F—— or B—— using it upon their own well-beloved sons, but the occasional sound of boyish voices lifted up in anguish convinced me against my will that the rod was here no empty symbol.

The imposition of fines levied upon their little treasure-boxes, and deprivations and humiliations of various sorts, were modes of punishment most frequently employed, however. One of the latter sort was quite efficacious. It consisted in exile from the family board for a season, the culprit being compelled to eat at a small, plainly furnished table, called derisively the *Katzentisch* (cat's table). At one time the elder boy occupied such a table a whole week. He bore it with equanimity until guests arrived, when he begged piteously for a reprieve, but found no mercy.

It is an undisputed fact that when they leave home for the gymnasium or other educational institution, and are able to shake off their shackles in a measure, the German youth lead the van in extravagance and dissipation.

As for the high and well born German girls, poor things, I fancy nothing could be tamer and flatter than the life they lead. They are educated precisely alike, the range of study being very limited. The common branches, French, sometimes English, and a few petty "ornamentals" comprise the list. They must know enough arithmetic to keep the household accounts and weigh out the sugar, coffee, etc., for weekly use, and that suffices. My statement that American girls study the higher branches of mathematics, wade boldly into the physical sciences, and learn both Greek and Latin, if they choose, was met with ill-repressed surprise. Latin and Greek are considered immoral — for the feminine mind. The traditions and prejudices of their class are carefully inculcated. Any woman who dares think or act in opposition to the conventional standard is looked upon with distrust.

Almost every family has at least one son in the army, and I think I am justified in saying that in very many instances his excesses reduce the family fortune and seriously diminish the dowries of his sisters. Without a handsome dowry no girl need expect to find a husband, — "*die mussen sitzen bleiben;*" and how many of those "lone, ungathered roses" I saw! Yet no worm seemed preying on their plump cheeks. They looked complacent and resigned, and as much *alike* as the gilt ancestral cups from which they partook of their frequent coffee.

WOMEN IN ORGANIZATIONS.

Emerson has said that "every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some great man," and the past history of mankind fully exemplifies the truth of his metaphor. The word "man," however, must be used in its generic sense as including both men and women, if the truth of the remark is still to remain, for many an institution owes its origin and its continued existence to the thoughts of a woman's brain. The exceptional organizations and institutions disconnected from all womanly influence are now very few. Freemasonry draws the bolt against them, but Odd Fellows patronize their Odd Sisters.

With few exceptions, until lately, woman has worked by herself. As bread-giver, indeed, she has deputed work to her servants; as mother she has guarded her children; as occasional sovereign she has made laws and led armies; but Ursula and her three thousand virgins of Cologne are almost the only instance in the dim past of combined action of women, and that had such an unfortunate result that others may have been deterred from combinations for different ends from those of martyrdom. Woman is naturally an organizer, as the mere existence of home testifies. Men can exist in a carpet-bag, but women must have bureau drawers. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of women in seeking concerted action amongst themselves without the coöperation of men, there are at the present moment several conspicuous instances of organization of women for women.

The war points to our grandest organization of women by women for men. On the very day that President Lincoln issued his first call for troops, the women of Bridgeport, Conn., and of Charlestown, Mass., formed societies to aid the sick and wounded. In a day or two the Lowell women followed the example, and on the 28th of April, 1861, ninety New York women, led by Mrs. General Dix, Mrs. Fish, and others, sent out a call for a general meeting. Their plans were formed, and submitted to the war department; and the Sanitary Commission became the blessed adjunct of the war.

There are five large departments into which women's work can be divided, in each of which organization is the foundation and mainspring of success, — the *industrial*, the *domestic*, the *educational*, the *charitable*, and the *religious and moral*. In each of these, woman has now a distinct position. It is unnecessary to prove her capacity for earning a livelihood; the census of 1870 does that better than any argument. Of 1,645,188 females (which calculation omits a great many women, on account of the difficulty of getting class lists of workers in this country as in England), 323,791 are engaged in agriculture; 328,286 in manufactures and mining; 17,882 in trade and transportation; and 975,529 in rendering personal and professional services.

In the *industrial* department, woman has done most as individual worker, and least as organizer; because she has seldom entered upon this field of work except under the spur of necessity for daily bread, and has had neither time nor training for aught beyond the day's requirements. Yet out of her need has she found the means to make her closest friend, the needle, the nucleus of the now wide-spread organization of sewing-schools, and has taught the legitimate advance from patchwork quilts to dressmaking. These schools were first founded as charity enterprises, in connection with churches; then grew outside of churches and inside of our public schools,

where, as in Boston, Providence, and elsewhere, sewing is taught in every grammar school, and in some even to dress-making, the garment being cut by measure.

At the South and West, instruction in the needle, when provided at all, is chiefly given through charity or church enterprise. In Syracuse, N. Y., the Economical School committee have provided the rooms in which ladies voluntarily teach poor little children, and assume all expenses. In many large wholesale establishments a woman organizes all the subdivisions of cutting, fitting, and basting, and giving out of work; but as this is also done by men, it is no longer a feminine pursuit, as are still the *crèches* and baby tending.

Opposed to *utility* stitches are the art needlework schools that have branched out in many directions from New York; and though men may have an honorary place on their committee lists, or cast their votes, and as artists be of great service in the sub-committees on designs, their real management belongs to women. The impulse that led to their formation was derived from South Kensington, England, and affords a striking instance of the ramifications of an organization.

Next to the needle in relationship, though not in friendliness, to woman, comes the kitchen fire; and here, again, woman has organized cooking-schools, at whose head as originator stands Miss Juliet Corson, of New York. The New York Cooking-School, now at Cooper Institute, was opened March 13, 1877, to teach the "principles of plain cookery to cooks, and to the wives and daughters of workingmen." Since then it has become a permanent and incorporated institution, but is not yet self-supporting. The instruction is graded to meet the needs of all classes. The school has been a genuine success, measured not alone by its internal management and the wide-spread instruction it has afforded, but by the impulse it has communicated to similar establishments in other places. Philadelphia has one in connection with the Ladies' New Century Club. In Boston one was started through the agency of the Young Women's Christian Association, and another through the Women's Education Association, with a branch school in one of the poorer districts of the city. Miss Corson notably, Miss Parloa, and others have gone from one town or city to another, establishing private classes for a longer or shorter period of time. The aim of all these classes and of all the schools is to render cookery attractive, and to place it above mere kitchen drudgery by applying to it skill and forethought, in the hope not only that a better class of trained cooks can be provided, but that the "artisan course" of instruction will make home tables healthier and more appetizing, while fancy cooking can be acquired by extra payments.

Among those pursuing the higher industrial pursuits, such as phonography, photography, telegraphy, book-keeping, type-setting, engraving, or architecture, there is no union to increase the demand for their services or their proficiency in any of these branches, though there are many individuals engaged in each.

Horticulture, with its myriad beauty of form and hue, has enticed women into the odorous green-house heat, and in gardening she has done much, though only through the scattered combinations of a few individuals; but these are the first steps upwards to a more extended organization of the special industry of farming, which will become a large outlet to superfluous female energy and an avenue to independence. Western women have been far more enterprising in large farming establishments than Eastern women. As instances of successful individual enterprise in the West, which its undertakers trust will lead to larger organized effort in similar direction, may be mentioned the following: At Colo-

rado Springs, not long ago, a young lady owned and managed a large cattle ranche up the Ute Pass. By provision of the territorial law, those who owned and branded cattle were obliged to appear personally at the "spring round-ups," and claim and drive away their stock. She would ride into a herd of a thousand wild and terrified cattle, strike one which bore her brand with a leathern thong to separate it from the rest, and when necessary use the lasso to bring the fleeing animal within control. Two Nebraska sisters own one of the largest cattle ranches in the West; and the Bee Queen of Iowa has made bee culture a possibility for others. In other ways, also, have Western women achieved personal independence in finding new avenues of employment. They are bank cashiers, hotel keepers, county school superintendents, postmistresses, and one has even been clerk of the Kansas legislature.

A growing industrial organization, which is also educational, is that of "training-schools for nurses" which have arisen, as good nursing has been proved to be neither miracle nor accident, but the result of knowledge, self-possession, and skilled fingers. No industry is more deserving than that which saves the life of our beloved. Fabriola, a Roman lady of the fourth century, as an act of penance founded the first Roman hospital; and Paula, descendant of the Scipios, used boiled water in washing the sick. In the Catholic church, nursing Sisters have always "laid the pillows aright and in point." The Gray Sisters and the Béguines and the Sisters of variously named saints not only nursed, but collected a fund of knowledge respecting disease and the use of medicines of which physicians in the sixteenth century gladly availed themselves, when medicine became a science. Then came the organized Sisters of Charity, who nursed on battle-fields and in plague-stricken districts in the Old and New World; then the Kaiserwerth Training-Schools under Pastor Fliedner, where Florence Nightingale served and learned: and from the impulse derived indirectly from all these noble women and from direct necessity have sprung three training-schools in New York,—at Bellevue Hospital, West Fifteenth Street, and Blackwell's Island; in Boston there are three, if not four; in Philadelphia, New Haven, and Washington one each. Most of them were organized and are officered by women, the students passing through various grades of service until graduation. In the New England Hospital, Boston, and in that at Philadelphia, the instruction is given by women only.

What shall be said of woman as an organizer in *domestic* life! Have we not all friends whose housekeeping is a terror to us, alike from its cleanliness and the want of it; whose table makes us either abstemious or hungry? Is not every house the microcosm of the world, and is not every woman at its head a miniature sovereign? But as the generic resemblances and the specific differences in woman's work in this department are matters for private interpretation, rather than for statement of facts, it is sufficient merely to assert that if she is not in this field also an organizer she ought to be.

From the organization of a home the transit is slight to the *educational* department of life. At once the organization of a school-room rises before us, and we proudly assert that three fourths of the two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States are women, that is, organizers of the present for the future. The large educational institutions for women have never been the result of her organizing power alone, though many of their arrangements are due to her. On the other hand, societies and clubs have sprung from her inventive faculty. Women's clubs have become so familiar a sound that their terrific and strong-minded aspect has dis-

appeared, till they are now generally welcomed even by men as refreshment of mind and heart to the wife and sister. These clubs are carrying out for women the work begun by the Sanitary Commission. They are teaching them to think consecutively, and showing them their power and short-comings relatively to each other. Through them they are being prepared for more important committee work, which is surely devolving upon them as they hold places in schools and state charity boards. That clubs have taught women to work with one another alone justifies their existence.

In sleepy, conservative towns, where the word "club" is still pronounced with hesitation, there are "societies" for reading Plato, history, and literature, in some manner of organized improvement. In Boston, the Society to Encourage Studies at Home embraces one hundred teachers and over a thousand pupils in all parts of the United States, Canada, and Japan. This society was devised by Miss Anna Ticknor to induce young women to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind; and is especially intended for those who are too busy in other ways to pursue a college course, or are not able to engage paid instructors. Courses of reading and plans of work in history, natural science, art, and in German, French, and English literature, are arranged, from which one or more may be selected; the instruction is given and answers received through correspondence; and all this is done by women for women, the library being successfully maintained even through the mails.

As proof of what can be done by intelligent laboring women working in concert stands the Lowell Offspring of some thirty years ago, when such an honored name as Lucy Larcom's was enrolled among its contributors.

The Woman's Education Association in Boston has organized the Harvard Examinations for Women, diet kitchens, nurses' training and cooking schools, and botanical lectures through its committees on education, industry, and æsthetics, and is merely one of similar organizations in many cities. To it is also due the Chemical Laboratory for Women in connection with the Massachusetts Technological Institute, where its pupils can become practical chemists, dyers, assayers.

In regard to art there is little concerted action among women. They rent studios together, and form classes for mutual criticism and admiration. The school for carving and modeling in clay, plaster, and wood in Boston is unique. A girl can graduate there as plasterer, stone-cutter, designer, or carver. She knows every step of the process, from the manipulation of clay, the casting in plaster or gelatine molds, to the final cutting in stone or wood. She draws her design as a flat copy, or molds it in high or low relief. The Philadelphia School of Design ranks high, but it is not especially a woman's school; whilst that in Cincinnati is an instance of the organized result of woman's power to keep at a thing. More than twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Peters raised five thousand dollars to establish in that city an academy of fine arts. With copies of pictures bought abroad, a few modern paintings, and Powers's Greek Slave, she opened the first art exhibition in Cincinnati. In 1864 the Cincinnati ladies induced the trustees of McMicken University to open a school of design, and to this were donated their paintings and statuary. Mr. Joseph Longworth added fifty thousand dollars; and at last, through Mr. Pitman, resulted the wood-carving department. Encouraged by the great success of that school, the Wheeling School of Art in this country and the Sheffield School of Design in England, the Women's School of Industry, St. Louis, the Rochester, N. Y., and Portsmouth, Ohio, Wood-Carving School

have arisen; whilst the Catholic Sisters of Notre Dame and the Ursuline Sisters of Brown County, Ohio, are teaching their own pupils and worshiping amidst their own carvings.

In the medical department, woman has done more than in any other of the learned professions. In New York there is a hospital and college that was started and is carried on by women, and is largely under the care of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi and Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell; and another in Philadelphia, which is most richly endowed. In Chicago there is a large hospital and college, and in Detroit a smaller institution. In all of them the women greatly outnumber the men as managers on the various boards; also the organizing and the work are almost exclusively done by women. They all, however, have men as consulting physicians, because it is said that when the colleges and hospitals were first started there were no women of sufficient age, and therefore of sufficient experience, to act in that capacity.

Included in both the educational and industrial department of labor are the educational and industrial unions for women, often called Women's Christian Associations. All are familiar with their net-work of classes, lectures, and employment bureaus. These unions are doing for women, with similar methods, what has so long been done for men. The names vary, or sometimes both men and women are helped by the same organization, as in the Union for Good Works, at New Bedford, which is the more prevailing custom in the smaller towns and cities. The Women's Liberal Union, Chicago, besides its systematic missionary work, renders help in organizing religious and literary clubs, as is also done by the Lecture Bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, which intend thus to "facilitate communication and good understanding between the women who are qualified and ready to speak and those who may desire to hear them," at clubs, parlor meetings, or even in larger places. The same union has also a protective department, to protect women in regard to payment of wages wrongfully withheld from them by dishonest employers. As its managers are women only, it is included among women's organizations, though through the voluntary services of lawyers has been obtained at least one half of the amounts recovered. Every case comes first before the committee of ladies, and is investigated by them. Within the eighteen months of their existence, they have received about two hundred and fifty complaints, and recovered about a thousand dollars, much of which has been paid in installments. A similar society exists in Philadelphia, and, beginning only six months ago, has already found urgent need for being. The New York society does the same work on a much larger scale, but with a board composed of gentlemen. The Moral Education Societies in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston aim to give greater prominence by publications and lectures to the necessity of increased morality and purity in all ranks of life.

In turning now to the *charitable* organizations among women, we find they are legion. There is not a church without them. How can be repeated their ever-told tale! Our purses know how endless are their calls. Many are entirely managed by women, yet from many a city comes the whisper, Women are not good financial managers. Charity accounts must have a man auditor when a woman is treasurer. Seaside homes, country weeks, fresh-air funds, are now added to the long list by which the poor obtain shelter, food, clothing, and too often money. To obviate this evil some of our cities, especially Philadelphia and Boston, are following the Eberfeld plan, and consolidating the city wards into one central organization.

— though each ward will have its own committee, office, and paid agent, — all other agencies reporting to this one items of information respecting the individual poor and the aid rendered to them. *Work*, not money, is the cure for pauperism. The "houseless" women of Philadelphia have a city hotel, which is what the New York Hilton Hotel should have been; also a charming sea-side summer hotel at Asbury Park, where a poor girl can board and bathe in the surf for three dollars per week; and another house in the city, where, for two dollars and a half per week, the girls board, have their washing done and a substantial lunch put up for them to carry to their business, an infirmary, doctor, etc.

In New York the State's Charity Aid Association originated with Miss Schuyler. She has long been its president, and is its great strength. There is no similar association in the country, though its influence has been widely felt, and movements are being made which may result in like methods elsewhere. While it was planned by a woman and women have done much of its work, it has gained much from the men who have belonged to it. It wishes to insure a more faithful and efficient administration of the present poor-law system in New York State, and to improve the system itself by inducing wise legislative action, that shall alleviate suffering and lessen poverty; which ends it hopes to accomplish through the formation of an enlightened public opinion, rather than because the association in itself has legal power. It has standing committees on children, on adult able-bodied paupers, on hospitals, and on elevation of the poor in their homes; the twenty-eight committees in various New York counties working to the same end, and having their results generally adopted by those in power. The details of management in this body are as wonderfully conceived and executed as the whole plan is wise and great.

Woman has organized far more reforms than that of dress alone, and such reforms are both charitable and educational. As the efficacy of punishment is seen to consist in prevention of further evil, our prisons and reformatories are slowly passing under womanly oversight. There is as yet only one thorough-going *prison* for women, officered wholly as to its internal arrangements by women, with the exception of an engineer and watchmen, and that is at Sherborn, Mass. The office of treasurer and steward is, however, in the hands of a gentleman. Apparently trifling changes in the grade of dress, of linen collar, and amount of washing have fired the zeal of the prisoners to attain to good behavior. Force of example alone leads them into their cells. Nursing babies stay with their mothers, and occasionally a very good prisoner has a visit from her older child; while some of the women acquire courage to refuse even the coffee that is their daily ration, as, if they can do without coffee in prison, they can do without whisky out of prison. The Reformatory and Prison for Women at Indianapolis is of a similar nature, though with many very important differences of organization. The Women's Guardian Home at St. Louis is in some measure a reformatory institution, but reformatory without the power to enact legal punishment. Similar societies exist in many cities for women, often under the general name of "moral reform."

The *religious* organizations of women are not nearly as many as they will be when every denomination welcomes women into its pulpits; but there are two or three which are conspicuous examples of organizing power. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society was started by women, and organized and carried on by women alone, save a gentleman for auditor in most of the branches. It is not, like other denominational societies, auxiliary to the general

society of the church, but is entirely independent in all matters of finance and real management. It has head-quarters in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Atlanta, and its organ, The Heathen Woman's Friend, has a subscription list of 13,388, whilst its work literally encircles the globe.

The Woman's Board of Missions, Congregational, received $5000 in its first year, and in 1879 $74,127.30. It has 20 branches, 885 auxiliaries, 560 mission circles, and supports 76 missionaries and nearly 90 Bible women and teachers, and 80 schools. The board works through Sunday-schools, committees, auxiliary societies, mission circles, publications, and weekly-pledge systems, and is probably the largest organization of women in the United States.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church held its decennial session last April, in Cincinnati. It supports over one hundred missionaries; and last year it had a regular income of $117,000, besides a decennial thank-offering of $19,353.

Other denominations have similar organizations, but on a much smaller scale, as the one established by the Unitarian conference a year ago at Saratoga.

Where shall the great *temperance* movement be placed, one of the most wonderful episodes on record, but which has yet to prove its possibility of continued march of empire? This organization is the sober second thought of the Woman's Temperance Crusade of 1873–4. The praying bands, "earnest, impetuous, inspired," became the unions, "firm, patient, and persevering." There are probably more than 1117 auxiliary unions (of which Ohio counts the most), with a membership of 26,590; 307 juvenile organizations, with a membership of 57,997; 79 reading-rooms and Friendly Inns. The plan of work embraces three divisions: First, evangelistic, including meetings of all kinds in churches, theatres, prisons, and almshouses, and amongst all kinds of people, whites, Indians, Chinese, and colored persons; and the advocacy of the use of unfermented wine at communion. Secondly, moral suasion, including juvenile temperance work in homes, societies, and schools, meetings, temperance restaurants; the enlistment of corporations and employers in requiring total abstinence in their employees; saloon visiting, temperance pledges and petitions, etc. And, thirdly, legal suasion, embracing work in effecting temperance legislation and information in regard to it and the liquor traffic. The finances are raised by weekly one-cent subscriptions, every auxiliary union being connected with the state society, and that in turn with the national union. There is no cause in which enthusiasm and hard labor are so wonderfully combined; prayer is their guide in all their planning and performing. The expenses of the national union for 1879 were $731.43, and the receipts $1213. But thousands of dollars are contributed by local unions for work within their own State, of which no account is made in the treasurer's report of the national union; as, for instance, in Massachusetts, where $4850.09 were received, and $4375.44 expended, in 1879. In all the list of officers there is not a man's name. Women are here proved to be economical and successful financiers.

Is the woman suffrage movement moral, educational, or religious? It calls forth such opposite statements that nothing but the opportunity to vote can test the wisdom of female suffrage. Men, however, have coöperated so earnestly with women in this cause that it does not stand by itself as a woman's organization, as does the Association for the Advancement of Women, which holds its annual meetings in different parts of the country. That is like an enormous club, by its intelligent interest touching upon the many centres of individual preference, and becoming an agency in

collecting all these centres into an organization that is powerful by the examination and publicity it gives to all subjects of human sympathy. It holds its eighth congress in October, at Boston.

Some reference should be made to the *Protestant and Catholic sisterhoods.* The latter are as multiform and numerous as the various kinds of beneficence they practice, and as intangible to close inspection as is sometimes the result of their beneficence. The Protestant sisterhoods were founded to supply a want which death, loneliness, and Catholic success had made palpable. The principal sisterhoods are three in New York city, and one each in Washington, Newark, St. Louis, and Boston. Their constitutions vary, but they are all managed by women; all the affairs of a sisterhood being discussed and voted upon in "chapter," where each professed sister has a vote. Generally the chaplain has an advising, though never a controlling, will. The sisterhoods vary in strictness of rule, some endeavoring to carry out entirely the "religious life," as it is known in the Greek, Roman, and Anglican branches of the Catholic church; others, like the Lutheran deaconesses, being associations of good women for charitable works. Many of them, if not all, are bound by the close ties of rule, dress, officers, and constitution to the mother houses in England. Yet each sisterhood is an independent organization, though all are united by the common ties of interest; and all have charge of various educational and reformatory enterprises, and of private or hospital nursing.

Lastly, the Grange rises before one in huge, mysterious proportions. Though it is of masculine origin, women have from the outset been admitted to full membership and privileges. Every subordinate and State Grange is partly officered by women, and every office in these and also in the national grange is open to them, those of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, naturally falling to them. The feeling towards women as office-holders is without exception favorable and kindly; and it is doubtful whether the objects of this institution, especially in regard to the refinements of education and all that tend to brighten health and enliven home, could have been accomplished without their presence and aid. It is stated that the percentage of insanity is greater among farmers' wives than among married women of other classes, owing to the isolation and monotonous round of work in their lives, year after year; and it is also said that their hope lies in the spread and enlarged scope of the granges, which make separate homes members of a community of mutual interest and social life. The men and women often meet in clubs and lyceums, the women contributing their full quota of short addresses or papers. They also combine in establishing co-operative stores, so that in many States, at least, the grange work is more and more coming under female control, and losing, or has lost, its original political and anti-railroad character.

In reviewing in broad outlines these various kinds of enterprise, it is evident that, whilst a special undertaking has here and there failed, yet, taken in classes, these organizations have all succeeded and multiplied. It is doubtful whether there is even a single one which has been wholly unsuccessful. The three requisites for any organization seem to be implanted within them all, —ardor, forethought, and imagination. Because women so largely possess imagination are they specially adapted to start new plans. The constitutions of their various societies are marked by simplicity and effectiveness, and in committee work the members are distinguished by their obedience to by-laws and their directness of action.

Kate Gannett Wells.

EACH SIDE THE BRIDGE: A DUTCH PAINTING.

OVER the sylvan creek the bridge
  Is arched, with pools each side that lie
In amber hues, where gnat and midge,
  Hazy and gray, their dances ply.

In the low evening light the maze
  Grows golden, whirling up and down,
Dilating, shrinking, till the rays
  Melt into twilight soft and brown.

The horses drag the wagon there,
  To steep their hot lips in the balm;
One lifts his dripping mouth in air,
  While stands the other fixed in calm.

A picture dim in india ink,
  The bridge, the wagon, and the steeds,
The rough road sloping to the brink,
  The one tall elm and clustered weeds.

The farmer sits, with elbowed whip,
  His spouse beside and daughter Rose;
While from the wheels the eddies slip,
  And down the braided current flows.

The horses move, the wheels splash round;
  From the rough pool the picture parts;
A spectral shape glides o'er the ground,
  As home the rumbling wagon starts.

With lengthened bridle, stooping neck,
  Within the horseman's roadster wades;
Making the sunset tints a wreck
  Of broken bits and ruffled shades.

Sweet as its name, the gentle stream
  Slides on with scarce a water-break;
Here shooting forth a narrow gleam,
  There spreading to a fairy lake.

On its damp flow of glossy sand
  The snipe's small star-like prints are found;
The crane there takes its patient stand;
  Silent the musk-rat skims around.

Alfred B. Street.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VI.

THE HARRISON ADMINISTRATION, 1841.

GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was by birth and education a Virginian. His father, Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the largest man in the old Congress of the Confederation, and when John Hancock was elected president of that body he seized him and bore him to the chair in his arms. William Henry Harrison, on reaching manhood, had migrated to Ohio, then the far West, and had for forty years been prominently identified with the interests, the perils, and the hopes of that region. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and somewhat distinguished by the ability with which he had discharged the duties of a succession of offices which he had filled, he had won his greatest renown in military service. But he had never abjured the political doctrines of the Old Dominion, and his published letters and speeches during the presidential campaign which resulted in his election showed that he was a believer in what the Virginians called a strict construction of the federal constitution on financial questions, internal improvements, the veto power, and the protection of negro slavery. His intellect was enriched with classical reminiscences, which he was fond of quoting in writing or in conversation. When he left his residence on the bank of the Ohio for the seat of government, he compared his progress to the return of Cicero to Rome, congratulated and cheered as he passed on by the victorious Cato and his admiring countrymen.

On General Harrison's arrival at Washington, a stormy afternoon in February, 1841, he walked from the railroad station (then on Pennsylvania Avenue) to the City Hall, carrying his hat in his hand, and bowing his acknowledgments for the cheers with which he was greeted by the citizens who lined the sidewalks. On reaching the City Hall, the president elect was formally addressed by the mayor, Colonel W. W. Seaton, one of the editors of the National Intelligencer, who supplemented his panegyric by a complimentary editorial article in his newspaper of the next morning. These complimentary remarks — official and editorial — excited the ire of Senator William R. King, of Alabama, a prim, spare, formal old bachelor, familiarly known as Miss Nancy King, who alluded to them in debate soon afterwards. Colonel Seaton, on reading the report of Senator King's remarks, lost no time in requesting his friend Senator Mangum to wait on him, bearing a demand for either the retraction of the offensive language or "the satisfaction usual with gentlemen." Mr. King referred Mr. Mangum to Senator Preston, of South Carolina, and the two mutual friends succeeded in averting a visit to the dueling-grounds at Bladensburg, Mr. King manfully avowing that he was in the wrong.

A few weeks after this, as the expiration of President Van Buren's official term approached, the aldermen and common council of Washington obsequiously passed a vote of thanks to the outgoing chief magistrate for the liberality, courtesy, and personal interest displayed by him towards the national metropolis during his four years' administration. This was not acceptable to Mayor Seaton, as Mr. Van Buren had notoriously excluded those citizens of Washington who were whigs from the hospitalities of the Executive Mansion while he had

controlled them. So the editor-mayor formally vetoed the complimentary resolution, and transmitted a veto message to the city government, giving his reasons for this marked slight.

Soon after his arrival at Washington, General Harrison announced who were to compose his cabinet. Before coming East, he had visited Henry Clay at Ashland, and had tendered him the position of secretary of state, which Mr. Clay had promptly declined, saying that he had fully determined not to hold office under the new administration, although he intended cordially to support it. "There will be those," said Mr. Clay to the president elect, "who will endeavor to sow tarès between you and myself, — who have, indeed, already attempted to do so, — to create distrust and jealousies and ill feeling between us. I beg you, therefore, to listen to no reports in regard to my opinion or intended course in regard to this or that measure or act of yours; whatever my opinions or course may be, you shall be the first to hear of them from me."

General Harrison thanked Mr. Clay for his frankness and candor, denying that any attempt had been made to create ill feeling on his part between them, and expressing deep regret that he could not accept the portfolio of the department of state. He further said that if Mr. Clay had accepted the position of secretary of state, it had been his intention to offer the portfolio of the treasury department to Mr. Webster; but since Mr. Clay had declined a seat in the cabinet, he should not offer one to Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay objected to this conclusion, and remarked that, while Mr. Webster was not peculiarly fitted for the control of the national finances, he was eminently qualified for the management of the foreign relations of the republic. Besides, the appointment of Mr. Webster as secretary of state would inspire confidence in the administration abroad, which would be highly important, considering the existing critical relations with Great Britain. The northeastern boundary, the right to search American vessels on the coast of Africa, and the affair of the Cardine, followed by the arrest of McLeod, required a master mind for their adjustment, and Mr. Clay urged the appointment of Mr. Webster as preeminently qualified to direct the negotiations. General Harrison accepted the suggestion, and on his return to North Bend he wrote to Mr. Webster, offering him the department of state, and asking his advice concerning the other members of the cabinet. The "solid men of Boston," who had begun to entertain grave apprehensions of hostilities with Great Britain, urged Mr. Webster to accept, and pledged themselves to contribute liberally to his support.

No sooner was it intimated that Mr. Webster was to be the premier of the incoming administration than the Calhoun wing of the democratic party denounced him as having countenanced the abolition of slavery, and when his letter resigning his seat in the senate was read in that body, Senator Cuthbert, of Georgia, attacked him. The Georgian's declamation was delivered with clenched fist; he pounded his desk, gritted his teeth, and used profane language.

Messrs. Clay, Preston, and other senators defended Mr. Webster from the attack of the irate Georgian. "With Mr. Webster," said Mr. Rives, "I have differed, and still differ on some important questions of public policy. But these differences have never prevented me from feeling that his presence here was one of the proudest ornaments of this hall, and that his withdrawal from it will leave an intellectual void which generations must pass away, in the ordinary course of Providence to men, before we shall see filled with his like again. His talents and his reputation are the common property of his country,

and for one I have ever looked upon them with pride as an American citizen."

To disarm the Southern opposition to Mr. Webster's appointment, his friends had printed at Washington a large edition of a speech which he had made a few months before on the portico of the capitol of Virginia at Richmond, before an assemblage of ten thousand of her freemen, "beneath the light of an October sun." "I say," he had then emphatically declared, "there is no power, directly or indirectly, in congress or the general government, to interfere in the slightest degree with the institutions of the South."

With some of the Southern political leaders Mr. Webster was a favorite, especially the erratic Henry A. Wise, who resided in Accomac County, on the eastern shore of Virginia. "What do you shoot?" Mr. Webster asked Mr. Wise on their first interview. "Curlews and willets?" Receiving an affirmative response, he went on to say that at the proper season his custom was to shoot these birds on the coast of Massachusetts, and that, according to his calculation of climate and of distance, they migrated in about a fortnight to the eastern shore of Virginia. "Now," he added, "remember! If you see any crippled birds down your way about that time, they will be my birds!"

General Harrison, to quiet the cry of "abolitionist," which had been raised against him as well as Mr. Webster, made a visit to Richmond prior to his inauguration, during which he availed himself of every possible occasion to assert his devotion to the rights, privileges, and prejudices of the South concerning the existence of slavery.

The portfolio of the treasury department was given by General Harrison to Thomas Ewing, of Ohio (familiarly known, from his early avocation, as "the Salt Boiler of the Kanawha"), who was physically and intellectually a great man. He was of medium height, very portly, and his ruddy complexion set off his bright, laughing eyes to the best advantage. On "the stump" he had but few equals, as in simple language and without any apparent oratorical effort he breathed his own spirit into vast audiences, and swayed them with resistless power. He resided in a house built by Count de Menon, one of the French legation, and his daughter Ellen, now the wife of General Sherman, attended school at the academy attached to the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, in Georgetown.

The other members of the cabinet elect were favorably known to the public. The coming secretary of war was John Bell, of Tennessee, a courtly Jackson democrat in years past, who had preferred to support Hugh L. White rather than Martin Van Buren, and had thus drifted into the whig ranks. For secretary of the navy, General Harrison had selected George E. Badger, of North Carolina, whose facetious physiognomy and sailor-like figure were very appropriate for the position. Francis Granger, of New York, a genial, rosy-faced gentleman of the old school, who had been the unsuccessful whig candidate for vice-president in 1836, was to be postmaster-general, and the attorney-general was to be John J. Crittenden, a Kentuckian whose intellectual vigor, integrity of character, and legal ability had secured for him a nomination to the bench of the supreme court by President Adams, which the democratic senate had failed to confirm. Kept in the shade by Henry Clay, of his party and State, he became somewhat crabbed and sardonic, but his was one of the noblest intellects of his generation. His persuasive eloquence, his clear judgment, his knowledge of the law, his lucid manner of stating facts, and his complete grasp of any case which he examined had made him a power in the senate and in the supreme court, as he was destined to be in the cabinet.

The inaugural message had been prepared by General Harrison in Ohio, and he brought it with him to Washington, written in his large hand on one side of sheets of foolscap paper. When it was submitted to Mr. Webster, he respectfully suggested the propriety of abridging it, and of striking from it some of the many classical allusions and quotations with which it abounded. He found, however, that General Harrison was not disposed to receive advice, and that he was reluctant to part with any evidence of his classical scholarship.

The inauguration of General Harrison as president, on Thursday, the 4th of March, 1841, was attended by an immense concourse of citizens from all parts of the country. The morning broke somewhat cloudily, and the horizon seemed to betoken snow or rain. A salute of twenty-six guns (the number of States then in the Union) was fired at sunrise, and the avenues and streets soon presented an animated appearance. Mounted marshals galloped to and fro, political clubs were hastening to the positions assigned them, bands performed patriotic airs, and nearly every one wore a Tippecanoe badge.

At ten o'clock a procession was formed, which escorted the president elect from his temporary residence to the treasury department, and thence along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. There were no regular troops on parade, but the uniformed militia companies of the District of Columbia performed escort duty in a very creditable manner. A carriage presented by the whigs of Baltimore, and drawn by four horses, had been provided for General Harrison, but he preferred to ride on horseback, as the Roman emperors passed along the Appian Way, and the old hero made a fine appearance, mounted on a spirited white charger, attended by a staff of mounted marshals. Although the weather was chilly, the general refused to wear an overcoat, and rode with his hat in his hand, bowing acknowledgments of the cheers of the multitudes on the sidewalks. Behind the president elect came Tippecanoe clubs and other political associations, with music, banners, and badges. The club from Prince George County, Maryland, had in its ranks a large platform on wheels, drawn by six white horses, on which was a power-loom from the Laurel factory, with operatives at work under the direction of their superintendent, General Horace Capron. Several of the clubs escorted large log-cabins on wheels, decked with suitable inscriptions, cider barrels, 'coon-skins, and various frontier articles. A feature of the procession was the students of the Jesuits' College at Georgetown, who appeared in uniform, headed by their faculty, and carrying a beautiful banner.

The senate-chamber at the Capitol was meanwhile filled to overflowing, and nearly all of the prominent dignitaries of the country were present. On one side, Scott, Gaines, Macomb, and Wool were the leaders of a brilliant group of officers in full uniform, calling up associations connected with our proud days of triumph, whilst on the opposite side of the hall were the nominated members of the cabinet, inspiring auguries not less cheering of future prosperity and glory. The diplomatic corps made a striking appearance, half covered with the richest embroidery in gold and silver and the insignia of their various orders, while near them, and in strong contrast with them, were the justices of the supreme court of the United States, wearing black silk robes.

At twelve o'clock John Tyler, vice-president elect, took his oath of office, and was escorted to the chair, where he delivered his brief inaugural address with great dignity. Soon after he had concluded General Harrison entered the senate-chamber, and took the seat assigned for him. His bodily health appeared to be perfect, and there was an

alertness in his movements which was quite astonishing, considering his advanced age, the multiplied hardships through which he had passed, and the fatigues he had lately undergone.

A procession was then formed in the senate-chamber, which moved on through the rotunda, out on the temporary platform erected over the steps of the eastern entrance to the Capitol. On this platform seats had been provided for the military and civic dignitaries, with many distinguished citizens, intermingled with a great company of ladies. In the space before the Capitol was a solid mass of humanity, variously estimated to contain from thirty to forty thousand. Happy was he who could climb upon an iron railing, or a stone post, to obtain a better sight of the expected pageant! All such places were filled with clinging occupants, while others ascended the trees on the square, whose denuded branches afforded an unobstructed prospect. On the verge of the crowd were drawn up carriages filled with ladies, while here and there peered up a staff bearing the pacific banner of a Tippecanoe club. At last a deafening shout announced the arrival of General Harrison, who became "the observed of all observers."

When the uproar had subsided, General Harrison advanced to the front of the platform, and there was a profound stillness as he proceeded to read, in a loud and clear voice, his inaugural address. He read from his manuscript, standing bareheaded, without an overcoat or gloves, facing the cold northeast wind, while those seated on the platform around him, although warmly wrapped up, suffered from the piercing blasts.

As he touched on successive topics lying near the heart of the people, the sympathy of his audience with his sentiments was manifested by shouts which broke forth from time to time. When he had nearly concluded, the oath of office was administered to him by Chief Justice Taney, and the pealing cannon announced to the country that it had a new chief magistrate.

Again declining to ride in his carriage, President Harrison remounted his horse, and was escorted by the military to the White House, cheered by the immense crowds which lined Pennsylvania Avenue, while the ladies at the windows waved their handkerchiefs. On reaching the White House, the president held a reception for three hours, during which time he was constantly shaking hands with the multitude which surged past him. At night there were three inauguration balls, each one receiving a visit from the new president, who was greeted with the warmest demonstrations of respect.

The whig editors and correspondents assembled at the inauguration of General Harrison met around a festive board on the succeeding evening. There were over forty in attendance, some of whom had been more than twoscore years in the service, and others had labored with pen or type for upwards of a quarter of a century. Others there were who had grown old and grown poor in the ranks, and yet others who, having done good service and lost their little all in a profession which they had adorned, had retired to some occupation where the laborer was better rewarded for his toil. Others yet again, the youngest of those present, were fresh and ardent in the pursuit of a profession the very labor and excitement of which are among its greatest attractions. Colonel Seaton, of the National Intelligencer, presided, and Colonel Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, sat at the foot of the table. There were no studied toasts and no prepared responses, but there were displays of eloquence, expressions of thought, and promptness of repartee that could not have been surpassed at the Capitol. It was long past "the witching time of night, when

churchyards yawn," when the journalistic company separated.

The leading Washington correspondent at that time was Dr. Francis Bacon, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, Connecticut, who wrote for the New York American, then edited by Charles King, a son of Rufus King, over the initials R. M. T. H., — Regular Member Third House. Dr. Bacon wielded a powerful pen, and when he chose to do so could condense a column of denunciation, satire, and sarcasm into a single paragraph. He was a fine scholar, a fearless censor, and a terse writer, giving his many readers a clearer idea of what was transpiring at the federal metropolis than can be obtained by those who wade through the masses of verbiage now wired from there, — many newspaper proprietors evidently priding themselves upon the amount of their telegraph bills rather than on the accuracy or interest of the information transmitted.

A new-comer among the correspondents during the Harrison administration was Mr. Nathan Sargent, whose correspondence to the Philadelphia United States Gazette, over the signature of "Oliver Oldschool," soon became noted. His carefully written letters gave a continuous narrative of all important events as they occurred at the national metropolis, and he was one of those who aided in making the whig party, like the federal party which had preceded it, eminently respectable.

Washington correspondents, up to this time, had been the mediums through which a large portion of the citizens of the United States obtained their information concerning what transpired at the seat of national government, while the only reports of the debates in Congress were those which appeared in the Washington newspapers, often several weeks after their delivery. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the enterprising proprietor of the New York Herald, after publishing President Harrison's call for an extra session of Congress in advance of his contemporaries, determined to have the proceedings and debates reported for and promptly published in his own columns. To superintend the reporting, he engaged Robert Sutton, who organized a corps of phonographers which was the nucleus of the present organization of official reporters of the debates. Sutton was a short, stout, pragmatical Englishman, whose desire to obtain extra allowances prompted him to revise, correct, and polish up reports which should have been verbatim, and thus to take the initiative in depriving the official reports of debates of a large share of their value. Since then, senators and representatives address their constituents through the reports, instead of debating questions among themselves.

Amos Kendall had resigned his position as postmaster-general during the presidential campaign, to edit a political periodical called Kendall's Expositor. His articles in this publication were written with his usual simplicity and vigor, but they only increased the fierceness of the opposition. After the election of Harrison, he purchased a small estate just outside of the northern boundary of Washington, which he named Kendall Green, and where he began to collect materials for the life of his patron, Andrew Jackson.

The government officials at Washington, nearly all of whom had received their positions as rewards for political services, and many of whom had displaced worthy men whose only fault was that they belonged to a different party, were somewhat encouraged by the declarations of President Harrison touching the position of office-holders. It was known, from a speech of his at Baltimore, prior to his inauguration, that he intended to protect the sacred right of individual opinion from official interference, and in a few days after he

became president his celebrated civil-service circular was issued by Daniel Webster, as secretary of state. It was addressed to the heads of the executive departments, and it commenced thus: —

"SIR, — The president is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

"He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your department of the public service that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of state officers or officers of this government, and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as cause of removal.

"It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public men or public measures, or in the exercise, to the fullest degree, of the constitutional right of suffrage. But persons employed under the government, and paid for their services out of the public treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others, such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it; and the president is resolved, so far as depends upon him, that, while the exercise of the elective franchise by the people shall be free from undue influences of official station and authority, opinion shall also be free among the officers and agents of the government."

It would have been fortunate for the country if these views of President Harrison, so clearly stated by Daniel Webster, could have been honestly carried out; but the horde of hungry politicians that had congregated at Washington, with raccoon-tails in their hats and packages of recommendations in their pockets, clamored for the wholesale action of the political guillotine, that they might fill the vacancies thus created. Whigs, federalists, national republicans, strict constructionists, bank and anti-bank men, had coalesced under the motto of "Union of the whigs for the sake of the Union," but they had really united "for the sake of office." The administration found itself forced to make removals, that places might be found for this hungry horde, and to disregard its high position on civil service. Virginia was especially clamorous for places, and Vice-President Tyler became the champion of hundreds who belonged to the first families, but who were in impecunious circumstances.

A direct conflict soon arose between the president and his cabinet: he asserting his right to make appointments and removals, while they took the ground that it was simply his duty to take such action as they chose to dictate. One day, after a cabinet meeting, Mr. Webster asked the president to appoint one of his political henchmen, General James Wilson, of New Hampshire, governor of the Territory of Iowa. President Harrison replied that it would give him pleasure to do so, had he not promised the place to Colonel John Chambers, of Kentucky, his former aide-de-camp, who had been acting as his private secretary. The next day, Colonel Chambers had occasion to visit the department of state, and Mr. Webster asked him if the president had offered to appoint him governor of Iowa. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, sir," said Mr. Webster, with sour sternness, a cloud gathering on his massive brow, while his unfathomable eyes glowered with anger, "you must not take that position, for I have prom-

ised it to my friend General Wilson." Colonel Chambers, who had been a member of Congress, and who was older than Mr. Webster, was not intimidated, but replied, "Mr. Webster, I shall accept the place, and I tell you, sir, not to undertake to dragoon me, sir!" He then left the room, and not long afterwards Mr. Webster received from the president a peremptory order to commission John Chambers, of Kentucky, as governor of the Territory of Iowa, which was complied with.

Mr. Clay undertook to insist upon some removals, that personal friends of his might be appointed to the offices thus vacated, and he used such dictatorial language that after he had left the White House President Harrison wrote him a formal note, requesting that he would make any further suggestions he might desire to submit in writing. Mr. Clay was very much annoyed, and Mr. King, of Alabama, making some remarks in the senate soon afterwards which might be construed as personally offensive, the great commoner opened his batteries upon him, saying in conclusion that the assertions of the senator from Alabama were "false, untrue, and cowardly."

Mr. King immediately rose and left the senate-chamber. Mr. Levin, of Missouri, was called out, and soon returned bringing a note, which he handed to Mr. Clay, who read it, and then handed it to Mr. Archer. Messrs. Levin and Archer immediately engaged in earnest conversation, and it was soon known that a challenge had passed, and they as seconds were endeavoring amicably to arrange the affair. After four days of negotiation, Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, and other senators acting as mediators, the affair was honorably adjusted. Mr. King withdrew his challenge, Mr. Clay declared every epithet derogatory to the honor of the senator from Alabama to be withdrawn, and Mr. Preston expressed his satisfaction at the happy termination of the misunderstanding between the senators. While Mr. Preston was speaking Mr. Clay rose, walked to the opposite side of the senate-chamber, and stopping in front of the desk of the senator from Alabama said in a pleasant tone, "King, give us a pinch of your snuff?" Mr. King, springing to his feet, held out his hand, which was grasped by Mr. Clay and cordially shaken, the senators and spectators applauding this pacific demonstration.

Many of the unsuccessful office-seekers sought consolation and wealth in the gambling houses, which were plentiful in those days on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue. They were well patronized, and their suppers were the most tempting repasts in Washington. A few years since, when one of these gambling houses of Harrison's time, known as the Rockendorff House, was pulled down, the machinery which had been used by the gamblers was exposed. The gambling rooms were in the second story of the building, and the principal tables were in the centre of each room. Overhead, in the garret rooms, trapdoors, each about six feet in length and three feet in width, had been cut in the floors. By raising one of these and lying down in the opening, a confederate could look down through one of several apertures in the ceiling, and see the cards held by the victim seated at the table below. At his side was a wire, which was ingeniously made to act on a point which rose from the floor under the feet of the gambler, who would make some excuse for removing one of his boots or shoes, and who was thus informed, by a system of signals, what cards the victim held in his hand. This system of telegraphy was older than that patented by Morse, but virtually the same, and the machinery was so made that it worked with silence and precision. The punctures in the ceiling which gave a view of the cards to the confederate overhead were screened from

view by an ornamental centre-piece of green wall-paper pasted on the ceiling, and the small aperture in the floor through which the point rose was concealed by the carpet. It was not to be wondered at, after an examination of this machinery, that several successive proprietors of this gambling den had grown rich, or that many had beggared themselves by playing there. One foreign minister lost his outfit, and could not have gone to the scene of his diplomatic labors had not the proprietor of the Rockendorff House loaned him enough money to defray his expenses.

Lottery offices were also abundant on Pennsylvania Avenue in those days, the establishments of Gregory, Maury, France, and Phalen rivaling one another in the number of tickets which each sold. Lottery tickets were also sold at what were known as exchange offices, where bills of state banks were bought and sold. Some of the largest fortunes in Washington city at the present time had their origin in the profits attendant on the disposal of the chances of Fortune's wheel.

The first signs of an attempt to dissolve the Union were visible during the brief administration of President Harrison in the Methodist Episcopal church. That body had been bound together by a perfect system of discipline and organization; its missionaries had always been found on our frontiers on the verge of civilization, in advance of the mail-carrier and of the school-master; and it had contributed much to evangelize the country. But a dark cloud arose, which resulted in a division of the church North and South, and, as Mr. Calhoun observed, "one of the strong cords which bound together the Union was snapped."

The smaller Quaker congregation of Washington was also hopelessly divided, owing to the effective preaching of Elias Hicks, an old man, whose age and peculiar eloquence gave him a higher rank in the scale of polemic divines than his power of reasoning could have done without such aids. This single man, with the purest purposes, had filled the meeting-house of brotherly love with discord; had arrayed son against father, and daughter against mother, — and all without the slightest intention of doing any harm.

The police force of Washington, which was first organized during the brief administration of Harrison, was known as the auxiliary guard. It consisted of nine men, including Mr. John H. Goddard, who was the captain. They wore no uniform, and were distinguished only by a silver star worn on the left breast and the "spontoons" which they carried. The guard-house was a portion of the Marsh Market buildings, which had been erected in a swamp bordering on Pennsylvania Avenue. A guard-room and a number of cells were built, but the latter were seldom occupied, except by slaves who were caught out at night, without passes, after the ringing of the nine o'clock bell. Word was sent to their owners or employers in the morning, and they generally came and paid the fine, thus relieving the prisoner from receiving "ten lashes, well laid on."

After Mr. Webster became secretary of state, he installed himself in the Swann house, facing the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, which had been rented for some years previously by Baron Krudener, the Russian minister. It is said that a purse was raised in Boston to enable Mr. Webster to purchase this house, but that he expended too much of it at Marshfield before he left for Washington, and the property passed into the hands of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who now occupies it. Mr. Webster lived there in princely style during the negotiation of the Ashburton Treaty, the British legation occupying the spacious mansion on the eastern side of St. John's Church, which had been erected by Matthew St. Clair Clarke, the

whig clerk of the house of representatives.

Mr. Webster was his own purveyor, and was a regular attendant at the Marsh Market on market mornings. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat, and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by a servant bearing a large basket in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, the fishmongers, and the green-grocers with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention. He always liked to have a friend or two at his dinner-table, and in inviting them, *sans cérémonie*, he would say, in his deep, cheery voice, "Come and dine with me to-morrow. I purchased a noble saddle of Valley of Virginia mutton in market last week, and I think you will enjoy it." Or, "I received some fine cod-fish from Boston to-day, sir; will you dine with me at five o'clock, and taste them?" Or, "I found a famous 'possum in market this morning, sir, and left orders with Monica, my cook, to have it baked in the real old Virginia style, with a stuffing of chestnuts and surrounded by baked sweet-potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come and taste it."

The prices at the Marsh Market in March, 1841, were very reasonable, namely: beef, six to twelve and one half cents per pound; mutton, five to ten cents per pound; lamb, fifty to seventy-five cents per quarter; wild turkeys, seventy-five cents each; tame turkeys, $1.25 to $1.50 each; geese, seventy-five cents each; shad, sixty cents a pair; perch, twenty-five cents a bunch; butter, twenty to twenty-five cents a pound; eggs, eighteen cents a dozen; potatoes, seventy-five cents a bushel; corn, fifty-five cents a bushel; meal, sixty-five cents a bushel; and apples, thirty-seven cents a peck.

President Harrison, who was an early riser, used to go to market, and he invariably refused to wear an overcoat, although the spring was cold and stormy. One morning, having gone to the market thus thinly attired, he was overtaken by a slight shower and got wet, but refused to change his clothes. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia. At his Ohio home he had lived plainly and enjoyed sleep, but at Washington he had, while rising early, rarely retired before one o'clock in the morning, and his physical powers, enfeebled by age, had been overtaxed.

At the same time, the president's mental powers had undergone a severe strain, as was evident when he became somewhat delirious. Sometimes he would say, "My dear madam, I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it. I tried to prevent it." On other occasions he would say in broken sentences, "It is wrong — I won't consent — 't is unjust." "These applications, — will they never cease!" The last time that he spoke was about three hours before his death, when his physicians and attendants were standing over him, having just administered to his comfort. Clearing his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and as though he fancied himself addressing his successor, or some official associate in the government, he said, "Sir! I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

General Harrison was removed from the conflict which had already become inevitable, before the storm had time to gather, — before envy and detraction and sectional fury had begun to muster their stores of vengeance to pour without mercy upon his head. The opposition of the leaders of his own party had scarcely begun to make itself manifest before that venerable head, silvered with the frosts of age and of long and ardu-

ous devotion to his country's service, was gently laid on the pillow of death.

"One little month" after President Harrison's inauguration multitudes again assembled to attend his funeral. Minute-guns were fired during the day, flags were displayed at half staff, and Washington was crowded with strangers at an early hour. The buildings on either side of Pennsylvania Avenue, with scarcely an exception, and many houses on the contiguous streets, were hung with festoons and streamers of black. Almost every private dwelling had crape upon its door, and many of the very humblest abodes displayed some spontaneous signal of the general sorrow. The stores and places of business, even such as were too frequently seen open on the Sabbath, were all closed.

The funeral services were performed in the Executive Mansion, which, for the first time, was shrouded in mourning, without and within. The coffin rested on a temporary catafalque in the centre of the East Room, which had before been the scene of joyous ceremonials. It was covered with black velvet trimmed with gold lace, and over it was thrown a velvet pall with a deep golden fringe. On this lay the sword of justice and the sword of state, surmounted by the scroll of the constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath formed of the yew and the cypress. Around the coffin stood in a circle the new president, John Tyler, the venerable ex-president, John Quincy Adams, Secretary Webster, and the other members of the cabinet. The next circle contained the diplomatic corps, in their richly decorated court suits, with a number of members of both houses of Congress, and the relatives of the deceased president. Beyond this circle a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled up the room. Silence, deep and undisturbed even by a whisper, prevailed. When, at the appointed hour, the officiating clergyman said, "I am the resurrection and the life," the entire audience rose, and joined in the burial service of the Episcopal church.

After the services, the coffin was carried to a large funeral car drawn by six white horses, each having at its head a black groom dressed in white, with white turban and sash. Outside of the grooms walked the pall-bearers, dressed in black, with black scarves. The contrast made by this slowly moving body of white and black, so opposite to the strong colors of the military around it, struck the eye even from the greatest distance.

The funeral procession, with its military escort, was two miles in length, and eclipsed the inauguration pageant which had so recently preceded it. The remains were escorted to the Congressional Burying-Ground, where they were temporarily deposited in the receiving-vault, to be taken subsequently to the banks of the Ohio, and there placed in an unmarked and neglected grave. The troops present all fired three volleys in such a ludicrously straggling manner as to recall the dying request of Robert Burns that the awkward squad might not fire over his grave. Then the drums and fifes struck up merry strains, the military marched away, and only the sense of the public bereavement remained.

Vice-President John Tyler, unexpectedly summoned from his rural home in Virginia to assume the reins of government, issued an address to the citizens of the United States indicative of that firmness of purpose and uncompromising integrity of principle for which he had been conspicuous throughout his public life. For the first time since the federal government had existed under the constitution, the vice-president, wittily styled "his unpopular excellency," had been promoted to the highest position in the nation. It was soon evident that his prominent nasal organ was no "nose of wax."

MRS. McWILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

Well, sir, — continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk, — the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be *reasoned* with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself — or a mouse — loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said, —

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man *can't* be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer, — you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to —

"I'm sorry, dear, — I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and" —

"Mortimer!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But my love" —

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this, — all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life, — for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and" —

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed, *now*. I'm" —

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I *did n't* swear. And that *was n't* a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I had n't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, — at least you ought to know, — that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity" —

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! — I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing? — lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and" —

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all?

You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt! — crash! boom — boloom-boom-boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you 've done!"

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause* lightning, — I 'll go odds on that. And it did n't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship, — about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that" —

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to — Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I — I — meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and" —

[*Fzt! — boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang*-SMASH!]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it *was n't* 'such a time as this.' There was n't a cloud in the sky. How could *I* know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it 's just fair for you to make so much out of it, any way, seeing it happens so seldom; I have n't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I 'll *stand* the earthquake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I 'll be hanged if I 'm going to be responsible for every blamed" —

[*Fzt!* — BOOM *beroom*-boom! boom! — BANG!]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language — *Mortimer!*"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if — Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? *Now* where have you got to?"

"I 'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It 's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it is n't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What *can* you be thinking of?"

"Now where 's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once,

I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and — What on *earth* are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in *that?*"

"*Harm?* There 's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You have n't half shut it; shut it *tight*, — and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what *are* you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that — Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da— it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there 's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here, — come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I gasped a while, then forced my way out. My wife called out, —

"Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book, — at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out, —

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task, — over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, — and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet: —

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Fzt! — boom — bang! — smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four, — broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von

sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on, — a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it, — in silence, — and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen könnten.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that, — if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording" —

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood, — the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry: —

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said, —

"There is nothing the matter, friends, — only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said, —

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh, — and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked, —

"Pity you did n't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the

high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield 's nominated, — and that 's what 's the matter!"

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams), the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

Mark Twain.

WEST WIND.

THE barley bows from the west
  Before the delicate breeze
That many a sail caressed
  As it swept the sapphire seas.

It has found the garden sweet,
  And the poppy's cup it sways,
And the golden ears of wheat;
  And its dreamy touch it lays

On the heavy mignonette, —
  And it steals its odors fine, —
On the pansies dewy yet,
  On the phloxes red as wine.

Where the honeysuckle bright
  Storms the sunny porch with flowers,
Like a tempest of delight
  Shaking fragrance down in showers,

It touches with airy grace
  Each clustering perfumed spray,
Clasps all in a light embrace,
  And silently wanders away.

Come forth in the air divine,
  Thou dearest, my crown of bliss!
Give that flower-sweet cheek of thine
  To the morning breeze to kiss.

Add but thy perfect presence
  To gladden my happy eyes,
And I would not change earth's morning
  For the dawns of Paradise!

Celia Thaxter.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THE title of this chapter of my wanderings in England misrepresents my course, for I went to Cambridge first; but custom has so firmly settled that in speaking of the two towns together we shall give precedence to that which is the seat of the elder university that it would seem strange to reverse this order. I set out from London in the company, almost in the charge, of a Cambridge don, a friend who, having met me in the great city, took me off with him, and quietly made himself my host as well as my guide and counselor. I was doubly fortunate, nay, *ter quaterque beatus*, in having such a companion, for he was one who could have made a journey to Newgate in a prison van agreeable; he knew everything about Cambridge, where his official position and personal distinction gave him welcome access everywhere; and he had a pride in his university, and just enough good-natured jealousy of her rival to act as a pleasant stimulus in the discharge of the friendly office which he had assumed.

Apart from the colleges, there is not much to be said of Cambridge by way of description; for it has no other distinguishing features or marked character. And yet I found it — I mean the town itself — attractive, pleasing, almost charming, in every way. I know no place in the United States to which, even eliminating the colleges, it can be compared by way of illustration. Although, like its New England namesake, its only apparent reason for existence is that it may contain a university, there is no other resemblance between the two places. The Cambridge of New England is elegantly rural and is sparsely built; whereas the Cambridge of Old England is urban and compact. We fondly call the seat of Harvard Old Cambridge, — and indeed it is one of the oldest towns in the country; but compared with the other Cambridge it still has upon it the gloss of newness, not to say the rough edge of rawness, although the latter, except in its colleges, is not antique or even venerable in appearance. Nevertheless it is one of the charms of the town that it is more than a thousand years old, and has for centuries been a place of the first importance in England, and yet has only thirty thousand inhabitants, — an increase of hardly thirty a year since it has been known to history. It has no signs of traffic, no thronged streets, no hurry, no bustle, no clattering, jingling street railways, no omnibuses, no noise, no dirt, no new-built ranks of costly houses in hideous brownstone uniforms. The people are not idle, and yet they all seem to have time to go about their business leisurely; and from their look as you pass them in the streets, and from the whole air of the town, it is plain that it is not the Cambridgian's chief desire and occupation to get quickly somewhere else. To him a railway is not a Jacob's ladder leading to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it. At nine o'clock in the morning, near the end of October, I found no one in the streets, and few shops open. Yet its people seem comfortable and happy, and the place has an air of solid, steady prosperity. But this combination of prosperity and quiet is not unusual in England. At a quarter past nine I found Oxford streets almost deserted. A few shop-boys and shop-girls and a few costermongers with their carts were all the visible signs that the day's business was begun. A few shops in "the High" were just open, and boys were rubbing the windows and sweeping. So I found it at Warwick; and not only there, but even at Birmingham, on both my visits, and it was much the same in London

west of Charing Cross. Indeed, nothing impressed me more constantly and more pleasantly in England than the absence of "drive." Everybody seemed to take life easily; nobody seemed to be very hard worked. And yet the amount of effective work of all kinds done in England, whether with hand or head, is very much greater than that which is done in America.

Be this as it may, Cambridge seemed to me to be a place in which a man whose happiness does not consist in living in a big town (of which, by the way, however big it is, he can never see more at a time than he could if it were little) might live comfortably, and as elegantly as his means and his taste would permit. Indeed, the presence of the university makes a provision for elegant life and cultivated tastes an important part of the business of the traders. For example, I found in a Cambridge shop some water-color drawings of English scenery which were of a higher quality than any that I saw for sale in London. It is characteristic of England that I, having looked at these on the afternoon of one day, and going the next morning at half past nine to make a selection from them (as I was to take a morning train for Oxford), found no one in the shop (which a lad was then opening), and had to wait some time until the shopkeeper could be summoned from the domestic recesses of the floor above.

I went, as I was advised, to the Bull Inn (for of course my bachelor friend could not lodge me at his college), and I found the advice good. Nothing more unlike a hotel, even in a small town in America, could well be imagined. From its outside, no one not to the manner born would suspect it to be a public house. Yet it was the best hotel in the county town of Cambridgeshire, the seat of one of England's two great universities, — a house frequented by the best and wealthiest people in that rich country; and well fitted I found it for their comfort. The door passed, the most unobservant eye could see that the house was not as private houses are; but here the unlikeness to an American hotel in a similar situation was even more striking. A passage-way, on one side of which was a "coffee-room"[1] of moderate size, turned at right angles to a kind of office, which was like a sitting-room with a broad half-sashed window; and this room was nearly filled by half a dozen people, some of whom seemed to be guests, who were chatting with the landlord and with each other. A respectable-looking, intelligent female was attending to the business of the place. The walls of the passage-way were thickly hung with a great variety of prints, the subjects of which were various, — portraits, college views, sporting scenes, and so forth, — and the paper and frames of which were mellow, not to say dingy, with age. My bedroom and bed were the perfection of comfort, and were much like those in a small private house; but they were without the slightest ornament of any kind. My bill shows that one breakfast was the only meal I was allowed to take there in three days; and I remember it as a very satisfactory performance, not only as to the viands but as to the way in which they were served, which was not the formation in front of me of a lunette of small oval dishes, half filled with half-cooked, half-cold, and wholly "soggy" food of half a dozen different kinds, but the bringing to me warm and fresh-cooked what I ordered when I first came down. To satisfy the demands of a first-rate appetite in this way cost me three shillings (seventy-five cents), the usual price of a coffee-room breakfast in England, except in the rural districts, where it diminishes to two shillings, or even to eighteen pence, without deterioration in the quality of anything, except perhaps that of the fish.

[1] This name for the dining-parlor or eating-room is general in England.

The architectural interest of Oxford is so great that Cambridge is too much neglected in this respect. Its college buildings are very beautiful, — so beautiful that only to see them would be worth a journey from any part of England. I shall not undertake to describe them; to do so is no part of my purpose. I shall only say that I found their chief attractions in quarters not likely to meet the eye of the casual visitor; in views of the buildings from old gardens and greens and tennis courts, and from the walks in those silent grounds behind the colleges, on the other side of the Cam, where the aisles of lofty lime-trees make green arches high overhead, along which the eye is led to rest upon the noble tower of Magdalen. One entirely private and secluded place I remember: an old bowling-green it was, or something of the kind, with old walls and gateways, shaded by old trees and by shrubs that, fresh and green as they were, had yet plainly never committed the indiscretion of being very young; and this was looked down upon by wise old windows in the rear of an old but hale and hearty gabled building, which, brick although it was, diffused about it the soft influence of a quaint, and dreamy beauty. I never saw another place, — I did not find one at Oxford, — which so captivated and allured me, lulling me, as if I had eaten lotos with my eyes.

Trinity College, although it is not one of the oldest Cambridge houses, it having been founded by Henry VIII., in 1546, is of preëminent distinction in this university. It has given great men to the world; among them him whose name stands with Shakespeare's and Bacon's as one of the greatest three among the immortals of the modern world. But Trinity is rich and strong in every way. It has sixty fellowships, and the presentation to no less than sixty-three livings and to four masterships. Its revenues are larger than those of any other college, — much larger than those of any other except Corpus Christi, called "Corpus." Its library is celebrated for its treasures in print and in manuscript. There among them I saw the great Capell collection of the early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, and the manuscript of Capell's own notes. I noted with interest that these grotesque but learned and thoughtful comments were written in a singularly clear, neat, and precise hand, and with hardly an erasure or an interlineation.

Between my visit to Trinity library and one to be made to the Fitzwilliam Museum, I went to luncheon with my friend at his rooms in Trinity. On our way from the gate to the quadrangle from which his stairway ascended, we passed the "buttery hatch," and my host, pausing a moment, said to a man in attendance, "Send a stoup of ale and a manchet to my room, please," and was going on, when he checked himself, and changed his order: "No, send a plate of ale." The term *buttery hatch* may possibly need explanation to some of my readers. It means the hatch, or half door, of the buttery. There are old houses in rural New England in which such half doors or hatches may yet be found. Their purpose was to close the door against entrance by ordinary methods, and yet to permit speech between those who are within and those who are without. To get over the hatch was to effect an irregular and indecorous entrance. Shakespeare makes the Bastard Faulconbridge reply to Queen Elinor, when she says that she is his grandam,

> "Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
> Something about, a little from the right,
> In at the window, or else *o'er the hatch*."

The buttery hatch is much the same as the buttery bar, which the saucy Maria mentions in Twelfth Night, when, meaning to tell Sir Andrew Aguecheek that his hand is dry, she says, "I pray you bring your hand to the buttery bar and let it drink." The modern bar, as in

bar-room, is a remnant of the buttery bar; and its name is a mere abbreviation of that of the place where ale and wine used to be served out in great houses of old. The term *plate* as applied to ale was, my host informed me, in constant use to mean a vessel of two quarts. If a stoup of ale were ordered, a quart pot would be sent; if a plate, a great tankard containing two quarts. Although he was a man well "up" in all such questions, he said that constantly as the word was so used, and had been used from time immemorial, no one knew why two quarts of ale was called a plate. It occurred to me that possibly the word was used because the large tankard was, from its size, brought on a salver of silver or pewter, and he was kind enough to receive my hasty conjecture with favor.

However this might be, the ale — brewed by the college — was excellent, and I enjoyed it so much, and in his judgment, it would seem, with such discrimination, that he declared I should have some "audit ale." This ale is peculiar to Trinity, and one of the privileges of a Fellow of Trinity is that he is entitled to six dozen of it every year. It has its name from being served to the farmers and others who are tenants of the college when they come to the audit of accounts and the payment of rent. The farmers, he told me, preferred it to any wine that could be given them. And well they might do so; for on a bottle's being brought and broached, I found that such a product of malt and hops had never passed my lips before. It was as mighty as that which Cedric found at Torquilstone, as clear as crystal, and had a mingled richness and delicacy of flavor as superior to that of the best brewage I had ever before tasted as that of Château Yquem is to ordinary Sauterne. It would have justified the eulogy of the host in The Beaux Stratagem: "As smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; . . . fancy it burgundy, only fancy it, and 't is worth ten shillings a quart." As I absorbed it I began to think that it is because "they who drink ale think ale" that Trinity produces Newtons and Macaulays. I afterwards found that, like some of the more delicate kinds of wine and finer growths of tea, it was somewhat impaired by transportation across the ocean, even when it was allowed a fortnight's quiet to recover from the effects of the voyage. And yet perhaps it rather owed some loss of its supreme excellence to the absence of the circumstances under which I first made its acquaintance: those still, book-lined chambers, the very air of which seemed saturated with the aroma of elegant scholarship; that noble old quadrangle upon which they opened; and the mingling of common sense, wit, and learning in the discussion of subjects in which we had both been long interested, with which my host had before beguiled our walk and then seasoned our repast. So Persius says: —

> "Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
> Et tecum primas epulis discerpere noctes;
> Unum opus, et requiem, pariter disponimus ambo,
> Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa." [1]

To any carping critic who may object that *noctes* makes this fine passage inapplicable to our midday repast, I make the fitting reply that we also did not consume *soles* for luncheon.

Our afternoon was spent in visiting the Fitzwilliam Museum and other places of interest, and in strolling by what I suppose I must call the banks of the classic Cam, which gives this town its name. But what a thing to be called a river! It is a long ditch, hardly as wide as an ordinary drawing-room. The water is turbid, of a tawny tint, and so sluggish that its motion is imperceptible. How the feat of rowing is performed upon it I did not have an opportunity of seeing, and cannot imagine. I should as soon think of yachting in a beer vat.

[1] Sat. V. 74.

And yet what oarsmen the Cambridge under-graduates are! It would seem as if difficulty did really perfect endeavor. However, they are absolutely secure against one peril, — that of drowning. Even to bathe in the Cam would not be an easy or, I think, a very cleanly operation.

We returned to my host's rooms to rest, and to make a little preparation for dinner; and as we sat chatting in the early twilight his gyp entered and said, "Hall, sir!" This is the customary announcement that dinner is served. They speak there not of going to dinner, but of going to hall. The attendance of under-graduates at hall as well as at chapel is noted; and a customary absence from either is one of the minor offenses against college discipline. Under all circumstances dinner is an important fact in England. A student of law is said to "eat his terms" at the Inns of Court. And here I will add that our afternoon's inspection of the college precincts ended with a visit to the offices, including the kitchen, which my thoughtful host timed so that I saw the latter in full operation. It was a vast ancient stone chamber, full twenty feet high. But the strange and striking part of it was the principal fireplace. This was a shallow recess in the wall, some seven feet high, and a foot or two wider, before which there was an iron grating. In this huge, upright range was burning a perpendicular fire of glowing coals, in front of which was a complicated system of upright jacks, on which no less than twenty-eight legs of mutton in rows, one above the other, were turning and roasting at once. The sight and the savor were anything but appetizing. I wondered if those cooks, of whom there was a small army, ever ate roast meat, or whether they took their nourishment by absorption of the fumes of steaming flesh through the pores of their skins.

At hall the under-graduates sit at tables which run lengthwise of the great room, the walls of which are decorated with portraits of distinguished Trinity men. The table at which the Dons and Fellows sit stands upon a dais, which runs transversely across the upper end of the hall. My friend had put on his gown and taken his square cap when we were summoned, and I found that all the others were attired in like manner. This full dress is constantly worn in public at the universities. My seat being next the Master's, who of course sat at the head of the table,[1] I happened to stand, before we took our places, close by the officers — for there were two — whose duty it was to say grace. An attendant presented a small wooden tablet on which was pasted a printed paper. One of them held this; and in a style something like intoning they half read, half chanted, the grace in an antiphony of alternate lines. It was in Latin, of course; but if I had not happened to stand just behind them, where I could see the paper, I should not have been able to make out one word of it, because of the peculiarity of their pronunciation, which was like nothing that I had ever heard before, either from Continental or from English scholars. I afterwards learned that this pronunciation had been recently introduced by an eminent Latinist and professor of the university; but that it was by no means common, even at Trinity, of which he was a member. I had the honor of being introduced to this gentleman, and the pleasure of sitting next him at table, and I ventured to ask him some questions as to the Cambridge pronunciation of Latin, in which, as I have mentioned before, I had noted the marked and bald English sound given to the vowels, — the unmitigated English *a*, *e*, and *i*. He replied very kindly to my inquiries. But one little passage between us seemed to me characteristic. To get a clear appre-

[1] I believe at this time, however, that place was filled by the Vice Master.

hension of the vowel sounds, I asked him in regard to the nominative and genitive cases of nouns of the first declension, — *musa, musæ ;* "Do you say mus*ah*, mus*ay*, or mus*ay*, mus*ee?*" He hesitated a moment, and then said with a tinge of sadness, not to say of solemn reproach, "I hope that under no circumstances do you say mus*ah*." With perfect gravity, I believe, and I hope with the utmost respect, I replied that under no imaginable circumstances would I be guilty of saying *mŭsā* but *mŭsă*, and that I had accented the last syllable of the word in my question merely by way of discriminating emphasis. My apology and explanation were courteously accepted; but I felt that I had narrowly escaped condemnation for a very gross example of what in any form is a crime at Oxford and Cambridge, — a false quantity. My learned neighbor then asked me how we pronounced Latin in America. I replied that recently, I believed, various new modes of pronunciation had been introduced (I dropped no hint as to the grace), but that I had been taught a pronunciation which I illustrated by speaking a few words. "'M! — ah! — yes! — I see! — quite so — a sort of Sc-o-tch pronunciation." His words dropped slowly from his lips, and he was very long in saying Scotch; and I thought of the Bishop of Oxford in the Fortunes of Nigel, who, although he was loyally silent beneath gentle King Jamie's censure of his Latin as compared with Scotch Latin, was as ready to die for his pronunciation as for any other part of his creed.

When we had dined, the butler laid out a long napkin before the Master, and placed upon it a tall silver vessel containing, or supposed to contain, rose-water; whereupon we all rose, and the Master, bending his head, said "*benedicatur*," which he pronounced bene*die-cay*tur. The under-graduates then went out; but a few of us who sat on the dais, taking our napkins in our hands, marched down the hall together, and went up-stairs to a smaller room, in which a dessert of fruit and wine was set out upon a noble mahogany table, the dark brilliancy of which reminded me of the tea-tables of my boyhood. And indeed, Spanish mahogany is your only wood for such uses; oak and walnut and rosewood are poor, pretentious substitutes. This custom of withdrawing to another room for dessert is a remnant of a very old fashion. We now loosely call a feast from beginning to end a banquet; but *banquet* originally meant a second course of dainties after the principal meal, and it was the custom of old to take this at another table, and generally in another room. The custom died out long ago in general society; but it has been preserved among the dons at the universities. As to what passed at this banquet, I shall only say that a more delightful social hour could hardly be imagined, and that a possible assumption that the talk was confined strictly to subjects of a scholastic nature would be somewhat at variance with the facts. But further than to say that the port wine was worthy of the reputation of the college I shall not go. Hall was public; not so this brief symposium.

On one of the evenings that I spent at Cambridge there was special service in the chapel, in honor of some obscure saint whose name I forget. I attended, and was fortunate in the occasion. All the professors and resident Fellows and all the under-graduates appeared to be present, and as they were all in surplices, the masters of arts and the doctors of law and of divinity wearing their colored hoods, each of a peculiar tint, the sight was an imposing one. The great chapel was filled with this cloud of white-robed men; and when they rose and sat at the various stages of the service the soft rustle of their flowing raiment swept past me like the sound of wings. But I fear there were not so

many angels among them as there seemed to me in this unaccustomed vision. The spectacle was impressive because of this sacred garment and of the numbers of those who wore it. The trappings that are worn by various orders of men, sacred and secular, the stars and the garters and the crosses, seem to me to be only fit to please children; and to see a dozen or a score of men within a chancel or on a dais tricked out with these trinkets provokes me to sit in the seat of the scorner. But here the simplest garb possible concealed the tight, angular ugliness of our daily dress by flowing folds of luminous drapery; and of these white-robed witnesses to Christianity there were hundreds together beneath my eye, as I sat in an elevated stall. To them it was the mere routine performance of an ecclesiastical function; to me it seemed for a moment supramundane. The service was divided, part of it being read in one place, part in another; and a verger, or some such officer, brought the enormous prayer-books now to one, now to another. My stall was next that of the reader of the epistle, and nearly opposite that of the reader of another part of the service. I have heretofore recorded the beauty of their reading, and some marked traits of their pronunciation.

One great beauty of this service was the music. The body of singers was large; but the volume of tone was not more remarkable for quantity than for quality. It was very rich and delicious, and the performance, although lacking a little in *nuance*, was yet marked with intelligently graduated expression. But above all the mass of sound there rose one voice, the counter-tenor of a man, that most ravishing of all voices when it is of fine quality and is delivered with purity and feeling, — a voice compared with which even the finest female *mezzo-soprano* is tame and pale and bloodless. The musical cry of this singer pierced me to the very soul with its poignant beauty. I could not see him, and I am glad that I could not; for I am sure that nature could not have been so doubly beneficent to him as to give him a face becoming such a voice.

The service ended, the white-robed congregation and the white-robed singers went slowly out. But alas! hardly did they reach the door when they broke headlong for the robing-room, flung off their surplices as if they were tainted garments, and rushed out pell-mell into the streets, shouting, laughing, and careering with the spirits of youth set free from tedious confinement. And this is my last memory of Cambridge.

The next morning I went to Oxford. The country between the two towns is the most uninteresting that I saw in England. It presents no features of any kind to attract the eye. It is not even flat enough to have a character of flatness. A fitter country to pass through by railway could hardly be found; and for almost the first time in my life I wholly approved of that way of traveling.

Oxford is the most beautiful place that I saw in England, and I am inclined to think that it is the most beautiful town in the world. I need hardly say that it is made so chiefly by the colleges. For here in a place of only fifty thousand inhabitants are more than twenty colleges and halls, most of them impressive by their extent (and mere size is a just cause of admiration in architecture, although not in countries or in pictures), and all of them more or less beautiful with a beauty unknown in our country and unattainable; for it is a beauty that comes not by command, nor by purchase, but by growth. These colleges are built around quadrangles, and their gate-ways admit you not to the interior of the building, but to the quadrangle. Some have two quadrangles, an outer and an inner. Their style is what is generally known as Tudor Gothic. Very few exhibit any remains of an earlier school of

architecture. Their effect, consequently, is not that of grandeur or even of solemnity, but of dignity and repose, with a suggestion of domestic comfort. As one looks upon them, it seems that, although it would be possible to live in them and be dull, or even ignorant, it would hardly be possible to be ill-mannered or vulgar. To pass four years in their halls, their courts, and their quadrangles, their closes, their greens, their walks, and their meadows, must be in itself an education, if education is anything but the getting of knowledge out of books. Here I had the good fortune to be expected by a Fellow of Queen's, a scholar whose name is known and honored the world over. It is needless for me, however, to recount an experience of college hospitality which repeated that which was so pleasant at Cambridge. I will only mention that as we were walking through a gallery in which were many portraits, my host named one and another to me, and I recognized Henry V., and mentioned his name myself. "Ah, yes," said my guide, in a by-the-way tone, "he was an under-graduate of this college; and so was the Black Prince for a while."

I was not allowed to miss anything that was of interest; but I am not writing a guide-book, and I shall pass by the show places without mention. But I cannot refrain from advising every one who visits England with a desire to see its characteristic beauties to give at least two or three days to Oxford. Besides the colleges themselves, the views around them are of a peculiar and an enchanting beauty. The view across Merton fields, behind Merton college, to the tower of Magdalen in the distance (for Oxford has also its Magdalen, and strangely enough the relative situation of each Magdalen to the other colleges is much the same in both places), — this view is perfection in its kind. The wide expanse of vivid green coming close up to the college walls, the noble old trees, the gabled roofs and mullioned windows of Merton, and Magdalen's noble tower closing the vista, the forms of its strongly outlined buttresses and pinnacles softened and enriched by the distance, make this view seem rather like the ideal composition of an imaginative landscapist than the unpremeditated result of man's seeking for his own comfort and convenience. And Magdalen has a deer park, to which and about which I walked three times in my visit, approaching it through quaint and irregular ways more or less public. Skirting its stonewall, I came one morning upon a little chapel, whose little bell was clamoring sweetly for some half a dozen maids and matrons to come to service; — the cleverest scene-painter that ever wielded brush never devised anything half so pretty. Then not far beyond I found a great old double-roofed stone barn, which on examination proved to be a part of some ancient ecclesiastical building, which had been saved from absolute destruction and converted to farming purposes. More than once I walked past Baliol and St. John's down St. Giles's Street, where the martyrs' monument stands at the head of a double row of trees, to a beautiful place on the edge of the town, where Oxford park lies on one side of the road, along which stretches a noble row of trees for almost half a mile. Here I found a cluster of villa houses that filled me with longing to come and live in one of them, such was their union of comfort and unpretending elegance as they stood there looking out upon the park, and yet within twenty minutes' walk of the High street, where a man could obtain everything that he could crave for the delight of mind or body. I found in three days no end to the beauty of Oxford.

At the Taylorian museum I looked over not only a selection of water-color drawings by Turner, in which he appears at his best, but a collection of original drawings by Raffael and Michael An-

gelo, of such interest and beauty that they would be cheap at their weight in diamonds. But after all I believe that a head, a portrait, by Masaccio, who preceded Raffael and even Leonardo, most impressed me by its large simplicity of style and purity of color. It had a red hat, which was a crown to the painter, if not to the wearer.

In London a distinguished Dublin professor and author had asked me somewhat dubiously, as I was breakfasting with him at the University club, if I would care to know an Oxford undergraduate. "Why not," I replied, "if he is a good fellow, know an under-graduate as well as a don?" — whereupon he gave me a hearty commendation to one of his former pupils. I did not deliver this letter; for on inquiring for the gentleman's rooms I was directed by mistake to those of another under-graduate of the same name. Him I found, and when I presented my letter to him in person (for I was sent straight up to his rooms, which were not in college but in lodgings) he smiled, and explained the mistake; but he received me most courteously and kindly, and at once offered me such attention and such services as were in his power. I did not find in all of England that I saw one specimen of the surly, "grumpy" Englishman of whom we hear so much. As I was walking back briskly toward Queen's in the twilight (for it was almost time for hall) I was conscious of some one overtaking me and keeping pace with me for a moment or two, and then I heard my name spoken with an inflection of inquiry. I turned, and saw a scholar of Baliol whom I had met at his father's house in London. After welcoming me to Oxford, he asked me if I would not like to go the Union (a university debating society and club), where there was to be a debate that evening. Of course I was glad to do so; and he also invited me, with needless but attractive modesty, to take luncheon with him and some other under-graduates at his rooms next day, — an invitation which I heartily accepted.

After hall at Queen's he called and took me to the Union. The floor of a large room or theatre was filled with under-graduates. There was a Speaker sitting at an elevated table, a secretary, and another officer of some sort. Before the Speaker was an unoccupied table. The audience, among whom I took my place, thronged a gallery which ran round three sides of the theatre. The question for debate that evening was (as nearly as I remember it), Is the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli and the government entitled to the confidence of the country? The proceedings were conducted in the most parliamentary manner. The speakers went up to the head of the room, and, placing their hats, which they took with them, upon the unoccupied table, faced alternately the Speaker's chair and the audience. They always referred to each other as "the honorable membah," "the honorable membah who had previously addressed the house." Indeed, parliamentary etiquette was strictly observed; and it was (I hope I may be pardoned for saying) a little amusing and not unpleasing to see them lift up and set down their hats, and put their hands behind them under their coat-skirts and cock them up in a manner which perfected the illusion. The debate itself was conducted with an ability that made it highly interesting. The speeches, without being too formal, yet had form, and were remarkable for a happy arrangement and development of the views which the speakers presented. But what chiefly commanded my admiration and caused me some surprise was the readiness and fluency of the speakers. None of them used notes, and all the speeches, except the first, were in reply. In a word, it was a real debate. Yet the hesitancy, the fumbling for fit phrases, the Athelstanic unreadiness, of which Englishmen are accused, and of which

they even accuse themselves in comparison with American speakers, were in no case apparent, but on the contrary a ready command of a full vocabulary. The "honorable members" on the floor cheered their favorites, cheered ironically, and groaned, all in true parliament fashion. The debate was summed up with marked ability and great spirit by a gentleman who was evidently a favorite with the whole house, even with his opponents, and justly. I think I never listened to an abler speech of the kind in a deliberative assembly, least of all in a state legislature or in Congress. The Speaker's name was Bowman or Bauman, and if he should obtain a seat in Parliament he will be heard of there and elsewhere. When the question was taken, it need hardly be said that there was a large majority in favor of the government; for the Tories are strong at Oxford. But it was delightful, immediately upon adjournment, to hear cheers for Bauman called for and given with a hearty good-will by all the house, his opponents taking the lead. This is a sort of English fairness of spirit which it is pleasant to contemplate.

After the debate we went to the Union refectory, and passed half an hour in chat over cigarettes and coffee. No spirits, wine, or even ale are "licensed to be drunk on the premises," — a sensible provision at which I found no disposition to grumble. And I noted the modest and sober fitting up and furniture of this apartment. There was no display of polished wood or gilding; no bright colors, either on the walls or on the floor. All was simple, but comfortable and cheerful. My luncheon at Baliol was very pleasant, but furnished no occasion for particular remark. There were two other under-graduates besides my host, — sensible, manly, modest fellows, with the careful dress and polished manners of high-class Oxford men. It would have been impossible, I think, to find any difference between them and three under-graduates at Harvard of like social position. And how and why should any difference exist?

The next day I had a luncheon of quite another sort. As I was walking in "the High" it occurred to me that my inner man needed a little restoration, and having seen a pastry-cook's shop with "Boffin" over the door I decided, for the name's sake, to go there. As I approached it I saw a card in the window announcing that chocolate was to be had, and entering I asked if I could have chocolate and rolls. "Oh, yes, I could 'ave them, but not there. Would I be kind enough to step up to their other place, which was only a little way up the street?" This struck me as rather a curious result of the advertisement in the window; but I was happy to comply. I had before observed the other place, and wondered that Oxford, among its manifold excellences, should be so happy as to possess two Boffins. (I may remark here that I found in London and elsewhere some of Dickens's oddest names, which I had supposed were of his own fabrication.) On reaching the duplicate Boffin's I again asked for chocolate, not this time to be sent elsewhere. "Would I please to walk up-stairs?" I was politely waved to a "dark backward and abysm" of the shop, in which I dimly saw a small winding stairway. Up this I slowly screwed myself, my mind revolving, as my body turned, this singular way of dispensing chocolate to the public. For the affair was of so strictly private and, so to speak, recondite character that I was somewhat embarrassed. I felt as if when I reached the top of the stairs, and before I could unwind myself, I must certainly intrude upon some humble family arrangements which I should be loath to disturb. I did not know but I might break in upon Mr. Wegg engaged in declining and falling off the Roman Empire. At the head of the stairs I found a small dark room, sombre of hue and of furniture, in which

were two or three tables formally laid as if for hot joints, at one of which I sat myself down in meek expectancy. I was kindly allowed some time for reflection. At last, after I had ruminated a while without my cud, there appeared a short, serious, middle-aged man in black, with black hair which had not a perfectly natural look, but seemed as if it were of that color to be in keeping with his general appearance and manner, which was that of a respectable, conscientious undertaker engaged in professional business. He had a dirty white halter round his neck, and he saluted me with so much gloom and so much consideration that I should not have been much surprised if he had asked me if it were perfectly convenient to me to step out and be hanged. But no; he only brought me my luncheon, and said that the weather was very pleasant for the young gentlemen coming up, — plainly meaning the under-graduates. Yet he shut the door so carefully and silently when he went out that he left me not without suspicions that the name over the portal bade me leave all hope behind, and that instead of Boffin it should have been Coffin. Inclosed in this twilit cell I felt shut off from human kind. I have not yet been in prison, but when I do go I am sure the sensation will not be new to me. In solitude I drank my chocolate, feeling that it should have been cold water. I ate my roll and butter conscious that it should have been a moldy crust. I felt guilty, — guilty of some nameless crime. Erelong my attendant stole into the room again, bearing on his arm a damp, limp napkin, with which he solemnly approached me. But he did not throw it over my face; he only asked me, very respectfully, if I would "'ave hanythink else." I did not choose to have anything else; what I had had already sat heavy on my soul; and I left Boffin's with the mingled feelings of joy at release and consciousness of moral ruin which become a discharged convict.

They keep early hours at Oxford, and, taking a hint from Charles Lamb, make up for late rising in the morning by going to bed betimes at night. At ten o'clock Oxford streets are silent and almost deserted, and at nine they begin to lose their life. A dim light hangs within the gate-ways of the colleges; and the quadrangles are grayly seen only by the help of the moon when she shines in the pale, shy, shame-faced way with which she does her duty in England. But I found a charm in the sight of these old scholastic buildings at night, and went again and again from one to the other, loitering in and about the quadrangles and cloisters, and contrasting the dim confusion of the architectural forms below with the sharp, irregular lines of the turrets and gables against the sky. More than once some belated Fellow stared at me inquiringly, as he found me sauntering near his own particular precincts; but I was never questioned.

The night before I left Oxford I was walking through a narrow lane, near Queen's College. Stone-walls were on both sides of me. As I walked I heard the sound of music. I listened, and distinguished the tones of an organ and the voices of a choir. I walked on a little way, the music becoming clearer, till I came to a door, one which appeared not to be in use and not to have been opened for a long time. I laid my ear against it, and now heard the music very plainly. How good it really was I shall not undertake to say, for in my mood then I was not a trustworthy critic; but suiting my temper and veiled by distance and by obstacle, it seemed to me beautiful, ravishing, divine. I could not hear a word, but I needed no word to tell me its sacred character; it seemed indeed less ecclesiastical than celestial. At once I was borne back by swift-winged memory to the boyish days when things were as they are not now, and I was as I shall never be again. Once

more I stood, as at the gate of Canterbury Cathedral choir, shut out from the place whence I heard the songs of Paradise. I remained leaning against the door until the last tones had died away, and then, loitering no longer, went to my hotel. I did not learn what and why this music was at that late hour; for the next morning I left Oxford for the north.

Richard Grant White.

PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

Thus far the presidential canvass has not been very animated. The democrats avoided at the outset raising any issue which would take a strong hold upon the public mind and stimulate active discussion and earnest controversy. Their nomination signifies nothing. They might have raised the whole question of the fairness and legality of the electoral commission settlement of 1877 by the choice of Mr. Tilden as their candidate. They might have brought prominently forward the old question, recently revived in Congress, of the relative powers of the state and national governments by the nomination of a conspicuous state's rights champion like Mr. Bayard. They might have adopted the Western crusade against the national banks by nominating Mr. Thurman. They did neither. To the surprise of their adversaries and of most of their own people, they pushed aside all candidates representing issues pending before the public mind, and took up a mere soldier, without political record and without known opinions upon any subject likely to come before the administration during the next presidential term. Perhaps this was shrewd, but it was a confession of weakness. The party virtually acknowledged that it feared to go to the country upon any of the issues which its representatives in Congress have been holding up for the past four years as of vital importance. It said in effect, "Let us drop all this talk about the electoral commission, and the returning boards, and the federal election law, and centralization, and the banks and the currency, and let us hurrah for the hero of Gettysburg who helped put down the rebellion."

By the nomination of Hancock the democratic canvass has become pointless and illogical. During the eight years of General Grant's administration the democrats constantly inveighed against the military spirit which controlled the government, and declared that a successful soldier was, by the very nature of his training and mode of thought, a highly unfit man to make a good president. Now they nominate a man who is nothing but a soldier; who never broke the continuity of his military career, as General Grant did, by a long period of civil life, but who has worn a uniform ever since he went, as a lad, to the West Point Academy. General Hancock's nomination might reasonably be taken to mean that the democrats want to recant all they have said about the danger of the soldier in politics, of a military administration, and of "bayonet rule," and that they desire to assure the country that they have changed their views about the importance of statesmanship, and have concluded that a brilliant corps commander makes the best chief executive for the nation. Of course this is not what the democrats wish the nomination to signify. They would like to escape from the logic of their position. They want Hancock to signify all things to all classes of men in their

ranks, — state's rights to the South, nationality to the North, hard money to the East, soft money to the West, protection to Pennsylvania, free trade to Illinois, and so on through the whole list of questions upon which their party is not agreed; and they hope that his colorless record will serve as a blank sheet which every democrat can fill up with the ideas that he desires carried out in case the party is successful. Nevertheless, they cannot escape the appearance of trying to shirk the questions they loudly declared, up to the day of the Cincinnati convention, to be of vital importance.

On only one point has General Hancock a record touching political issues. While in command of a military district under the reconstruction acts, he issued an order and wrote a letter in which he spoke of the supremacy of the civil law over military authority. But there is nothing here to run a campaign upon. On this very question General Garfield has a much broader and clearer record, made in his argument before the supreme court in the Indiana conspiracy cases, in which he defended the right of persons accused of treasonable acts in time of war to a jury trial, when the territory where the acts were alleged to be committed was not the theatre of the operations of contending armies. The whole question of the relations of military commanders and courts-martial to the civil law was very fully discussed in that argument. General Hancock's New Orleans order deals with a different case. The Southern States were placed under military government by express acts of Congress pending the processes of the restoration of civil authority under the provisions of the reconstruction laws. Civil law was not supreme in General Hancock's military district when he issued his New Orleans order. On the contrary, the military power was the higher legal authority, and the effect of his order was only to raise a question as to the right of Congress to provide temporary military governments for the rebel States, and to set up his opinion against the laws of the land. The claim of statesmanship made by the democrats for their nominee by reason of that order will not bear scrutiny. Whether he wrote it or it was written for him by a democratic politician desirous of making him a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1868, it was neither statesman-like nor soldierly. It did not lie in the mouth of a military commander, sent to the States just conquered by the national authority for the purpose of executing the laws of Congress, to lecture the people on the dangers of military power and the importance of the supremacy of civil authority.

In the absence of any record on the part of the democratic nominee on the controverted questions of current politics, we turn to the democratic platform to find the principles upon which the campaign is to be fought, but disappointment awaits us there. The theories upon which the party has been making its fight in Congress of late years and in recent state canvasses are not clearly set forth. Some of them are avoided altogether. Nothing is said of the right of Congress to refuse appropriations to carry on the government at its pleasure, and to bring any department of the national administration to a stand-still in case the president will not abandon the veto power and sign measures relating to such department which he does not approve; and yet on this theory the democrats held Congress in session for months last year, and in pursuance of it that body adjourned, leaving the United States marshals, who are to the federal courts what the sheriffs are to the state courts, an entire year without money for their salary and expenses. The constitutional authority of Congress to make laws regulating elections for the choice of its members is not denied in the platform in anything like distinct terms, and

this issue between the two parties is rather obscured than made plain.

There is no such broad assertion of the old doctrine of state's rights as we might have expected from the recent speeches of leading democrats in Congress, the reference to centralization in the platform being rather vague. No pledge is given to destroy the national banks if the democrats get the power, although such eminent democratic leaders as Thurman, Ewing, and Voorhees have been telling the people of the West for the past two years that the banks are hostile to their interests, and that the democratic party means to abolish them. A number of things are said in the platform with an impressive show of positiveness, but they are mainly things upon which both parties are agreed. The general purpose of the document appears to be to avoid the discussion of important national issues upon which the democracy has made a record of late, and depend for success upon the admirable military history of General Hancock and his want of known political opinions.

Upon two questions, however, the democrats have departed from their non-committal policy. The platform demands free ships and a tariff for revenue only. Here the republicans can join issue with them squarely. Free ships, however desirable in a theoretical sense, mean practically the entire abandonment of American ship-yards. The Italians and the Norwegians can put together wooden ships cheaper than our Maine shipwrights can build them, and the great Clyde-side and Tyne-side yards of Great Britain can underbid our Delaware yards for the construction of iron vessels. The ruin of our ship-building industry might be compensated for by commercial advantages in time of peace, but we should be seriously crippled in case of war, for our navy-yards are not capable of supplying our navy with the additional armed vessels it would need, to say nothing of the fleets of transports that must be rapidly improvised for military operations. Leaving the commercial question aside altogether, the support of American ship-yards by protective legislation is a defensive measure of the highest national importance. The democrats have made no point here that will help them in the canvass. Indeed, in view of the closeness of the State of Maine and their hopes of carrying it by their alliance with the greenbackers, it looks as though they had committed a serious blunder.

They have succeeded no better with their "tariff for revenue only" plank. Such a tariff means the entire abandonment of the American system of protection under which our multiform manufacturing industries have grown and prospered. A tariff for revenue is a tariff which will produce the most revenue, and is of necessity a low tariff, that will stimulate large importations of foreign goods to undersell our own products in our home markets. This plank arrays against the democracy the entire manufacturing interest of the country, together with the large body of artisans and laborers whose daily bread depends upon its prosperity. It throws away the very fair chances the democrats had of carrying Connecticut and New Jersey, and the possibility of their securing Pennsylvania, the home State of their candidate. Besides, it will lose them many votes in New York, where there are thousands of industries which would be ruined by the repeal of protective duties. In return, the democrats gain nothing. The South, which is the only section of the country where free-trade ideas largely predominate, is solidly democratic in every case. The West is republican, and will not change its political faith on account of this bid for its favor. The East, where the pivotal States of New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey are to be the battle-field of the presidential contest, is firmly wedded

to the protective system by a thousand motives of self-interest. Thus the democratic assault upon protection can only be regarded as a gigantic blunder.

It is to be regretted that the democrats have not chosen, by their nomination and platform, to identify their canvass clearly with a few broad principles of legislation, administration, or constitutional interpretation. A thorough discussion of the fundamental ideas of our government, as far as they concern the powers of national and state authority, would have been exceedingly valuable in its educational influence upon large masses of voters who have never been led to a serious consideration of the questions involved. The traditions of the democratic party lead it to take the side of state authority as against the federal power; those of the republican party lead it to favor the extension and strengthening of the national authority at the expense of the state governments. A contest on this ground would have involved the revival of the early discussions between the federalists and the anti-federalists and a close study of the opinions of the fathers of the republic, and would have lifted the campaign to a high ground of statesmanship. The democrats, it is true, would have been somewhat at a loss to reconcile the theory of their party with its practice when in power. Jefferson, the great advocate of the state's-rights and loose-government theory, made an exceedingly vigorous administration when he got to be president, and was as much disposed as his federalist predecessors, Washington and Adams, to make the most of the powers given him by the constitution. Jackson, when he wanted to destroy the United States Bank and when he threatened to hang the South Carolina nullifiers, was as stalwart a "strong government" man as was Grant in later years. Pierce and Buchanan, in their efforts to fasten slavery upon Kansas against the will of her people, stretched to the utmost all former broad interpretations of the constitution. As a rule, the party in power takes liberal views of the extent of federal authority, and the party out of power makes use of the rights of the States to combat its successful rival. Nevertheless, so far as professed principles are concerned, the democrats can claim to be the party of the States, and the republicans can claim to be that of the nation. The theory of the right of secession, it must not be forgotten, was essentially a democratic theory, and was the legitimate outgrowth of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1797 and 1798, which were indorsed in democratic national platforms as late as 1860.

If the democrats in their platform had vigorously renewed what is popularly known as their "fraud cry" and had nominated Mr. Tilden, we should have had the issue between the state and the nation presented in another form, and with the relation of parties to it completely reversed. The democrats have been claiming, ever since the settlement of the presidential controversy in 1877, that the electoral commission took wrong ground, from partisan motives, when it decided that Congress had no power to go behind the return of a state in its presidential elections. They made the broadest possible claims for national power, overlooked the express language of the constitution which gives to the States full control over the manner of casting their electoral votes, and claimed for Congress the right to make itself a returning board and investigate the action of state canvassers and even the returns of separate polling-places. Instead of final judges of their own action in the choice of a president, this theory made the States mere certifying authorities, whose attestations Congress might regard or not, according to its pleasure. The republicans appealed to all the early interpretations of the constitution, and to the unbroken line of precedents to justify their position that

the certified return of a State of its vote for president is a finality, and that the only function of Congress in connection with the electoral count is to be present as official witnesses to see that the returns are correctly announced and tabulated. This issue the republicans would be glad to take before the people in the present canvass, but the democrats have avoided it.

At the date this article is written the stump-speaking campaign has not begun, and it is therefore not possible to indicate the drift of argument to be followed by the orators of the two parties in their appeals to the voters. So far as it is foreshadowed by the discussions in the party press, the canvass is not likely to be particularly instructive to those who like to see opposing theories of public policy brought into sharp antagonism. The democrats have outlined no course of argument thus far, and are evidently anxious to obscure the recent record of their party, and to escape the necessity of defending it. They content themselves with personal attacks upon the republican candidate for the presidency, as if there were no principles at issue, and as if the campaign were to settle nothing but the question of who is the better man, Garfield or Hancock. The republicans decline to engage in a defense of the record of their nominee. He has been in public life for twenty-two years, seventeen of which he has spent in a forum which puts men's characters and talents to a severe test, — the national house of representatives. They do not believe his integrity or capacity can be successfully impeached. Besides, no charges are brought against him which were not made before the jury of his own constituents as long ago as 1874, when a great effort was made to defeat his reëlection. His district was sown broadcast with printed sheets containing the identical attacks now revived by the democrats, and a Methodist presiding elder, of excellent repute and great personal popularity, was persuaded to run as the opposing candidate. Having been a republican, it was hoped that this worthy preacher would draw off votes enough from the republican ranks to enable the democrats to defeat General Garfield. It was a year of wide-spread republican disaster. States and congressional districts which had been steadfastly republican ever since the party was organized were carried by the democrats. In the whole belt of States beginning with Massachusetts and running clear through to the Mississippi River, the democrats were swept forward to victory on the wave of popular dissatisfaction with the Grant administration. General Garfield's opponents had the great advantage of this powerful current to aid them in their effort to overthrow him. He made his defense in print and on the stump. The charges against him, printed in the form of a broadside sheet in the office of a New York newspaper, were distributed in every audience he addressed. He met them squarely and manfully, and so effectually disproved them that he led the republican ticket, and had a larger majority in the district than was given for the popular candidate for governor, General Noyes, against whom the democrats directed no personal assaults. General Garfield's district is shown by the census reports to be the most intelligent in the United States. It has always been exceedingly jealous of the reputation of its representatives. In half a century it has had but four. The verdict of such a district on the personal character of its member of Congress is conclusive. Since it was given at the polls in 1874, it has been twice reaffirmed, and has been indorsed by the republicans of the State of Ohio in their unanimous selection of General Garfield for the United States senate.

While the democratic newspapers fire away at the person of the republican nominee, the republican newspapers di-

rect their shots at the record of the democratic party, paying particular attention to its recent performances, since it got power in Congress. Their line of attack substantially is as follows: They charge the democratic party with pursuing a policy that has solidified the States attached to each other by the memories of slavery and rebellion into a compact political entity, hostile to the ideas, achievements, and tendencies of the nation at large, and has made it impossible for a healthful, honest, and respectable opposition party to exist anywhere in the South. This solidity of the South is attributed to a desire to escape from the results of the war so far as they established equal suffrage and citizenship, and so far as they strengthened the national authority and overturned the state's-rights theory; and, furthermore, to an eager ambition to justify the rebellion on the pages of history. The democracy is therefore charged with being a sectional party, ready to do the bidding of the South in return for its votes in Congress and in the electoral colleges. The new democratic doctrine, that a majority in Congress has the right to nullify a law which it cannot repeal by refusing appropriations to execute it, is vigorously assailed as revolutionary in spirit and effect. The course of the democratic party on financial questions, its effort to break down the public credit by schemes to pay the bonds in irredeemable greenbacks, its resistance to resumption, and the aid and encouragement it gave for twelve years to the manifold schemes for inflation and repudiation, which germinated in the West like weeds upon a prairie, are not forgotten. In contrast with the democratic record of sympathy with slavery and rebellion, of resistance to emancipation and manhood suffrage, and of hostility to specie payments, a sound currency, and the fulfillment of the nation's obligations, is presented the republican record of the Union defended, restored, and strengthened, slavery abolished, equal suffrage and citizenship for all, honest money, and untarnished national honor.

Presidential campaigns are no longer fought simultaneously and with equal ardor all over the country. Certain close States, which hold elections prior to the presidential election, are selected for a battle-ground to test the strength of the opposing parties, and the contest centres in them, while the rest of the country looks on with the eager interest of spectators at a tournament. The arguments and incidents of these local canvasses are repeated by the newspapers all over the land, and the whole people take part in the fight vicariously when they read the daily journals. Maine elects state officers early in September. A coalition upon state and electoral tickets has been effected there between the democrats and the greenbackers, and the contest is thus made a close one. The result will greatly encourage the party which wins. As soon as Maine votes, the battle will shift to Ohio and Indiana, which hold state elections on the second Tuesday in October. If the republicans carry both of those States, the campaign will take such a strong set in their favor that the November fight will practically be won in advance. If they carry Ohio and lose Indiana, a tremendous struggle will be made in New York, and the vote of that State will determine whether Garfield or Hancock is to be the next president.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

[We print, out of many similar communications, the following relations of personal experience, evoked by a curious paragraph in the Contributors' Club in our June number. As the dreamers of strange dreams have notoriously no mercy in telling them, we think it best to warn intending visionaries that the present paper contains all that we shall be able to lay before our readers: they will therefore dream at their own risk. Those particularly interested may address the authors of the following paragraphs at Liverpool; Newport, R. I.; The Dalles, Oregon; Andover, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Brooklyn, N. Y., etc.]

— The question which your contributor asks in the June Atlantic, "What causes the recurrence of a certain kind of dream during a certain period?" is not easily answered. It would be easy to say, "The recurrence of similar conditions," but that is merely restating the question. It is not probable that we shall ever have a complete science of dreams, because when we begin to observe and classify we must be wide awake. Dreams are of too subtle stuff. They easily elude analysis.

My own dreams, however, I can divide into three classes, and I have a theory which fits them exactly. It is this: Sleep comes down on us from above and submerges our faculties in the order of their excellence. In dreams of the first class the artistic sense is asleep, but all the other faculties are awake. In dreams of the second class the moral sense is submerged, and about all that remains active is the instinct of self-preservation and a tigerish love of blood; both feelings which lie near the foundation of our nature. In dreams of the third class hardly the *sense* of personal identity is left; in fact, we are asleep down to protoplasm.

It is true Coleridge composed Kubla Khan in a dream, but his sleep was not true sleep; it was probably "secondary coma," induced by opium. You cannot prove anything against my theory by Coleridge. Was it not Cowper who awoke thrilled with a lyric he had composed in his sleep, which began, —

> "By heavens, I 'll wreak my woes
> Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose"?

And it was an equally celebrated man who, under similar circumstances, could recall but two verses of a poem to youth. These were, —

> "Boys, boys, boys, boys,
> You great and dangerous hobbledehoys."

My first point, that the constructive imagination is the first faculty to go to sleep, I think may be considered established. We dream that we make eloquent speeches, or visit beautiful scenes, but if we can recall them they are destitute of all proportion and fitness.

In order to make my meaning clearer I will instance a specimen of each class of dreams, at the risk of inflicting a "garrulous relation of visions." They are given merely as scientific illustrations of my theory that sleep comes down like a cloud and obscures the higher faculties first. I would premise by saying that my dreams are never suggested by the subjects in which I have been interested when awake. The following belongs to the first class. The events are as distinctly impressed on my memory as if they were real.

I found myself riding leisurely on horseback on the road from the village to my father's farm, when I became aware of a bright light behind me, and looking upward saw a large meteor, about one thousand feet in the air, moving slowly in the direction I was going. Presently a small, elderly man, also on horseback, joined me, and I mended my

pace to keep up with him. He told me that he was from Boston; that he had foreseen the advent of the meteor, and in fact had followed it by short cuts for several hundred miles. I expressed surprise at the slowness of its motion, but he explained that its velocity was only apparent; that it had overtaken the earth with a motion the same in rate and direction as the earth had; and that though it seemed to be moving slowly it was in reality going very fast. I objected that when it came within the sphere of the earth's attraction it must fall rapidly, under the influence of gravity. On this he looked at me benevolently, and said, half to himself, "Ah, yes, the old Newtonian error." I have seen many times since the same benign expression on the faces of my Boston friends, when I felt that they were saying to themselves, "It is interesting to find the old misconceptions surviving in the New York man."

Meanwhile we reached the foot of a small hill on my father's farm, where the meteor had struck the earth. There were congregated here my father, the tenant of the farm, the village lawyer, a well known horse-jockey, and several others. The Boston man said that he wished to buy the meteor, and that he was authorized to offer ten thousand dollars for it. To this my father agreed, remarking that it was a "mighty good meteor, but no use to him." The tenant claimed half of it as a natural product of the land; but the lawyer said that it was clearly real estate, and was referring to a case in point decided by the court of appeals, when the tenant pulled out his lease and read the clause, "And the said party of the second part, in addition to half of all crops of sanfoin, trefoil, and murdocks raised on said farm, shall receive to his own use, behoof, and benefit one equal and undivided moiety of all the aereolites and meteoric stones that may fall on said farm during said term." The lawyer said, "That settles it;" but the Boston man said, with a decision born of knowledge, "This is neither an aereolite nor a meteoric stone; it is a griffolith." The horse-jockey stepped forward solemnly, and laying both hands on the stone burnt them badly. Drawing back hastily, he remarked, "It is a nasty griffolith." Two such authorities agreeing, the tenant made no further claim. The Boston man filled up a check on a form especially prepared for the purpose, headed "Fera celestia naturæ," and we dispersed well pleased, and glancing upwards for more griffoliths.

What I wish to emphasize in this dream is that all my instincts of justice and respect for law and reasoning powers were awake. The reverence which the New York mind feels for the Boston mind was also in full force. That, however, is one of the deeper instincts of our nature, and probably never sleeps.

I will give in as few words as possible a specimen of a dream of the second class: —

I was in the waiting-room of a small railway station in Belgium. Opening the door, I stepped directly into Utah. Here I joined a party of mining prospectors, consisting of several divinity students, in an advanced stage of intoxication, and a panther. We began tearing down the side of a mountain, the panther distinguishing himself by the energy with which he wielded his pick, his tail curling and quivering with excitement. We were in search of a gypsum bed, which we soon uncovered. It was securely boxed in rough hemlock boards. Desiring to own it wholly myself, I killed all my party by the simple method of jamming the top of my pick into their backs as they were bent over examining the find. By using my full strength I was able to double them up and drive them deep into the ground, thus dispatching them quickly and burying them in one motion. I then took possession of the coveted gypsum bed, and a similar series of absurdities and

crimes crowded on one another, till I awoke. What I relate this nonsense for is to show that in a dream of this class not only is my perception of distance blurred, but also my sense of equity. I paid no attention to the fundamental principles of the mining code, though I had had practical experience of its absolute necessity as the only means of preserving the semblance of order in a camp. I deceived all my comrades, including the inoffensive and hard-working panther. Few men would be more averse to such a thing than I, and I can only plead that I was all asleep except the savage instincts of the primitive man.

In dreams of the third class, even these and the consciousness of personal identity are at rest. There is left only a vague consciousness of existence, — probably about what the mollusk feels when most awake.

If this classification does not fit the dreams of some people, I can only say that their sleep is not true sleep and their dreams are not true dreams. What they call sleep is probably abnormal hypnotic coma or imperfect lethargy, and what they suppose to be dreams are merely irregular, spasmodic mental action, unworthy of strict scientific classification.

— The most intimate connection exists between the mind and the body; and not unfrequently some physical disorder or idiosyncrasy, of whose existence we may not be aware in our waking hours, makes itself felt in sleep, when the body is more susceptible of internal impressions. In a dream the condition of the physical organization reflects itself in the activity of the nervous system, as surrounding objects are mirrored upon the ruffled surface of the waters beneath; and these distorted images may serve as the index of the state of the physical system.

In these facts I think we may find the explanation of the first class of visions mentioned by the contributor writing of recurrent dreams. Why and whence the particular visions which he refers to I cannot tell, for "in sleep every man has a world of his own." But I think that such indescribable impressions are frequently made upon the mind in childhood, as we know that they occur in delirium and insanity.

From my earliest years, during my childhood, I was haunted by a strange sensation in sleep, which I called "falling off from the world;" and often now, when fatigued in body or mind, the impression returns. I am alone in space, and feel myself falling faster and still faster to some terrible unknown depth. I refer this sensation to a disordered state of the nervous system, consequent upon excitement or fatigue. I trace a resemblance, a sequence, between the "vast, impalpable something" "moving onward in enormous airy billows," the "tall white-clothed figure," and the "shapes of armed men approaching with awful, silent tread." The first vision gradually resolves itself into the second, and the second assumes the outline of the third, as, in the Arabian Nights, the white, shapeless cloud at length took form and became the huge genie. To fix the limit of such fancies is to set bounds to the imagination, a task impossible. In the child of excitable temperament the mental impressions during sleep are more grotesque; but these shadowy shapes assume more definite form in later years.

Concerning the recurrence of a certain dream during a number of years, to the exclusion of other forms of dreaming, I offer this explanation: A dream is any mental action in sleep of which we are afterward conscious. The more wild and fantastic the dream, the more vividly is it impressed upon the memory. The fact that it is thus impressed leads to its recurrence, especially when the dreamer relates his vision to another person. The readiness with which a train of thought recurs to the mind

is proportionate to the frequency with which it is recalled. Hence, these visions tend to reproduce themselves.

I think that the nocturnal journeys mentioned by the contributor are of frequent occurrence in the experience of others. I know a physician who to long daily rides in the practice of his profession adds longer and more toilsome nightly journeys. Regularly, during the hours of sleep, as he drives his horses over almost impassable roads, his loud cries, urging them on or holding them back, give evidence of the nature of his dreams. In my own experience, I find that a day of hard labor, physical or mental, is quite often followed by nights of driving over fearful roads, or of plowing through stormy waters. In all these dreams the sense of imminent danger or impending trouble is always present. Our actual travels do not seem to affect the case.

Whence comes this sense of danger? Indistinctness is a prevailing characteristic of our dreams. Certain features of the dream may stand out clearly from the rest, but in every vision there is a border-land of impenetrable mystery. In every human mind obscurity awakens an indefinable fear; terror and dread overwhelm us when we wander through the dim and unexplored land of dreams. Reason is not with us to dispel our fears, and until we awake we struggle on, the prey of fancies which our own minds have created.

— In considering the psychology of dreams, a study as fascinating as its subject matter is elusive, theories are not wanting to explain what a recent contributor speaks of as the frequent recurrence of a certain kind of dream, when there was apparently nothing in his circumstances to impress the vision. That may be the very reason it came again. The first visit of the spectral familiar was due to some unnoticed cause such as leads to most of our meetings in the dead of night, — a story told, a word overheard, a suggestion that the consciousness hardly grasped; and having once come, its very strangeness made so strong an impression as to furnish excuse for repeated appearance. The more inexplicable a dream is, the more frequent its recurrence in many cases.

For months now the same story has been told me in dreamland, variously modified, but always alike in substance. It was a puzzle at first, and seemed utterly inexplicable, until I remembered a conversation held when riding, one morning, more than a year ago, with a cousin who had recently come to us on a visit from her Western home. She remarked, in that decided way happy wives have who consider marriage the chief end of woman's existence, "Susan Jane, you are making a great mistake in your life unless you decide to marry and have a home." "But you would n't have a woman marry for the sake of a home?" "Why not? I did n't love Theophrastus when I took him for better or worse, but now it would be hard to find a more devoted wife." The idea flitted across my mind that this might have proved a dangerous game, but never came again into my waking thoughts till it had been recalled by a succession of dreams, each telling of the wretched, ruined home of my bright little cousin, and giving different reasons for it, but all agreeing in this, — that she alone was the one to blame for the unhappiness, and that she always bore reproach with silent pride. Sometimes the scene has been so vivid that I have said to myself, "I shall have faith in the prophecies of dreams hereafter, for what I have repeatedly dreamed has now come true;" and the sober certainty of waking thoughts could hardly convince me that it was not a reality.

Another fancy that recurs with absurd pertinacity places me in Bremen, ready for a year's roaming over Europe, but utterly without plan and without money. Although I never heard any

one before The Atlantic contributor allude to having the same dream for long periods, it seems so natural that it can hardly fail to have been the experience of many. And now there is a strong temptation to ask sympathy or support for my little pet theory in regard to the moral lesson that may be learned from dreams. Do they not sometimes furnish a man with a clew to hitherto unsuspected traits of his character, suggest some foible, or reveal some hidden weakness? When the conscience is removed for a little and imagination has full play, though she leads her victim into strange complications, does she not still leave him true to the instincts that have been prompted by passion and modified in their course by reason, so that her unregulated whims afford a hint of his real nature, as do the "idle words" by which he shall be judged? Milton had more than one object in representing that when in sleep the fruit was offered Eve she "could not but taste."

— The dream that recurs must frequently with me is a very disagreeable, exhausting one. The scene is an old, dark, high building, with many long, winding corridors and steep, rickety stairways. Through these corridors, up and down these stairways, stumbling, panting, breathless, I am chased by a hag who brandishes a long whip. She is ragged, with hideous teeth protruding from her jaws; her dark hair is flying; and she pursues me with a look of hate and uttering a gibberish not a word of which is intelligible, till I wake in an agony of exhaustion and terror; or rather I used to do so. Since I grew up I have learned to realize that it is "my dream," and can wake myself, but can never resist the impulse to keep on until I have reached a certain door. I always wake just as I throw myself frantically against that; it has never opened. Another dream is of flying, and is less frequent in its recurrence than the first one. The sensation is a delightful one. The scene always begins in a country church-yard. I begin by flying over the church many times; then invariably fly into a building unlike any I have ever seen, but well adapted for flying; there are domes to fly up to, vaulted galleries, and much space. The feeling is one of perfect complacency at finding myself at these dizzy heights, though I always feel that some time I shall surely fall. I was not a nervous or timid child at any other time, but I have spent hours of suffering in the darkness from waking out of the clutches of the hag; and again have wakened with a thrill of delight, as though saved from some fascinating peril, after the flying dreams. About twice a year I have the former, and about once in two years the latter, dream. I have regarded the oft-repeated recurrence of these dreams as an idiosyncrasy of my own, as I never before knew any one confess to a similar experience.

— For about three years of my life, from eleven to fourteen, I scarcely passed a week without dreaming two or three times that I was living a kind of divided life. I seemed to know that I was in bed, and yet the *real* I was floating about the room near the ceiling in the form of several globes of incandescence. (I use the abstract noun because I was not always conscious whether the material was molten metal, glass, or simply gas.) The globes would circle round each other; sometimes roll together like dewdrops, making a larger globe; at other times separate into a countless multitude. The conviction was always present with me that if the whole would roll into one my soul would come back to me and all would be well; but I never came to the point of realizing this happy consummation; I constantly awoke in terror before the end came. The sense was so perplexing and so vivid that for a long time I absolutely dreaded the night, — I knew the same dream would come.

Then I think I had a year or two free from dreams of any kind. An illness

something like a brain fever turned the current of my life altogether; but when dreams came again they came with provoking regularity. I know to an inch the exact spot where I was always standing when a big black dog leaped on me, and I could point out, I believe, the stone over which, night after night, I was accustomed to trip and fall most ignominiously, within a yard of a friendly door.

That form of dream, too, passed. The third and last that I can call at all regularly recurrent was even more perplexing, but more whimsical. I was at Cambridge, having taken my degree, but remaining in my college rooms, reading with private pupils, and holding the curacy of a church at a short distance from the place. I suppose the desire to settle down in some more home-like way had taken full possession of me. I was then, two or three times a week, in the habit of waking with the dream fresh in my brain that I had gone to the town where my lady-love dwelt, and had been in it two or three days without having called to see her. Incandescent globes and black dogs were "not a circumstance" to the trouble caused by this negligence. About three years of this last dream was enough for me: I banished that evil by marrying the lady.

— The contribution to the Club on the subject of dreams has awakened remembrances of my own early visions that have for some time lain dormant.

For years my dreams have been neither very agreeable nor distressing, — mere incongruities. But once they were of the same evil character as those your contributor describes, and for long periods dominated by some one ever-recurring terror. I can vividly recall the sharp chase that I almost nightly went through with, always to be seized and borne off by the same swift-footed fiend, — the very devil with horns and hoofs familiar to the imagination. Following this came the "last day," with all its horror of veritable flames. These were early dreams, and easily traced to injudicious instruction of some kind, from which it is so difficult to protect a child.

Another dream that troubled me sorely was that of being "taken up." The interview with the policeman about the offense, of which I was wholly unconscious; the final statement of that official that ignorance of the law made no excuse; and the *dénoûment,* — my being marched off to indefinite imprisonment, — all played a part in this oft-repeated scene. This I think also easily accounted for in a child's vague terror of the "law" as by him imperfectly understood.

But that strange dream of the "procession" described by the contributor, so nearly like my own, which I had before thought my own peculiar property, prompts me to ask, Whence came those dreadful figures that moved athwart the clouded consciousness of at least two children, in form and manner so strangely resembling each other? My dream always began with an awful stillness of preparation. Every house was made ready against the approaching procession, which came from regions without the town. I always thought myself alone in an upper room, the house deathly still lest any one should betray his whereabouts. At length they came, terrible forms both in size and mien. Like that of your contributor, my place of refuge was beneath the window; and there, in my dream, have I lain trembling with fright and pressing closely against the outer wall, only to be discovered at last from a window at the side. With the glance of fiery eyes meeting mine the vision reached its climax, and I awoke.

I am aware that I have only partly answered the question of your correspondent; in fact, have asked another. If any one, however, could enlighten me as to the origin of this dream so full of torture, could suggest the story-book or nursery tale from which its details might have been drawn, I should be glad. The

circus, with its formal entry, has sometimes suggested itself as the solution, and even more forcibly the parade of "Antiques and Horribles" that once so prominently figured in our Fourth of July festivities.

— I would like to add my testimony to what is an interesting subject of investigation. The recurrence of something differing from a dream I experienced many times during childhood. It was so similar to that reported as to be undoubtedly referable to the same physical condition. I heard but little talk of malaria in the hills of Eastern New York, but I remember there was suffering from fevers in the neighborhood. The vision or sensation was this: I saw a something, round, bright, and white, which expanded with indescribable rapidity, filling all space, extinguishing all earth and earthly existence, "breaking the barriers of the heavens." I seemed conscious of the moment when this expansion reached the limits of our solar system and passed on through stellar space, annihilating everything. "Now," I said, "there is only God and I." When that instant of crushing, awful loneliness came, I awoke. There never seemed any sense of duration of time. The whole was like a lightning flash, with intense consciousness, of infinite extended space. In the recurrence of this dream the effect was precisely identical, but it has never visited me in later years. Though it is long since it came, the memory of it is now as a revelation of something hidden from me at all other times. The words eternity, immortality, infinity, have a meaning in the light of that memory inexplicable, which no creed or catechism ever taught me.

— My dream is peculiar, and yet I must believe that it is also that of many thousands of my fellow countrymen. I was in the war, and a participant in several of the largest battles in the eastern zone of operations. Much to my surprise, I emerged from it alive and unharmed, and was "reabsorbed" into civil life. Just how long it was after doffing the blue I cannot say, but presently I began to entertain a particular form of dream, that has appeared and reappeared at intervals during all the long years that have since elapsed. It is this: I find myself again a soldier, on the threshold of battle, and *wonder how I got there.* The scene and circumstances change with every dream. Sometimes we are waiting to be attacked; at others aligning for advance, or perhaps acting as scouts or skirmishers, — but always with battle imminent. Now the most distressing part of this dream is the sense of finding one's self in terrible danger without knowing how it came about. The actual circumstances of the old war are never recalled; it is always a *new* war I am engaged in. After a time the dream developed into a dream within a dream. For example, I would seem to say, "I have dreamed of finding myself in this situation a good many times, but *now* it is no longer a dream, but a terrible reality." I used often to wonder, half superstitiously, whether this dream did not prefigure a renewal, at some time, of my army life, but as I am now drawing toward the close of the campaigning age I find the dream latterly giving me less and less trouble. But it all goes to show that war is terribly vivid, earnest, and real, and that the brain retains its images, and that the sensory nerves reverberate with its impressions for many a long year after it has ceased.

— A late number of some magazine — it seems to me that it was the Popular Science Monthly — contained a hint toward shaking off recurrent dreams of a painful character, which was boldly to meet, and even invite, the threatened danger or disagreeable occurrence forming the basis of the vision. As dreams usually come when we are near waking, we are often sufficiently conscious to exert a slight control over our ideas; hence, I believe the suggestion practica-

ble. I have been troubled by two kinds of recurrent dreams, which have been mitigated by just such a course. Until young manhood I was the victim of imaginary falls, occurring at intervals of a week or so. I tumbled over terrific precipices, out of balloons, and from the tops of trees like those in California, but always, though alighting with a shock, which caused a nervous start, sinking into some soft material that arrested my progress without injury. Whether I struck on rocks, turf, or house-tops, I always fell on my feet, sank gently to my waist, and pulled myself out with little difficulty. I gradually acquired such a control over my wandering fancies that I was able to say, "I am asleep, and therefore this fall will not hurt me." Instead of struggling, I would allow myself to take the inevitable plunge, and by idly submitting to the force of gravitation I came to earth without a jar, or checked my flight in mid-air. The other form of persistent dream is of later occurrence, and takes the form of such a flight through space as would have delighted De Quincey. I have made few attempts to check this dream as yet, beyond getting back to earth when I have had enough of it, and rousing myself when there is in it a suggestion of vertigo. At first it was startling and awful, but after I had made sure of a safe return there was a kind of tremulous joy in thus casting loose from earth, and soaring off with the rush of a meteor into the solemn regions of chill and starlit space, passing the great lighted globes that wheel about the sun and comets wandering in measureless orbits. The joy of rapid motion, like that felt in riding in a locomotive cab, or coming down a gravity road, or plowing the billows in a trim yacht, is modified by the necessity of shooting along on my back, head first, so that I get nothing but celestial retrospects; and my advance into the starry regions is accompanied by the feeling that I may run my head against a big meteor, or drop upon Jupiter, Saturn, or into the horrific craters of the moon, like a meteor myself. When in a tranquil waking or dozing state I can repeat this dream by sheer force of imagination.

Physical causes and business perplexities largely influence our dreams; hence, the gentleman to whom this is addressed — I take it that the contributor is of the male "persuasion" — may find that anxiety, ill success, late suppers, a hard bed, an uncomfortable position (such as lying upon the back), aching teeth, or some such matters are in part responsible for the sombre character of his dreams. Pain may induce recurrent dreams. During a severe inflammatory disease I was dosed with immense quantities of opium, but the visions caused by the drug were distorted by pain into such scenes of horror and occurrences of distress that their reality exhausted me to the point of death. Once only I was permitted a pleasant dream: A boundless and beautiful park extended on every side, and in the midst of it was set a marble palace, whose wings stretched to an immeasurable horizon and were lost in distance. Its front glowed with the warm red light of the setting sun, every one of its countless windows, as it reflected the luminary, shining like burnished gold. The entire sky was of the hue of red wine held to the light, and in this rich crimson great stars blazed and flashed like diamonds and emeralds. The memory of that scene is stronger than the memory of Niagara.

The same exercise of the will that checks a bad dream can sometimes secure a good one. I have on several occasions aroused myself from unpleasant dreams, and determined that the incidents going wrong should take such and such a course. Then, on my falling asleep again with this determination, events would come about much as I wished them.

MUSIC.

It is not often that a musical curiosity is anything more or better than a mere curiosity. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, professor of musical history at the National Conservatory in Paris, has published a collection of authentic Greek and Oriental songs,[1] which are decidedly interesting from a purely musical point of view. In 1875, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray was sent on a special mission, by the minister of public instruction, to study Oriental music in Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the islands in the Ægean. The publication of the collection of songs in question and of two interesting pamphlets [2] has been the result. There can be little doubt that the author was just the person to send on such a mission: a professor of musical history is *ex officio* conversant with the character of the old Greek modes and of the modes of the plain chant, and these modes are still in general use in the East; if not to the total exclusion of the modern European major and minor scales, at least in sufficiently predominating use to make them especially characteristic of Oriental music. Although the published songs form but a small part of the collection he made on his Eastern trip, one cannot but feel that he has made a wise choice, and has given to the world the cream of the material he had at command. It were idle to object that the essential musical value of these songs is not to be appreciated at once by the general musical public, nor even by the average musician. To Western ears they sound very strange, and often distinctly horrible and unmusical at first; but we should remember that in music, as in other matters, we must first habituate ourselves to an entirely new order of physiognomy before we can begin to feel its beauties, or even clearly distinguish between different individual examples of it. To our eye, for instance, the Japanese cast of feature is not only distasteful, but we find a certain difficulty in recognizing individuals of that nation. One Japanese looks to us about like another. The general national characteristics of the race are so striking that we have no discriminating eye for individual peculiarities. Just so in music: we must first accustom our ear to the characteristic physiognomy of the Oriental modes before we can be enough at home in them to appreciate the beauty of melodies written in them. Suffice it to say that the thirty songs in M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection will richly repay careful study. They are indubitably fine examples of Oriental folk-music, and have a peculiar charm which cannot fail to make itself felt by any one who has rid himself of all exclusive prejudice in favor of our major and minor modes.

There may be room for doubt, however, about the propriety of the manner in which the author has harmonized these songs. He says in his preface, "In our harmonizing we have systematically refrained from forbidding the use of any chord. The only harmonies we have proscribed are those the character of which appeared to us to contravene the *modal* impression made by the melody to be harmonized. Our efforts have had for their object to enlarge the circle of modalities in polyphonic music, and not to diminish the resources of modern harmony." And yet it seems to us as

[1] *Mélodies Populaires de Grèce et d'Orient.* Recueillies et harmonizées par L.-A. Bourgault-Ducoudray. Paris: Henry Lemoine.

[2] *Souvenirs d'une Mission Musicale en Grèce et en Orient.* Par L.-A. Bourgault-Ducoudray. 2ième Edition. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1878.

Conférence sur la Modalité dans la Musique Grecque. Par L.-A. Bourgault-Ducoudray. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1879.

if M. Bourgault-Ducoudray had tried to put new wine into old bottles with a vengeance. Both in these songs and in many of the examples he gives in his pamphlet (Conférence) on the Greek modes, he seems to have been more solicitous to follow an empirical system blindly, and to its farthest conclusion, than to assure himself that his system was really sound. Had he been a German musical theorist, we should not have been surprised at this, because no more astounding examples of sheer empiricism can be found than in German treatises on harmony. But for a professor at thé Paris Conservatory, where Fétis's Traité d'Harmonie is used as a text-book, to have pursued such a course is astonishing indeed. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's reckless use of free dissonances is not only diametrically opposed to the essential character of the Greek modes, but is often simply excruciating. There is unquestionably no prescribable limit to the use of free (unprepared) dissonances in modern harmony founded upon our Western tonal system. But a glance at the history of this tonal system of ours will suffice to show that the use of free dissonances is compatible with it, but with it alone. As soon as Monteverde found that the musical ear would readily accept the dissonance of the minor seventh without preparation, *if heard simultaneously with the imperfect fifth or the tritone*, he discovered the *chord of the dominant seventh*, and thus laid the foundations of modern tonality. By the introduction of this most important and distinctive discord the Iastian mode of the plain chant became our modern major mode, and the Æolian became our minor mode. The use of this one free dissonance is essentially characteristic of our tonal system; if in our day we easily accept other and harsher dissonances without preparation (as *appoggiaturas*), it is because we feel a certain analogy between them and the dominant seventh.

But as the chord of the dominant seventh neither does nor can properly find a place in the Greek modal system (for that system was practically overthrown by it, and by it alone), all other free dissonances are naturally debarred with it. We are sufficiently certain, on purely theoretical grounds, that M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's method of harmonizing melodies in the Greek diatonic modes is a fundamentally false one; but the absolutely frightful harmonic excesses which the blind following out of this method has led him into, in some instances, give an equally significant practical proof of it.

In his Conférence we find the same unstinted application of an empirical system, resulting in melodic and harmonic forms which sound as atrociously as they look systematically well ordered on paper. Take, for instance, the astounding shape he makes the popular tune, Au Clair de la Lune, assume in the minor mode. All that can be said of it is that the third phrase (counting the repeat) is not music at all. The same fault is to be found with the way he puts the air "J'ai du bon tabac" through the whole list of Greek diatonic modes. (His harmony to it in the major mode, to which it really belongs, is already open to much exception.) He reaches the acme of unmusical frightfulness in his harmonizing of the Lydian scale, which is positively unbearable.

But apart from his attempts to make the modern use of dissonances fit the Greek modes, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's theoretical explanation of the Greek and Oriental modal system is of surpassing excellence. Nothing can be clearer or more interesting than his exposition of the whole subject. One omission, which might be easily rectified, tends to confuse the reader a little: the author should have stated that, although the authentic and plagal modes of the plain chant correspond exactly enough to the Greek diatonic modes, their Greek

names do not. Thus the second authentic church mode is called the Phrygian, and corresponds to the Greek Dorian mode (harmonic division), whereas the Greek Phrygian mode corresponds to the Hypo-Mixo-Lydian mode (fourth plagal mode), of the plain chant.

Of the songs published, those in the Oriental chromatic mode are peculiarly fascinating, — especially as the modern harmony of M. Bourgault-Ducoudray suits the character of this mode far better than it does that of the Greek diatonic modes. Such melodies as Εἰς τοῦ κόσμου τὸ ταξεῖδι (No. 2) are extremely difficult to sing, but they are not impossible, and their charm is easily felt even by Occidental listeners.

Whether the hope the author expresses of finding the means of infusing new vitality into Western music, by introducing an extended use of the Greek and Oriental modes to relieve the (fancied?) monotony of our major and minor modes, will prove itself to be delusive or not is hard to tell. True, some of our modern composers have dipped more or less into the old modes in their compositions. The opening phrase of the song Le Roi de Thulé, in Gounod's Faust, is plainly in the (Greek) Hypo-Dorian mode. Herod's air in Berlioz's Enfance du Christ is in the Dorian mode. Perhaps the finest and at the same time the most famous example we have in modern music of the use of an old mode is the Canzone di Ringraziamento, in Beethoven's A-minor quartet, Op. 132, which is in the (church) Lydian mode.

Yet in spite of these unquestionably fine sporadic examples, the fact still remains that our modern Occidental tonal system, with its two modes (major and minor), is the result of a higher development of the art of music than the Greek and Oriental modes, with their vague and indeterminate tonality. Our tonal system is not the result of a merely empirical selection, but is a natural musical development. To seek inspiration from the old modes is, in almost every case, to go backwards; to write music in them is an actual *tour de force* nowadays, and in nine instances out of ten is nothing more worthy than an affected archaism. Yet, after all, it is not impossible, and cases may occur where the use of an old mode is at once felicitous and æsthetically defensible.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

We have almost ceased asking, with tiresome monotony, for the great American novel, for we are constantly preoccupied with lesser works of fiction which are conspicuously native and with an interest for us, when we have had our pleasure out of them, through their nativity. We shall not try to play hide and seek with posterity, but we are quite sure that our philosophic descendants will be reading the psychological history of their New England ancestors by the light of Mrs. Whitney's tallow dip. Did our fresh youth of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, they will ask, really take their little spades and dig to the centre of the earth? We can imagine them threading the bushy paths of Odd, or Even?[1] picking out the story of the grotesquely named characters, and trying to reconstruct in their imagination the social life of Boston and the hill country. For ourselves it is not so difficult a matter. Does not the interro-

[1] *Odd, or Even?* By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

gation mark which forms a constituent part of the title of Mrs. Whitney's story stand for the perpetual questioning which not merely the characters in the book, but a goodly portion of our restless community, have inherited from an ancestral speculation? We look upon France Everidge and Bernard Kingsworth and Israel Welcome Heywood as engaged, not upon Carlyle's Everlasting Yes, but upon New England's Eternal Is it? We suspect that the mood in which Mrs. Whitney's book leaves us is not altogether favorable to a just or wise opinion of it; we are tempted to ejaculate our judgment and to enigmatize our criticism. It is true that if we were to attempt a statement of the *motif* of the book a very few words would be sufficient to put the reader in possession of the main facts of the story, but how inadequate an account would that be which represented Mrs. Whitney's purpose as a relation of the steps by which a young Boston girl comes to marry a New Hampshire or Vermont farmer! As soon as we have said this we seem to be reminded how fascinated novelists are to-day with the general subject of leveling distinctions of rank. Mrs. Whitney is not alone in her disposition toward an essential democracy, but, like others who have tried to reorganize society, she has made her selection where the difficulties are least. Her heroine is recognized by her own class as exceptional, odd, and independent; the social objections raised in her own mind are scarcely perceptible. The hero, on the other hand, has all the external features of a horny-handed farmer, but it was misfortune and his own nobility of character which turned him aside from the pursuit of civil engineering.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Whitney had in mind only to settle a dispute between truth and conventionalism. She means more than that in her novel, for she interests herself in the growth of character of a young girl brought face to face with realities of life, and compelled to choose between the real and the conventional. It is her favorite theme, and we have no quarrel with a writer who asks our attention to the deep things of life. The story, with its episode of Sarrell and Mother Pemble, is acted among the hills chiefly, and the incidents are common ones of farm life, but every movement is invested with all its spiritual meaning. If the people are all oracular, so that the commonest farm hands open their mouths in parables, it is only because the writer, with her art of seeing double, cannot divest the story of herself. She reads out to us every change, and turns the light from every side of the truth she sees; thus the book glitters with an epigrammatic sparkle. Even the names must be made parabolic, and one is teased with a conviction that he must go back when he is through, and squeeze words which looked innocent to see if they did not perhaps conceal ideas overlooked at the time. It would be easy to quote sentence after sentence of fine wisdom and trenchant wit; many who read the book will doubtless find pass-keys to truths which before lay just beyond their reach, and, to vary George Herbert's lines, with metrical disaster,

> "A *novel* may find him who a sermon flies,
> And turn delight into a sacrifice."

A reverence for all that is noble pervades the book, and makes it pure and honorable. If — but we must take what we have — if Mrs. Whitney's art had the element of repose; if she would be content with such a view of her characters as did not turn their souls wholly inside out; if, by a wise selection from a throng of incidents, those only were taken which would enable the reader to spell out the destiny of the *dramatis personæ;* and if she were not bound always to tell both the dream and the interpretation thereof, her books would be greater and more enduring. That this, the latest, is well worth reading for its wit

and wisdom is what we would say distinctly, before putting it on the shelf.

If any one is disposed to cavil at Mrs. Whitney's style, and to complain that she works her words too hard, let him give her the benefit of comparison with Sylvester Judd, whose Richard Edney[1] has been revived for a generation to whom Margaret also is scarcely more than a name. Curiously enough, the social problem of the book has a likeness to that of Odd, or Even? Here, as there, a man of the people is mated with a girl born in the purple; but Judd's purpose was a more deliberate one, and his book rather the result of a theory than an artistic development of characters and a situation. Here, too, we have New England again, but the New England of 1840–1850, and since both books carry internal evidence of truthfulness as records of manners, they offer a curious study of the changes which have taken place, and of the unchanged character of New England life. It is unfortunate for Mr. Judd that his scenes, truthful in point of incident, are singularly distorted in artistic expression. Perhaps as good an account as any of the author's mental attitude toward his work will be found in his own words, taken from a letter preserved in his Life: "By dwelling upon certain sentiments, ideas, things, we get far into them, and forget at what a distance we have left the world behind us; we may even close the entrance after us, and the world has no other notion of our whereabouts than by certain subterranean hollowings, the precise place of which it is always difficult to identify. We are innocently guilty of a species of intellectual ventriloquism." This clever phrase admirably describes the impression which a reader gets from Richard Edney. He follows the writer through a series of incidents which are realistic in the extreme, yet constantly suggestive of an unrevealed thought. There are a few passages of dramatic force; there are others which just miss of being good; and there is a great proportion of the book which leaves no doubt of the author's sincerity, but some doubt of his sanity. Has the reader ever fallen asleep after dinner over a book, and gone on constructing a similar one out of the material he has just acquired? If so, he will recognize a state of mind suggested by Richard Edney. It is the nebulous production of a man who, when wide awake, had a good book in his head.

We do not get very far away from the combination of social opposites in marriage when we take up Mrs. Burnett's Louisiana,[2] but we have put a wide interval between the scenes of those stories and of this. A lady from New York, whose surroundings have been those chiefly of literature and art, is alone at a North Carolina watering-place, and amuses herself with a new and interesting type of Southern native humanity, a young girl of great beauty and simplicity, but utterly ignorant of the world in which Miss Olivia Ferrol has lived. Louisiana, as the girl is grotesquely named, is also alone, and gives her heart to the good-natured New Yorker, who, in an access of playfulness and wit, transforms her from an ill-dressed country girl into an occupant of one of Worth's dresses. Struck by the marvelous effect upon the girl, she suddenly persuades her to continue the masquerade as a mystification of Mr. Lawrence Ferrol, Olivia's brother, who was shortly to appear at the Springs. Louisiana hesitatingly complies, but the sport suddenly becomes serious to all concerned. They have gone for a drive among the mountains, when they are forced to take shelter in a farm-house. It is Louisiana's home, and by a sudden

[1] *Richard Edney and the Governor's Family.* By SYLVESTER JUDD. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

[2] *Louisiana.* By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

resolution she induces her father to ignore the relationship for the time, — as a joke, she explains, but in reality because she is overwhelmed at the possibility of her friends amusing themselves with her father. Unfortunately, they do amuse themselves, and there is a passionate outburst of humiliated confession from the girl. She remains with her father, and the remorseful Olivia and penitent Lawrence return to the Springs. Mr. Rogers, the father of Louisiana, has penetrated, as he thinks, the girl's disguise, and, loving her with a fond self-abnegation, from this time sets himself to making her happy by giving her one thing after another. He rebuilds his house, buys clothes and pictures for his daughter, and gently heaps upon her all his long-won wealth. He offers her European travel, and while he admits that he cannot change himself, will change everything else about her. Louisiana receives it all with renewed protestations of undivided love for her father, yet with secret and repressed love for Lawrence. At length, before the old man is stricken with paralysis, there comes an explanation. Louisiana was not ashamed of her father, as he had supposed, and the loving cross-purposes at which they had been playing give place to a perfect understanding. The nobility of his character fills the girl's mind, yet it cannot close the opening she has had into another world, and after his death, when Lawrence, who could no longer resist the memory of her charm, comes back to be forgiven, there is a fulfillment of her life.

The pathos of the story, while there is a touch of unreality about it, is fine and pervading, while the special charm is in the pictures of mountain life in North Carolina. It is true that this life is presented too much from the observation of a New York *littérateur*, yet it suggests anew what has been so often said, that the variations of life in America afford immense opportunities to the novelist. The difficulty in this case is that North Carolina is shown to us by a stranger, keen observer though she be. The best of dialect in speech and manners must come from those who have been bred in it. The book is graceful, and if the plot is a trifle artificial the execution is so skillfully and affectionately done that we are almost ready to forgive the author for limiting herself as she has.

When we look for a picture of American society we are offered Mr. Fawcett's A Hopeless Case,[1] and think ourselves well off with so entertaining a story. As a portraiture of one phase of New York society, it seems to us exceptionally clever. Mrs. Leroy, Rivington Van Corlear, Oscar Schuyler, Mr. Gascoigne, and other ladies and gentlemen are positively present, and the success is attained by no elaborateness of touch, but by a simple and truthful display of characters needed to present a full group of society figures. The placidity of their unemotional life is made apparent to the reader, and he does not feel that it is insipid. The subtle grace and charm of the do-nothing world has been reproduced to a shade, and the petty ambition and discontent of the unfortunate aspirants to fame in it are not allowed to disturb the even tone of the picture.

Yet Mr. Fawcett knew very well that this flat background, however exquisitely painted, would not of itself make a picture, and he has projected from it, as a contrasting object, the figure of Agnes Wolverton, representing a life and society more in earnest and moved by higher impulses. If the society was good, Miss Wolverton, shot into it from another sphere, was to reveal its insufficiency and to supply a standard which should measure its short-comings. It is perhaps the misfortune of the contrast that Miss Wolverton is less a high-spirit-

[1] *A Hopeless Case.* By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

ed, ingenuous, and noble girl, making the light in which the other life is read, than a somewhat angular, aggressive, and self-sufficient maiden, who enters the arena not only with a misconception of what lies before her, but with a misapprehension of what really constitutes the best society. We are to be persuaded that it was a hopeless case when Mrs. Leroy ventured to transform her cousin into a charming girl of society, and we grant that the venture was not successful; but there is implied in all this that Agnes was right and loyal to an ideal, while Mrs. Leroy was the delicate slave of a petted conventionalism. Now we are not prepared to accept Miss Wolverton's reading of the case. We think the Van Corlear set were better to her than she deserved, and that instead of going off into blankness after undertaking to arrange society to her mind, it would have been more becoming if she had shown a little humility, — we are almost ready to add, and modesty, — and disappeared from the story hand in hand with Mr. Livingston Maxwell. Her society friends were really forbearing toward this inharmonious creature, and we think Mr. Fawcett has himself furnished the key in the admirable turn which he has given to the book's close:

"'Fond of me!' cried Mrs. Leroy, starting up from her seat. 'She despised me.'

"Rivington now slowly rose. He looked excessively astonished. His sister had begun to pace the room in a restless, impetuous way.

"'Upon my word, Augusta,' he presently said, 'I should think *you* might afford to stand her contempt.'

"Mrs. Leroy turned suddenly and faced him. She seemed wretchedly overcome. There was more distress than anger in her look. 'Oh, Rivington,' she cried again, 'I am fond of that girl — I can't help it — I miss her already — *I — I loved her!*'"

This is nature itself, and proves how well Mr. Fawcett has read the society life. He has seen the woman beneath the fashionable figure, and has presented her to our respect. Now given this sincerity and real humanness, we contend that Agnes Wolverton, with all her fine sentiments, failed clearly to discern it, and our complaint is that Mr. Fawcett has tried his hand at depicting a girl of a higher plane, and has left out the true woman. He redeemed his woman of fashion, but left the girl who was to be the companion of poets to save herself. If she impresses us, therefore, as a refined Pharisee, we must doubt if the author of her being so intended her.

Perhaps Mr. Fawcett would tell us that his Brooklyn girl was in effect a fatal variation of Boston society. Shall we look for the true picture of that other shade of high life in Mrs. Beauchamp Brown?[1] That lady is represented by the author as giving the word to Beacon Hill, and as surrounded by an irreproachable set of young women and young men of Boston-and-London mixture, — irreproachable, that is, in manners and style. Yet these people act throughout the story with a disregard of the simplest rules of good breeding, and the politeness of the camp in which they are intrenched is of the thinnest sort. We have little patience to follow the rather aimless wanderings of an author who had a clever fancy in transporting her characters from Boston to Plum Island without spilling a drop of their life on the way or afterward, but turned what might have been an amusing farce into a piece of disagreeable mockery. The religious portion seems the most unreal of all, and in her apparent glorification of a few fervid devotees she succeeds in making them little more than posturers. It is singular to see, by the way, how the utter unreality of the story is emphasized by the familiar use of realistic properties. The Tremont House, St.

[1] *Mrs. Beauchamp Brown* [No-Name Series]. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

Margaret's, Hovey's, and Doll and Richards's play about as important a part as Mr. Crummles's real pump in Nicholas Nickleby. It is very certain that the historian of manners and morals in Boston society has not been found in the author of this unpleasant compound of half-grown wit and suppressed wickedness.

If our readers will artlessly follow us and read these stories in the order we are setting down, — for what reviewer does not secretly fancy that his notices are read before the books of which they treat? — we can promise a genuine pleasure in passing from the thin humanity and varnished politeness of Mrs. Beauchamp Brown to the delightful innocence of Rudder Grange.[1] We would believe that we are telling most of our readers what they already know when we remind them that Rudder Grange is the fit name of an abandoned canal-boat, which the reporter of the story, his wife, servant Pomona, and a boarder took possession of and transformed into a floating hut; that when the canal boat went under, in a sudden storm, the Grangers transferred the title to a less unique house, which they hired and finally bought, in the country; and that about these two houses, the water house and the land house, most of the adventures of these babes in worldliness gathered. Those who remember the fun of the Sparrowgrass Papers, and do not go back to the book now after a course of more aggressive American humor, will understand us when we say that Rudder Grange has a likeness to that book, but is the better for a more unsophisticated tone. The charm which lies behind the drollery of Rudder Grange — if one wishes to inquire further — is in its sweetness and bucolic simplicity. It stops just short, too, of the extravagance which makes much of our fun heavy, — or would stop short if the author would only omit the last two chapters, which are an excrescence to be regretted. The surprises which meet the reader at every turn are original and unhackneyed. The author does not draw from any old Joe Miller for his jests, but amuses us with his own dry wit and ingenious situations. If he is sometimes careless in manner, the carelessness offends less than it would in a book of more artistic plan. This has apparently grown like a country house, by the addition of porches and lean-tos to the original structure, and the rambling character of the story is saved from aimlessness of effect by an adherence to a very few persons. Pomona, with her taste for violent reading, her ingenuity in devices, and her experience as a newly married bride, is a positive contribution to the characters of humorous literature. Indeed, the faithfulness with which the characters are drawn gives the book a position much above that of most contemporaneous fun. There is conscientious literary work in it and an unfailing healthfulness of play.

It is never a shock to turn to sober realities after enjoying guileless fun, and it may even be that the innocence of Rudder Grange steadies the mind for a proper appreciation of Mrs. Campbell's melancholy story of Unto the Third and Fourth Generation.[2] The writer calls it a study, and its impulse evidently comes from a grave consideration of the phenomena of heredity. She has not studied the subject in a merely speculative or dilettante mood, but writes like one who has been oppressed in her mind by inevitable facts. A wild, lawless, but generous fellow, living in the Adirondacks, wins the love of a girl who has been brought up after the straightest sect of Scottish fatalists, — for such they may be called who have pushed the

[1] *Rudder Grange.* By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

[2] *Unto the Third and Fourth Generation.* A Study. By HELEN CAMPBELL. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. 1880.

doctrine of predestination to its farthest logical extreme. She marries him against the consent of her stern father, and not long after the officers arrest her husband on the charge of murder and robbery. He pleads guilty to the former charge, but not to the latter. He is convicted, nevertheless, on both charges, and as a warning in a district where lawlessness had become alarmingly prevalent he is executed, and his widow, who has sued in vain for a reprieve, goes back to her father. In her narrow, iron-bound creed, she knows of no escape from a curse which consigns him to everlasting punishment. "No murderer shall inherit the kingdom of heaven" is seared into her soul, and thenceforth she lives a silent, stony life, which foresees only eternal separation from her husband. A child is born to her, and with a pitiless logic she sees the curse resting upon him also. With something of the desperate single-handed contest with destiny which has its lighter example in the vain attempt of the king to save his daughter from the wicked fairy by shutting her in the tower chamber, she steals away from the place, after her father's death, and, leaving no traces behind her, finds a new home on the shore of Lake Superior. There she tries to guard her son against contact with men, in hopes that he will die before he has committed the unpardonable sin. She herself carefully withholds from him every demonstration of motherly affection, and seeks to encase them both in the armor of stern obedience, but it is obedience to a merciless God. Her boy, catching a glimpse of the outer world, inevitably breaks away from the solitude, and falls in love with the daughter of the man who had been the unwilling cause of his father's conviction. This man longs for the union of the two as an expiation of his own guilt in giving up his friend, but when the disclosure comes to the young man he is filled with a passionate aversion from the girl's father, and feels the murderer rising within him. He flees, and makes his way to his father's old home, determined to learn the exact truth. Then, through the confession of a dying man, it transpires that his father did not commit the murder, though he supposed that he had done so when fighting with an enemy; that this dying wretch had killed the disabled man in robbing him. With this removal of the stain from his father's life, the cloud lifts, and an evening glow spreads over the story.

The reader will have perceived from this hasty summary the weakness of the story as a demonstration of the power to escape an inherited curse. The misery all depends from an error of knowledge; the curse is imaginary. If it is proved that the curse descends from one generation to another, the way of deliverance is not shown, for the discovery of the truth is not a logical result in the story. There are now and then revelations from another side of the incompleteness of Patty Pearson's creed, but they are not for her or for her son. These get their relief from misery only through a sudden intervention, and the God who interposes is still the same distant Providence, whose law is a curse, and whose mercy is a miracle. But though the story flinches as an exposition of heredity, it is so strong in many of its passages, and is relieved by so much clever portraiture of country life and character, that we commend it as one worth reading. It is serious work, and its artistic faults appear to follow in part from the author's attempt at making the theory carry the story instead of the story carry the theory. Patty Pearson will be refused by some as an impossibility, yet we think her character, sombre as it is, the one consistent figure in the book. It is a womanly and motherly nature not frequent in fiction, but with suggestive prototypes in real life.

The realistic character of this book goes with the weight of the human his-

tory which seems recorded in it. In the stories of Mr. L. Clarke Davis[1] there is a suggestion of literary manufacture, which recognizes realism as a desirable quality, but works toward it rather than by it. That is, while Unto the Third and Fourth Generation reads like the history of a real woman, A Stranded Ship reads like the attempt at realizing an abstract conception. A situation is in the mind of the author, and he sets about constructing figures and lives which shall converge toward and radiate from this situation. In the climax of the story, the hero says, "I have read somewhere that God grants it to but few men to carry a line to a stranded ship. I have a fancy that he will grant it to me." The very formula by which this key to the construction of the story is introduced betrays the literary origin of the work. The author read that pregnant sentence somewhere, and straightway invented a set of characters and circumstances which should lead to the actual bearing of a line to a stranded ship. We are not objecting to his discovery of a suggestion for a story in the passage, but we are saying that the entire story begins at the wrong end. It does not begin in life and end in life, but is a web woven about an idea, and the author never forgets that his hero is made for no purpose but to expand and illustrate the idea. Hence he makes mental and moral caricatures of the principal characters by his insistence upon those features of their life which shall have some direct relation to the little incident which he is working toward. Our criticism is that the construction of the book is artificial, and that thus the characters and their actions never lose an artificiality even when they are most realistic. They do not live the story out, but work it out. The other stories in the book, A Queen of Burlesque and Dick Lyle's Fee, have the same fictitious air of reality. The staging remains about the buildings which the novelist has been constructing.

A residence in Florence seems to be the chief excuse for the production of A Foreign Marriage.[2] It has not been the reviewer's good fortune to visit that city, yet he finds himself distrusting the author's descriptions of life there, because the American portions of the story and the characterization generally are so untrue to nature. Perhaps this is shallow logic; may not a writer be a good landscapist even if a poor figure painter? But there is so much of an air of ignorance about the writer's account of Herringville and its inhabitants, as if all knowledge had been obtained at second or third hand, that we cannot help wondering if Florence may not be almost as foreign a place. The story is of an American girl marrying an Italian prince with money, which turns out after all to belong to a young sculptor; but as the discovery is made only at the end of the book, and the sculptor declines to call in the money already spent, there is no such dramatic overturning as a more ready novelist might have produced with these materials.

In Uncle Jack's Executors[3] we have a book of another sort. It goes almost as far in explicit naturalism as A Foreign Marriage in vague conventionalism. Uncle Jack was a country doctor, dead before the book begins, and his executors are three young women living together on the old place with their aunt. A more cheerful, optimistic collection of women it would be hard to find. One is an artist, with proclivities for surgery and medicine; another is a writer; and the third the general utility member. They have little money besides what the

[1] *A Stranded Ship.* A Story of Sea and Shore. By L. Clarke Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

[2] *A Foreign Marriage: or, Buying a Title.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[3] *Uncle Jack's Executors.* By Annette Lucille Noble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

two professional sisters earn, but their life is a free and unconstrained one. The aunt is a cleverly sketched inconsecutive old lady, with a little echo in her of Mrs. Nickleby, but more refined and less of a caricature. Three men are introduced, one of whom, Jerry Scudder, a well-to-do farmer, wishes to marry the house-keeperly Dorothy, but is easily persuaded by her to keep his affections till she finds a wife for him, which she does in Molly Howells. A second is a young clergyman of sense and spirit, and the third an editor. We have met this editor before in books. He is the man whom refined and modest contributors wish to exist, and they make him with great satisfaction to themselves and with credit to the profession. We are tempted to raise the question why it is that in novels the introduction of professional littérateurs is inevitably attended with confusion and weakness. Let who will answer it, we only assert the fact that it is so, and humbly suggest that the personality of the author in such cases disturbs the focus under which the character is seen. The clergyman and the editor are left for the other two girls, and a mild shuffling of lovers goes on through the book, a process so innocently and openly done that the reader smiles behind his hand, and looks on with hypocritical astonishment when the final result is produced. We can promise our readers a very agreeable hour over the book. It is not, Heaven be praised, in the highest style of art, but it is full of good nature and kindliness; some of the scenes are sketched with real humor, and if the book seems amateurish it has at any rate a refinement and quality of freshness which we wish were more common in professional work. We give a taste of its amusing nonsense, premising that the pleasure of the book lies largely in its continuous spirit of humor rather than in isolated good points: —

"Hester stepped back from her work to let Marion come nearer, and in her turn expressed disapprobation. On the easel were two photographs, — one of a good-natured, big-eyed man, with light hair elaborately brushed, with awkward large hands crossed on his breast, and a general air of rusticity and good clothes. The other picture, evidently thrown up from an old daguerreotype, was of a moon-faced woman. It was whity blank where shadows should be, void of expression, and grotesque with the fashion of a dress long out of date.

"'What do you paint such caricatures for, Hester?'

"'Did not Dorothy tell you what I was doing? I was reading on the piazza one day last week, when a man — the original of this photograph — opened the gate, came up the walk, and asked if the young woman who worked in oil was "to home." I knew what he wanted when he said that he was Mr. Jerry Scudder, and that Uncle Jack once told him that I could paint photographs. Here "was his, and there was hers. His was taken the week before; hers was from a picture taken fifteen years before." She was dead, and he wished her photograph painted as a companion piece to his own. He explained it all, with a faith in me that was quite touching. He said, "I 'd like to have you fix her to look as she would if she had lived up to date."

"'I said I could not; but he declared that I could. He said I must paint off those "long, loose ringlets, that ain't worn now, and put on frizzles along the seam of her head, you know. Could n't I do that? I said perhaps I could, if that was all. No: her family all had weak eyes when "they got along about so far," and wore gold glasses. Now Elizabeth would look more natural and "nowadays-like" to him in eye-glasses, could that be managed. It appeared to me a great liberty to take with the late Mrs. Scudder, — "she as was a Perry," so he said, — but, if her husband insisted, I could not refuse. The

longer he talked the droller it seemed, and I became actually interested in the task he set for me. The unpainted old dress is hideous; but, after I have done my best with her face, I shall put on a neat black dress and lace collar, instead of that plaid with huge frills.'

"'Yes. And at last who will she be, I would like to know?' asked Marion.

"'Oh! it will not be a *be*, but a *might have been*,' said Hester absurdly."

There are stories which we cannot warmly recommend to readers, yet can praise for qualities of work often wanting in more successful books. Thus, From Madge to Margaret[1] has little to attract the hardened novel-reader, yet if one attends to it carefully he will lay it aside with respect for an author who has set herself a difficult task, and has labored at it conscientiously. As the title suggests, the story is one of development of character, by which a country girl, married to a city lover, grows from a petted playmate to a revered wife. The courtship is quickly disposed of, — too quickly for one who has any sentiment; but the author is plainly anxious to get to business, and to show the process by which a girl of happy temperament and self-indulgent ways and a man of serious nature and extreme self-rigor drift apart after they are married, and are brought together again, not by any violent collision, but by a succession of resolute efforts. The scenes are homely and simple; no great demand is made on the fancy or imagination, and the writer shrinks from the usual dramatic material of such cases, refusing to make her evil characters very evil, or to let tendencies go much beyond the limit of easy recall. For the refinement of the book and its intelligent purpose, steadily kept in view, we can have only praise, but the writer has not such command over her material as to make the reader feel her interest, or to have more than a languid anxiety over the fortunes of her heroine.

The excellent Leisure Hour Series, which has so far introduced only English novels and translations, permits a break in its traditions to make room for Democracy,[2] an American novel, as the title-page declares. Yet we are almost tempted to believe that there has been no real break, and that we still have an English novel, with the scene laid in Washington. Not that the book betrays any English ignorance of American life and manners. There is not, apparently, a false accent in it. Nevertheless, with all due respect to the clever author, it seems to us not to have caught the best or the fairest view of what its title intends. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, a young widow of wealth and social position, determines to leave New York and spend the winter in Washington. She has exhausted the resources of the metropolis, and wishes to try the capital, not only to revive her jaded spirits, but to get, if possible, at the secret of American government. "Here, then, was the explanation of her restlessness, discontent, ambition, — call it what you will. It was the feeling of a passenger on an ocean steamer whose mind will not give him rest until he has been in the engine-room and talked with the engineer. She wanted to see with her own eyes the action of primary forces; to touch with her own hands the massive machinery of society; to measure with her own mind the capacity of the motive power. She was bent upon getting to the heart of the great American mystery of democracy and government. She cared little where her pursuit might lead her, for she put no extravagant value upon life, having already, as she said, exhausted at least two lives, and being fairly hardened to insensibility in this process.

[1] *From Madge to Margaret.* By CARROLL WINCHESTER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

[2] *Democracy.* An American Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series. No. 112.]

'To lose a husband and a baby,' said she, 'and keep one's courage and reason, one must become very hard or very soft. I am now pure steel. You may beat my heart with a trip-hammer, and it will beat the trip-hammer back again.'"

She was therefore not only directly qualified for her observation, the author would have us believe, but fortified against any possible disturbance of her judgment by passion. It is not long before she discovers, as she thinks, the last personal power in Washington in a certain Senator Ratcliffe, and she secures an acquaintance, which ripens into intimacy. Ratcliffe's power, however, is not for others only. He gradually seems to be drawing Mrs. Lee herself within his circle, and the reader, though scarcely doubting the issue, watches with interest the double game which these two characters play. They are not the only characters. With Mrs. Lee is her sister, Sybil Ross, and very near is a young Virginian connection of the family, John Carrington, while upon the outskirts of the circle hover the English ambassador, a wicked diplomat, Baron Jacobi, who represents the cynical foreigner, a young English lord, and representatives from New England and New York. The interest, however, centres mainly about the course of Ratcliffe, the Peoria Giant as he is called, — a crafty, astute Western politician, who aims at the control of the government, with the presidency as his final prize. As a picture of this very possible character, Ratcliffe is surprisingly well done, and we know nothing in its way so good in our literature. Carrington, we are asked to believe, is the modern reproduction of Washington, and is offered by the author as almost the only redeeming character among the American politicians, but, through some weakness of conception, he impresses us as Washington gone to seed. Mrs. Lee does not marry Ratcliffe; she discovers a piece of subtle dishonesty akin to financial corruption, and throws him overboard, just as he with reason thinks he has won his matrimonial prize. Thus the principles of justice are vindicated, but the last words in the book are Mrs. Lee's: —

"The bitterest part of all this horrid story is that nine out of ten of our countrymen would say I had made a mistake."

Whatever may have been Mrs. Lee's judgment of her countrymen, the cool judgment to be passed upon the book itself is that the author makes a mistake if it is intended that we shall take this story for a real exposition of American life at its core. Mrs. Lee, with all her equipment, was scarcely qualified to discover the secret of democracy. She had not the esoteric initiation. Again, it may be doubted if Washington presents, after all, the true point of view. The book itself very clearly displays the essential masquerading character of life there, and strongly prejudices us against accepting a judgment founded exclusively upon observation formed within one circle of political life. If we could divest ourselves of sensitiveness we should find it easier to praise this book. As it is, we confess its skill and adroitness. In one point especially it shows ability. It sketches public characters without unerringly pointing to men actually occupying public positions. One thinks he is on the scent of some particular person, and is presently thrown off in the most skillful manner. Able as the book is, it lacks the essential quality of the higher truthfulness. The writer has left out of account forces which, if wisely considered, would crowd back the life here presented into narrower bounds.

If we protest against the inconclusiveness of Democracy, shall we find any relief in an abler book, A Fool's Errand?[1] Like Democracy, this too professes to uncover certain phases of current political history, but its field is

[1] *A Fool's Errand.* By One of the Fools. New York: Fords, Howard and Halbert. 1880.

broader and its theme an ampler one. There is, in fact, a certain incongruity in placing this book among recent novels. We declare, as we read it, that it is not fiction, but history, and the weight with which it lies on the mind of the reader is not the weight of imaginary woes. We can sleep off the sheet-iron thunder of the latest tempestuous novel, but this Macbeth does murder sleep. The story is of an officer in the Union army, determining at the close of the war to return with his wife and child to the South, make himself a Southern citizen, and carry forward, in the peaceful form of a planter, that further work of building a free civilization which he sees was begun, not ended, by the war. He is so conscious of his own integrity and blamelessness in this course that he never anticipates from his Southern neighbors anything worse than a coolness at first, to be lived down and transformed into coöperation with him. He chooses a plantation near where he had last been quartered, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, as the author, who uses generally fictitious names for his localities, betrays in this passage: "The lawyers were of course in the lead, as the profession always is in all matters of public interest in our land. They descanted largely upon Magna Charta and the law-abiding and liberty-loving spirit of the people of the grand old county, on which the sun of American liberty first arose, and had shone his very brightest ever since." The story runs from the close of the war to the time when the Southern gentlemen had recovered their political ascendency; it presents step by step, through the personal experience of an honorable man, the gradual winning back of the power which the South was supposed to have lost at Lee's surrender, and the horrors of the intimidation policy are revealed with directness and circumstantiality.

A Fool's Errand, then, is a record of life from the heart of the South, written by a man who was either personally engaged in the scenes, or so intimate with them as to write like an eye-witness. The Fool saw his hopes of a new South crushed before his eyes, but he did not despair. He rested his belief in a final restoration only upon those immutable decrees which make any lasting nationality possible. The outcome of the political situation is given in these words: —

"'Well, you see that the remedy is not from within,' said the Fool. 'The minority knows its power, and the majority realizes its weakness so keenly as to render that impossible. That which has made bulldozing possible renders progress impossible. Then it seems to me that the question is already answered, — *it must be from without!*'

"'But how?' queried the old man, impatiently.

"'How?' said the Fool. 'I am amazed that you do not see, — that the country will not see; or rather that, seeing, they will let the ghost of a dogma, which rivers of blood have been shed to lay, frighten them from adopting the course which lies before us, broad and plain as the king's highway. *The remedy for darkness is light; for ignorance, knowledge; for wrong, righteousness.*'

"'True enough as an abstraction, my friend; but how shall it be reduced to practice?' queried his listener.

"'The nation nourished and protected slavery. The fruitage of slavery has been the impotent freedman, the ignorant poor-white man, and the arrogant master. The impotence of the freedman, the ignorance of the poor-white, the arrogance of the late master, are all the result of national power exercised in restraint of free thought, free labor, and free speech. Now, let the nation undo the evil it has permitted and encouraged. Let it educate those whom it made ignorant, and protect those whom it made weak. It is not a matter of favor to the black, but of safety to the nation. Make the spelling-book the sceptre of

national power. Let the nation educate the colored man and the poor-white man, *because* the nation held them in bondage, and is responsible for their education; educate the voter, *because* the nation cannot afford that he should be ignorant. Do not try to shuffle off the responsibility, nor cloak the danger. Honest ignorance in the masses is more to be dreaded than malevolent intelligence in the few. It furnished the rank and file of rebellion, and the prejudice-blinded multitude who made the policy of repression effectual. Poor-whites, freedmen, Ku-Klux, and the bulldozers are all alike the harvest of ignorance. The nation cannot afford to grow such a crop. . . . The South — that *pseudo*-South which has the power — does not wish this thing to be done to her people, and will oppose it with might and main. If done at all it must be done by the North — by the nation moved, instigated, and controlled by the North, I mean — in its own self-defense. It must be an act of sovereignty, an exercise of power. The nation expected the liberated slave to be an ally of freedom. It was altogether right and proper that it should desire and expect this. But it made the fatal mistake of expecting the freedman to do successful battle on his part of the line, without training or knowledge. This mistake must be remedied. As to the means, I feel sure that when the nation has smarted enough for its folly it will find a way to undo the evil, whether the state-right Moloch stand in the way, or not.' "

It is not necessary to think with this author politically, on every point, to find immense food for thought, not only in his facts, but in his reasonings. Of course everything depends on the honesty of this witness; but this is assured not only by the patience and self-control of the author, but by his admirable analysis of the Southern inherited character and by the generous, impartial tribute which he pays to Southern manhood. It is rare to find an author, with wrongs before him like those which are portrayed in A Fool's Errand, who has the courage and the conscience to turn, so clearly as he does, the best side of the wrong-doer before one, and it is because this best side is in part the explanation of the wrong that the historical honesty of the book is forced upon the reader.

It is, as we said, for its historical value that the book will be read, but the causes which have made it worth reading on this side have conspired to render it also a strong piece of novel-work. The characters are clearly defined and typical, the actual events seem to make the plot, and the author has wisely as well as truthfully spared us the distress of seeing the worst calamities falling on the family of the hero. On the contrary, such light as comes issues from the women of the household, and the girl Lily Servosse, who in a more trivial story might be only a conventional piece of dash, rises through the earnestness of the writer into a flesh-and-blood heroine. The title of the book is a stroke of genius, for it results from the story, and is not a clever catch. Throughout the book the irony of the name Fool is skillfully used. When Servosse is about ordinary matters, his name is quietly taken, but when he speaks and acts as the daimon of the book he is the Fool. The distinction is used adroitly, and at times with great effect.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S COWPER.

No one, we think, is so much master of the art of giving the essence of things, without the tediousness of detail, as Mr. Goldwin Smith. His study of Irish History — the book by which most of us probably came to know him first — possessed the reader with a sense of the people and their story in a fashion which was and remains unique. The exquisitely clear style, the vigorous and positive thinking, the unsentimental sympathy, the distinct and unmistakable point of view, are all excellences which unite to one effect. There is no waste of words in his work, but no diction is farther from crabbedness. The sparing is from a full mind; the reticence is that of one who knows how to withhold useless knowledge. If the reader wishes for a recent instance of his peculiar force and directness in characterization, let him turn to the quite matchless portrait of Swift in the paper on Pessimism, lately printed here; or if he would have something almost as good, and indefinitely more pleasing, let him take this little book on Cowper. It is charming, but that does not begin to say all; for it will be one's own fault if one is not more than charmed. One ought to be put in thorough sympathy with a nature which, in spite of insanity and almost immeasurable weakness, became a great power in the world, to the glory, as Mr. Smith points out, of Christian civilization; and one may profitably turn from our time, when so much has been said and so much insinuated in favor of a scientific return to barbarism, and recur to the time when human brotherhood began to be asserted, and the virtue of might to be questioned. Cowper was the prophet of the new impulse, and he long dictated the morality of that simple and now rather old-fashioned world, in which it was conceded that the feeble and inferior had paramount claims, that it was wrong to give pain, and that selfishness was wicked. It would not be surprising if, in a revulsion from our present collective way of taking ourselves, and condoning injustice and aggression as a perhaps necessary part of the general design, he should regain something of his old popularity. He could never get it all back; the world can never again, we hope, be so didactic as his world, but we trust it can be as gentle, as domestic, as religious.

His world was a world apart, — another world, — even in his own time; but it is historically important because the best modern feeling and morality had their spring in it. The sentiment of religious democracy, the abhorrence of slavery, the recognition of the brotherhood of men, we owe to that world, and Cowper was its poet. He was so much secluded from what seemed the prevailing influences of his time that it is hard to conceive of him as the contemporary of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Sterne and Fielding, of Garrick and Burke, and all that made London splendid and memorable; but, with the exception of Goldsmith, he has had a message for more human hearts than any or all of the others. He has been, like Milton, the poet whom militant devotion has spared, and he has kept the sense of beauty alive in thousands of righteous households where Shakespeare was held profane, and almost the whole body of English poetry was thought as ungodly as card-playing and horse-racing. Yet he was nearly his whole life a hypochondriac, and he had accesses of madness in which he more than once attempted suicide; so frail, so seemingly unfit, are the instru-

[1] *Cowper.* [Morley's English Men of Letters.] By GOLDWIN SMITH. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

ments through which Providence works its will upon the world.

Mr. Smith traces once more, with his graphic force, the outline of the story which is so well known, — the poet's sickly and solitary childhood, darkened by the loss of his mother, and imbittered by his sufferings at school from the brutality of his fellows and teachers; the brief glimpse of gayety and worldly happiness, when "his days were spent in 'giggling and making giggle' with his cousins Theodora and Harriet;" his moment of ambition, when he aspired to be clerk of the journals in the House of Lords, and recoiled from the possible opposition to his appointment in terror that drove him to his first attempt upon his own life; the transition from the mad-house to the household of the good clergyman Unwin, with whose wife he formed that singular friendship, not so much to be called Platonic as Evangelic, which lasted till her death; the residence of the pair with the austere and devout old ex-slaver, Newton; their removal from his too powerful theologic influence, and their episodic relations with the potentially romantic Lady Austen; the domestication of Lady Hesketh, Cowper's cousin, with them; and finally Mrs. Unwin's death, and Cowper's decline to a peaceful end. The biographer fills up this necessarily meagre sketch with special and general criticisms on Cowper's literary growth and performances, and no doubt there will be those to say that he quotes the best of his poetry. It is true that it has formed the pleasure mostly of those for whom a very little poetry in their prose is enough; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Smith's clear and just study will send his reader to it for the means of revising, or perhaps forming, his own opinion of its qualities. "Once for all," he tells us, the reader "must make up his mind to acquiesce in religious forms of expression. If he does not sympathize with them, he will recognize them as phenomena of opinion, and bear them like a philosopher. He can easily translate them into the language of psychology," or, he adds, with a touch of characteristic irony, "even of physiology, if he thinks fit."

Although Cowper was "the great poet of the religious revival which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England," we think that some of Mr. Smith's readers, even after their pleasure and profit in his admirable book, will doubt whether he was "the most important English poet of the period between Pope and the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley." Not especially to name Goldsmith, the supreme poet of the affections, whose influence remains almost undiminished, there are too many other names of that period to permit a ready assent to this sort of claim, which it does not seem to us is ever a useful one for the critic to make. Mr. Smith is on much safer ground in defining Cowper's importance to the religious and moral reform which he promoted; and nothing in his book is more interesting than his sketch of the prevalent irreligion and immorality which Methodism found in England.

He quotes from a letter of the Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntingdon, one of the first converts, a delicious passage which expresses the astonishment and indignation of the better classes at the impudence of the preachers, "whose doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with disrespect towards their superiors. . . . It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly insulting and offensive; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiment so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." Here the primal conception of Christianity was extinct, and it was to the redemption of society at its best so godless that

Cowper was important. He might have been all in all to it without being the most important poet of that long period, for finally a poet's importance is through literature.

Without giving Cowper the place assigned him by Southey as the best of English letter-writers, Mr. Smith is inclined to think it is shared with him by Byron alone; and he gives a delightful chapter to those letters in which Cowper unaffectedly paints his life, with its literary and religious interests, its simple pleasures and cares, and its small excitements, amidst the gentle and good women with whom his lot was cast. When he is not writing at their suggestion, or reading to them, he is amusing himself with his hares or his flowers, or he is holding thread for them to wind. It is not at all a heroic life; but it is an immediately harmless one, and ultimately most beneficent. This poor, sick soul, who dwells like a frail child in the shelter of feminine sympathy, and for whom beyond it there is no way but that towards madness, is inspired to be the voice and the courage of a sentiment which we in our own day have seen extinguish slavery on fields of blood, and which silently works and has worked to the amelioration of all the wrongs that humanity suffers. The means is so strange, so apparently inadequate, and so little proportioned to the end that we cannot consider it without awe, nor help recurring to the biographer's conviction that it "is a remarkable triumph of the influences which have given birth to Christian civilization." The sense of beauty is inherent in all races, times, and religions; the love of practical righteousness, the feeling for others' woe, the horror of cruelty and wrong, find through Christianity their laureate in the shrinking and self-accusing poet, whose singing-robe was sometimes a strait-jacket.

MR. WHITE'S BOOKS.

There is a very distinct fascination in books about the proper use of language. They appeal to a large audience that is always ready to learn something new about an inexhaustible subject. Since a good part of the writer's attention is given to pointing out and condemning mistakes in what other people have said, his writing seldom lacks liveliness, and since no one who had anything to say has ever written faultlessly, the original fault-finding serves as an apt text for other and sometimes harsher criticisms. What theological controversy once was we can now see in the pamphlets that those who write about the proper use of language hurl at one another. Just as our ancestors wrangled about the federal headship of Adam do we now attack or defend the use of *standpoint*, or what not; and in the minds of some people there is no religious heresy to be compared in shamefulness with certain mispronunciations.

These two volumes[1] have a charm of their own, inasmuch as they are written, so to speak, for the laity, although they contain a great deal that cannot be overlooked by scholars. The advice that the author gives about a great many words and phrases is very good; he denounces with considerable vigor much

[1] *Words and Their Uses, Past and Present.* A Study of the English Language. By Richard Grant White. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Every-Day English. A Sequel to Words and their Uses. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

of the bad writing that continually meets our eye, and by careful explanations makes clear the justice of his corrections. As manuals for ready reference about this or that phrase, these volumes are excellent. They are entertaining reading, too, and the scholarship that they contain is nowhere made much of. Yet this is but faint praise, and it might indeed be misleading if it should convey the impression that the thousand pages which the two volumes divide between them contained nothing but hints for conversational etiquette. These things are but the bait that brings readers to the more serious discussions.

One of the more serious of these is concerning the so-called spelling reform, which the author opposes with very strong arguments, if indeed they are not unanswerable. In fact, the arguments both for and against the proposed changes are so evenly balanced that probably spelling will remain in stable equilibrium, with but few changes at any one time. Certainly, the objections to introducing a new alphabet could hardly be better stated.

What the author says about the English as a grammarless tongue is well worth study, and is capable of prolonged discussion. Within the last fifteen or twenty years there have been great changes in the study of grammar. Before that time boys not only had to have the whole Latin grammar from cover to cover at the tip of the tongue, but many of them were dragged through the heavy quagmires of English grammar, and were taught laboriously to parse, although this form of instruction was generally reserved for those who had no chance to sharpen their intellects on Greek and Latin sentences. Nowadays, the effort is to see how little grammar boys may learn, instead of how much. Not only have Latin and Greek grammars been shorn of their abundant rules and exceptions, but Professor Whitney, in his new Sanskrit grammar, has been bold enough to turn his back on some of the teachings of his venerable Hindu predecessors.

What Mr. White says about the futility of trying to teach the proper use of the English language by means of arid text-books and frequent exercise in parsing few will deny. Correct speech is learned otherwise; on this point the best teachers agree. That English grammars are often full of ridiculous pedantry and inexactness is also undeniable, yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. White goes too far in his denunciation of all English grammars. The classifications of voice, mood, and tense, for instance, are not mere pedantry; they serve to show the forms used to express certain definite relations, such as are to be found in all the languages commonly studied as well as our own. The fact that the English keeps some of the words used to denote past time or future time separate from the verb conjugated, instead of uniting the two, as is done in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, French, etc., does not, in our opinion, make the complete conjugation of a verb a monstrous or absurd thing. Mr. White says, very truly, that it is necessary for any one who wishes to study German to learn German grammar; but when the pupil comes to the verbs of that language he finds that they have a formation of the future, of the pluperfect, the passive, etc., that is very like our own; for example, ich werde lieben, ich hatte geliebt, ich werde geliebt, etc. Should these formations be expunged from German grammars, as, according to him, similar formations should be from our own? Mr. White says that *have, shall,* and *will* are not auxiliary verbs. "In *I am loved* and *I will go*, *am* and *will* are no more helping verbs than *exist* and *determine* are in the sentences, I exist loved and I determine to go." Mr. White's statement would, to our thinking, be exact only in the case that we expressed "passivity" by *am* and *exist* indifferently, and

futurity by *will* and *determine* indifferently. So long as we are not in the habit of doing this, and do express passivity and futurity by forms of the verb *to be* and *shall* or *will*, respectively, it is convenient to distinguish the verbs we do use from the others by giving them another name, and that commonly used is the phrase "auxiliary verbs." Mr. White says that they are not "helping" verbs; but even this may be doubted, for they are of great service in expressing the notions of passivity and futurity, and in saving us from such awkward phrases as "I exist loved," etc. That they are not consciously helpful may be granted.

That Mr. White clears away a great deal of dead wood from the crowded pages of English grammars is a thing to be grateful for, but we cannot help thinking that there must be something left in the abused text-books which may be of service to the reader and student of English. We find in them a good deal of useful information arranged in a more or less scientific way, and it is through their classification of generally acknowledged facts that they commend themselves to us. In view of Mr. White's assertion (Words and Their Uses, p. 296) that "the verb need not, and generally does not, agree with its nominative case in number and person," it is well to have a book of authority to state the contrary. Mr. White's iconoclasm is very often a matter of phraseology. He finds fault with the term *government* to express the relations of words in the sentence, and he suggests that "in English words are formed into sentences by the operation of an invisible power, which is like magnetism." But is not this something like the exaggerated sensitiveness of those people who have conscientious scruples against writing "Yours truly" at the end of a letter? The term *government* is a commonly understood, technical phrase, and life is too short to be spent in altering all the latent metaphors of language because some are not precise. In the same way, the author says it is wrong to speak of the cases, except the possessive, of English nouns and pronouns (Every-Day English, chap. xviii.), and (loc. cit., p. 287) he disposes of some objections in this way. Speaking of the sentences, "Boil me an egg," "Saddle me the ass," etc., he says, "One English grammarian, whose perceptions have carried him beyond the point of an objective case, 'governed by *for* understood,' but no further, declares that in such sentences we have examples of an English dative case. 'In what case is the pronoun,' he asks, 'if not in the dative?' In no case at all, most excellent grammarian. There is simply a dative sense expressed by the meaning of the words and by their order." This is not a complete explanation, for the oblique case of the pronoun helps to express the dative sense, and how a dative sense expressed by the formation of a word, its meaning and order in the sentence, differs from a word in the dative case it is not easy to see. In fact, in the minds of most persons, the dative case expresses a certain relation between one word in a sentence and another, and it is entirely independent of the presence or absence of change in the declension of the noun. In "I gave Charles the hat," Charles is, to their thinking, in the dative, in spite of the fact that its termination is not altered, just as truly as the first persons singular of the present subjunctive and of the future indicative of Latin verbs of the third conjugation are separate words, although identical in form; or that *race*, a nation, and *race*, to drive rapidly, are separate words. Mr. White so far agrees with this as to say that in the phrase used above, "I gave Charles the hat," we have the dative sense, and since it is in the use of language that he differs from the rest of the world there is no occasion for dwelling on the sub-

ject, except so far as to say that matters are simplified by employing a phraseology which is understood without difficulty by all educated persons. The trouble lies in the meaning that he gives to the word *case.* "Case without special form is impossible," he says. According to this, in Latin nouns of the neuter gender there are but two cases in the singular, *regni* and *regno.*

With the more important part of Mr. White's argument we agree wholly, and our purpose in defending English grammar is simply to save what seems to us a convenient form of collecting and arranging information about the language. Take, for instance, even Goold Brown's Grammar of English Grammars, a book in which it would be easy to find errors; yet the arrangement and the system of the book are such that it can hardly fail to be of service to every student. It is not the little lessons in parsing that one will care for, so much as his thorough discussion of many puzzling questions. It shows none of the merits of the modern "historical method," but even this volume, dry and faulty as it is, is in our opinion better than none; and when in it or elsewhere we find such expressions as this word governs that, or such and such words agree, the meaning is more easily gathered than it could be by any other explanation. Even Mr. White finds the grammarian's lingo serviceable in defining what he has to say, as in Every-Day English, p. 436, and it is for exactly this general convenience that grammar should be defended. With the essential part of Mr. White's argument, however, we agree most thoroughly.

Part of the ground on which the denunciation of English grammar rests we cannot help looking upon as unsound, and that is the frequent assertion that *have* and *had* imply only present and past possession, and consequently are never mere formative elements, as some people imagine them to be in such forms as *I have loved,* etc. According to Mr. White, there is in these so-called past tenses a subtle, intellectual notion of possession; or, to take his own example, I shall have been beaten is, in other words, It will be so that I must possess the perfected recipience of the action of beating, a sentence which is also a translation of the Greek future perfect passive. Again, in I shall have a beating and I shall have been beaten, *have,* he says, cannot have one meaning in one instance, another in the second; this is the point at issue.

That originally it was the idea of possession in *have* and its equivalents in other languages that led to its use in the formation of past tenses no one would deny, but Mr. White's assertion does not make it certain that because, in speaking and writing English, we keep the word *have* separate from the participle, say, *loved,* for example, we have the notion of possession clearer in our minds than does the Frenchman when he uses, say, *j'aimerai,* that is, *aimer-ai, j'ai à aimer.* If Mr. White affirms that he distinctly feels the notion of possession, well and good; we certainly have no desire to contradict him. A vast number of people, however, lack this perception, and use *have* and *had* purely as formative elements, with as little perception of the meaning of *have* as they have of the pronoun of the first person in the last letter of *am,* or of the third person in the termination of the third person singular of the present indicative of the verb *to love.* If I say, *I have gone there three times,* I possess no feeling of *goneness.* I use the auxiliary with the same unconsciousness of any feeling of possession as of the reduplication in the word *did,* or of any notion that *went* is properly the past tense of the verb *to wend,* when I say, *I went there. I have been* Mr. White calls an idiom. *I have come* and *I have gone* have less authority in their favor than *I am come* and *I am gone; I have become* holds quite as good a position as

I am become. These changes from one form to another show that *have* is looked upon as a formative element instead of a verb meaning to *possess.*

Mr. White asks, "If in 'I have apples,' *have* means possess, how is *have* voided of that meaning in 'I have lived?'" Simply, we should say, by the fact that in the first case it retains by usage the meaning given to it, and in the other it exists, by equally common usage, as a sign of the past tense. Language is full of these apparent inconsistencies. If a man says to a child, "Do come!" he does not use *do* in the same way as he does in the phrase "Do right." Hence, when Mr. White says that *have* means only possession, we should add, except when it is used as a formative element; but if he acknowledges this power in the word, as distinct from its direct meaning of *possess,* he would have to grant at the same time that the English verb has a more respectable conjugation than he now allows it.

This clinging to the notion that *have* means only *to possess* leads Mr. White to entertain some views that we should have at first sight supposed he would discountenance. The phrases *had as lief, had rather,* and *had better,* for instance, fall under his disapprobation; possibly it would be more exact to say that they are led there by *had,* which here does not express, what according to Mr. White it always should express, past possession. These phrases, for which there is abundant authority, from before Chaucer to the latest novel, and in the Elizabethan dramatists, too, are objected to by various persons, mainly, we imagine, because they "will not parse." With parsing Mr. White refuses to have anything to do, but he undertakes to show the unsoundness of the phrases by methods which are not wholly unlike those of the men who are fondest of parsing, as when he says that the incongruity is the combination of the sign of past time with that of present time. The incongruity exists, and Mr. White says it is the perversion of an idiom, *had rather been,* in which *had = would have.* But expressions which are as old as English literature are still in common use, and although objected to by Archbishop Trench, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and Mr. White, might almost stand on their own legs as independent idioms. Instead of looking upon them as originating from the idiom Mr. White mentions, we would suggest their possible connection with the German phrase *lieb haben,* to like; but this is a mere suggestion. Mr. White asks if it would not indicate a barbarous poverty of language if we should use *had* for all the different shades of meaning in *might, could, would,* and *should.* This is a fair question, and certainly no one should be debarred — and we take it no one is debarred — from the use of these serviceable words. But it may be doubted whether they cover the whole force of *had* in these phrases. We have an example of this on page 294 of Every-Day English, where Mr. White says, "It [grammar] is a study far beyond the capacity of the pupils at our public schools and academies, into whose hands even Professor Whitney's Essentials *might better not be put.*" To our thinking, this form expresses something different from "had better not be put," — something less positive. If we are right, is it not a mistake to try to purge the language of venerable idioms that express what no other form can so concisely express? We are strongly of the impression that were it not for the unfortunate *had* Mr. White would agree with us. That the whole weight of custom and authority, — Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Bunyan, Sterne, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Thackeray, etc., etc., — is in its favor Mr. White acknowledges; of grammarians we need mention only Professor Whitney and Mätzner.

In general, however, Mr. White

avoids the evil habit of ironing out idioms from the language. He stands up for the older and better form for which "is being done" is substituted by those who are morbidly precise, as well as for the customary way of spelling words. Indeed, he recommends the use of the phrase "it irks me," au expression which is certainly not in common use. That Mr. White throws the weight of his influence in favor of idiomatic English is something we should all be grateful for. It is hard to estimate the harm that is done by ignorant people who affect exactness. We are every day expecting that some one will rise in his might and affirm that we should not say, "If you please," because the phrase contains no subject for the verb *please*. The same spirit is to be found in the way that brakemen and public-school children pronounce the names of towns; especially in Massachusetts is this vice rampant, as Mr. White has noticed.

Of the value of Mr. White's books as a sort of manuals for general use it would be hard to say too much. Probably no one person will agree with all his statements, it is true, but, on the other hand, there are few who will not approve of the general tendency of his remarks. The first effect of books of this kind is a perturbing one; the unfortunate speaker remembers that there is a doubt about some phrase he is on the point of using, and cannot for the life of him recollect what is right and what is wrong, but in time Mr. White's statements and proofs will make plain to him many things that once were dark. What the author has said against *is being done*, for instance, has strengthened a number of people in the use of the more agreeable construction of the sentence, and in many ways he helps those who are anxious to speak and write well.

He is successful because he makes no pretensions to vast learning, or to the right of dictating what shall or shall not be said; he continually asserts that his knowledge is limited, although in fact this would not be the general opinion of competent critics. By these means, however, he wins from his readers the attention that other men might not be able to secure. That he should arouse contradiction is not surprising, for there are many points in the subject he has chosen in regard to which usage, authority, and reason may justly differ. Moreover, since taste is the final arbiter, there is here another element of discord. Meanwhile his books remain exceedingly serviceable, and the disputed points will in time receive so full discussion that they may be settled in one way or another. The trouble that Mr. White takes to purge our speech of the many gross errors that are continually creeping into it is something for which even his deadliest foes — and we certainly do not belong to that objectionable class — should feel grateful. His directness in speaking of them always does good, and of the extent of his influence we may judge from his mention of the frequent letters from strangers who consult him about doubtful matters. Our only wish is that he were a little tenderer with idioms, even if they appear unreasonable. Mr. White will remember that it was the error of the grammarians, to whom he objects so strongly, that they put everything to the test of parsing, and so tried to crush out all independent constructions, and that is an undertaking that might well be left to them alone.

We cannot close without a word of commendation for what the publishers have done in the preparation of these two volumes. Neater books have seldom issued from any press. Paper, print, and binding are equally excellent.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

To a Northern man the cost of railroad travel in the South seems arbitrary and excessive. It is rarely less than five cents a mile, and the distances are so magnificent that both factors combine to cause a rapid and unpleasant shrinkage in your pocket. There is, however, a good reason for their high charges. Railroads, except between large cities, depend to a great extent on their receipts from freight. The exportable products of the South, though valuable, are not heavy. An acre of land if sown to wheat will furnish a railroad twelve hundred pounds of freight, but if planted in cotton two or three hundred only. The value may be the same in the one case as in the other, but the railroad business is measured in pounds. The wheat raised in any one of the States where it is the staple weighs nearly as much as the entire cotton crop of the South. As there is in the South little to carry, the passenger receipts must pay a larger share of the operating expenses, and five cents a mile in Georgia is as cheap as two cents in New York. This view explains why the South can never be cut up with roads as Ohio is. The land cannot give them enough to do, and there must always remain as at present wide spaces to the centre of which the strongest wind cannot carry the locomotive's whistle. In some of these isolated areas, now that they are free from the lazy, barren, oppressive incubus of slavery, we may reasonably expect to see a healthy growth of rural communities. A few low malarious districts, where the negroes greatly preponderate, will probably relapse into savagery, and in time be abandoned.

— It was my fortune, not long since, to spend a fortnight in the centre of one of these isolated districts. The family with whom I boarded seemed a curious reproduction of colonial life. It consisted of father, mother, and two daughters. They were people of marked intelligence, but their habits and modes of thought were those of Revolutionary times. The father, a fine specimen of hale age, called himself jestingly a "blue light federalist." Their stock quotations were from Boswell and Pepys, and although they were familiar with literature up to the beginning of the century they seemed quite unaware that anything had been written since. I happened one day to speak of Dombey and Son, when Mrs. —— said that she "had heard it was very well written." After that I confined myself to Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson. Mr. —— assured me that he and his friends had been vehemently opposed to the ordinance of secession, but had been carried away by the tide. If we can trust evidence of this kind there were no original secessionists in the South, but each man was hurried along against his judgment by the pressure of all the rest.

I have no doubt, though, that my friend spoke the truth, for he is a brave, simple soul. In all matters of political history his knowledge was accurate and his generalizations broad. I do not know that I ever heard a man talk as well on the subject. On everything connected with physical science his ideas were those of a child. He accounted for a heavy rain by saying that "a cloud struck the side of the mountain and bursted." I noticed that any attempt to explain natural phenomena was distasteful to him as bordering on irreverence. He had in his employ a number of negroes as farm hands, and told me he was convinced that, from an economical point of view, free labor was much to be preferred to slave. The war had ruined him, but in the last two

years he had begun to recover, and in ten years he hoped to be much better off than ever. This from a man of seventy-four! "Modern degeneracy had not reached him." Fortunately Sherman's advance guard had not reached him, either, before the rescinding of the order for subsisting on the country. So the old house and irregular out-buildings stood as they had been built sixty years ago. The house was a hideous rectangular brick structure, with a Grecian portico in front and rear. But it had such an air of being firmly rooted in the ground, its original incongruities had been so harmonized by time and by the vines and straggling rose-bushes growing on it, it had so much honesty and so little sentimentalism, that its ugliness was not displeasing. Within, not a bit of modern furniture or modern ornamentation, or a modern book or magazine, was to be seen. Scott's novels were apparently the last thing out. Mr. —— told me that he had read them aloud to his family six times.

The young ladies were rather more than pretty, and they and their father would have appeared to marked advantage in any society. In their manners there was no restlessness and no effort, but a mixture of dignity and careless *bonhomie* that is quite indescribable and altogether charming. The perfection of their physical health, which made a ride of twenty miles on horseback a matter of indifference, was apparent in every free, natural movement. Fine health, which in the North gives rise to exuberant animal spirits and a desire for bodily exertion, in the South seems to result in a well-balanced nervous organization and a sound physical basis, quite superior to the necessity for daily exercise. These people were entirely different from the conventional idea of Southerners, and I instance them to show that there are here and there families in the South in which the old type of life and the old-fashioned love of the country survives. There are, perhaps, not enough to influence the development of the new South. Such people are too charming to be numerous. It is sad to reflect that they are doomed. The spirit of the age is too pervasive. Although they are twenty miles from a railway station, Harper's Bazar and the Franklin Square Library will reach them. The old people will resist. They are of too tough a fibre. Prosperity cannot spoil them. But I dread to think of those young ladies with their hair square cut and "villainously low" on their foreheads, and their shapely persons loaded with the unclassified paraphernalia of a Franco-American toilette.

— To a stranger the South seems to be inhabited exclusively by judges, doctors, generals, colonels, and a few majors. Young men under thirty are called by their Christian names. At about that age they graduate into one of the above classes, according to weight, height, and bearing. After that, promotion is very slow. It is rare that a colonel lives to be a general. Conductors and engineers on railway trains are made captains without reference to age or size, and never promoted. My friend —— had received a medical education, and had thereby escaped the title of general, to which his appearance well entitled him. He had never practiced his profession, but had somehow acquired among the negroes a reputation as an exorcist of the "voudoo." It was believed that he could eject the most firmly seated devil, to whom the ordinary incantations were an object of derision. To be "voudooed" is to be bewitched by some enemy. It is a disease of the imagination, but I am told that the rural negroes are almost universally believers in it, and that one who conceives himself to be under the influence not unfrequently dies. The day after my arrival a stout young negro, who was badly voudooed, came to the doctor's house to beg relief. The poor fellow was evidently in a very

bad way. His pulse was irregular, he could scarcely walk, and his skin, originally a jet, had become the color of dirty cream. He described himself as enduring a "pawful misery inny back, and a pawful misery inny head, and a pawful misery inny mind," a complication of physical and mental disorders which would have taxed the skill of Brown-Séquard. He, by the way, called his trouble "houdoo," not "voudoo," but I should be unwilling to establish a pronunciation on his usage. His range was too limited. For instance, in saying, "I don't know, sir," he employed but one vowel sound: "Aw daw naw saw." Dr. ——'s remedies consisted in mesmeric passes, burning a pungent drug, reciting Latin verse, and ended by administering two Sedlitz powders. I was ordered out of the room, as I betrayed too much inclination to laugh. Indeed, it was difficult to refrain from smiling when Dr. ——, having tied the man in a chair, addressed to him, with fine old-fashioned scanning and impressive gesticulation, the lines beginning "Æneadum genetrix hominum divumque voluptas." The slightest symptom of mirth on my part, if discovered by the patient, would have rendered my friend's efforts of no avail. The doctor was so solemn that I am not sure he did not believe in the reality of the voudoo himself. At least, he regarded the devil in question as a highly respectable fiend of ancient lineage, and not to be lightly spoken of by an outsider. In this case he was eminently successful; I saw the man two day afterwards at work, in the gayest of spirits. His appearance was entirely changed, and he seemed to have gained twenty pounds in weight. I tried to learn from him and others something about this singular superstition, but was unable to extract a word that would convey any information, though they talked freely on other subjects. The mention of the voudoo seemed to alarm them excessively. I discovered, however, that the biblical Satan and the voudoo evil spirit were regarded as the same person by some of them, but their ideas on subjects of this kind are too nebulous to be analyzed.

— It used to be thought that a chief characteristic of youth was impatience with the actual, a disdain of commonplace, and a disposition to measure persons and actions by the severe standard of its own lofty imaginations. The youth of promise was supposed to be possessed by a rash and restless ardor for the heroic, sublime, and beautiful, which needed the hand of maturer wisdom to rein it in and guide in the slow, safe track of every-day progression. Novels were looked upon with suspicion by parents as bad reading for this youth, tending to foster these romantic, unpractical habits of looking at life; and girls, if allowed to read them at all, were warned not to take them as pictures of the real world, which in fact contained no such ideal personages or modes of living as were painted in the fiction. Where have these old-fashioned young people disappeared? Have they emigrated to some younger and less strictly prosaic planet? I may be mistaken, but I think they have mostly taken their departure some time ago. The young women I meet — I don't know so much about young men — are not of the ancient sort we used to know. So far as lack of romance goes, the heads upon their young shoulders might be fifty instead of fifteen or twenty. It is wonderful to see how discreet and contented with life as they find it the girls of today are. They know far too much to take novels seriously, or model their ideas and actions in the slightest degree by the conduct of their favorite heroines. Indeed, the novel-writers themselves appear to comprehend the change in the minds of their readers, and refrain nowadays from picturing characters or incidents at all out of the way of ordinary existence; anything flavored with an

extra amount of sentiment or ideality would, they know, only strike the young people as ridiculous. Of course, this change in the youth of both sexes makes the work of education a far easier one than formerly. Parents are spared much anxiety about the possible mischiefs the youth of old used to fall into. There is not so great need to warn and exhort against heedless and uncalculating attachments; for if now and then a girl marries unadvisedly and without foresight as to her due provision of luxuries, it is well understood among young women in general that such is a very foolish proceeding, and the unwise one is sure to hear of it from her contemporaries as soon as from her elders. Ah, well! let me hope the change I speak of is not so universal as it seems, for it is anything but a pleasing one. From over-indulgence in sentiment and preoccupation with ideals to having no sentiment and no ideals at all is a long and a sad distance, and perhaps the young people have not swung yet the whole length of the pendulum, or will yet swing back to the happy middle point of rest. If the case were really so extreme as I have sometimes fancied, and the girls and boys were as old and as wise as their talk, their parents would after all find their training no easier, but rather harder, than before. It is harder to put in than to take out feelings and opinions; easier to replace one idea with another, a false with a true one, than to create something to fill a vacuum, and to make feelings and imaginations flourish and blossom in a barren soil.

— Is it not a pity that some things cannot be taught, as children are taught the three R's and their higher school lessons? I have thought of this with regard to the faculty or quality of humor, whichever it is to be called. Perhaps we should speak of it as either, indifferently, since it seems to pertain almost, if not quite, as much to the moral nature as to the mental constitution. Education can do so much for us in developing both mental and moral faculties that one almost expects it to be capable of creating them in us as well. And yet I believe that if a sense of humor is not born with a person it is impossible to put it into him. At least I have never heard of any way of doing so, and if any experienced educator knows a method of indoctrinating pupils with a feeling for humor I should be delighted to know of it too. People lacking in this sixth sense, or but poorly gifted with it, are difficult persons to have to do with; they are terribly trying, at times, and yet one has no right to be provoked with them, since the defect is their misfortune, not their fault. There is something rather mysterious to me in this faculty; I don't care for definitions of it, but I should like to comprehend more clearly the nature of its kinship to or alliance with intellectual and moral qualities, such as imagination and tolerance or charity. We all know that these are apt to go together; that the non-humorous man is more likely to be dull and narrow of perception than one whose sense of humor is keen and swift. The gift is so invaluable both to its possessor and to all those he comes in contact with that one longs to impart it in some way to those who have it not. If I were a poet I should before now have sat me down and written a hymn of praise to this sweetener of existence, of mollifier of the ills of daily life, light the mind, and cheerer of the heart. What burden of annoyance or trouble ever presses so heavily when we have discovered its ludicrous side and been able to laugh at it? The man that hath not humor in his soul may be a most estimable person, quite unfit for treason, stratagems, etc., but he is to be greatly pitied, and one whose companionship, by that want, is just so much the less to be enjoyed. Is it possible that by having begun young with him, and put him

through a course of humorous reading, accompanied with short lectures on the text, — taking all varieties of the humorist for his teachers, Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Cervantes, Shakespeare, — he might have been turned out a different being, one "evoluted" from the lower, non-humorous into the higher, humorous type of man? The tutor should, in such a case, be himself a man of humor, whose own conversation should abound with illustration of the subject he is coaching his pupil in. Of course such a tutor's task being trying and laborious, he would require to be well paid for his services; but if he were competent, parents should consider him cheap at a large salary.

— The contributor who launched forth into a kind of mild tirade against public libraries evidently has a nice taste in literature, and living near a circulating library must stop on his way home for a volume of the Spectator, even when he knows full well that his artistic eye will make him fall an easy victim to the subtle tints in the "high decorative" binding of the newest book, and that dear old Addison's polished essays will be left to their unbroken quiet under their sober calf-skin covers. He blames the libraries for keeping what we want; you and I and all of us can no more seal our hearts against modern literature than against the circus.

I do not attempt to deny that most of us pass by with an unblushing neglect the rich field of good old English literature. But we live in the present; it may be our misfortune; it is nevertheless true that our joys, our sorrows, and our hopes belong to this nineteenth century. Then, why should we so condemn frail mortals who take the frothy writings of to-day, and leave the ponderous octavos of our worthy ancestors?

Suppose we do read Froude's Cæsar, simply following our desire to do the correct thing; we must get some good from it. And then we may venture to talk about a new book, even a profound one, without running the risk of appearing pedantic. I know a young lady who for some time has devoted a part of each day to the perusal of good books; "browsing at will on this fair and wholesome pasturage," as Charles Lamb has it. She is a pupil of the Society for Home Studies (which, by the way, is doing a great good in a quiet fashion), and she has not lost courage even when ordered to attack the ecclesiastical polity and advancement of learning. This kind of reading is a wholesome discipline to her mind and a genuine pleasure likewise, for it makes her more a companion to herself. Still, she does not dare give point to her conversation by an apt quotation from a favorite author, lest she be thought a show-off sort of girl. In pure fun, she once attempted at an evening party a reference to her studies. She gravely informed a Yale graduate that she had just finished Milton's Areopagitica, and found it highly interesting. "Ah, yes, I 've looked it over. Irene Macgillicuddy? Awfully clever hit!" answered the youth, unconsciously dooming the maiden to eternal silence on any subject older than Pinafore.

"I 'm going to drop ancient history, and take up art. We can talk about art, you know," said a charming girl, with all the candor of genuine young America. Yes, yes, we are all united in the search after knowledge, but we want only the kind which shows and adorns, and never think that a rich mind is the outgrowth of long years of patient, hidden work.

— There is a proverb that "one wedding makes many," but it may be fairly wondered whether it might not be even truer to say that one funeral makes many. Every one must be able to recall instances of serious, if not fatal, illnesses that have been produced by exposure at funerals. Supposing the funeral takes place in winter, the mourners, after first being chilled by a long

drive to a remote grave-yard, must then comply with the rigid etiquette of these mortuary ceremonies by tramping, possibly through snow and slush, to the grave, and standing bare-headed while the last rites are performed. I have an instance in mind now. A very few weeks ago a man died and was buried. About two or three weeks later, I saw announced in the paper the death of a friend of his from an illness contracted at this funeral. To-day I see that this second man's brother has just died from an attack of pneumonia which was the result of a severe cold caught at his brother's funeral. And so it may go on indefinitely, only interrupted by the approach of summer.

While reformers are endeavoring in various ways to reduce the expense of these costly rites, and to make other plans for the disposition of human remains, is it not of more importance that steps should be taken to abolish this wholly unnecessary sacrifice of human life? A story ran through the papers the other day that the king of Burmah had put to death seven hundred persons, to placate the angry deities who had afflicted him with disease. This sounds inconsequent enough, and indeed it has been declared untrue; but is it, after all, noticeably unwiser than our way of encouraging illness and death by demanding, with all the sullen force of etiquette, that every one who dies in winter should put his surviving friends and relatives to an enormous risk?

The barbaric habit of sacrificing a wife and slave for the dead man's company should be left to the savage. We do the same thing without knowing it.

— It is not only the old countries of Europe that are afflicted with a foolish sense of inter-parochial rivalry, standing in the way of public spirit and of details of local improvement. Though it is not common among our people to talk of neighbors and fellow-citizens as "foreigners," as the Italians do, their old municipal traditions surviving in forms of speech, still a good deal of local jealousy is developed among ourselves in daily life. It is only in Fourth-of-July oratory that we hear of our national bond from sea to sea, and the oneness of our people interpreting the supreme unity of our principle of government. Near neighbors, not to say men from neighboring States, nevertheless display human pettiness in the matter of local boasts and local breaches. Cliques, animated by a bitter spirit, split up even villages of a few hundred souls, while the efforts or suggestions of progressive residents, not natives of the place, are often met by a wall of stolid resistance on the plea that "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us." A sort of surprised, defiant hostility to change is the bulwark of such conservatism all over the world; reasons and arguments are the last things thought of, local and personal traditions the first. "*We* don't do so here" is considered a final decision, and there is a note of rather pitying and incredulous interrogation tacked to every statement about some improved way of managing a given thing elsewhere, or solving a given problem. Experiment is less a basis of action than tradition, and the simple fact that a man is a stranger is *prima facie* against any suggestion he may offer. Even money is seldom an inducement to a reconsideration of a new proposal. Offer to defray the expenses of a modest attempt at improvement, and the population will stand aloof, chuckling at your probable failure, and wondering at your incredible self-confidence; rather sorry to see you succeed, and hardly stirred into interest by such a result. If you fail, a loud pæan of ignorant exultation attests the local belief in the infallibility of the local methods; *not* because they are old or time-honored, or based upon mechanical principles hitherto considered true, but because they form part of the customs of the country. Even tolerably

"live" places seldom take pride in any distinction attained by a citizen of their own, unless for the sake of the notoriety involved, and it is immaterial of what kind the celebrity may be, whether that of a new walking champion, or that of a useful scientific inventor. The feeling of localism, however, is generally enlisted on the antiquated side, and connected with personal partisanship. If such and such a place has an institution which it is possible to imitate, its next neighbors will not be content before they can say, "Oh, so have we, and ours can beat yours." Emulation of the right sort never coexists with this spirit. What little energy there is is diverted into the channel of futile rivalry with neighbors perhaps better fitted to succeed in the line chosen, while solid, slow, silent improvement makes no progress and elicits no enthusiasm. The plea of precedent has some reason, but to make it the absolute test of right and wrong is singularly obstinate and eminently anti-American.

— If Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in his clever little study, A Hopeless Case, intends us to regard Miss Agnes Wolverton as a representative Brooklyn girl, he betrays a lack of acquaintance with that city which would be surprising if he were not a New Yorker, and if New Yorkers as a rule were not as profoundly ignorant of Brooklyn as they are of Boston and Philadelphia. This want in the case of his fellow-citizens Mr. Fawcett fully apprehends. "Brooklyn was a sort of Kamschatka to both of them," he says of two of his New York characters. "They admitted its existence as a remote portion of the globe inhabited by obscure nobodies." But in his own case he fails to recognize it, or relies upon some superficial observation and a vivid fancy to supply the lack.

Miss Wolverton, for example, is represented by the author as an engaging young lady, who has been to New York only three times in her life. She has neither the "manner nor the accent" to which her New York relatives — moving in the "best society" — are accustomed, accepts her host's arm at a dinner party with "stiff astonishment," behaves "very respectably at dinner," "but is dressed with no taste whatever," and has "no snap nor the least bit of style." Everything that she wears needs "radical alteration." She spends four or five hours a day in reading; cannot dance, and does not want to learn.

Few people who have any knowledge of Brooklyn society will recognize this portraiture. In a somewhat extended acquaintance I have yet to meet the Brooklyn girl who does not dance, and who does not engage in it, moreover, with a zest and abandon to which her more conventional New York sister is a stranger. There is, to be sure, a good deal of domestic culture and quiet home life in Brooklyn; and these by no means take the place of social gayety, which in its way is quite as prevalent as in New York, though perhaps on a less conventional basis.

With respect to New York, where he ought to be at home, the author displays almost an equal lack of discernment. He describes it as a "world that laughs and enjoys itself a great deal; that reads little, thinks little, and is very careless of to-morrow. It is an exceedingly dainty world, with no sympathies for what lies beyond its limits, no interests that do not concern its present amusements." "They don't talk about books," he makes one of his characters say of New York people; "they have n't time; they are too busy enjoying themselves."

Now I do not deny that this is a picture of New York life; but it is a picture as seen from the outside. Mr. Fawcett misses altogether its inner significance. He does not apprehend that the laughter and enjoyment, the gayety and mirth, are made to serve as a diversion from an immense amount of hard work,

of benevolent effort, of true culture, of genuine sympathy, of hard study and painstaking care. He knows that New York girls spend their afternoons at receptions or teas, and their evenings at a German or the opera; but he either does not know or fails to take into account the French, German, reading, music, and art classes that occupy their mornings, their industrial and mission-school work, the responsibilities of their home life, their service for charitable institutions, and the many duties which a wide social acquaintance imposes upon them; and any picture of New York life into which these elements do not enter is external and incomplete.

I am aware that not many people who discuss this subject, even in conversation, take this comprehensive view. Most of them, indeed, treat of it from Mr. Fawcett's stand-point; and where one generous word is spoken in appreciation of the finer phases of society, a hundred expressions will be heard reprobating its empty pomps and vain shows. This may be due either to entire ignorance of the subject, the critic being one who has no access to society and is imbittered against it, or to a moral or intellectual myopia, which, though he be within society, limits the range of his observation. It is very far from being the case that the best New York society, even measuring its quality by the low standard of wealth, is unsympathetic; that it lives only an epicurean sort of life, — reading little, thinking little, and having no interests beyond its present amusement. It is especially untrue of the class which Mr. Fawcett has undertaken to describe, — the "Knickerbocker" element in New York society, — which, as a matter of fact, displays the dignity and repose of its Dutch ancestry, with the culture and refinement that have come from the uninterrupted possession of wealth and social distinction during a period of two hundred years.

— I have been much interested in the quality of an unpretending volume of verse, from the press of Messrs. A. Williams & Co., bearing the title of Risk and Other Poems. The author, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, has been known for several years as a contributor to the principal magazines and literary journals, and she has here collected some three or four score of her poems, old and new. They are not great poems, for none overpass the limit of a few stanzas, and the themes are such simple ones as touch the experience or the sympathy of all. Yet they have qualities which the reader often misses in greater and more ambitious poems, — an absolute purity of thought and a remarkable spirituality of feeling. There are many among them the sex of whose author it would be difficult to determine from internal evidence, so clear and impersonal is the sense of abstract reflection which they convey. Indeed, there are moments when this sense comes rather chillingly upon the reader, who may find, perhaps, rather more philosopher than poet in the verse. But he cannot help feeling the charm of its delicate and aspiring spirituality, which is as well illustrated in these lines as in any which I could cite: —

THE PARADOX.

I wish that the day were over,
 The week, the month, and the year;
Yet life is not such a burden
 That I wish the end were near.

And my birthdays come so swiftly
 That I meet them grudgingly:
Would it be so, were I longing
 For the life that is to be?

Nay: the soul, thongh ever reaching
 For that which is out of sight,
Yet soars with reluctant motion,
 Since there is no backward flight.

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GREAT MEN, GREAT THOUGHTS, AND THE ENVIRONMENT.

A remarkable parallel, which to my knowledge has never been noticed, obtains between the facts of social evolution and the mental growth of the race, on the one hand, and of zoölogical evolution, as expounded by Mr. Darwin, on the other.

It will be best to prepare the ground for my thesis by a few very general remarks on the method of getting at scientific truth. It is a common platitude that a *complete* acquaintance with any one thing, however small, would require a knowledge of the entire universe. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but *some* of the remote conditions of his fall are to be found in the milky way, in our federal constitution, or in the early history of Europe. That is to say, alter the milky way, alter the federal constitution, alter the facts of our barbarian ancestry, and the universe would be, *pro tanto*, a different universe from what it is. One fact involved in the difference might be that the particular little street boy who threw the stone which brought down the sparrow might not find himself opposite the sparrow at that particular moment; or, finding himself there, might not be in that particular serene and disengaged mood of mind which expressed itself in throwing the stone. But, true as all this is, it would be very foolish for any one who was inquiring the cause of the sparrow's fall to overlook the boy as too personal, proximate, and so to speak anthropomorphic an agent, and to say that the true cause is the federal constitution, the westward migration of the Celtic race, or the structure of the milky way. If we proceeded on that method, we might say with perfect legitimacy that a friend of ours, who had slipped on the ice upon his door-step and cracked his skull, some months after dining with thirteen at the table, died *because* of that ominous feast. I know, in fact, one such instance; and I might, if I chose, contend with perfect logical propriety that the slip on the ice was no real accident. "There *are* no accidents," I might say, "for science. The whole history of the world converged to produce that slip. If anything had been left out, the slip would not have occurred just there and then. To say it would is to deny the relations of cause and effect throughout the universe. The real cause of the death was not the slip, *but the conditions which engendered the slip*, and among them his having sat at a table, six months previous, one among thirteen. *That* is truly the reason why he died within the year." It will soon be seen whose arguments I am, in form, reproducing here. I would fain lay down the truth simply and dogmatically in this paper, without polemics or recrimination. But unfortunately

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we never fully grasp the import of any true statement until we have a clear notion of what the opposite untrue statement would be. The error is needed to set off the truth, much as a dark background is required for exhibiting the brightness of a picture.

Now the error which I am going to use as a foil to set off what seems to me the truth of my own statements is contained in the statements of the so-called evolutionary philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his disciples. Our problem is, What are the causes that make communities change from generation to generation, — that make the England of Queen Anne so different from the England of Elizabeth, the Harvard College of to-day so different from that of thirty years ago?

I shall reply to this problem, The difference is due to the accumulated influences of individuals, of their examples, their initiatives, and their decisions. The Spencerian school replies, The changes go on irrespective of persons, and are independent of individual control. They are due to the environment, to the circumstances, the physical geography, the ancestral conditions, the increasing experience of outer relations; to everything, in fact, except the Grants and the Bismarcks, the Joneses and the Smiths.

Now I say that these theorizers are guilty of precisely the same fallacy as he who should ascribe the death of his friend to the dinner with thirteen, or the fall of the sparrow to the milky way. Like the dog in the fable that drops his real bone to snatch at its image, they drop the real causes to snatch at others, which from no possible human point of view are available or attainable. Their fallacy is a practical one. Let us see where it lies. Although I believe in free will myself, I will waive that belief in this discussion, and assume with the Spencerians the universal fatality of human actions. On that assumption I gladly allow that *were the intelligence* investigating the man's or the sparrow's death *omniscient and omnipresent*, able to take in the whole of time and space at a single glance, there would not be the slightest objection to the milky way or the fatal feast being invoked among the sought-for causes. Such a divine intelligence would see instantaneously all the infinite lines of convergence towards a given result, and it would, moreover, see *impartially:* it would see the fatal feast to be as much a condition of the sparrow's death as of the man's; it would see the boy with the stone to be as much a condition of the man's fall as of the sparrow's.

The human mind, however, is constituted on an entirely different plan. It has no such power of universal intuition. Its finiteness obliges it to see but two or three things at a time. If it wishes to take wider sweeps it has to use "general ideas," as they are called, and in so doing to drop all concrete truths. Thus, in the present case, if we as men wish to feel the connection between the milky way and the boy and the dinner and the sparrow and the man's death, we can do so only by falling back on the enormous emptiness of what is called an abstract proposition. We must say, All things in the world are fatally predetermined, and hang together in the adamantine fixity of a system of natural law. But in the vagueness of this vast proposition we have lost all the concrete facts and links. And in all practical matters the concrete links are the only things of importance. The human mind is *essentially* partial. It can be efficient at all only by *picking out* what to attend to, and ignoring everything else, — by narrowing its point of view. Otherwise, what little strength it has is dispersed, and it loses its way altogether. Man always wants his curiosity gratified for a particular purpose. If, in the case of the sparrow, the purpose is punishment, it would be idiotic to wander off from the

cats, boys, and other possible agencies close by in the street, to survey the early Celts and the milky way. The boy would meanwhile escape. And if, in the case of the unfortunate man, we lose ourselves in contemplation of the thirteen-at-table mystery, and fail to notice the ice on the step and cover it with ashes, some other poor fellow, who never dined out in his life, may slip on it in coming to the door, and fall and break his head, too.

It is, then, a necessity laid upon us as human beings to limit our view. In mathematics we know how this method of ignoring and neglecting quantities lying outside of a certain range has been adopted in the differential calculus. The calculator throws out all the "infinitesimals" of the quantities he is considering. He treats them (under certain rules) as if they did not exist. In themselves they exist perfectly all the while; but they are as if they did not exist for the purposes of his calculation. Just so an astronomer, in dealing with the tidal movements of the ocean, takes no account of the waves made by the wind, or by the pressure of all the steamers which day and night are moving their thousands of tons upon its surface. Just so the marksman, in sighting his rifle, allows for the motion of wind, but not for the equally real motion of the earth and solar system. Just so a business man's punctuality may overlook an error of five minutes, whilst a physicist, measuring the velocity of light, must count each thousandth of a second.

There are, in short, *different cycles* of operation in nature; different departments, so to speak, relatively independent of one another, so that what goes on at any moment in one may be *compatible* with almost any condition of things at the same time in the next. The mold on the biscuits in the store-room of a man-of-war vegetates in absolute indifference to the nationality of the flag, the direction of the voyage, the weather, and the human dramas that may go on on board; and a mycologist may study it in complete abstraction from all these larger details. Only by so studying it, in fact, is there any chance of the mental concentration by which alone he may hope to learn something of its nature. And conversely, the captain who, in manœuvring the vessel through a naval battle, should think it necessary to bring the moldy biscuit into his calculations would very likely lose the battle by reason of the excessive "thoroughness" of his mental nature.

The causes which operate in these incommensurable cycles are connected with one another only *if we take the whole universe into account.* For all lesser points of view it is lawful — nay, more; it is for human wisdom necessary — to regard them as disconnected and irrelevant to one another.

And now this brings us nearer to our special topic. If we look at an animal or a human being distinguished from the rest of his kind by the possession of some extraordinary peculiarity, good or bad, we shall be able to discriminate between the causes which originally *produced* the peculiarity in him and the causes which *maintain* it after it is produced. And we shall see, if the peculiarity be one that he was born with, that these two sets of causes belong to two such irrelevant cycles. It was the triumphant originality of Darwin to see this, and to act accordingly. Separating the causes of production under the title of "tendencies to spontaneous variation," and relegating them to a physiological cycle which he forthwith agreed to ignore altogether,[1] he confined his attention to the causes of preservation, and under the names of natural selec-

[1] Darwin's theory of paragenesis is, it is true, an attempt to account (among other things) for variation. But it occupies its own separate place, and its author no more invokes the environment when he talks of the adhesions of gemmules than he invokes these adhesions when he talks of the relations of the whole animal to the environment. *Divide et impera!*

tion and sexual selection studied them exclusively as functions of the cycle of the environment.

Pre-Darwinian philosophers had also tried to establish the doctrine of descent with modification. But they all committed the blunder of clumping the two cycles of causation into one. What preserves an animal with his peculiarity, if it be a useful one, they saw to be the nature of the environment to which the peculiarity was adjusted. The giraffe with his peculiar neck is preserved by the fact that there are in his environment tall trees whose leaves he can digest. But these philosophers went further, and said that the presence of the trees not only maintained an animal with a long neck to browse upon their branches, but also produced him. They *made* his neck long by the constant striving they aroused in him to reach up to them. The environment, in short, was supposed by these writers to mold the animal by a kind of direct pressure, very much as a seal presses the wax into harmony with itself. Numerous instances were given of the way in which this goes on under our eyes. The exercise of the forge makes the right arm strong, the palm grows callous to the oar, the mountain air distends the chest, the chased fox grows cunning and the chased bird shy, the arctic cold stimulates the animal combustion, and so forth. Now these changes, of which many more examples might be adduced, are at present distinguished by the special name of *adaptive* changes. Their peculiarity is that that very feature in the environment to which the animal's nature grows adjusted itself *produces* the adjustment. The "inner relation," to use Mr. Spencer's phrase, "corresponds" with its own efficient cause.

Darwin's first achievement was to show the utter insignificance in amount of these changes produced by direct adaptation, the immensely greater mass of changes being produced by internal molecular accidents, of which we know nothing. His next achievement was to define the true problem with which we have to deal when we study the effects of the visible environment on the animal. That problem is simply this: Is the environment more likely to *preserve or to destroy him*, on account of this or that peculiarity with which he may be born? In calling those peculiarities which an animal is born with "spontaneous" variations, Darwin does not for a moment mean to suggest that they are not the fixed outcome of natural law. If the total system of the universe be taken into account, the causes of these variations and the visible environment which preserves or destroys them undoubtedly do, in some remote and roundabout way, hang together. What Darwin means is that, since that environment is a perfectly known thing, and its relations to the organism in the way of destruction or preservation are tangible and distinct, it would utterly confuse our finite understandings and frustrate our hopes of science to mix in with it facts from such a disparate and incommensurable cycle as that in which the variations are produced. This last cycle is that of occurrences before the animal is born. It is the cycle of influences upon ova and embryos; in which lie the causes which tip them and tilt them towards masculinity or femininity, towards strength or weakness, towards health or disease, and towards divergence from the parent type. What are the causes there?

In the first place, they are molecular and invisible; inaccessible, therefore, to direct observation of any kind. Secondly, their operations are *compatible* with any social, political, and physical conditions of environment. The same parents, living in the same environing conditions, may at one birth produce a genius, at the next an idiot or a monster. The visible external conditions are therefore not direct determinants of this cycle; and the more we consider the matter, the

more we are forced to believe that two children of the same parents are made to differ from one another by a cause which bears the same remote and infinitesimal proportion to its ultimate effects as the famous pebble on the Rocky Mountain crest, whose angle separates the course of two rain-drops, itself bears to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to the Pacific Ocean.

The great mechanical distinction between transitive forces and discharging forces is nowhere illustrated on such a scale as in physiology. Almost all causes there are forces of *detent*, which operate by simply unlocking energy already stored up. They are upsetters of unstable equilibria, and the resultant effect depends infinitely more on the nature of the materials upset than on that of the particular stimulus which joggles them down. Galvanic work equal to unity, done on a frog's nerve, will discharge from the muscle to which the nerve belongs mechanical work equal to seventy thousand; and exactly the same muscular effect will emerge if other irritants than galvanism are employed. The irritant has merely started or provoked something which then went on of itself, — as a match may start a fire which consumes a whole town. And qualitatively as well as quantitatively the effect may be absolutely incommensurable with the cause. We find this condition of things in all organic matter. Chemists are distracted by the difficulties which the instability of albuminoid compounds opposes to their study. Two specimens, treated in what outwardly seem scrupulously identical conditions, behave in quite different ways. We all know about the invisible factors of fermentation, and how the fate of a jar of milk — whether it turn into a sour clot or a mass of koumiss — depends on whether the lactic acid ferment or the alcoholic is introduced first, and gets ahead of the other in starting the process. Now, when the result is the tendency of an ovum, itself invisible to the naked eye, to tip towards this direction or that in its further evolution, — to bring forth a genius or a dunce, even as the rain-drop passes east or west of the pebble, — is it not obvious that the deflecting cause must lie in a region so recondite and minute, must be such a ferment of a ferment, an infinitesimal of so high an order, that surmise itself may never succeed even in attempting to frame an image of it?[1]

Such being the case, was not Darwin right to turn his back upon that region altogether, and to keep his own problem carefully free from all entanglement with matters such as these? The success of his work is a sufficiently affirmative reply.

And this brings us at last to the heart of our subject. The causes of production of great men lie in a sphere wholly inaccessible to the social philosopher. He must simply accept geniuses as data, just as Darwin accepts his spontaneous variations. For him, as for Darwin, the only problem is, these data being given, How does the environment affect them, and how do they affect the environment? Now I affirm that the relation of the visible environment to the great man is in the main exactly what it is to the "variation" in the Darwinian philosophy. It chiefly adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, in short *selects* him.[2] And whenever it adopts and preserves the great man, it becomes modified by his influence in an entirely original and peculiar way. He acts as a ferment, and changes its constitution,

[1] For some striking remarks on the different orders of magnitude and distance, within which the different phenomenal kinds of force act, see Chauncy Wright's Philosophical Discussions, New York, 1873, page 165.

[2] It is true that it remodels him, also, to some degree, by its educative influence, and that this constitutes a considerable difference between the social case and the zoölogical case. I neglect this aspect of the relation here, for the other is the more important. At the end of the article I will return to it incidentally.

just as the advent of a new zoölogical species changes the faunal and floral equilibrium of the region in which it appears. We all recollect Mr. Darwin's famous statement of the influence of cats on the growth of clover in their neighborhood. We all have read of the effects of the European rabbit in New Zealand, and we have many of us taken part in the controversy about the English sparrow here, — whether he kills most canker-worms, or drives away most native birds. Just so the great man, whether he be an importation from without, like Clive in India or Agassiz here, or whether he spring from the soil, like Mahomet or Franklin, brings about a rearrangement, on a large or a small scale, of the preëxisting social relations.

The mutations of societies, then, from generation to generation, are in the main due directly or indirectly to the acts or the example of individuals whose genius was so adapted to the receptivities of the moment, or whose accidental position of authority was so critical, that they became ferments, initiators of movement, setters of precedent or fashion, centres of corruption, or destroyers of other persons, whose gifts, had they had free play, would have led society in another direction.

We see this power of individual initiative exemplified on a small scale all about us, and on a large scale in the case of the leaders of history. It is only following the common-sense method of a Lyell, a Darwin, and a Whitney to interpret the unknown by the known, and reckon up cumulatively the only causes of social change we can directly observe. Societies of men are just like individuals, in that both at any given moment offer ambiguous potentialities of development. Whether a young man enters business or the ministry may depend on a decision which has to be made before a certain day. He takes the offered place in the counting-house, and is *committed.* Little by little, the habits, the knowledges, of the other career, which once lay so near, cease to be reckoned even among his possibilities. At first, he may sometimes doubt whether the self he murdered in that decisive hour might not have been the better of the two, but with the years such questions themselves expire, and the old alternative *ego*, once so vivid, fades into something less substantial than a dream. It is no otherwise with nations. They may be committed by kings and ministers to peace or war, by generals to victory or defeat, by prophets to this religion or to that, by various geniuses to fame in art, science, or industry. A war is a true point of bifurcation of future possibilities. Whether it fail or succeed, its declaration must be the starting-point of new policies. Just so does a revolution, or any great civic precedent, become a deflecting influence, whose operations widen with the course of time. Communities obey their ideals, and an accidental success fixes an ideal, as an accidental failure blights it.

Would England have to-day an "imperial" ideal, if a certain boy named "Bob Clive" had shot himself, as he tried to, at Madras? Would she be the drifting raft she is now in European affairs if a Frederic the Great had inherited her throne instead of a Victoria, and if Messrs. Bentham, Mill, Cobden, and Bright had all been born in Prussia? England has, no doubt, to-day precisely the same intrinsic value relatively to the other nations that she ever had. There is no such fine accumulation of human *material* upon the globe. But in England the material has lost effective form, whilst in Germany it has found it. Leaders give the form. Would England be crying forward and backward at once, as she does now, "letting I will not wait upon I would," wishing to conquer, but not to fight, if her ideal had in all these years been fixed by a succession of statesmen of supremely

commanding personality, working in one direction? Certainly not. She would have espoused, for better or worse, either one course or another. Had Bismarck died in his cradle, the Germans would still be satisfied with appearing to themselves as a race of spectacled *Gelehrten* and political herbivora, and to the French as *ces bons*, or *ces naifs, Allemands*. Bismarck's will showed them, to their own great astonishment, that they could play a far livelier game. The lesson will not be forgotten. Germany may have many vicissitudes, but they

> — "will never do away, I ween,
> The marks of that which once hath been," —

of Bismarck's initiative, namely, from 1860 to 1873.

The fermentative influence of geniuses *must* be admitted as, at any rate, one factor in the changes that constitute social evolution. The community *may* evolve in many ways. The accidental presence of this or that ferment decides in which way it *shall* evolve. Why, the very birds of the forest, the parrot, the mino, have the *power* of human speech, but never develop it of themselves; some one must be there to teach them. So with us individuals. Rembrandt must teach us to enjoy the struggle of light with darkness, Wagner to enjoy certain musical effects; Dickens gives a twist to our sentimentality, Artemus Ward to our humor; Emerson kindles a new moral light within us. But it is like Columbus's egg. "All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed." But if this be true of the individuals in the community, how can it be false of the community as a whole? If shown a certain way, a community may take it; if not, it will never find it. And the ways are to a large extent indeterminate in advance. A nation may obey either of many alternative impulses given by different men of genius, and still live and be prosperous, just as a man may enter either of many businesses. Only the prosperities may differ in their type.

But the indeterminism is not absolute. Not every "man" fits every "hour." Some incompatabilities there are. A given genius may come either too early or too late. Peter the Hermit would now be sent to a lunatic asylum. John Mill in the tenth century would have lived and died unknown. Cromwell and Napoleon need their revolutions, Grant his civil war. An Ajax gets no fame in the day of telescopic-sighted rifles; and, to express differently an instance which Spencer uses, what could a Watt have effected in a tribe which no precursive genius had taught to smelt iron or to turn a lathe?

Now the important thing to notice is that what makes a certain genius now incompatible with his surroundings is usually the fact that some previous genius of a different strain has warped the community away from the sphere of his possible effectiveness. After Voltaire, no Peter the Hermit; after Charles IX. and Louis XIV., no general protestantization of France; after a Manchester school, a Beaconsfield's success is transient; after a Philip II., a Castelar makes little headway; and so on. Each bifurcation cuts off certain sides of the field altogether, and limits the future possible angles of deflection. A community is a living thing, and, in words which I can do no better than quote from Professor Clifford,[1] "it is the peculiarity of living things not merely that they change under the influence of surrounding circumstances, but that any change which takes place in them is not lost but retained, and, as it were, built into the organism to serve as the foundation for future actions. If you cause any distortion in the growth of a tree and make it crooked, whatever you may do afterwards to make the tree straight the mark of your distortion is there; it is absolutely indelible; it has become

[1] Lectures and Essays, vol. i. p. 82.

part of the tree's nature. . . . Suppose, however, that you take a lump of gold, melt it, and let it cool. . . . No one can tell by examining a piece of gold how often it has been melted and cooled in geologic ages, or even in the last year by the hand of man. Any one who cuts down an oak can tell by the rings in its trunk how many times winter has frozen it into widowhood, and how many times summer has warmed it into life. A living being must always contain within itself the history, not merely of its own existence, but of all its ancestors."

Every painter can tell us how each added line deflects his picture in a certain sense. Whatever lines follow must be built on those first laid down. Every author who starts to rewrite a piece of work knows how impossible it becomes to use any of the first-written pages again. The new beginning has already excluded the possibility of those earlier phrases and transactions, whilst it has at the same time created the possibility of an indefinite set of new ones, no one of which, however, is completely determined in advance. Just so the social surroundings of the past and present hour exclude the possibility of accepting certain contributions from individuals. But they do not positively define what contributions they shall accept, for in themselves they are powerless to fix what the nature of the individual offerings shall be.[1]

Thus social evolution is a resultant of the interaction of two wholly distinct factors: the individual, deriving his peculiar gifts from the play of physiological and infra-social forces, but bearing all the power of initiative and origination in his hands; and, second, the social environment, with its power of adopting or rejecting both him and his gifts. Both factors are essential to change. The community stagnates without the impulse of the individual. The impulse dies away without the sympathy of the community.

All this seems nothing more than common sense. All who wish to see it developed by a man of genius should read that golden little work, Bagehot's Physics and Politics, in which (it seems to me) the complete sense of the way in which concrete things grow and change is as livingly present as the straining after a pseudo "philosophy of evolution" is livingly absent. But there are never wanting minds to whom such views seem personal and contracted, and allied to an anthropomorphism long exploded in other fields of knowledge. "The individual withers, and the world is more and more," to these writers, and in a Buckle, a Draper, and a Taine we all know how much the "world" has come to be almost synonymous with the *climate.* We all know, too, how the controversy has been kept up between the partisans of a "science of history" and those who deny the existence of anything like necessary "laws" where human societies are concerned. Mr. Spencer, at the opening of his Study of Sociology, makes an onslaught on the "great-man theory" of history, from which a few passages may be quoted: —

"The genesis of societies by the action of great men may be comfortably believed so long as, resting in general notions, you do not ask for particulars. But now, if, dissatisfied with vagueness, we demand that our ideas shall be brought into focus and exactly defined, we discover the hypothesis to be utterly incoherent. If, not stopping at the explanation of social progress as due to the great man, we go back a step, and ask, Whence comes the great man? we find that the theory breaks down completely. The question has two conceivable answers: his origin is supernatural, or it

[1] Mr. Grant Allen himself, in an article from which I shall presently quote, admits that a set of people who, if they had been exposed ages ago to the geographical agencies of Timbuctoo, would have developed into negroes might now, after a protracted exposure to the conditions of Hamburg, never become negroes if transplanted to Timbuctoo.

is natural. Is his origin supernatural? Then he is a deputy god, and we have theocracy once removed, — or, rather, not removed at all. . . . Is this an unacceptable solution? Then the origin of the great man is natural; and immediately this is recognized he must be classed with all other phenomena in the society that gave him birth as a product of its antecedents. Along with the whole generation of which he forms a minute part, along with its institutions, language, knowledge, manners, and its multitudinous arts and appliances, he is a *resultant*. . . . You must admit that the genesis of the great man depends on the long series of complex influences which has produced the race in which he appears, and the social state into which that race has slowly grown. . . . Before he can remake his society, his society must make him. All those changes of which he is the proximate initiator have their chief causes in the generations he descended from. If there is to be anything like a real explanation of those changes, it must be sought in that aggregate of conditions out of which both he and they have arisen." [1]

Now it seems to me that there is something which one might almost call impudent in the attempt which Mr. Spencer makes, in the first sentence of this extract, to pin the reproach of vagueness upon those who believe in the power of initiative of the great man.

Suppose I say that the singular moderation which now distinguishes social, political, and religious discussion in England, and contrasts so strongly with the bigotry and dogmatism of sixty years ago, is largely due to J. S. Mill's example. I may possibly be wrong about the facts; but I am, at any rate, "asking for particulars," and not "resting in general notions." And if Mr. Spencer should tell me it started from no personal influence whatever, but from the "aggregate of conditions," the "generations," Mill and all his contemporaries "descended from," the whole past order of nature, in short, surely he, not I, would be the person "satisfied with vagueness."

The fact is that Mr. Spencer's sociological method is identical with that of one who would invoke the zodiac to account for the fall of the sparrow, and the thirteen at table to explain the gentleman's death. It is of little more scientific value than the Oriental method of replying to whatever question arises by the unimpeachable truism, "God is great." *Not* to fall back on the gods, where a proximate principle may be found, has with us Westerners long since become the sign of an efficient as distinguished from an inefficient intellect.

To believe that the cause of everything is to be found in its antecedents is the starting-point, the initial postulate, not the goal and consummation, of science. If she is simply to lead us out of the labyrinth by the same hole we went in by three or four thousand years ago, it seems hardly worth while to have followed her through the darkness at all. If anything is humanly certain it is that the great man's society, properly so called, does *not* make him before he can remake it. Physiological forces, with which the social, political, geographical, and to a great extent anthropological conditions have just as much and just as little to do as the condition of the crater of Vesuvius has to do with the flickering of this gas by which I write, are what make him. Surely Mr. Spencer does not hold that the convergence of sociological pressures so impinged on Stratford-upon-Avon about the 26th of April, 1564, that a W. Shakespeare, with all his mental peculiarities, had to be born there, — as the pressure of water outside a certain boat will cause a stream of a certain form to ooze into a particular leak? And does he mean to say that if the aforesaid W. Shakespeare had died of cholera infantum, another mother at Stratford-upon-Avon would needs

[1] Study of Sociology, pages 33–35.

have engendered a duplicate copy of him, to restore the sociologic equilibrium, — just as the same stream of water will reappear, no matter how often you pass a sponge over the leak, so long as the outside level remains unchanged? Or might the substitute arise at "Stratford-atte-Bowe"? Here, as elsewhere, it is very hard, in the midst of Mr. Spencer's vagueness, to tell what he does mean at all.

We have, however, in his disciple, Mr. Grant Allen, one who leaves us in no doubt whatever of his precise meaning. This widely informed, suggestive, and brilliant writer published last year a couple of articles in the Gentleman's Magazine, in which he maintaiued that individuals had no initiative in determining social change. . . . "The differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, ultimately depend, not upon any mysterious properties of race, nationality, or any other unknown and unintelligible abstractions, but simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed. If it be a fact, as we know it to be, that the French nation differs recognizably from the Chinese, and the people of Hamburg differ recognizably from the people of Timbuctoo, then the notorious and conspicuous differences between them are wholly due to the geographical position of the various races. If the people who went to Hamburg had gone to Timbuctoo, they would now be indistinguishable from the semi-barbarian negroes who inhabit that central African metropolis;[1] and if the people who went to Timbuctoo had gone to Hamburg they would now have been white-skinned merchants driving a roaring trade in imitation sherry and indigestible port. . . . The differentiating agency must be sought in the great permanent geographical features of land and sea; . . . these have necessarily and inevitably molded the characters and histories of every nation upon the earth. . . . We cannot regard any nation as an active agent in differentiating itself. Only the surrounding circumstances can have any effect in such a direction. [These two sentences dogmatically deny the existence of the relatively independent physiological cycle of causation.] To suppose otherwise is to suppose that the mind of man is exempt from the universal law of causation. There is no caprice, no spontaneous impulse, in human endeavors. Even tastes and incliuations *must* themselves be the result of surrounding causes."[2] Elsewhere Mr. Allen, writing of the Greek culture, says: "It was absolutely and unreservedly the product of the geographical Hellas, acting upon the given factor of the undifferentiated Aryan brain. . . . To me it seems a self-evident proposition that nothing whatsoever can differentiate one body of men from another, except the physical conditions in which they are set, including, of course, under the term *physical conditions* the relations of place and time in which they stand with regard to other bodies of men. To suppose otherwise is to deny the primordial law of causation. To imagine that the mind can differentiate itself is to imagine that it can be differentiated without a cause."[3]

[1] No! not even though they were bodily brothers! The geographical factor utterly vanishes before the ancestral factor. The difference between Hamburg and Timbuctoo as a cause of ultimate divergence of two races is as nothing to the difference of constitution of the ancestors of the two races, even though as in twin brothers, this difference might be invisible to the naked eye. No two couples of the most homogeneous race could possibly be found so identical as, if set in identical environments, to give rise to two identical lineages. The minute divergence at the start grows broader with each generation, and ends with entirely dissimilar breeds.

[2] Article Nation Making, in Gentleman's Magazine, 1878. I quote from the reprint in the Popular Science Monthly Supplement, December, 1878, pages 121, 123, 126.

[3] Article Hellas, in Gentleman's Magazine, 1878. Reprint in Popular Science Monthly Supplement, September, 1878.

This shrieking about the law of universal causation being undone, the moment we refuse to invest in the kind of causation which is being peddled round by a particular school, makes one impatient. These writers have no imagination of alternatives. With them there is no *tertium quid* between outward environment and miracle. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus! Aut* Spencerism, *aut* catechism!

If by "physical conditions" Mr. Allen means what he does mean, the outward cycle of visible nature and man, his assertion is simply physiologically false. For a national mind differentiates "itself" whenever a genius is born in its midst, by reason of causes acting in the invisible and molecular cycle. But if Mr. Allen means by physical conditions the whole of nature, his assertion, though true, forms but the vague Asiatic profession of belief in an all-enveloping fate, which certainly need not plume itself on any specially advanced or scientific character.

And how can a thinker so clever as Mr. Allen fail to have distinguished in these matters between *necessary* conditions and *sufficient* conditions of a given result? The French say that to have an omelet we must break our eggs; that is, the breaking of eggs is a necessary condition of the omelet; but is it a sufficient condition? Does an omelet appear whenever three eggs are broken? So of the Greek mind. To get such versatile intelligence it may be that such commercial dealings with the world as the geographical Hellas afforded are a necessary condition. But if they are a sufficient condition, why did not the Phœnicians outstrip the Greeks in intelligence? No geographical environment can produce a given type of mind. It can only foster and further certain types fortuitously produced, and thwart and frustrate others. Once again, its function is simply selective, and determines what shall actually be only by destroying what is positively incompatible. A sub-arctic environment is incompatible with improvident habits in its denizens; but whether the inhabitants of such a region shall unite with their thrift the peacefulness of the Eskimo or the pugnacity of the Norseman is, so far as the climate is concerned, an accident. Evolutionists should not forget that we all have five fingers not because four or six would not do just as well, but merely because the first vertebrate above the fishes *happened* to have that number. He owed his prodigious success in founding a line of descent to some entirely other quality, — we know not which, — but the inessential five fingers were taken in tow and preserved to the present day. So of most social peculiarities. Which of them shall be taken in tow by the few qualities which the environment necessarily exacts is largely a matter of physiological accidents happening among individuals. Mr. Allen promises to prove his thesis in detail by the examples of China, India, England, Rome, etc. I have not the smallest hesitation in predicting that he will do no more with these examples than he has done with Hellas. He will appear upon the scene after the fact, and show that the quality developed by each race was, naturally enough, *not incompatible* with its habitat. But he will utterly fail to show that the particular form of compatibility fallen into in each case was the one necessary and only possible form. Naturalists know well enough how indeterminate the harmonies between a fauna and its environment are.

An animal may better his chances of existence in either of many ways: growing aquatic, arboreal, or subterranean; small and swift, or massive and bulky; spiny, horny, slimy, or venomous; more timid or more pugnacious; more cunning or more fertile of offspring; more gregarious or more solitary; or in other ways beside, — and any one of these ways may suit him to many widely different environments.

Readers of Mr. A. R. Wallace will well remember the striking illustrations of this in his Malay Archipelago: "Borneo closely resembles New Guinea not only in its vast size and its freedom from volcanoes, but in its variety of geological structure, its uniformity of climate, and the general aspect of the forest vegetation that clothes its surface; the Moluccas are the counterpart of the Philippines in their volcanic structure, their extreme fertility, their luxuriant forests, and their frequent earthquakes; and Bali, with the east end of Java, has a climate almost as dry and a soil almost as arid as that of Timor. Yet between these corresponding groups of islands, constructed, as it were, after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast when we compare their animal productions. Nowhere does the ancient doctrine — that differences or similarities in the various forms of life that inhabit different countries are due to corresponding physical differences or similarities in the countries themselves — meet with so direct and palpable a contradiction. Borneo and New Guinea, as alike physically as two distinct countries can be, are zoölogically wide as the poles asunder; while Australia, with its dry winds, its open plains, its stony deserts, and its temperate climate, yet produces birds and quadrupeds which are closely related to those inhabiting the hot, damp, luxuriant forests which everywhere clothe the plains and mountains of New Guinea."

Here we have similar physical-geography environments harmonizing with widely differing animal lives, and similar animal lives harmonizing with widely differing geographical environments. A singularly accomplished writer, E. Gryzanowski, in the North American Review,[1] uses the instances of Sardinia and Corsica in support of this thesis with great effect. "These sister islands," he says, "lying in the very centre of the Mediterranean, at almost equal distances from the centres of Latin and Neo-Latin civilization, within easy reach of the Phœnician, the Greek, and the Saracen, with a coast-line of more than a thousand miles, endowed with obvious and tempting advantages, and hiding untold sources of agricultural and mineral wealth, have nevertheless remained unknown, unheeded, and certainly uncared for during the thirty centuries of European history. . . . These islands have dialects, but no language; records of battles, but no history. They have customs, but no laws; the *vendetta*, but no justice. They have wants and wealth, but no commerce; timber and ports, but no shipping. They have legends, but no poetry; beauty, but no art; and twenty years ago it could still be said that they had universities, but no students. . . . That Sardinia, with all her emotional and picturesque barbarism, has never produced a single artist is almost as strange as her barbarism itself. . . . Near the focus of European civilization, in the very spot which an *a priori* geographer would point out as the most favorable place for material and intellectual, commercial, and political development, these strange sister islands have slept their secular sleep, like *nodes* on the sounding-board of history."

This writer then goes on to compare Sardinia and Sicily with some detail. All the material advantages are in favor of Sardinia, "and the Sardinian population, being of an ancestry more mixed than that of the English race, would justify far higher expectations than that of Sicily." Yet Sicily's past history has been brilliant in the extreme, and her commerce to-day is great. Dr. Gryzanowski has his own theory of the historic torpor of these favored isles. He thinks they stagnated because they never gained political autonomy, being always owned by some Continental power. I will

[1] Vol. cxiii. p. 318 (October, 1871).

not dispute the theory; but I will ask, Why did they not gain it? and answer myself immediately: Simply because no individuals were born there with patriotism and ability enough to inflame their countrymen with national pride, ambition, and thirst for independent life. Corsicans and Sardinians are surely as good stuff as any of their neighbors. But the best wood-pile will not blaze till a torch is applied, and the torches seem to have been wanting.[1]

Sporadic great men come everywhere. But for a community to get vibrating through and through with intensely active life, many geniuses coming together and in rapid succession are required. This is why great epochs are so rare, — why the sudden bloom of a Greece, an early Rome, a Renaissance, is such a mystery. Blow must follow blow so fast that no cooling can occur in the intervals. Then the mass of the nation grows incandescent, and may continue to glow by pure inertia long after the originators of its internal movement have passed away. We often hear surprise expressed that in these high tides of human affairs not only the people should be filled with stronger life, but that individual geniuses should seem so exceptionally abundant. This mystery is just about as deep as the time-honored conundrum as to why great rivers flow by great towns. It is true that great public fermentations awaken and adopt many geniuses, who in more torpid times would have had no chance to work. But over and above this there must be an exceptional concourse of genius about a time, to make the fermentation begin at all. The unlikeliness of the *concourse* is far greater than the unlikeliness of any particular genius; hence the rarity of these periods and the exceptional aspect which they always wear.

I may be pardoned for taking so present and personal an example. I should like to use our own community as a means of illustrating my point. It seems to me that nothing proves so clearly the fact that no social community *need*, by virtue of its purely social forces, evolve fatally in the direction of its own most characteristic aptitudes. It is a commonplace remark that the intellectual

[1] I am well aware that in much that follows (though in nothing that precedes) I seem to be crossing the heavily shotted bows of Mr. Galton, for whose laborious investigations into the heredity of genius I have the greatest respect. Mr. Galton inclines to think that genius of intellect and passion is bound to express itself, whatever the outward opportunity, and that within any given race an equal number of geniuses of each grade must needs be born in every equal period of time. A subordinate race cannot possibly engender a large number of high-class geniuses, etc. He would, I suspect, infer the suppositions I go on to make — of great men fortuitously assembling around a given epoch and making it great, and of their being fortuitously absent from certain places and times (from Sardinia, from Boston now, etc.) — to be radically vicious. I hardly think, however, he does justice to the excessive complexity of the conditions of *effective* greatness, and to the way in which the physiological averages of production may be masked entirely during long periods, either by the accidental mortality of geniuses in infancy, or by the fact that the particular geniuses born happened not to find tasks. I doubt the truth of his assertion that *intellectual* genius, like murder, "will out." It is true that certain types are irrepressible. Voltaire, Shelley, Carlyle, can hardly be conceived leading a dumb and vegetative life in any epoch. But take Mr. Galton himself, take his cousin Mr. Darwin, and take Mr. Spencer: nothing is to me more conceivable than that at another epoch all three of these men might have died "with all their music in them," known only to their friends as persons of strong and original character and judgment. What has started them on their career of effective greatness is simply the accident of each stumbling upon a task vast, brilliant, and congenial enough to call out the convergence of all his passions and powers. I see no more reason why, in case they had not fallen in with their several "hobbies" at propitious periods in their life, they need necessarily have hit upon other hobbies, and made themselves equally great. Their case seems similar to that of the Washingtons, Cromwells, and Grants, who simply "rose" to their "occasions." But apart from these causes of fallacy, I am strongly disposed to think that where transcendent geniuses are concerned the numbers anyhow are so small that their appearance will not fit into any scheme of averages. That is, two or three might appear together, just as the two or three balls nearest the target centre might be fired consecutively. Take longer epochs and more firing, and the great geniuses and near balls would on the whole be more spread out.

preëminence which Boston so long held over other American cities is slowly passing away. Webster and Choate, Channing and Parker, Howe and Garrison, Prescott and Motley, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Margaret Fuller, Jackson and Warren, Mann and Agassiz, are gathered to their fathers. Emerson and Holmes, Longfellow and Whittier, have passed their seventieth birthdays, and the new stars which are rising above the horizon are few in number, and hardly of the same order of magnitude with those which have sunk or are sinking to its verge. Meanwhile the "spirit of the people," which seconded so robustly the efforts of these great citizens, is utterly unchanged. There is probably nowhere in the world a more appreciative intelligence, a deeper capacity for enthusiasm, if only the proper object is revealed, or a truer eagerness to live hard and bear a hand in the heavy and heroic work of the world. No positive condition is present which could prevent Boston from becoming, if the means were given, as radiant a focus of human energy as any place of its size in the world. What positive condition is absent? Simply a fortuitous assemblage of great men happening to be born or to migrate there about the same time. Would a Spencerian evolutionist pretend that such an event is *incompatible* with the sociological condition of Boston at the present day? Surely not. With every allowance made for the growth of rival cities in the West, for increased attractiveness of New York as a literary and publishing centre, for the greater exhaustiveness of professional life at the present day, with the impossibility it brings of a professional man being also a man of letters, it still remains perfectly possible to conceive of three or four geniuses in any department being born here, and choosing to stay here and work. Three or four born here might easily attract the rest from outside, and the native temperament would fill in the background. As a matter of fact there is hardly a zoölogist to-day in the country, of about the age of forty, who was not made a naturalist by the accidental fact of Agassiz settling in Boston, founding his museum in connection with the Lawrence Scientific School, and preaching with all the force of his magnetic personality the doctrine that to come there and study zoölogy was the only thing worthy the ambition of an intelligent youth.

It is folly, then, to speak of the "laws of history" as of something inevitable, which science has only to discover, and which any one can then foretell and observe, but do nothing to alter or avert. Why, the very laws of physics are conditional, and deal with *ifs*. The physicist don't say, "The water *will* boil anyhow;" he only says it will boil *if* a fire be kindled beneath it. And so the utmost the student of sociology can ever predict is that *if* a genius of a certain sort show the way, society will be sure to follow. It might long ago have been predicted with great confidence that both Italy and Germany would reach a stable unity if some one could but succeed in starting the process. It could not have been predicted, however, that the *modus operandi* in each case would be subordination to a paramount state rather than federation, because no historian could have calculated the freaks of birth and fortune which gave at the same moment such positions of authority to three such peculiar individuals as Napoleon III., Bismarck, and Cavour. So of our own politics. It is certain now that the movement of the independents, reformers, or whatever one please to call them, will triumph. But whether it do so by converting the republican party to its ends, or by rearing a new party on the ruins of both our present factions, the historian cannot say. There can be no doubt that the reform movement would make more progress in one year with an adequate personal leader than

as now in ten without one. Were there a great citizen, splendid with every civic gift, to be its candidate, who can doubt that he would lead us to victory? But at present, we, his environment, who sigh for him and would so gladly preserve and adopt him if he came, can neither move without him, nor yet do anything to bring him forth.

To conclude: The evolutionary view of history, when it denies the vital importance of individual initiative, is, then, an utterly vague and unscientific conception, a lapse from modern scientific determinism into the most ancient Oriental fatalism. The lesson of the analysis that we have made (even on the completely deterministic hypothesis with which we started) forms an appeal of the most stimulating sort to the energy of the individual. Even the dogged resistance of the reactionary conservative to changes which he cannot hope entirely to defeat is justified and shown to be effective. He retards the movement; deflects it a little by the concessions he extracts; gives it a resultant momentum, compounded of his inertia and his adversaries' speed; and keeps up, in short, a constant lateral pressure, which, to be sure, never heads it round about, but brings it up at last at a goal far to the right or left of that to which it would have drifted had he allowed it to drift alone.

I now pass to the last division of my subject, the function of the environment in *mental* evolution. After what has already been said, I may be quite concise. Here, if anywhere, it would seem at first sight as if that school must be right which makes the mind passively plastic, and the outer relations actively productive of the form and order of its conceptions; which, in a word, thinks that all mental progress must result from a series of *adaptive* changes, in the sense already defined. We all know what an immense part of our mental furniture consists of purely remembered, not reasoned, experience. The entire field of habit and association by contiguity belongs here. The entire field of those abstract conceptions which have been taught us with the language into which we were born belongs here also. And, more than this, there is reason to think that the order of "outer relations" experienced by the individual may itself determine the order in which the general characters imbedded therein shall be noticed and extracted by his mind.[1] The pleasures and benefits, moreover, which certain parts of the environment yield, and the pains and hurts which other parts inflict, determine the direction of our interest and our attention, and so decide at which points the accumulation of mental experiences shall begin. It might, accordingly, seem as if there was no room for any other agency than this; as if the distinction we have hitherto found so useful between the agency of "spontaneous variation," as the producer of changed forms, and the environment, as their preserver and destroyer, did not hold in the case of mental progress; as if, in a word, the parallel with Darwinism might no longer obtain, and Spencer might be quite right with his fundamental law of intelligence, which says, "The cohesion between psychical states is proportionate to the frequency with which the relation between the answering external phenomena has been repeated in experience."[2]

But, in spite of all these facts, I have

[1] That is, if a certain general character be rapidly repeated in our outer experience with a number of strongly contrasted concomitants, it will be sooner abstracted than if its associates are invariable or monotonous.

[2] Principles of Psychology, vol. i. p. 460. See also pages 463, 464, 500. On page 408 the law receives a totally different formulation, thus: the *persistence* of the connection in consciousness is proportionate to the *persistence* of the outer connection. Mr. Spencer works most with the law of frequency. Either law, from my point of view, is false. But it is very characteristic of Mr. Spencer that he should seem to think them synonymous.

no hesitation whatever in holding firm to the Darwinian distinction even here. I maintain that the facts in question are all drawn from the lower strata of the mind, so to speak, — from the sphere of its least evolved functions, from the region of intelligence which man possesses in common with the brutes. And I can easily show that throughout the whole extent of those mental departments which are highest, which are most characteristically human, Spencer's law is violated at every step; and that, as a matter of fact, the new conceptions, emotions, and active tendencies which evolve are originally *produced* in the shape of random images, fancies, accidental outbirths of spontaneous variation in the functional activity of the excessively unstable human brain, which the outer environment simply confirms or refutes, adopts or rejects, preserves or destroys, — *selects*, in short, just as it selects morphological and social variations due to molecular accidents of an analogous sort.

It is one of the tritest of truisms that human intelligences of a simple order are very literal. They are slaves of habit, doing what they have been taught without variation; dry, prosaic, and matter of fact in their remarks; devoid of humor, except of the coarse physical kind which rejoices in a practical joke; taking the world for granted; and possessing in their faithfulness and honesty the single gift by which they are sometimes able to warm us into admiration. But even this faithfulness seems to have a sort of inorganic ring, and to remind us more of the immutable properties of a piece of inanimate matter than of the steadfastness of a human will capable of alternative choice. When we descend to the brutes, all these peculiarities are intensified. No reader of Schopenhauer can forget his frequent allusions to the *trockener Ernst* of dogs and horses, nor to their *Ehrlichkeit*. And every noticer of their ways must receive a deep impression of the fatally literal character of the few, simple, and treadmill-like operations of their minds.

But turn to the highest order of minds, and what a change! Instead of thoughts of concrete things patiently following one another in a beaten track of habitual suggestion, we have the most abrupt cross-cuts and transitions from one idea to another, the most rarefied abstractions and discriminations, the most unheard-of combinations of elements, the subtlest associations of analogy; in a word, we seem suddenly introduced into a seething caldron of ideas, where everything is fizzling and bobbing about in a state of bewildering activity, where partnerships can be joined or loosened in an instant, treadmill routine is unknown, and the unexpected seems the only law. According to the idiosyncrasy of the individual, the scintillations will have one character or another. They will be sallies of wit and humor; they will be flashes of poetry and eloquence; they will be constructions of dramatic fiction or of mechanical device, logical or philosophic abstractions, business projects, or scientific hypotheses, with trains of experimental consequences based thereon; they will be musical sounds, or images of plastic beauty or picturesqueness, or visions of moral harmony. But, whatever their differences may be, they will all agree in this, — that their genesis is sudden and, as it were, spontaneous. That is to say, the same premises would not, in the mind of another individual, have engendered just that conclusion; although, when the conclusion is offered to the other individual, he may thoroughly accept and enjoy it, and envy the brilliancy of him to whom it first occurred.

To Professor Jevons is due the great credit of having emphatically pointed out[1] how the genius of discovery depends altogether on the number of these random notions and guesses which visit

[1] In his Principles of Science, chapters xi., xii., xxvi.

the investigator's mind. To be fertile in hypotheses is the first requisite, and to be willing to throw them away the moment experience contradicts them is the next. The Baconian method of collating tables of instances may be a useful aid at certain times. But one might as well expect a chemist's note-book to write down the name of the body analyzed, or a weather table to sum itself up into a prediction of probabilities, of its own accord, as to hope that the mere fact of mental confrontation with a certain series of facts will be sufficient to make *any* brain conceive their law. The conception of the law is a spontaneous variation in the strictest sense of the term. It flashes out of one brain, and no other, because the instability of that brain is such as to tip and upset itself in just that particular direction. But the important thing to notice is that the good flashes and the bad flashes, the triumphant hypotheses and the absurd conceits, are on an exact equality in respect of their origin. Aristotle's Physics and Aristotle's Logic flow from one spring. The forces that produce the one produce the other. When walking along the street, thinking of the blue sky or the fine spring weather, I may either smile at some preposterously grotesque whim which occurs to me, or I may suddenly catch an intuition of the solution of a long-unsolved problem, which at that moment was far from my thoughts. Both notions are shaken out of the same reservoir, — the reservoir of a brain in which the reproduction of images in the relations of their outward persistence or frequency has long ceased to be the dominant law. But to the thought, when it is once engendered, the consecration of agreement with outward persistence and importance may come. The grotesque conceit perishes in a moment, and is forgotten. The scientific hypothesis arouses in me a fever of desire for verification. I read, write, experiment, consult experts. Everything corroborates my notion, which being then published in a book spreads from review to review and from mouth to mouth, till at last there is no doubt I am enshrined in the Pantheon of the great diviners of nature's ways. The environment *preserves* the conception which it was unable to *produce* in any brain less idiosyncratic than my own.

Now the spontaneous upsettings of brains this way and that at particular moments into particular ideas and combinations are matched by their equally spontaneous permanent tiltings or saggings towards determinate directions. The humorous bent is quite characteristic; the sentimental one equally so. And the personal *tone* of each mind, which makes it more alive to certain classes of experience than others, more attentive to certain impressions, more open to certain reasons, is equally the result of that invisible and unimaginable play of the forces of growth within the nervous system which, irresponsibly to the environment, makes the brain peculiarly apt to function in a certain way. Here again the selection goes on. The products of the mind with the determined æsthetic bent please or displease the community. We adopt Carlyle, and grow unsentimental and serene. We are fascinated by Schopenhauer, and learn from him the true luxury of woe. The adopted bent becomes a ferment in the community, and alters its tone. The alteration may be a benefit or a misfortune, for it is (*pace* Mr. Allen) a differentiation from within, which has to run the gauntlet of the larger environment's selective power. Civilized Languedoc, taking the tone of its scholars, poets, princes, and theologians, fell a prey to its rude Catholic environment in the Albigensian crusade. France in 1792, taking the tone of its St. Justs and Marats, plunged into its long career of unstable outward relations. Prussia in 1806, taking the tone of its Humboldts and its Steins, proved itself in the

most signal way "adjusted" to its environment in 1872.

Mr. Spencer, in one of the strangest chapters of his Principles of Psychology,[1] tries to show the necessary order in which the development of conceptions in the human race occurs. No abstract conception can be developed, according to him, until the outward experiences have reached a certain degree of heterogeneity, definiteness, coherence, and so forth. "Thus the belief in an unchanging order, the belief in *law*, is a belief of which the primitive man is absolutely incapable. . . . Experiences such as he receives furnish but few data for the conception of uniformity, whether as displayed in things or in relations. . . . The daily impressions which the savage gets yield the notion very imperfectly, and in but few cases. Of all the objects around, — trees, stones, hills, pieces of water, clouds, and so forth, — most differ widely, . . . and few approach complete likeness so nearly as to make discrimination difficult. Even between animals of the same species it rarely happens that, whether alive or dead, they are presented in just the same attitudes. . . . It is only along with a gradual development of the arts . . . that there come frequent experiences of perfectly straight lines admitting of complete apposition; bringing the perceptions of equality and inequality. Still more devoid is savage life of the experiences which generate the conception of the uniformity of succession. The sequences observed from hour to hour and day to day seem anything but uniform; difference is a far more conspicuous trait among them. . . . So that if we contemplate primitive human life as a whole, we see that multiformity of sequence, rather than uniformity, is the notion which it tends to generate. . . . Only as fast as the practice of the arts develops the idea of measure can the consciousness of uniformity become clear. . . . Those conditions furnished by advancing civilization which make possible the notion of uniformity simultaneously make possible the notion of *exactness*. . . . Hence the primitive man has little experience which cultivates the consciousness of what we call *truth*. How closely allied this is to the consciousness which the practice of the arts cultivates is implied even in language. We speak of a true surface as well as a true statement. Exactness describes perfection in a mechanical fit, as well as perfect agreement between the results of calculations."

The whole burden of Mr. Spencer's book is to show the fatal way in which the mind, supposed passive, is molded by its experiences of "outer relations." In this chapter the yard-stick, the balance, the chronometer, and other machines and instruments come to figure among the "relations" external to the mind. Surely they are so, after they have been manufactured; but only because of the preservative power of the social environment. Originally all these things and all other institutions were flashes of genius in an individual head, of which the outer environment showed no sign. Adopted by the race and become its heritage, they then supply instigations to new geniuses whom they environ to make new inventions and discoveries; and so the ball of progress rolls. But take out the geniuses, or alter their idiosyncrasies, and what will the environment *per se* effect or what order will its results show? We defy Mr. Spencer or any one else to reply.

The plain truth is that the "philosophy" of evolution (as distinguished from our special information about particular cases of change) is a metaphysic creed, and nothing else. It is a mood of contemplation, an emotional attitude, rather than a system of thought; a mood which is old as the world, and which no refutation of any one incarnation of it (such as the Spencerian philosophy) will dispel; the mood of fatalistic pantheism,

[1] Part VIII. chap. iii.

with its intuition of the One and All, which was, and is, and ever shall be, and from whose womb each single thing proceeds. Far be it from us to speak slightingly here of so hoary and mighty a style of looking on the world as this. What we at present call scientific discoveries had nothing to do with bringing it to birth, nor can one easily conceive that they should ever give it its *quietus*, no matter how logically incompatible with its spirit the ultimate phenomenal distinctions which science accumulates should turn out to be. It can laugh at the phenomenal distinctions on which science is based, for it draws its vital breath from a region which — whether above or below — is at least altogether different from that in which science dwells. A critic, however, who cannot disprove the truth of the metaphysic creed, can at least raise his voice in protest against its disguising itself in "scientific" plumes. I think that all who have had the patience to follow me thus far will agree that the Spencerian "philosophy" of social and intellectual progress is an obsolete anachronism, reverting to a pre-Darwinian type of thought, just as the Spencerian philosophy of "force," effacing all the previous phenomenal distinctions between *vis viva*, potential energy, momentum, work, force, mass, etc., which physicists have with so much agony achieved, carries us back to a pre-Galilean age.

William James.

NOT YET, MY SOUL.

Not yet, my soul, these friendly fields desert,
Where thou with grass, and rivers, and the breeze,
And the bright face of day, thy dalliance had;
Where to thine ear first sang the enraptured birds;
Where love and thou that lasting bargain made.
The ship rides trimmed, and from the eternal shore
Thou hearest airy voices; but not yet
Depart, my soul, not yet awhile depart.

Freedom is far, rest far. Thou art with life
Too closely woven, nerve with nerve intwined;
Service still craving service, love for love,
Love for dear love, still suppliant with tears.
Alas, not yet thy human task is done!
A bond at birth is forged; a debt doth lie
Immortal on mortality. It grows, —
By vast rebound it grows, unceasing growth:
Gift upon gift, alms upon alms, upreared,
From man, from God, from nature, till the soul
At that so huge indulgence stands amazed.

Leave not, my soul, the unfoughten field, nor leave
Thy debts dishonored, nor thy place desert,
Without due service rendered. For thy life,
Up, spirit, and defend that fort of clay,

Thy body, now beleaguered; whether soon
Or late she fall; whether to-day thy friends
Bewail thee dead, or, after years, a man
Grown old in honor and the friend of peace.
Contend, my soul, for moments and for hours;
Each is with service pregnant; each reclaimed
Is as a kingdom conquered, where to reign.

As when a captain rallies to the fight
His scattered legions, and beats ruin back,
He, on the field, encamps, well pleased in mind.
Yet surely him shall Fortune overtake,
Him smite in turn, headlong his ensigns drive;
And that dear land, now safe, to-morrow fall.
But he, unthinking, in the present good
Solely delights, and all the camps rejoice.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

PEOPLE OF A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY VILLAGE.

The valley of the —— is one of the principal centres of the cotton industry in New England. Two streams afford ample water-power for many factories situated on their banks. By a succession of dams built across both rivers they are transformed into a series of steps, each one a placid mill-pond, and all acting as reservoirs for the waters utilized to run the factories. Near to one another on both streams are the villages, each having one or more cotton-mills or other manufacturing establishments. Altogether, there are more than a score of factories, and the population must be over ten thousand.

The cotton manufacture was begun in this region early in the present century, and gradually grew in magnitude, till it has attained its present dimensions. Until within a quarter of a century the mill operatives were almost exclusively Americans, both by birth and descent. Old customs prevailed, and the community was homogeneous. The old New England town community existed here in a similar condition to what characterized it elsewhere. Democratic equality prevailed, and society as yet was not divided into classes between which the lines were sharply drawn. Mill workers were familiar with farm work, many of them being the sons and daughters of the neighboring farmers. Few were entirely dependent upon work in the factories as a means of livelihood, and as a result there was an easy independence of manner in all dealings between employers and employed. Under such circumstances labor disturbances could not occur, since each workman had other channels open to him, and there was no large class who by their training were restricted to one kind of work.

With the incoming of a foreign population by emigration a change has by slow degrees been taking place, so that the existing condition of society is almost as dissimilar to the former state as the manners and customs in one country are different from those in another. The population in these villages is now largely of foreign birth or parentage, the native Americans being a

very small minority. French Canadians and Irish form the bulk of the population, and the indications seem to be that the Canadians will in a short time, if they do not already, outnumber any other nationality. Besides these, there is a small number of English, Scotch, and Welsh, and occasionally a German. The community formed by these heterogeneous elements has as yet no social manners and customs that belong to it as a whole. The advent of the strangers is so recent that the various nationalities have not become welded together. Each people preserves in a measure its former manners and peculiarities, with some slight modifications that climate and surroundings have been able to produce. Little social intercourse takes place between the different nationalities, though they are associating more as they become acquainted, and intermarriages are much more frequent than formerly.

The Irish were the first foreigners to come to these villages in large numbers. They took the place of the Americans, who little by little sought more congenial employment, and were in turn succeeded by the French, who now occupy the ground and seem destined to prevail. These successive influxes of foreigners seem like peaceful invasions, in each case the new arrivals gradually supplanting their predecessors.

The wages paid in the factories are small, a dollar a day being good pay for a man in many of them. In a few cases more is earned, but these are exceptional instances. Overseers get fair wages, — as much as a good mechanic in the cities. Mule-spinners average about a dollar a day; in some of the factories a little more, in others less. The best weavers, those who run the greatest number of looms, can earn nearly as much; the majority, however, earn less. These two classes are the best paid in the factories, because more skill is required from them than from the others. Mule-spinners are always men; weavers are both men and women.

Lest objection should be made that the preceding statement is too general, here are a few particulars. Operatives in cotton factories are, with a few exceptions, paid by the piece; the exceptions are cases where it is impossible or inconvenient so to estimate. Weavers are paid a certain rate per cut or piece of cloth; spinners are paid according to the weight and fineness of the yarn produced. The unit of length is the hank, and the relative fineness of a yarn is the number of hanks contained in a pound. This number is called the "size" of the yarn. In many factories the spinner is paid a certain rate per hundred hanks. The fineness of yarn is generally kept at about the same standard, and the number of hanks is found by multiplying the weight in pounds of the yarn produced by the spinner with the size.

In one of these factories the wages are as follows: mule-spinners operating a pair of spinning-mules having 1280 spindles, and producing an average of about 700 pounds of yarn per week, the size of the yarn being 40, are paid at the rate of two cents per hundred hanks. The weekly earning of a spinner would then be found by the following calculation: —

$$700 \times 40 = 28{,}000 \text{ hanks.}$$
$$280 \times .02 = \$5.60.$$

The weavers in the same mill are not able to earn quite a dollar a loom per week. For a piece of cloth over fifty yards in length they receive twenty-three cents, and about two days are required to weave such a piece on one loom. The number of looms run by individuals is four, five, or six. In mills where print cloth is woven more looms are run, but there the rate per cut is much less, and the weekly earnings amount to about the same. In these mills none of the workers who are paid by the day, except the overseers and their assistants, receive more than five dollars

per week. Children, who are mostly employed in the mule-spinning, ring-spinning, and spooling rooms, earn from a dollar a week to between two and three. Although no regular scale of prices exists, yet the mobile character of the population prevents there being much difference in the total wages in each place.

House rent is cheap ; a good commodious tenement can be hired at the rate of fifty dollars a year and less. In nearly all the villages the owners of the mills have tenement houses for their operatives, which they let to them at a low rate. Some of the operatives have houses of their own, but they are very few compared to the population.

The hours of labor are eleven hours per day, or sixty-six per week, in most of the mills. In many factories the water-wheel is started before time in the morning, and some of the operatives go to work then in order to earn more.

In this section there has never been a labor disturbance of any moment. For this several causes may be assigned. The main one is the want of unity among the population on account of the various nationalities, which has prevented organization. Wages have always been smaller here than in such places as Fall River, and the most intelligent and skillful naturally gravitate towards the highest wages. The English people, who were on their arrival skilled workers, not requiring to learn like the Irish and French, are rarely met with in the valley. In their own country they had learned to organize and agitate, and they manifest the same spirit here, as has been thoroughly exhibited in Fall River. But in this valley the isolation and the power of the owners, who possessed the villages, — mills, houses, churches, school-houses, and adjoining lands, — placed an agitator at such a disadvantage that he could obtain no foot-hold.

The factories have paid their owners previous to and during the present hard times, as all rightly managed cotton factories throughout the country have done. A gentleman engaged in manufacturing in this locality informed the writer that the difficulties of several manufacturers who had become financially involved were the result of outside speculation, and had they confined themselves to their legitimate business they would have been all right, as their factories had never failed to pay.

The Roman Catholics are more numerous than any other sect, and the French and Irish have several churches, in some cases worshiping together, and in others having separate places where the service is conducted in the language best understood by the worshipers. There are several Baptist, Methodist, and Advent churches, and the Episcopalians and Congregationalists have each places of worship ; but the Protestant congregations are small, and none of them are in a very prosperous condition, owing to the change in the character of the population. Outside of select social circles or the home life of families, the people have few amusements. Occasionally a traveling show will exhibit. When a circus comes, during the summer season, some of the mills give their help a half holiday to go and see it. The rum shop and its accessories, by supplying in some measure the demand for sociableness and company, draw many, especially among the young men, and these places seem to be very plentiful.

The observance of the Sabbath is not very rigid. The native Americans themselves are by no means puritanical in their way of keeping it holy, and if report speak truly they were no more so when they were in the majority. Now the Sabbath is a day of recreation to many. The Catholic population attend mass in the morning, and their conscience being thus relieved they are free to devote the rest of the day to their amusement. Rarely, however, will an Irishman be seen working in his garden

on Sunday, though it is no uncommon thing to see a genuine Yankee doing so.

There are common schools in the villages, but comparatively little attention is paid to education. The French especially are extremely careless in this matter and, as there are no compulsory measures used, many of the children are put to work very young, and have no chance to go to school. One cause of this is the small wages the operatives receive, in many cases the united earnings of all the family being barely sufficient to provide for their wants.

In many of the villages the owners of the factory keep a store which supplies the operatives with all necessaries, — groceries, clothing, boots and shoes, and furniture. They are expected to trade here and most commonly do. In fact, while there is no direct compulsion, yet many cannot help themselves, but are compelled by force of circumstances to patronize the " store." The amount of their bill is deducted from the wages of a family, and the surplus, if any, is paid over to the head of the household. Board is also deducted in the same way, and the amount goes to pay the bill the keeper of the boarding-house has contracted. This practice is followed even in instances where young men and women board with their parents. Many poor people see no money from one year to another, and others obtain a little sometimes if any member of the family should happen to be employed elsewhere. One man to whom the writer was introduced had not received any money for at least seven years, as all he had earned had not been sufficient to pay his bills, and he was deeply in debt. This is an exceptional case, but there are many nearly as bad, and the majority have all had a slight touch of the same experience. When once in debt it is very difficult to get out. The prices of supplies are higher than they would be in private stores. The system of accounts between the operatives and the store is confusing to the former, many of whom, through their ignorance, are obliged to accept as true the results presented. In good times the work-people were allowed to run large bills, but now those who show a disposition to exceed their income are put upon an allowance.

Years ago, previous to the panic and the French emigration, reasonably good wages were paid in the factories, and the native Americans, Irish, English, and Scotch, who then constituted the population, lived comfortably; and some of them, with the assistance of their families, acquired by close economy a competency. To the ordinary operative this is now an impossibility, nor does there seem any likelihood that a revival of business will so change affairs as again to give the cotton-mill operative the relatively good wages he formerly earned. Here, as well as in other centres of this industry, the work of the individual operative has been increased and his pay reduced. Close competition is the cause of this, and the tendency is so to improve machinery as further to facilitate this doubling-up process. Machinery is being perfected more and more, and in many places where a workman was required, an automatic attachment now does the work. Laborers by these agencies being more plentiful, and the demand for them relatively less, the natural consequence is small wages, and as these causes bid fair to continue, no change in an upward direction can occur.

It is an interesting question to consider what will be the future of a community like this; not only interesting, but also serious, as throughout the New England States there are many similar communities, with only slight and local differences. At present this village is in a transitory condition. The immigration is so recent that the people are not yet fairly settled. If the cotton manufacture should exist in its present state for a few years longer, and dur-

ing that time no sudden influx of any other foreign nationalities take place, the existing operatives will be American citizens, and will in a measure have grown into a homogeneous community. Their condition to-day does not indicate that they will then be a society to be proud of, yet they will be representative Americans. Moral degradation and dense ignorance will assuredly be their lot, unless methods are pursued in regard to them in the future different from those in the past. The employers have not manifested, nor do they now, any visible practical interest in their welfare. At the utmost they leave them severely alone. No means are provided for their education except the common school, which they do not use; no libraries, no reading-rooms, and very few social advantages. To work, to eat, to sleep, is the unvarying daily round.

Some efforts should be made for the education of the children, and to do this a more thorough school system is necessary. New England has had in the past good reason to boast of her common schools; but in a factory community the old system cannot exist; it must be modified to suit the new circumstances. Here those circumstances are peculiar, and the coming years are to bring many changes.

The constitution of the State disqualifies foreign-born citizens, whether naturalized or not, from voting, unless they possess one hundred and thirty-four dollars' worth of real estate clear of incumbrance. Very few of the factory hands have that amount, but in a few years their children, who are native born, will be American citizens. Then, if not before, the existing laws will be changed, and the State will be governed by an ignorant proletariat. If the present ruling class can prevent this and perpetuate their power, they will be able to do so only by a harsher tyranny and perhaps the importation of Chinese as operatives. In either case a state of affairs will exist foreign to the spirit of American institutions.

Without having recourse to any communistic or socialistic remedy for these evils, there yet remain means by which improvements may be made. The most pressing necessity is for the schoolteacher, and there is abundant room for the philanthropists and many kinds of social reformers. The owners of the factories owe duties to the ignorant people they employ, but in the past they have not performed them except in a very few cases. If they would exert themselves they could do much good. There are many hardships, and little praise or compensation, for one who desires to engage in the task of elevating these people, and for this reason it would be a good field for missionaries, though it would not be so picturesque as going to India.

JEALOUSY.

I HAVE broken the king's law
To save the king's son;
Am I culprit or heroine,
Or both in one?

He was lying at death's door,
And pale with dread

King, queen, and courtiers all
In terror fled.

The young wife of a twelvemonth
Cowered wild with fear;
He was lying at death's door,
And no help near.

In the darkness I stole forth
('T was death to go,
But naught else could save him)
To the king's foe.

From the camp of the enemy
I brought the leech;
I bribed the sentinel
With silver speech.

I have broken the king's law,
But saved the king's son;
Must I die as a felon dies,
For the wrong done?

Or be led to the banquet-hall,
And sip red wine,
While the sweet-tongued singers praise
That deed of mine?

If but one voice accuse me,
No power can save
My young life from a dreadful doom, —
A traitor's grave.

King, queen, and judges all
Would set me free;
The young prince with his pale lips
Did plead for me.

Yet I die at the set of sun,
A death of shame;
I, the queen's tiring-maid,
Of spotless fame.

Who is mine enemy?
Who seeks my life?
Who speaks the fatal word?
The young prince's wife!

Helen Barron Bostwick.

SOCIALISTIC AND OTHER ASSASSINATIONS.

THE very frequent failure of attempts to assassinate sovereigns and eminent public persons long warranted the belief that in most instances they were not genuine, and possibly their authors had no other motive than a morbid craving for notoriety. But the more recent attempts show that there is much less of vanity than of political hate in these dastardly attacks. There can be no doubt, or should be none, that a serious disturbance of sentiment and opinion exists among certain classes in all parts of the civilized world. Certain men have awakened but recently to a realization of their power in the state, and the breaking of old bonds of habit and feeling has accompanied and even occasioned the new consciousness of strength. Distress and discontent aggravate the vague sense of power, and the classes which were once peaceful and apathetic look for means by which they can make life more agreeable, and their opinions felt more effectively.

Let us review the terrible crimes of the year 1878 in the order in which they occurred. On the 11th of May Emil Max Hoedel attempted the life of the venerable emperor of Germany; and hardly had this great crime been frustrated than Europe and America were again startled by the more daring attempt of Dr. Nobiling on the same sovereign. The history of Hoedel and his crime is very remarkable. He was only nineteen years of age. He was born in 1859, at Leipsic, where his mother is still living. His parents and those who knew him when a boy give a bad account of his conduct. He was impudent and dishonest, and was repeatedly flogged for theft. Finally, he was sent to the Reformatory at Zeitz, where he was taught the trade of a tinsmith. Soon after this he made his appearance as a professional agitator of the most disreputable type. When very young he had been a socialist, and these agitators do not intend to reform the world without the aid of some sort of government. He did not believe in organization, and therefore transferred his services to the anarchists, who declare open war on all compromise, all moral agencies, all toleration of existing institutions. An idea presented itself to this villain, and he declared to many people that bad times could never end until a certain "thick-headed person" was dispatched. He had his photograph taken, telling the operator that thousands of copies of his picture would be sold as soon as a certain piece of intelligence was flashed through the world. He purchased a revolver which he was assured would carry across the street, and having inquired at what hour the emperor was in the habit of driving out waited his opportunity. On the 11th of May, — the same day of the same month when Mr. Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, — between three and four o'clock, from the pavement of Unter den Linden, he fired at the emperor, as the latter passed by in an open carriage. He was not more than three or four yards distant from the monarch, yet he missed, and firing again as he ran away was no more successful than before. He then fired one shot at his pursuers, but missing them threw his pistol away and surrendered. He was soon after tried and sentenced to death. He received the announcement of his conviction and the sentence passed upon him with sneering indifference; nor were his last moments on the scaffold less revolting. He was taken out of his cell at daybreak, on the morning of Friday, August 16th, and beheaded in the court yard of the new prison at Berlin. On

the same day a distinguished Russian general was brutally assassinated, as will be shown further on.

The fate of Dr. Nobiling was less tragic than that of Hoedel, he having died on the 10th of September, after a sickness of nearly eight weeks and an imprisonment of over three months. On the 2d of June, less than three weeks after Hoedel's attempt on the emperor, Carl Nobiling fired twice with a double-barreled gun at the emperor from a window not far distant from the scene of the other attempt. The emperor was riding by with only a personal attendant. He received about thirty shot in the head, face, both arms, and back. When the assassin's door was forced he fired upon and wounded the hotel-keeper, and also attempted to commit suicide, inflicting upon himself wounds which brought on his fatal sickness. Three of Nobiling's brothers are officers in the Prussian army, and another graduated a short time ago from the University of Halle, and is an agricultural director in Saxony. The brothers in the army asked permission to resign their commissions; but a council of officers was held, and their request was refused. They were then granted permission to change their names, which they did at once. Nobiling himself was carefully educated in the government schools, and was sometime employed in one of the government offices in Berlin. He was always a socialist in theory, and held extravagant ideas.

The next and most daring crime of this sort was the assassination of Lieutenant-General Nicholas Vladimirovich Mezentsoff, chief of the St. Petersburg police. General Mezentsoff was in the habit of walking between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, for the most part alone. On the morning of the 16th of August the general as usual went out for a stroll, accompanied by Colonel Makaroff, a former comrade in the Crimean campaign. They walked side by side, the colonel being on the general's right hand. When they reached a certain corner of the street they observed in the angle of the house two persons approaching the square. To this, however, they attached no importance; but no sooner was the general in a straight line with this corner than one of these persons rushed out and delivered a violent thrust with a dagger, inflicting a very deep wound in the stomach. At this moment Colonel Makaroff flung himself on the assassin, but his companion interposed, discharging a revolver at the head of the colonel. The ball did not take effect, but in the confusion the assassins escaped. The unfortunate general was removed to his own house, and shortly after five o'clock that same day he died.

He was a man of upright and honorable character. He had the regard of all who knew him, and all the circumstances exclude the idea that this cruel outrage can have been dictated by private revenge, and point to political motives as its true cause.

Close upon the heels of this outrage came intelligence of the assassination of Mehemet Ali, the distinguished Turkish soldier, who, while serving as extraordinary commissioner of the Porte, was with his suite massacred at Jakovo by the Albanians. This occurred early in September, 1878.

Then came the attack upon King Alfonso, on the 25th of October. That day the young king had returned to his capital, after a month's absence on a military tour through the northern provinces of Spain. The young monarch had reviewed his small army before ex-President Grant and distinguished officers of the French and German staff, and was riding through Madrid on horseback. Everywhere he was received with hearty welcomes; the crowds cheered, and ladies showered bouquets of flowers upon him from the balconies. As the royal cortège passed along the principal

street of Madrid a young man pressed through the soldiers who kept the line, and, drawing a pistol, fired point-blank at Alfonso. The bullet missed its aim. The would-be assassin was instantly seized, and he proved to be one Juan Oliva Moncasi, a cooper, twenty-three years of age. He had for several years been noted in the district of Tarragona, in the province of Catalonia, where he was born, for his very exaggerated ideas in politics. He was uncommonly daring and cool in his behavior after his arrest, and he declared that he did not feel the slightest remorse. He had meditated this crime for a long time past, and came to Madrid with the firm resolve to carry out his design. He admitted that he had forfeited his life, but said he believed that he was, like Nobiling and Hoedel, furthering the objects of his school in social questions.

The young king, who displayed great courage in these trying circumstances, comes of a fated and unfortunate race. Scarcely ten years have passed in the last hundred years in which some prince of the house of Bourbon has not met with a violent end. In the Reign of Terror, Louis XVI. was guillotined ; Louis XVII. was put to death in prison by still fouler means ; Philippe Egalité was guillotined. In our own century the great Condé branch of the Bourbons was extinguished by the judicial murder of the Duke d'Enghien ; the Duke de Berri, heir to the throne of France, was stabbed by the villain Louvel ; and Don Henri, the Bourbon cousin of King Alfonso, was shot in a duel by the king's father-in-law, the Duke de Montpensier.

The trial of Moncasi was commenced on the 28th of October. He refused legal assistance, and an advocate for his defense was consequently appointed by the court. It was soon discovered that he had no accomplices in Madrid. After a fair trial he was sentenced to death.

On the 6th of November an attempt was made at Madrid to assassinate General Bregna, ex-minister of war, two shots having been fired at him by a man who formerly served in the army. The general, fortunately, escaped unhurt, and the perpetrator of the attempt was arrested.

In less than a fortnight after this attempt in Spain, the young king of Italy was assailed. As Humbert IV. was entering Naples in state on Sunday, November 17, 1878, a man named Giovanni Passanante attempted to assassinate him with a poniard attached to a long staff. Signor Cairoli, chief of the Italian ministry, who was in the carriage with the king, laid hands on the assassin, and was wounded in the thigh. The king displayed great coolness, and struck the villain with his sword.

Many interesting particulars concerning the history and antecedents of this would-be regicide have appeared in print. He was born in February, 1848, in the territory of Naples, where his mother still lives, and two of his brothers are laboring men. He is believed to be the illegitimate son of a captain who served with Napoleon at Waterloo. He early learned to cook, and has served as cook in many families and eating-houses. Turned away from school for having produced a composition which contained maxims and statutes for a new form of government, he united himself with all the workmen's societies within his reach. Recently he has frequented an evangelical school at Naples, and that, it is claimed, had the effect of still further exciting his mind. He continually had a Bible in his hands, and went about saying that he was studying profoundly for the good of humanity, and that the sacrifice of one's life for the good of the people was a worthy commemoration of Christ and his maxims. He had been heard on more than one occasion to say that he was capable of killing the king, for that kings ought not to exist.

On the 20th of November the news reached us that General Manuel Pardo, ex-president of Peru, and formerly president of the senate, had been cruelly assassinated. The terrible crime was committed November 16th, or the day before the attempt was made on King Humbert. General Pardo was just entering the senate-house, when a sergeant of the guard raised his musket and shot him in the back. He died soon afterward. The guard made no effort whatever to arrest the assassin, and it was soon discovered that the bloody act was but carrying out a conspiracy which had been fully arranged beforehand.

On the morning of December 13th, the London papers announced that several letters threatening the life of Queen Victoria had been received at the Home Office. The letters in question have not as yet been made public, but it is known that the author, whose name is Edward Byrne Madden, having as he supposes some claim either against the queen in person or the country, wrote to one of the secretaries of state intimating that unless his claim was immediately taken into consideration he should do something desperate. The man, who was fifty-six years of age, and was believed to be insane, was arrested. He admitted that he had written and sent the letters, further adding that he had commenced writing a fourth one to Lord Lyons, but had not yet concluded it. This is the sixth time that her majesty's life has been either attempted or at any rate threatened.

It is a remarkable fact that there have been more attempts on the lives of royal personages, rulers, and prominent officials during the last hundred years than at any other period of history. This fact is explained in more ways than one, but the chief reason seems to be that great personages are less well guarded now than they used to be. But fanatics have lived in all ages, and some of the worst political and royal murders that the world has known occurred more than two hundred years ago. The two Henrys of France were slain by bigots, who hoped to reach heaven by killing kings whom they considered to be enemies of their church. The assassination of Henry IV. by François Ravaillac was one of the most dastardly known to history. In the spring of 1610 the king resolved to set out from Paris to commence war in Germany, and appointed his second wife, Mary de' Medici, to be regent in his absence. She became possessed with an earnest desire to be solemnly crowned. Although it was much against his own wish, the king yielded to the importunities of the queen, and the day was fixed. Almost immediately Henry was filled with the notion that advantage would be taken of the coronation by the fanatical Catholic party to commit some outrage. He even went so far as to presage that he should not survive it, but having given the queen his word he would not countermand the orders already issued for the occasion. The air was filled with rumors of conspiracies formed against his person. Advices had reached him from more than twenty places that his assassination was contemplated, his conversion to Catholicism being set down as a mere matter of state policy, and his toleration of the Huguenots, of whom he had formerly been the head, being held to be sufficient proof that he still sympathized with the heretics.

On May 13th the ceremony of Mary's coronation was publicly performed with all possible magnificence, and the Sunday following was fixed for her entry into Paris. On the morning of Friday, on the 14th of May, King Henry was observed to remain kneeling at prayer longer than usual. After hearing a report of some military officers who had been out reconnoitring, Henry seemed in better spirits, and went to hear mass at a convent founded by himself in the Rue St. Honoré. He was followed there

by a man named François Ravaillac, who was watching an opportunity to stab him, but was hindered by the presence of the Duke de Vendôme. After dinner, which took place shortly after noon, the king conversed with some of his ministers about the reforms he intended to make after the war was over, and particularly the suppression of such taxes as were the most burdensome to the people, and the reduction of the revenue staff. After that he grew extremely uneasy, went to a window, and, leaning his head upon his arm, was heard to say softly, "My God! what is this within me that will not suffer me to be quiet!" About four o'clock Henry ordered his coach, in which, having seated himself, he placed the Duke of Epernon next him on his right hand. The Duke of Montbazen, the Marquis de la Force, the Marquis de Mirabeau, and Mesdames de Ravardin, Roquelaure, and de Liancourt, were also seated in the coach. Asked by the coachman where he was to go, the king answered, "Drive me from hence, anywhere!"

The man Ravaillac followed the coach, intending to have struck the king between the two gates, where there was necessarily a short stoppage; but he was hindered by finding the Duke of Epernon where the king used to sit. Once outside the palace yard, the king gave the coachman fresh orders, and last of all bade him drive to St. Innocent's church-yard. In the Rue de la Ferronière, which was a very narrow street, there was a stop occasioned by two carts, one loaded with wine, the other with hay. The guards had been sent away, and only two pages accompanied the coach. One of them went before to clear the way, while the other stooped down to garter up his stocking.

The assassin seized the opportunity. He mounted on the rear wheel of the coach, and with a long, double-edged knife struck the king over the Duke of Epernon's shoulder, while he was listening to a letter the duke was reading. So sudden was the assassination perpetrated, and so unobservant were the occupants of the coach, that none of them knew of it until they heard the king cry, "I am wounded!" They did not even see the murderer, and had he thrown the knife under the coach he might have escaped; but he stood on the wheel like a statue, with the bloody knife in his hand. A gentleman ran up, seized Ravaillac, drew his sword, and was about to run him through the body, but was prevented by the Duke of Epernon, who cried out, "Save him, on your life!"

The wounded king was hastily driven back to the Louvre, where he soon after died, and was buried on the 29th of June. The assassin was tried, and after his examination he appeared surprised at nothing so much as at the universal abhorrence in which he was held by the people. The jailers were forced to guard him strictly from his fellow prisoners, who would otherwise have murdered him. The butchers of Paris desired to have him put into their hands, affirming that they would flay him alive, and that he should still live twelve days. On the day of his execution he was tied to a wooden cross. The knife with which he slew the king being then fastened in his right hand, it was first burnt off in a slow fire; next, the fleshy parts of his body were torn with red-hot pincers, and melted lead, hot oil, pitch, and resin were poured into the wounds, and, through a clay funnel, into his bowels by the navel. The people refused to pray for him, and he was finally dragged to pieces by four horses.

In those days kings were truly regarded as the anointed of the Lord, and it remained for the French Revolution to disabuse people's minds of this notion, and to revive the ancient rant about the lawfulness of slaying tyrants for the good of mankind. From that time kingly and political murders have

been frequent, and scarcely a monarch in Europe has been allowed to reign long without having his life threatened. Indeed, there have been as many as forty attempts, or threats, to take the lives of royal personages and rulers during the last forty years. Before giving these, however, I wish to mention a few of the more prominent political murders accomplished and attempted between 1792 and 1848.

On the 16th of March, 1792, Gustavus III. of Sweden was shot at a masked ball in the theatre of Stockholm by Colonel Ankarström, who had four accomplices, all gentlemen of good family. The king survived his wound thirteen days. Ankarström was executed, but his accomplices escaped. On the 19th of April, 1799, the French plenipotentiaries who had been at Rastadt negotiating a peace with Germany, after Napoleon's Italian campaign, were treacherously murdered. The great Napoleon himself was frequently in danger. On the 24th of December, 1800, he was very near being killed by an infernal machine, which exploded as he was riding out of the Place du Carrousel. The conspirators were royalists. Four years later Georges Cadoudal, a Breton, plotted another attempt of the same kind with General Pichegru, and with seven or eight more was guillotined. Pichegru died in prison by his own hand. Napoleon had many other narrow escapes: one was at St. Cloud, in 1804, when he was shot at in his own garden by a person who was never caught; and another at Dresden, where his aggressor was a student, who was executed. The late Bayard Taylor, in a poem entitled Napoleon at Gotha, relates in graphic and graceful verse the details of an attempt made upon the great captain's life by the ducal huntsman's son, a "proud and bright-eyed stripling, scarce fifteen years of age." This lad saw with rising indignation that all were slaves and cowards before the one great man, Napoleon. His young blood was fired, and he swore to free the land of its conqueror. Upon one life hung all this shame and degradation. "I'll take it with my own hand," he said, "and earn my country's gratitude." He took an old musket down from the wall, and cleaned and loaded it, and started out as though for a day's sport. But he had not gone far when he returned to the castle of Friedenstein, and lay in wait for the emperor. Soon his watch was rewarded. He discerned the well-known figure, with the arms crossed behind the back, walking leisurely and alone toward him. The boy raised the gun, and pointed it directly at the emperor; his finger was on the trigger. Just as he was about to fire Napoleon saw him, and fixed his piercing gaze upon the lad, then walked calmly past him without even looking back. The gun fell from the boy's hands, and he stood rooted to the spot. Napoleon had with one glance of his eagle eye disarmed the misguided boy.

The Emperor Paul I. of Russia was strangled in his palace at St. Petersburg on the night of March 23–24, 1801. The terrible event is described by Napoleon, in volume ii. of his Memoirs. This monarch (said the emperor at St. Helena) had exasperated part of the Russian nobility against himself by an irritable and over-susceptible temper. His hatred of the French Revolution had been the distinguishing feature of his reign. He considered the familiar manners of the French sovereign and princes and the suppression of etiquette at their court as one of the causes of that revolution. He therefore established a most strict etiquette at his own court, and exacted tokens of respect by no means conformable to our manners, and which excited general discontent. To be dressed in a frock coat, wear a round hat, or omit to alight from a carriage when the Czar or one of the princes of his house was passing in the

streets or public walks was sufficient to excite his strongest animadversions, and to stamp the offender as a Jacobin in his opinion. After his reconciliation with the first consul he had partly given up some of these ideas; and it is probable that had he lived some years longer he would have regained the alienated esteem and affection of his court. The English, vexed and extremely irritated at the alteration which had taken place in him in the course of a twelvemonth, took every means of encouraging his domestic enemies. They succeeded in causing a report of his madness to be generally believed, and at length a conspiracy was formed against his life. . . .

The evening before his death, Paul, being at supper with his mistress and his favorite, received a dispatch, in which all the particulars of the plot against him were disclosed. He put it into his pocket, and deferred the perusal to the next day. In the night he was murdered. This crime was perpetrated without impediment. P—— had unlimited influence in the palace; he passed for the sovereign's favorite and confidential minister. He presented himself at two o'clock in the morning at the door of the emperor's apartment accompanied by B——, S——, and O——. A faithful Cossack who was stationed at the door of the chamber, made some difficulty of allowing them to enter. He was instantly massacred. The noise awakened the emperor, who seized his sword; but the conspirators rushed upon him, threw him down, and strangled him. It was B—— who gave him the last blow and trampled on his corpse.

On May 11, 1812, Mr. Perceval, who had been prime minister of England since 1809, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, who was hanged the same month. On January 28, 1817, the prince regent was fired at as he was driving to the House of Lords to open Parliament, the ball shattering the window of his coach, but doing him no harm. The year 1819 was marked by the murder of the dramatist Kotzebue, which caused a profound sensation throughout Germany. Kotzebue having rendered himself unpopular by his reactionary writings, some students of Mannheim entered into a plot, and drew lots as to who should kill him. The lot fell upon Karl Sand, a young man whose mildness of temper unfitted him to be a murderer, but who nevertheless perpetrated his crime with reckless daring. Afterwards, having ineffectually attempted to commit suicide, he went to the scaffold without quailing. In 1820 the world was startled by two political outrages: first the stabbing of the Duc de Berri, father of the Count de Chambord, on the steps of the old Opera House in Paris, on the 13th of February; and, second, the London conspiracy, by which Thistlewood and his accomplices planned to murder the principal members of Lord Liverpool's ministry on the occasion of a dinner held at Lord Harrowby's house on the 20th of February. The enterprise failed, and Thistlewood was hanged; but Louvel's attempt on the Duc de Berri was only too successful.

Coming down to King Louis Philippe, who reigned in France from 1830 to 1848, we find that he was shot at no fewer than nineteen times. The most determined effort to take his life was that of the Corsican Fieschi, by means of an infernal machine contrived with gun-barrels, on the 28th of July, 1835. Fieschi had two accomplices in Pepin and Morey. They missed the king with their infernal machine, but succeeded in slaughtering nearly forty persons, including Marshal Mortier. Fieschi was himself wounded. He had been a political spy and a hired *bravo* in Italy, — a wretch who stabbed for money, — and it was absolutely for a pecuniary reward that he tendered his services to a few fanatics who wished to get rid of the citizen king. The Corsican turned

craven on the scaffold, and fainted while he was being strapped to the plank. Henri Sanson, who was "*bourreau de Paris*" under the monarchy of July, guillotined between 1832 and 1844 no fewer than five assassins who had attempted the life of Louis Philippe. His first three were Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, the fourth was a young sailor named Alibaud, and the fifth a man named Marius Darmés, who had fired at the king.

In 1840, on the 10th of June, a half-witted lad named Oxford fired twice at the queen as she was driving with Prince Albert in Hyde Park. The boy was tried at the Old Bailey, and was detained for some time as a lunatic. In 1842 John Francis fired at her majesty, and some five weeks afterwards a man named Bean presented a pistol at her. Ten years later, in 1852, a fellow named Pate, formerly a lieutenant in the hussars, lay in wait for the queen as she was driving out of the residence of the Duke of Cambridge, and aimed a violent blow at her with his walking-stick, crushing her bonnet over her forehead. He was transported. In February, 1872, occurred the fifth attempt to frighten her. A lad named O'Connor, a silly shop-boy whose head had been turned with reading sensational romances, drew a pistol on her majesty as she was about to alight from her carriage at Buckingham Palace. He was sentenced to a year's hard labor and a good flogging.

In 1848 an attack was made on the late Duke of Modena and the Prince of Prussia (now the emperor of Germany). In 1852 an infernal machine intended for Napoleon III. was discovered at Marseilles. In the following year Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was slightly wounded by an Italian named Libenyez; an attempt was also made on Victor Emmanuel, and Napoleon was again fired at opposite the Opéra Comique. In 1854 the Duke of Parma was mortally stabbed, and in 1855 the life of the French emperor was once more imperiled by an Italian named Pianori. In 1856 a police agent at Madrid seized a man named Fuentes as he was about to shoot Queen Isabella; and the same year Milano, a soldier, wounded King Ferdinand of Naples with a dagger. Three Italians, who had been refugees in London, were convicted in 1857 of conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon III., and on January 14, 1858, came the culmination of the Orsini plot, the terrible explosion in the Rue Lepelletier, and the sacrifice of many innocent lives. The emperor escaped, but fourteen persons were killed or wounded by the explosion, the imperial coach being penetrated in several places by the shell fragments.

Some half dozen other attempts were made upon Napoleon's life, and two of these have remained shrouded in mystery. It is known that in 1859 he was shot at by a forester in the forest of Compiègne; but the papers received orders not to mention the affair. Again, in 1864, an Italian who had joined in the Greco-Trabuco plot for assassinating the emperor was pistoled in the courtyard of a house in the Rue de Vaugirard, while resisting the detectives who had been sent to arrest him; but the public heard nothing of this affair until the private papers of the Tuileries were published in 1870.

In 1861 the king of Prussia was twice fired at, but not hit, by the student Becker, at Baden; and in the following year a Greek student named Buesios fired at the queen of Greece. In 1865 Abraham Lincoln, the patriotic, good, and virtuous president, was cruelly assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, at Ford's Theatre, Washington. The particulars of this horrible crime can never be forgotten by the American people. The life of the Czar Alexander II. has been often attempted. Two attempts have also been made upon Prince Bismarck, — by Blind in 1860, and Kull-

mann in 1874. In 1868 Prince Michael of Servia was assassinated, and Amadeo, ex-king of Spain, was attacked in 1872. One year before this latter event Marshal Prim, the ablest leader of the Spanish revolution, was waylaid and treacherously murdered by a band of assassins in Madrid, on the same day that King Amadeo landed on the shores of the Peninsula. Many arrests were made of suspected persons, and not a few were detained for several years in the prisons of Madrid. Some of the accused died in jail; others were liberated for want of sufficient proof; and in the summer of 1878 a man called José Lopez Perez, who had been confined for years, was brought before the Audiencia of Madrid to answer to the charge of participation in the assassination of the Duke of Castillijos. This man made a declaration in court which caused so much sensation that it was commented on by almost every paper in the capital. He solemnly assured his judges that he was able and ready to make full and complete revelations of the crime committed in the Calle Tarco; but he added that he would not venture on any revelation unless the court undertook at once to have him removed to a fortress or prison where his life would be in safety. This remarkable declaration produced such an impression when it took place that the judges suspended the hearing of the case, and sent the man back to prison. After that no more notice was taken of the man or his offers. About the 12th of September the evening journals of Madrid announced that a scuffle had taken place in the Saladero prison, and that one of the inmates had been dangerously stabbed by one of his fellow-prisoners. On the morning of September 15th the El Imparcial announced, "José Lopez Perez, accused in the suit pending on the murder of General Prim, said before the Audiencia, some days ago, that if they guaranteed his life he would speak; since yesterday he lies in the hospital wounded with two fearful stabs received in the Saladero of Madrid."

The president of the republic of Peru was murdered in 1872; the President of Bolivia in 1873; the president of Ecuador in 1875; the President of Paraguay in 1877; and in the year 1878 we had the two attempts upon the emperor of Germany, the murders of General Mezentsoff, Mehemet Ali Pasha, and of General Pardo, and the attempts upon King Alfonso, King Humbert, Queen Victoria, and Emperor Francis Joseph. No doubt the list is far from complete, but enough has been written to show that these fearful offenses, though of such frequent occurrence, fail, fortunately, oftener than they succeed.

Considerations of compassion for misguided men, or unwillingness to believe in the existence of human wickedness in a positively diabolical degree, might induce the assumption that all regicides and political assassins are more or less insane. But the truth of the matter is that the number of lunatics or semi-lunatics is more than counterbalanced by an array of desperate and unscrupulous wretches like Orsini, like John Wilkes Booth, like Max Hoedel, like Giovanni Passanante.

Perhaps there was something in Orsini's idea that an insurrection in Italy would follow the revolution in France, which the killing of Napoleon III. would bring about. There may also have been something plausible in the notion of young Blind, who made an attempt on the life of Bismarck, that the great hope of the Prussian Tories was an obstacle to German unity. But the more recent attempts have been made on men whose deaths could hardly have any political effect. All the nihilists in Russia could not prevent the Czarowitch from succeeding Emperor Alexander. The death of the emperor of Germany would only elevate the crown prince to the throne, and he is a man of uncommon energy.

The dynasties of Spain and Italy would not be extinguished by murdering the reigning sovereigns. There would be no real and permanent change created if all these attempts had been as successful as the cowardly murder of General Pardo; and this fact certainly proves that men who are morally capable of political murder are mentally incapable of political reasoning.

James Henry Haynie.

A HOUSE OF DREAMS ON A WOODED HILL.

HERE under fir-trees, dusk and sweet,
Whose fine fair spines beneath the feet
Turn sound to silence, as is meet;

Here in the heather, gray and red,
Whose clustered bells are all bespread,
Lest the dull bee forget his bread, —

Here lie long, trembling shafts of light
On tufted fern, brown moss and white,
And grass, with ivied wreaths bedight.

Here oak-trees grow, a finger long,
And here do fir cones, waxen strong,
Thrust feathered heads from out the throng.

Here the armed gorse is all besprent
With golden slippers, in whose scent
The toadstool piles his small, cold tent.

Here timid bright eyes find retreat,
Here is a scamper of small feet,
And here of wings the rush and beat.

Here in this ambush I will seize
From perfumed shade and golden ease,
And things as fanciful as these,

A monarchy; and I will weave
A house of dreams, beneath whose eave
Men may not enter nor may grieve.

Here in the tangle be my throne,
And each small thing that lives alone
Shall bring me tribute of his own.

For me the broom shall hang his gold,
And jeweled creatures, brown and old,
Shall come, their wrinkled heads a-cold.

For me the modest eye of day
Shall spread her silver; and the bay
Shall wreathe me with her wreaths alway.

Here be my splendor and renown,
Where winds go whispering to the town,
And buttercups wear each a crown.

Here come no duty and no right,
No love nor hate; but day and night
Go round in calm and dull delight.

Here let me live, and let me die;
Of them that travail and that cry,
Forgotten: who so free as I?

I. Oppenheim.

DEODAND.

I.

One day there sailed into St. Gilbert's harbor, which opens to the north, the schooner Only Son. She was of two hundred and thirty tons burthen and was painted green with a white stripe. The paint was much scratched and rust stained. A battered yawl in the same colors towed in her wake. The occasion of her arrival at St. Gilbert's was the hard usage she had met with in a gale off the Manitous, the day before. A heavy sea had come aboard, stove her bulwarks, carried away the flying jib-boom, and burst the mainsail.

St. Gilbert's is a high northern island to the left of the beaten track of vessels from the east to the ports of Lake Michigan, and not far from the strait of Death's Door. Some time ago a propeller of that well-known line, the National Union Transportation Company, was in the habit of touching there once a week, and doubtless continues to do so. Other arrivals were rare. The advent of the schooner drew to Pardee's dock what few spectators the port could furnish in the absence of almost its entire population at the fishing grounds. They regarded her, shading their eyes from the sun, as the occupants of a farm-house come to the door to observe the passage of an unwonted traveler along their lonesome by-road. The settlement at the port consisted of a cluster of cabins upon a hillside and about a dock, upon which was a warehouse and store, and of fish-houses upon a smaller dock. The houses were of logs and bark, and had rude stone chimneys. Piles of cord-wood, railroad ties, and telegraph poles, an industry of the inhabitants in winter, were prominent in the foreground. Rows of fish barrels ready for shipment, and salt barrels, lately set ashore from the Pride of the West, were ranged along the edge of the dock. Dock, warehouse, cabins, cord-wood, and the bowlders cropping here and there out of the dry grass, in which were columbines and blue-bells, were of a silvery grayness imparted by long bleaching of the elements. Above all this, but connected with it by irregular foot-paths, was a large white house

with a veranda, the residence of Pardee, the owner of the store and warehouse, and principal proprietor of the island. Pardee was an affable man of thirty, who had been a jolly bachelor up to the recent date when he had married a pretty young lady eight or ten years his junior, who was now temporarily with him on the island, and had become sedate. He lived at St. Gilbert's only during the height of the fishing season in the summer, the rest of the year having large business elsewhere. When he was away the house was occupied by his book-keeper and general manager, a middle-aged, faithful man, Mr. Copp.

The Only Son made as if she would come up to Pardee's dock, but apparently changed her intention, possibly through fear of incommoding some other anticipated arrivals, and cast anchor at a little distance. The battered yawl was drawn alongside and a thickset man with coarse, faded beard on the lower part of his face and his upper lip shaved clean, a complexion like leather, and a velvet vest with yellow spots, came ashore. He gave an acconnt of himself and his misadventures, secured a roll of sail cloth and other materials, went back, and he and his crew were seen to be occupied the rest of the day in repairing damages. It appeared that he was Mr. Mosely, the mate, temporarily in command, owing to an illness of the captain, that the schooner's cargo was coal, from Buffalo for the Benedicts of Bluffburg, and that she was as good a sea-boat as ever was, and, apart from the mishaps obvious to the eye, had weathered the storm as dry as an old shoe.

Towards the cool of the afternoon an oldish man with a limp and a basket and a jug, and a portion of the rim of his straw hat missing, came up from the interior of the island for supplies. Something familiar in the appearance of the schooner seemed to engage his attention, but the unfamiliar name caused him to abate it. He went into the store, and secured there, with his week's provision of cheese, molasses, and rye flour, what information was to be had about her. When he came out he sat npon a salt barrel and looked again. A light of satisfied recognition this time spread itself over his weather-beaten countenance.

"I belief me I did know pooty well dot shooner," said he, soliloquizing. He looked about for somebody to whom to impart his conclusion. The schoolmaster of St. Gilbert's island was standing near by with a spy-glass. He was a brown, stalwart young man, hardly less rugged in appearance than the ordinary run of the fishermen, but better dressed, to the extent to which a suit of cheap ready-made clothing is better than an unrelieved flannel shirt — which he wore also — and pants tucked into the boots.

"Dot was der same old son of a guns," said the man on the barrel; "dot Lizzie und Lowesa, so help my gracious. She can't fools Moritz Abendschein, I bet you."

He got up and went and joined the schoolmaster, as two other spectators, who had come down the path from the white house above, emerged through the warehouse upon the dock. They were two young women in fresh, pretty summer toilettes, mainly white but with a faint bloom of pink and blue about them. It was Mrs. Pardee and her visitor, for the island was further favored just at present with a visitor. She had been gallantly escorted down the gang plank of the Pride of the West, three days before, by the purser, carrying her two shawls in a strap and her canvas satchel embroidered with designs of her own making, and had been welcomed with benignant politeness by Pardee, and with effusion by his wife. They had been schoolmates at an Eastern institute of high repute for its attention to the true, the good, and the beautiful, — the

moral as well as the mental, — and for the stylish effect of its undergraduates' garments.

Bertha, for such, it appeared, was her name, had come from Bluffburg, a long distance to the south, in response to an invitation, in which it was said that the island was an unheard-of place to think of making a visit to, yet it was most eligibly situated for long, old-fashioned talks, and when they tired of it, the writer said, they could go back to the mainland and finish their visit together there. The old-fashioned talks were commenced immediately upon the visitor's arrival. They had not met since the Wedding, and you may well imagine that things of moment had transpired since then.

Their arms were about each other's waists as they stood upon the dock. The visitor called Mrs. Pardee Emma, and pulled and pushed her a little with a levity which seemed quite astonishing to the schoolmaster, he having looked upon the married lady, wife of the principal proprietor, as a dignified personage, to be thought of gravely, and even with awe. He had not seen the visitor before at close quarters. The proximity caused him trepidation and an unusual consciousness of the inelegance of his own appearance. As Abendschein talked loudly and made gestures, the ladies glanced towards them. The schoolmaster's diffidence was not sufficient to debar him from giving the ladies a piece of news which he thought might be for their information and entertainment. He stepped forward in answer to their glance of inquiry, touched his hat rather awkwardly, and said, —

"Abendschein says it is the Lizzie and Louisa, the boat that ran down the Allandale years ago."

"Oh! oh!" said Bertha.

"The Allandale?" said Emma reflectively. "It seems as if I" —

"Why of course you do, Emma. The Hallets' father was lost on her, you know, — May's and Mattie's. How does the man know?" she said to the schoolmaster.

"He used to be a bridge tender down at Bluffburg, and has passed her through his bridge a great many times. He says if he had not opened his bridge in a hurry for her, after the inquest, when a mob wanted to burn and scuttle her, she would not have been floating out here so quietly," replied the schoolmaster respectfully.

He looked at his interlocutor's face as he talked. He thought he had never seen anything so pleasing. Her eyes were blue. She had a round chin and a piquant nose. When she talked, her short upper lip made a display of several pretty white teeth, which had a slight opening between the front two. Her hair hung in a twist behind, tied with a ribbon; in front it strayed over her forehead in the becoming style for which it is a pity that the feminine sex has been unable to invent anything better than the barbarous epithet of "bangs."

Women were very much out of the schoolmaster's line; he had always had more engrossing matters to attend to. He had hardly seen any others but the cooks of vessels and the unkempt islanders' wives, and scarcely knew whether all were as hard-favored as these or not. In the presence of this one he felt inclined to rub his eyes, as if he had been long asleep.

Bertha had not before seen the schoolmaster either, except at a distance. She had observed him passing among the gray cabins, now with a gun or an oar upon his shoulder, now with books, covered in calico, returning from school. Her friends had told her banteringly that he was the only semblance of a subject upon the island for a flirtation. "But I am in despair," she had said in the same spirit; "he never comes near me." She thought now that he talked very well. He was self-possessed too. His diffidence did not seem to be bash-

fulness so much as an over-punctilious respect.

"Why, of course, the Allandale," said Emma, "what was I thinking of! It was a perfectly awful shipwreck!"

"Owful, miss, dot was it so," said Abendschein, taking part. "More als drei hundert peeples was gone dead by dot shooner. Never did I seen myself such a times in dot Bluffburg aus. Of Moritz Abendschein he don't open dose schwing-bridge so quick like never was, you don't see dot Lizzie und Lowesa by Gilbert's harbor once now already."

"But they did *not* destroy her, it seems," said Bertha. "Where has she been, all this time? That was nearly fifteen years ago. And — oh, are you sure there is not some mistake? This is the Only Son, you see, not the Lizzie and Louisa."

As if in answer to these aspirations for accurate knowledge, Mr. Mosely was seen coming ashore after more supplies.

"I shall ask him," said the young lady.

"Bertha, don't; I would n't," said Emma, deprecatingly.

But the sprightly young lady went on to accost the man with a little bravado, of which she immediately repented until she was reassured by his good humor.

"We were admiring your schooner," said she insinuatingly.

"She ain't much of a beauty," said the mate, "still she 's a good 'un. Her lines is good. She needs overhaulin' and paintin'. I don't believe she 's had it for a matter of ten year."

"Have you been connected with her all that time?"

"Oh, no. I only come on a couple of seasons ago, since she was owned by the Trowbridges of Buffalo."

"We were thinking that this might be the — Lizzie and Louisa," said Bertha bravely, "the one that sank the Allandale, you know."

"Some on you knowed her, did they?" said Mr. Mosely, glancing keenly around.

Mr. Abendschein stated with a chuckling air that he should have known her among a thousand.

"Oh, it was you as knowed her, was it, old party? Vell, I guess it was better you look a little out mit meinself." He mimicked the broken English rudely, in a manner that showed that the facility of memory of the other gave him anything but unalloyed satisfaction.

"Now I 'll show you," he continued, "that you would n't know her out of twenty, no, not out of nothing. She 's been made over. She got them masts in Cork. There ain't scarcely anything you see there that ever belonged to the Lizzie and Louisa but the bottom."

Inasmuch as, however changed, the vessel was recognized, it was strange that the mate, even in his irritation, should have been inclined to go into argument about the matter. His irascibility seemed to extend only to the meddlesome Abendschein, however. To the ladies he comported himself with the traditional maritime gallantry.

"You were not on board of the schooner, then, at the time of the — a — the accident?" said Emma, gathering courage to take part in the examination.

"No, miss, but I learned all about it pretty much the same. I helped take charge of some of the bodies as was washed ashore. The Lizzie and Louisa, she was n't to blame, the way I look at it. They cussed her up hill and down dale, of course; but people always do that when they 're mad, the same as children kick a bit of pavement, or anything that way, they think has tripped 'em up. The schooner was on her course where she had a right to be, accordin' to law. A steamer can shift when a sailin' vessel can't."

"Where were her lights?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"On the pawl bit, so I 've heerd say.

She had a lantern there with a green slide for the starboard tack and a red 'un for port."

"Do you carry your lights the same way now?"

"Well, no, we don't; we has 'em in the rigging. But it was n't no question of lights nor anything else the night the Allandale was struck, except bull-headed carelessness. Everybody on the steamer was dancin' and carryin' on down in the cabin — it was a excursion boat, you remember, miss — and not payin' no attention to anything. When the schooner found the Allandale was n't goin' to give way, it was too late for her to; she had to strike. She knocked a hole in the Allandale as big as a house. The bowsprit went clean through and raked the cabin, as it heaved about. Some was crushed agin the floor and ceiling and never even had no chance to go overboard. The water come in and put out the fires, and the steamer sunk inside of ten minutes. It was pitch dark and a heavy sea running. A thunder-storm come on in the middle of it, and the lightning showed the lake covered with hundreds of drowning people and bits of wreck."

"And the Lizzie and Louisa went on and never saved one of them," said Bertha.

"That 's what she did, miss, and that's what made folks mad. But she could n't 'a' done no different to what she did. The bowsprit and bobstays and whole head-gear was gone out of her, and her masts was a-topplin'. She could n't stay there in the trough of the sea to wait for nobody."

"How do you come to have the name of Only Son, instead of Lizzie and Louisa?"

"There was a schooner of that name lost in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I mind the time myself very well; so we got that name. It was done by act of Congress or act of Parliament, or some such way. You see, the schooner lit out for foreign parts after the trouble. This is only her second season back, and this here is the first trip she 's made to Bluffburg since."

A comment of the aged Abendschein to the effect that he had supposed so, and that he certainly had not seen her during the ten succeeding years he was swinging his bridge at Bluffburg, again made him the object of the skipper's attention.

"You 've got a excellent memory, old skeesix," said he with severe sarcasm. "You want to be particular careful of your health. You ought to be a-countin' fraxshinil currency in some high-toned savin's bank, with two-story glass winders, *you* had."

"Do you ever have any ghosts aboard?" inquired the schoolmaster, by way of diversion.

"Nary ghost," replied Mr. Mosely. With this the conference ended.

"Oh, what is a pawl bit, where he said the light was?" said Bertha, turning back to the schoolmaster as they were about to go away. Her manner to him, as to the mate of the schooner, was deferential, yet slightly free, as to persons of a relation to herself from whom there was no fear of misconstruction and freedoms in return.

"That square projection on the forecastle," said he, pointing it out. "It is used in working the windlass. It is no place for a light. They are always put in the rigging, as far as I have seen. Besides the lights, in foggy weather, a horn is blown, one blast when the vessel is on the starboard tack, two on the port tack, and three when she is running free, to show where she is."

"Then you should think the Lizzie and Louisa was to blame?"

"I do not say so. I do not pretend to know about the details. There was an investigation, but of course in such a case the only witnesses are the members of the two crews, and they are prejudiced in opposite directions. At

any rate, no proceedings were taken against her."

"But of course there ought not to have been, unless it were certain that she was to blame. That would have been highly unjust."

"Yes, by our laws, and now; but then there used to be different conceptions of justice. It used to be the custom, for instance, to confiscate anything that had been the occasion of death, whether it was to blame or not. It was called deodand, and supposed to be forfeited to God, and the king took it and devoted it to charitable uses. The destruction of human life was considered such an absolute and inexcusable wrong that vengeance had to be wreaked even upon the inanimate matter that was the agent of it. If the thing was in motion they took the whole; if not in motion they only took the part immediately to blame. Thus, if a man fell off the wheel of a wagon standing still, and was killed, the wheel alone was a deodand, and not the wagon."

"It reminds one of what the man said about the children beating the pavement for tripping them up. So by this old custom," she continued meditatively, "that dreadful ship, out there, would be confiscated to God, — what do you call it? — a deo— "

"Deodand," said he.

"It makes me shiver to look at it. Just see how stolid and unfeeling it seems, after all that suffering. I would not sail in it for anything; would you?"

"Oh, yes. I am not very superstitious. She has gone along fifteen years all right, and most likely will continue to. There is no legal way now of collecting deodands."

"Yes, but for that very reason perhaps they might be collected in more — by head-quarters."

"Is n't that a little sacrilegious?" said the schoolmaster, smiling.

"Well, yes," admitted Bertha. "I am afraid it is. I am sorry I said it."

"Oh, I did not mean to take the liberty to correct you," he hastened to add.

He looked into her eyes again. He thought a kind and honest heart shone forth from them. She began to be sensible that he was a person to put upon a rather different footing from Mr. Mosely.

"We should be glad to see you at the house, if you would come," said Mrs. Pardee graciously as they moved away. If it amused Bertha to talk to odd persons, it would do no harm to let her have what very slight diversions the island afforded.

"How much he knows," said Bertha, as they remounted the path. "Tell me about him. What did you say his name was?"

"Halvorsen. He is more of a sailor than a schoolmaster. He is quite a remarkable character, my husband says."

"Yes? how?"

"Well, it seems to me he has educated himself sailing around the world, or some such way. He never had anybody to look after him, and never went to school. I believe he studies law nights, and has an idea of being a lawyer. He sails on the lakes usually, to get the money. I don't know exactly how it is he happens to be teaching school here; I think he was disappointed about some vessel he expected to get the command of."

"He behaves very well for anybody with such a bringing up, but he is not good-looking. Where is he from?"

"He was born in some English port; his father was Norwegian and his mother English, but he never scarcely saw them."

"I think he deserves a great deal of credit, don't you?" said Bertha.

Before morning the schooner weighed anchor and pursued her course to Bluffburg. The skipper was apprehensive, from his experience at the island, of un-

pleasant consequences at the port from which she had so long been absent and in which she had once been the object of such bitter animosity. But whether recognized by other eyes or not, the only active interest manifested in the ex-Lizzie and Louisa was from a very obscure source.

This was a man known along the docks and at the police court, where he made a frequent appearance, as Hungry Hagan. He followed her stealthily as she moved to her moorings at Benedict's dock, and hung over a bridge in the vicinity, regarding her with imbecile malignity and muttering. His abode was with other vagrants upon a strip of beach which had once been the site of a fishing village. The sand had been carted away by graders till the quarter was in danger of being engulfed by the lake at every gale. The constructions of the great city behind and around it pressed close upon it, and a railroad company stood ready to make solid ground of the spot for its repair shops whenever it could get a franchise. Tramps and disreputable characters had crept into the abandoned huts of the fishermen. Clad in rags of the yellowish hue which is the last stage of old clothing, they sunned themselves upon the beach, caught driftwood for their fires, and begged or stole their subsistence according to circumstances.

There was a tradition, hard to credit, that Hagan, previous to the loss of the Allandale, had been a decent, honest man. His wife and children were said to have gone down in her, and then he took to drink and abandoned courses. His besotted faculties appeared to retain their cunning for a single object at least; he recognized the craft that had been the author of his calamities. As she lay in the sluggish, yellow current, with chips floating by, as often up stream as down, and urchins playing about her in the neighboring wood-yard, it was hard to connect her with the wild sweep of angry waters and the despairing struggles of hundreds of human lives in peril. But if Hungry Hagan meditated the schooner a mischief, it was not carried into effect upon this occasion. Before night he was run into the station as a drunk and disorderly, and the next day went to the house of correction for thirty days.

"This thing of loafing around the docks and picking and stealing from vessels has got to be stopped, Hagan," said the judge.

"Yes, your honor," said Hungry Hagan.

II.

There was little in the way of regular entertainment on St. Gilbert's island; but the ladies made great progress with their conversations, and Bertha with an afghan she was knitting, which alone, she said, was worth the price of admission. In the mornings it pleased her to follow Emma about the house, in a large gingham apron with the sleeves rolled up over her round white arms, and engage in some of the lighter domestic duties. In the afternoon they dressed themselves in toilettes which seemed to the audience about them of incomparable fashion and elegance, a judgment at which they might have laughed in secret like the sacred augurs of the classics, befooling the populace from their towers, since there was hardly a costume of all that they consented to display to the benighted intelligence of the island which was not a couple of seasons old at the least.

They took short walks; there was a rustic seat near a sun-dial, up the hillside, to which they resorted; one day they went with Mr. Pardee to a small, green, almost perfectly circular lake in the interior. At another time they glided down in company to pay the host a visit in his store. He received them with formal courtesy, and placed a well

whittled arm-chair and a high stool at their disposition. The taciturn and steady-going Copp looked over his spectacles at them. The store was cool and obscure. The door at the farther end was a bright strip of light from the sun dancing in a zig-zag upon the water off the dock. There were scythes and hoe-handles between the rafters, and pails, hams, and boots depending from them. There were garden seeds and kegs of nails, coarse dry-goods and clothing, perfumery, stationery, hard-tack, powder and shot, jars of citron and candy in sticks; up-stairs a sail loft, cordage and tackle, — in short, all that the miscellaneous needs of the island could demand from its only source of supply. The trade was largely in barter, the merchant taking products for shipment, and making payment in goods.

Bertha wished to be weighed. She turned the scale at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She was displeased; she did not wish to be more than one hundred and twenty.

She went behind the counter and pretended to be a salesman. While she was there a customer came in for brown sugar. They let her get it. She expended an elaboration with her pretty hands upon the preparation of it in the coarse paper and the profuse tying of it with strings, that must if it were general, at the present rates of labor, add largely to the cost of the commodity.

"It is as good as white, miss," said the man gallantly when he had received it.

"There, you see there *are* people who appreciate me," said Bertha, returning to her friends.

The schoolmaster was in a remote corner of the store, overhauling some fishing gear, and saw this. It filled him with a vague, pleasant sentiment.

Still he did not take advantage of Mrs. Pardee's invitation and appear at the house. "We were altogether too supercilious, *I* think," said Bertha in commenting upon it. "You did not even introduce him to me. He is very intelligent, and probably independent, you know."

"Supposing we should go and see his school," she added one day later on.

"If we do, it will have to be very soon; it closes at the end of June, and we are within a day or two of it."

"Well, this afternoon, then."

The school-house was a log structure in the edge of the woods. There were morning-glories and lilac bushes about it, squirrels and blue-birds plainly in sight, and indications of gophers in the vicinity. Inside, a dilapidated black-board, a chair and desk for the teacher, and two long benches occupied by a score or so of pupils, for the most part tow-headed and barefooted, constituted the furnishing. At one side, in contrast to the surrounding rudeness, were shelves containing a considerable collection of books, and upon the top a bust and a German student lamp. The sailor schoolmaster was a little flustered; he would rather have been discovered engaged in his other, bolder, and more impressive profession. He dismissed the school earlier than usual, either on this account or because the next day was Saturday and the beginning of the vacation, and it was hard to keep its attention. Before the scholars went, however, the ladies were permitted to hear something of their accomplishments in the least common multiple and pronominal adjectives, and exchanged complimentary remarks upon the faces that pleased them. Among the girls were Dagmars, Amalias, and even Brunhildas; the boys were Lars, Olaf, Gudrun, and Nefiolf. "They are for the most part Northmen of some sort, like myself," explained the master, "Danes, Norwegians, and even Icelanders, though the latter are few now, most of them having moved away from the island."

A boy in a suit of baggy blue cotton, with an entirely serious countenance, held up his hand. His name was Lars

Byosling. "Please say something to make us laugh," said he, preferring his request to Bertha.

"Why, how dreadfully embarrassing," said she, turning back in whimsical consternation.

"There, Byosling, that will do," said the schoolmaster severely. "We have few visitors," he explained to the ladies, "and most of them are of an elderly sort. They are in the habit of talking to the school, and you were probably expected to do something of the sort also. The boy meant to indicate the line they would doubtless like to have you follow."

Mrs. Emma, as a person of gravity and settled position in the world, thought it better not to infringe upon this established usage, and made an effort at remarks on her own account.

"You must all be very good, during the vacation," said she, "and — mind your mothers, and — try not to forget what you have learnt, and if you will come up to my house — to Mr. Pardee's house, you know — to-morrow at three o'clock, there will be some little presents for you."

With this the session was concluded, and the pupils disappeared out at the door through which the blue sky and the green leaves and the squirrels and jay-birds had been looking in at them, — the boys to whoop and toss one another's hats over the schoolhouse, the girls to pursue their way demurely, engaged in the consideration of things which they had promised upon their word and honor not to tell one another, and had told and thereby occasioned bickerings and refusals to speak.

"Are you going out to the fishing grounds to-morrow; I believe you usually go Saturdays?" asked Emma by way of conversation.

"No, I think not. I have been helping Olafson lately, but his pound net is broken, and nothing much can be done till it is fixed."

"How is Olafson doing now?" she continued.

Meanwhile Bertha strolled daintily about with a prospecting air. She approached the books. "Oh, perhaps you have something nice to read: Seaman's Friend, Peters, Kent, Benedict's Admiralty Practice, Lowndes on Collision, — all laws, — Blackstone; here is Blackstone. I have heard so much about Blackstone. Is it interesting? What hard work men have to go through in their occupations," she rattled on, partly to herself and partly to Halvorsen, when he joined her. "Do you really mean to practice law, or is it only for your own amusement? Where shall you settle?"

"I had not got as far as that yet, — somewhere where there is a good deal of shipping. Marine law is what I have especially in view. I have an idea that the practical experience I have had with navigation and my acquaintance on the lakes would give me an advantage."

"I should think so too. There is a good deal of shipping at Bluffburg — where I live; I think that is a pretty nice place; but of course there is more at Chicago. There must be so much hardship in sailing the lakes. You will be very glad to get through with it, of course."

"Well, yes," he assented rather nonchalantly.

"Mrs. Pardee says you have sailed upon the — ocean to China and everywhere. Perhaps then you do not mind the lakes. They must be ever so much easier."

"Why?"

"Oh, if a storm comes up you are always near the land."

He looked at her with an amused expression. "If you were a sailor," he said, "I should not have to explain that there is nothing a sailor likes so much in a storm as plenty of sea-room, and nothing he dreads so much as a lee

shore. Here there is nothing else but lee shores."

"Oh," said Bertha.

"The lakes are much the worse to navigate. There are more catastrophes too, in proportion. Take up a paper any morning after a little blow and you never fail to find a list of wrecks along the coast, and any quantity of canvas gone, — bark Speedwell ashore off Forty Mile Point, Northern Light in the Grass Island Cut, schooner Tidal Wave wrecked against the Grand Haven pier, schooner Forest Belle, main sail and mizzen gaff topsail blown out of her, scow Pottawotamie, flying jib, and so on, — and then the collisions, and the ice in the season of it, and the smaller size of the vessels, and the difficulty with the crews."

"But *you* have never been wrecked?"

"Yes, once. It was in a steam-barge off Point Betsey. We had a couple of other barges in tow; their cables parted and one of them was lost, the other drifted ashore. We took to a fifteen-foot boat, were forty-eight hours drifting about without anything to eat, and finally made this island quite by chance. In fact, that is what first brought me here."

"And you have never since left it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, immediately. It is a quiet place to study and economize in, so I came back to it afterwards, but I should not be here this summer except that I have been delayed about a new bark I expected to take command of. It is not finished. I have never sailed a bark as commander, and having been promised it, I do not care to take up with anything less."

He smiled as if he thought she would think this arrogant. She smiled at him pleasantly, too. "I should think you would be afraid," she said.

"When you have to do with salt water you must expect to swallow a little," said he.

That evening he accepted an invitation to call, which was this time much less condescendingly made. The ladies sat upon the veranda after an early tea. They remarked a notable change in his appearance; he was much better dressed. Instead of his flannel shirt he wore a white one with a collar. It seemed of excessive whiteness in contrast with his bronzed complexion. Regarding him closer in this more civilized costume, you would say that he was not bad-looking by any means. He had a well-shaped head and a good, athletic figure. One feature which you would notice at once was his fine teeth. They did not recall pearls and the other conventional similes so much as a toothbrush and the idea of scrupulous personal neatness. He sat upon the upper step and twirled his straw hat in his hands; the ladies were engaged with fancy work. Mr. Pardee sat for a time smoking, and talked to Halvorsen, with an appearance of much confidence in his judgment, about various matters of business, and then went away.

Bertha was inclined to question the caller further about his adventurous career. He said after a while, with not at all a bad grace, that he was sure he was occupying a very disproportionate share in the talk; that it would be fair and save his sense of modesty now to hear something of her adventures.

"Mine?" said she, with a rising inflection. "I never had any. I have led the most humdrum existence. But then I am not sorry. I do not like serious and tragic things, except to hear about. I only like things to happen to me that are just like everybody else and — silly. It shows you do not amount to anything when you feel that way, of course, but how can you help it? Well, then, let us talk about the island. I dote on islands; you are so contented with yourself. You can tell what they are bounded on the north and south by, and everything. It is a very different thing from being set down in one corner of a great continent. And besides, they

make you think of Robinson Crusoe, and where the mango apple grows and cocoanuts for nothing, — don't you know?"

So they talked about the island. He catalogued what was of note in it: the pictured rocks, the fossils, the mound of bones marked with a cross, supposed to be the remains of an Indian war party that perished in the strait. Sometimes she stopped her needles in a tangled X, and again at some interesting passage bent forward towards him, holding them back against her pretty corsage. Emma also took part, and later her husband rejoined them.

A man came out from the cabins below, washed his face in a pail of water, and sat down to strum upon a guitar. "Why, it is French he is singing," said Bertha, as the refrain came up to them:

> "Tant que j'entendrai chanter les oiseaux,
> Tant que j'entendrai couler les ruisseaux,
> Moi, je chanterai."

"Yes," said Halvorsen, "we have an extremely polyglot population. He is a Canadian."

"I meant to ask you the other day when you spoke of it, — were they real Icelanders who used to be here?"

"Oh, yes, the original article."

"Why have they left?"

"It was too cold for them on St. Gilbert's, and they complained of the hardship of felling timber and clearing the land. They were not used to it. At home they live chiefly by fishing. It happened during the few seasons they were here that the fishing partly failed. Most of them became discouraged and gradually straggled away to the mainland. Contrary to what one would think, they were polite, peaceable, rather small of stature, and effeminate."

"Real Icelanders, and too cold for them! what erroneous impressions one gets. I have only the idea of romances, that they are great, sturdy men capable of enduring anything. Have you read Thiodolf, and Aslauga's Knight? They are such charming stories, and the language is so sweet and simple. There is always a gigantic hero who sails down from the North to seek his fortune, and marries Isolde in a fair castle on the coast of France, or goes and takes service under the Greeks at Constantinople and falls in love with a Byzantine princess. It seems like ice and fire mingling together."

"Yes, I have read the Northern stories," said Holvorsen; "they are very beautiful."

"The fighting and killing does not shock you, as in some other books; but I wonder why there is so much of it. The writers make fine characters and seem capable of appreciating and praising other things."

"I suppose a good deal of it is symbolical. It means to glorify men who are unsparing of themselves and unswerving in their purpose in overcoming difficulties of any sort. Perhaps that is one reason why we like it."

Thus they talked. Every detail of the dock and the gray houses down below and the pine trees upon the lonesome shores was mirrored in the deep, clear water. As the twilight lengthened into night the sail of a belated fishing-boat was seen gliding into its haven like a wandering ghost. After the company had dispersed, a light twinkled through the trees from the school-house, where the ambitious young man kept his books and his late vigils, not to disturb the humble people with whom he lodged.

A face came between him and his page. He was feeling for the first time the charm there is in that product of civilization, a well brought up, beautiful girl, with all her seductive, if conventional, graces about her. Its potency was increased by the lack of a basis for comparison, not only on the island but in his whole life. It took hold upon him like a spell of witchcraft. He had had no social experience, but he discerned true refinement by an instinct. He recognized that it was nobility and

kindly sympathy in her that made this friendly treatment of himself by the daughter of elegant surroundings and leisurely circumstances possible. In early youth he had been led by the claptrap of some writings of a cheap order to believe that virtue resided alone in the honest poor, and to hold himself hostile to their assumed superiors. This was nearly his first opportunity to set himself right. He liked these conversations. Nothing new was developed; perhaps neither said what he had not heard elsewhere; but the subjects interested him, and the tone of light generalization. He felt with Mill, though he had not read him, that mental calibre is to be gauged by the proportion of generalities to personalities in the talk. Rather than much that passed for conversation in his experience, he would have preferred to range the woods or sail his boat indefinitely in silence. Still, with such fine accounting to himself for liking the discourse, it is not certain that he would not already have discovered a superior wisdom in anything that might fall from Bertha's lips.

Having got on so well at his first visit he renewed it, and presently saw the young lady in some way every day. He was welcome enough on his own account, because he interested her; but, perhaps a little uncertain of this, he often made pretexts of bringing small articles for inspection, — fossils, arrowheads, or unusual plants. He brought young Byosling to the veranda one evening to dance a hornpipe. He explained to Bertha, in answer to her questions, marine matters, — which is the port side and which the starboard; how a vessel can sail within a few degrees of the very quarter from which the wind comes; how sailing on a wind is more advantageous than off it, through the greater pressure upon the canvas; why a ship, like a fish, ought to be largest forward of the centre, and many other points of equal concern.

On mornings when Emma was busy, Bertha had the habit of going to her shady seat on the hill-side near the sundial. From here some small blue islands, the Strawberries, were dotted on the horizon. In the vicinity was an apple-orchard, at present too roughly used by the climate to bear anything but gnarled, useless fruit, but which the proprietor, by Halvorsen's advice, contemplated improving with hardy Siberian grafts. It was used for the time as a pasture. The young girl delighted to tantalize or reward with handfuls of grass the shy calves and colts who came towards her at the fence. These quiet hours alone, with the wind blowing softly upon the cheek, slight tinklings, whisperings, and the notes of katydids and grasshoppers in the air, the heated atmosphere, rising with a visible tremor in the sunshine, are filled with a languorous sentiment of pensiveness and longing. To be so alone is to be face to face with the infinite.

Once, looking up from her book at a strange snuffing sound near by, Bertha found a drove of clean little pigs approached close to her. She gave a little *shoo!* and a shake of a corner of her apron, and they lowered their heads and plunged hilariously down the slope, like the scriptural swine who cast themselves into the sea.

Mr. Halvorsen was coming over the hill from above. He had a stone hatchet which had been that morning unearthed by a farmer of the interior. He displayed it. Their talk turned upon such subjects, and touched upon the pictured rocks of the south coast. She thought that he might make a considerable reputation by drawing the inscriptions or figures and sending them to some learned society, if it was true, as he said, that nobody of knowledge had seen them.

"I have thought of that," said he, "but they are difficult to get at, and I have neglected it; it is only to be done by boat in pleasant weather. I am

afraid I hardly have interest enough in such matters when I see how they engross other people. I have a kind of feeling as if devoting so much time to the past were dodging the present."

They planned then an expedition to see these rocks and at the same time the interior of the island, which would be done by crossing to Larson's place on the south shore, and taking boat from there. This was proposed to the others below and agreed to.

The intimacy must now have borne quite the aspect of a flirtation; but nobody was concerned about it. Emma believed the schoolmaster amused her guest a little more than the boy who danced the horn-pipe in his bare feet, and the Canadian with his guitar, but in the same way; he was a curiosity of the island. If Emma had understood her intimate friend to the extent she prided herself upon, possibly affairs on St. Gilbert's island and elsewhere would have gone differently. Bertha was of a generous disposition and especially susceptible to be impressed by ambition and force. Her father, as she had often heard him tell, had conquered his own success from small beginnings, and she was as proud of him for it as he was of himself. She had been reared with every comfort and luxury, and lived in the midst of a sentiment which believed that one person was better than another on account of them; but she knew in her inmost heart that there are things which are better.

Bertha would have considered the idea that she could fall in love with the sailor-schoolmaster absurd. If Halvorsen had known that he was to fall in love with her he would have held back and gone sturdily about his business. He knew so little about it that he did not know what falling in love implies. He did not know what it would do to him. Every softer sentiment of this kind had been kept in abeyance by his active life and his ambitious aspirations.

Before the expedition to the pictured rocks took place, a large accession was made to the party to share in it. The Pride of the West landed one afternoon Mrs. Jackson Miller, and her daughter Miss Florence Miller, and Mr. Bryant, a college under-graduate who was an admirer of the latter, — all fashionable people on their way to Mackinaw, and relatives of the Pardees. They would stay till the next boat.

Mr. Halvorsen was not pleased at the irruption. It would naturally put an end to the intimacy that had been so pleasant. Still he was not a man to make much of his discontents. There was a good deal of time of late which he might have used to better advantage. He arose at daylight and went off rather doggedly in his fishing boat.

The result was not what he anticipated. He found himself in demand by the new arrivals as a guide, philosopher, and friend to the island. The under-graduate treated so good a shot and sailor with distinguished consideration. He wore his best coat therefore more than ever, and was up at the house almost every evening. Things were much livelier than they had been. There was whist, dancing, and sometimes, in calm evenings, rowing on the harbor. The under-graduate, not at all strenuous to keep to himself the peculiar advantages furnished at his institution of learning, trolled choruses on the subject of, —

> "The bull-dog on the bank,
> The bull-frog in the pool;
> The bull-dog to the bull-frog said,
> You blanked old water-fool!"

and the ladies sometimes sang the preposterous words also in their delicate soprano voices.

As to dancing, Mr. Halvorsen considered it a light accomplishment, as it is, but he had not spent all these years among jolly Jack tars for nothing. It was one of the best auguries of his success that he was so quick an observer and adapter of what was good. It was

thus in respect of manners. The demeanor of these well-bred people, which he had not before had so good an opportunity for observing, pleased him. The graceful bowing of the young man, the forms of address and request, the apologies for passing in front of one another, all this courteous consideration extended by habit, which one does not learn with the best heart in the world in the harsh life he had led, seemed to ennoble the details of life and fill it with new possibilities.

The only conveyance to Larson's place, over the grass-grown, rarely used road through the woods, was a wagon drawn by a horse even less used than the road. Had he not been old the harnessing of him might have been a work of danger as well as difficulty, since each repetition of the process seemed to impress him as an entire novelty. Young Mr. Bryant bethought him to style him Bucephalus, and then by gradations Hydrocephalus. Standing up in the front of the wagon as driver he pretended to have difficulty in restraining his impetuous career, and allowed himself to fall back towards the ladies, who repulsed him with laughing shrieks.

Saplings of birch, hazel, poplar, and oak, with light foliage, skirted the road, but within the forest could be seen dark mysterious vistas full of tangled *débris* never touched by the hand of man. Long trunks, fallen in the fullness of time, stretched back in grave-like mounds into the obscurity. The hollow clinking of moving cow-bells was heard sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, as though sedate spirits might be walking in the wood and signaling one another. They came upon a small white church embowered in leaves by the road-side, far from any house. They canvassed one another's knowledge of the difference between wheat and rye growing in the sparse fields of the settlers as they passed them. Then they came to the cabin, upon a knoll, beneath an oak-tree, of Abendschein, who had retired there from his bridge-tending of yore, at Bluffburg, to support the scanty wants of his declining years as a maker of wooden shoes. When Bertha asked him if he would sell her a small pair as a curiosity, he said that he would, and declared them to be equally good for a curiosity or for working in a slaughter-house. Then they met a woman with a white cloth pinned over her head, and wearing wooden shoes, which gave her a clumsy, humping gait; and then they came to the south shore at Larson's. But it happened, by quite an unusual chance, that Larson was absent with both of his boats. The purpose of the expedition was thus of necessity abandoned, and it was not afterwards revived.

Still a pleasant afternoon was spent upon the yellow beach, strewn here and there with fragments of timber as white as bones, from long bleaching and washing in the waves that cast them up. The student and Halvorsen swam in the lake, and the others watched them. The schoolmaster was very expert. "You will never be drowned; that is pretty certain," said Mrs. Jackson Miller admiringly afterwards.

"Perhaps not," said he with a smile, "but that does not show anything; those who are destined for a certain other ending, as the proverb says, never are."

In another week the Millers pursued their journey to Mackinaw. In a few days thereafter Bertha went back to Bluffburg, leaving the schoolmaster to strange sensations of regret and tenderness, and she herself thinking of him very kindly.

III.

The summer went by irksomely at St. Gilbert's island for the young man after that. The bark building for his command by the Trowbridges of Buffalo was yet delayed. It became evident towards the last that she would not be

ready in time to make more than perhaps a single trip before the close of navigation. Halvorsen devoted himself to his studies with redoubled energy, in order to quell the impatience by which he was consumed. He made ready to pass in the fall the bar examination of the State to which the island belonged. He frequented Bertha's favorite resorts. She had left a subtle aroma in the island. He was cherishing a sweet and ambitious hope. Well, why not? Body and mind had answered heretofore to the demands he made upon them; why should he not aspire to this also? He sat in the rustic seat upon the hill-side and watched the pencil of shadow move upon the sun-dial. It reminded him of all he had yet to do.

He made a pretext of a copy of the hieroglyphics on the pictured rocks to write to her. From this a correspondence sprang up. Her family, to whom she showed some of the letters, agreed with her that there was a future before this young man, whose story she had already told them. Bertha's letters took an almost sisterly tone; she was glad to have anything to do with encouraging the progress of a man whose achievements in the past she knew, and whom she believed destined for prominence. He was an example of innate character. With everything against him he had put aside obstacles and chosen the better part with unerring instinct; as there are those every day who fall from the midst of the most careful nurture and favorable circumstances to the lowest depths.

The gray island was grayer than ever with hoar frosts, and the first snows of winter began to sift down upon it. The expected bark was not forthcoming, even for the single trip which the prospective captain had counted upon mainly for the sake of seeing Bertha when he should touch at Bluffburg. He was not to be balked of this purpose, however, and so took the Pride of the West on her last trip down, and paid the call as a private individual. Bertha presented him to her parents, and they liked him and were impressed by him. If prophecies were anything, he was sure of success, since almost everybody with whom he came in contact made some about him that were favorable. Then he went away and passed his examination with flying colors, and then visited Buffalo to see the Trowbridges. The delay had been unavoidable. Everything was to be as he desired in the spring, and the rate of remuneration spoken of was gratifyingly beyond his anticipations. It would give him a surplus in a single season, enough to enable him to carry out his purpose of beginning the practice of his profession on shore. He spent a little time exploring which would be the most advantageous point at which to settle. If only one happy condition could be fulfilled, how transcendingly superior would Bluffburg be to all other possible localities!

The blissful condition was fulfilled, at least, to all intents and purposes. The judgment of Bertha's father approved the connection, although his prejudices contended against it. He heard the best accounts of the suitor, and knew that, with the record he had already made, and his qualities of character, he must succeed. He said to Halvorsen that he had no objections to make to his daughter's choice. "Still," said he, "we had better wait a little. This is not, of course, a temporary enthusiasm on either side, but had we not better see? You will agree with me, I am sure. We will not call it an engagement just yet. Let us wait a short time." But *they* knew that they should never change, and that the affair was settled.

Bertha had been taken much by surprise. She had been far from this point; she had supposed that it was friendship alone she entertained for him; but his tenderness and self-posses-

sion and force, which was manifest in this as in all other situations in which she had seen him, prevailed.

"But just think," said she, "that to this day you have never been formally introduced to me."

"I wish other of my deficiencies could be as easily remedied," he replied.

Mrs. Emma thought this ending to the pleasant summer on the island the most astounding thing, for a girl of Bertha's position, she ever heard of.

"There was a girl by the name of Sally Cary," said her husband, good-humoredly, "that went back on George Washington. Bertha has most likely avoided a similar mistake. I should not wonder if we should become prouder to know the schoolmaster at some time than he to know us. What is there to keep him under after this?"

Probably the ex-schoolmaster was at this time at his best. He was cheerful, because he saw that force wins and he knew he possessed it. The world is importunate to do its work by proxy. If one only assert his ability to manage affairs with sufficient assurance, they are confided to him; if in addition he really be competent, he need never want for remunerative employment. The young man's taste and assiduity had given him culture, his observation manners, his hardships insight, and his successes confidence, which had not yet degenerated, as the danger is in this sort of characters, into narrowness and self-glorification.

When he went away, it was with the expectation of returning in the spring with his new vessel. Bertha was to go down to see her. This was to be quite a different thing from knocking about in the ordinary lake craft — a fine, large bark; and to be the sole manager of it, this was so respectable a thing that there was not the least objection to her friends' knowing of it.

The coast of the great lakes is a stepmother to ships, a bleak, inhospitable stretch, in which there is little escape from the violence of the elements. Nature made no original provision for commerce. The deficiency has been remedied, to what extent it could, by the utilization of the small, but deep rivers upon which the settlements are founded, long break-water piers being extended out to deep water from their mouths, of which they form a continuation. The entrance is a narrow mark for the steersman, and is not effected without many a mishap, and even total wreck in rough weather; but when once the harassed vessel is within, she glides up to her moorings in the town as if upon a canal of oil, bridge after bridge opening and closing behind her, mocking with a superfluity of security the snarling waves without.

There was an early opening to navigation in the spring which succeeded the pleasant summer on St. Gilbert's island. Captain Halvorsen was the first skipper reported through the straits.

An early opening is, on the whole, unfavorable. The uncertain weather more than counteracts the advantage of the lengthened freighting period. The ice, broken up but not melted, is drifted about in vast arctic fields, in which vessels are often involved and impeded, and frequently it returns again to the south to blockade the harbors from which it had long since vanished.

The young captain thought little of the accustomed obstacles. It was motion and action which brought him nearer to the dear goal upon which his fancy was fixed. With a far reminiscence of the Berserker spirit of his ancestors he relished the conflict, and perhaps heard in the storm and the darkness and the crackling ice something as of the joyous whistling of spears which Swatulf and the son of Asmundur hurled at each other across the northern waters. He thought the Isolde awaiting him as fair as any of theirs. Sometimes he found himself at night in the midst of a field

of cakes sawing together like the boughs of a great forest, and shining in an atmosphere of mist penetrated by moonlight, like the scales of armor.

He had written to Bertha of the progress of his ship, her spars, her beautiful lines, the bottle of Burgundy which was broken over her head at the launching and christened her the Trowbridge Brothers, and of his fear that it was going to be harder than he had imagined for him to leave the water. But it was not the Trowbridge Brothers that was chronicled as being first through the straits, although Halvorsen was the captain named. It was the schooner Only Son.

"Oh, I am afraid, I am afraid," said Bertha, when she knew of it.

"It is nothing, little land-lubber," said the captain, when he arrived. "I do not like it myself, of course, but the bark was not fully rigged, and the Trowbridges were anxious to get the schooner around to take advantage of the first cargoes. They asked me to do it while I was waiting, and I could not very well refuse. It is only for this trip."

"But how could you, after what we said last summer at St. Gilbert's island? Oh, if anything should happen to you!"

"Nonsense. The difference in style is all we ought to care about. I am not superstitious; and yet, in one respect, I am, too. You will think it arrogant, no doubt, but I cannot help believing a little in my star. I cannot realize that I can die before — well, until I have accomplished something important. Do you ever have such a feeling? I can see how other people can, you know, — how they can be run over and blown up, thrown down embankments before their time, — before they have had a chance, — but I cannot conceive it about myself. Is it not absurd?"

"No, it is splendid!" she said, but yet thought upon the Only Son ruefully.

Her heart yearned for her lover when he went away, and his eye was moist at the evidences of it. What had he done in this short time to draw upon him the delicious tenderness of this good and charming creature?

The Only Son was chartered for wheat to Buffalo, and loaded at once. She had been repainted and put in good order, but Hungry Hagan did not fail to recognize her through the disguise of her improved appearance, which he dimly conceived as a new injury, as if it had been devised for the purpose of throwing him off the scent. He found means of approaching her close at this time, and even, during the dinner hour, of going below. It was afterwards said that holes had been bored in her sides and partially stopped with plugs.

The captain came briskly aboard, a tug was made fast, bridges swung open, and people upon them, delayed in their passage, looked down amiably and hailed the stir in the river as tangible evidence of the ending of the inclement winter. The breeze without was light but favorable; the tug cast off her tow-line at a sufficient distance from the pier, and the Only Son was soon hull down over the horizon. Bertha watched her from the high bluff which is the pride and favored promenade of the city. The water near the shore had a turbid appearance, as it is apt to have when stirred to the depths by the scourging storms of the spring and fall; beyond, it rose in a broad and high blue plane, not greatly different from the bands of canvas with which it is represented in the scenery of theatres.

In the evening Bertha walked there again. The wind had shifted to the northwest, and brought back a little ice; a ring was forming about the moon. When she went to bed a few snow-flakes were falling. She awoke later in the night. The moonlight no longer lay in a bar upon the floor of her chamber. It was pitch dark; the wind blew a gale;

the dashing of the waves was borne to her distinctly, far as her comfortable home was from the shore. The serious and tragic things of existence which she did not like, except in tales for an idle hour, were very near to her.

At that hour the Only Son, after a vain endeavor to beat off, was driving ashore under bare poles. Her anchor, cast out half a mile from land, dragged upon the bottom, and was of no avail except perhaps to render the shock of the breaking waves upon her more savage. The decks were slippery with snow, every rope and projection coated with a mail of ice. The floating ice ground against her savagely. Her lights now were properly displayed, — green light and red light, — all the puny precautions of the code at which the elements laughed. Her fog-horn was sounded continually; there was no help; nothing mortal could give it in such a night.

The light-keeper saw her driving straight upon the pier and close at hand. He thought she was mad enough to be attempting to make port.

"Hard down! hard down!" he cried hoarsely, through his trumpet.

But she had no wheelsman, she was coming on stern first; he might as well have talked to his light-station, shivering and rocking upon its iron supports. She struck. The deck load rattled over the pier like hail. Her mainmast snapped off and toppled over with its rigging, breaking glass in the keeper's house. She partially righted after the shock, beat along the side of the pier and cleared it, drove to the southward, and settled at last upon a bar in the vicinity. Some of the crew had escaped to the pier; the rest sought safety in the rigging; the sea swept full through it at every wave.

At the gray of daylight they were discovered, but it was nine o'clock before a scow could be drifted to them and the half dead survivors rescued.

Two had swam for the shore, the captain and the cook, but only the latter reached it. It was in evidence before the coroner's jury that Captain Halvorsen had said to the cook, "I can't hold on any longer, Charley, I am going to swim for it."

"Them was his words," said the cook, an evil-looking fellow, who for a long time after the wreck appeared to be in funds and did not engage in any regular occupation.

This was probable; but when the stark body of the captain was found, sorely wounded, stripped of its valuables, and yet clad in a heavy overcoat, mittens, and mufflers, of which he would certainly have divested himself if it had been his intention to swim, there were those who had grave misgivings. But what coroner's jury of honest men, anxious to get back to their business, could pry into the doings of that wild night? The wounds might have been produced by the floating ice, and as to valuables, it was not certain just what he had, and then again they might have been taken by those who found the body.

Bertha came in sable garments with her father to the funeral. It was held from a water-side inn frequented by mariners, with a balcony over the river, from which it had shrunk back as if with repulsion from the not over clean tide. She laid flowers upon the poor stiff face. She did not give way to demonstrative grief. The respectable man who kept the place said, "The heart breaks me to see such a case like dose."

The playful young girl, who was enamored only of what was sunny and light, showed now womanly qualities for which she had not been given credit. They were noble and womanly and lovable, but it was the ending of youth, the beginning of the burdens of a later stage of existence. There is a period to all things. The fruit is savory and wholesome, the sere and yellow leaf fertilizes the ground, the timber has many

precious uses, the dry sticks are good to cast into the fire; but ah! why must the perfumed blossom fade?

The sea went down; the spring returned with a new accession of brightness. The commerce of the port came and went upon the blue flood. Curious spectators rowed peaceably about the tangled spars and rigging of the wreck. The wheat that had formed her cargo floated in long wind-rows ashore, and with it other articles of benefit to a householder in the hard winter.

Hungry Hagan gathered in with trembling alacrity as much of these gifts of Providence, cast up at his door, as he could secure from the sometimes dog-like competition of his neighbors. It was entirely in accordance with his views that the goods of the rich should be distributed now and then among the deserving poor. Could the ancient Lizzie and Louisa be put to a more charitable use than to contribute to the comfort of this honest man who had suffered so much by her?

W. H. Bishop.

LAST AND WORST.

Upon life's highway I was hastening, when
I met a trouble grim,
Whom I had often seen with other men,
But I was far from him.

He seized my arm, and with a sneering lip
Looked o'er my happy past;
With sinking heart I felt his bony grip
Clutch tight and hold me fast.

"You look," he said, "so happy and so bright
That I have come to see
Why other troubles miss you in their flight,
And what you'll do with me."

"And have you come to *stay* with me?" I cried,
Hoping respite to win.
"Yes, I have come to stay. Your world is wide;
I'm crowded where I've been."

I would not look him in the face, but turned
To take him home with me
To all my other troubles, who had spurned
His hateful company.

So he was "crowded," and with me would roam?
I laughed with sullen glee;
At arm's-length took him up the steps of home
Under my own roof tree.

And there I clutched his scrawny neck and thin,
To thrust him in the room
Where, locked and barred, I kept my troubles, in
Seclusion's friendly gloom.

Grimly he looked at me with eyes that burned:
"You nothing know of me;
The key on other troubles may be turned,
But I — am Poverty."

Ah! soon I knew it was in vain, in vain!
No locks availed for him;
Nor double doors, nor thickly curtained pane,
Could make his presence dim.

He wrote his name on all my threadbare ways,
And in my shrinking air
He told the tale of useless shifts and stays
I made against despair.

He brushed the smile from off my sweet wife's face,
And left an anxious frown;
The fresh young joys that should my children grace
His heavy feet trod down.

He took my other troubles out, and walked
With them the public street;
Clad in my sacred sorrows, cheaply talked
With all he chanced to meet.

The hours he stretched upon the rack of days,
The days to weeks of fears;
The weeks were months, whose weary, toilsome ways
Stretched out through hopeless years.

To-day I stooped to fan with eager strife
A single hope which glowed,
And 'mid the fading embers of my life
A fitful warmth bestowed.

Cheered by a spark, I turned with trembling limb
Once more the strife to wage;
But, as I turned I saw my trouble grim
Linking his arm with Age.

Old age and poverty, — here end the strife!
And ye, remorseless pair,
Drape on the last, dim mile-stone of my life
Your banner of despair.

Francis Ekin Allison.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART II.

According to German custom, B—— took me to visit the neighboring gentry. The estates lie far apart, any one within twenty English miles being considered a neighbor. These visits were generally "timed" so that we might arrive at vespers, and we frequently remained until after Abendbrod. It appeared to me very much like the intercourse kept up between the families of Southern planters before the war. There is the same lavish hospitality and old-time courtesy, the same pride of station, and the same sensitiveness in regard to the condition of the peasantry which put the slaveholder on his mettle when a stranger showed too much inquisitiveness in regard to the "institution."

The residences are more like English mansions than our preconceived notions of a castle. There was one magnificent place near us. The present owner has erected a spacious and splendid modern villa, leaving the old castle, which was a castle indeed and the residence of the family for centuries, to molder away beneath the touch of time. Family pride and a feeling of reverence have prevented any desecration of the venerable pile, and it rears its broken outlines against the grand old park beyond, more beautiful than in its prime. One could still enter, beneath a crumbling arch, into an open court, once gay with flowers and fountain-sprays. There are no flowers now but a few daisies and nameless weeds which have crept up to the broken basin, from whose centre a fir-tree has sprung, tall and graceful, towering far above the ruined walls. Arched doors and shattered stairways lead from the court into dim ivy-draped apartments, where one dare not enter. Out on the velvety lawns peacocks were preening their feathers, and under the great trees of the century-old park swans sailed about on dark, deep pools, whose banks were overhung with grass and ferns. The grass in the park looked dark and damp, and was mixed with moss and strange rank plants. There were seats hewn from solid blocks of granite bearing dates of the sixteenth century. The figures and arabesques were almost illegible, and the stone was covered with lichens and dark, suggestive stains. Adjoining the park there was a family burying-ground, where the stones lay flat, inches deep in dark moss and ivy. There rest, or rested, the mortal parts of the old *Ritter* and their stately dames, who have clashed their armor and rustled their satins and velvets through those dim aisles, and reclined on those carven seats! Ah, how awfully poor and insignificant and *modern* it made me feel! Beneath one stone of comparatively recent date rest the remains of one who had for forty years borne the burden of six Christian names, beside a family name of itself enough to consign an ordinary mortal to the dust: "Marie Julie Constanze Louise Henriette Xavière B——n von C——c. Ruhe Sanft!"

At this place I saw the youngest female scion of the house, a little creature of six years, who as a probable type of the high and well born girl of the period is worthy of mention. She rejoiced in the name of Hildegarde (and how many more only her tomb-stone may reveal!). Does any one of my readers remember the little girl watching the "busy bee improve the shining hours," in Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns for Infancy, I think? This noble Fraülein was the exact reproduction of that figure, puffed sleeves, short waist, pinafore, long pantalettes,

and all, complete. She never left the side of her Roman-nosed governess during our visit, but sat in one corner, with folded hands and a preternaturally grave and astonished countenance, watching the antics of my little Elsa, who fluttered about like an uncommonly lively butterfly.

The American child was evidently a revelation to the German child. When a stroll in the park was proposed, Elsa snapped the elastic of her sailor hat under her brown curls, and ran on before us, springing like a lamb. Fraülein Hildegarde was made to don a large hat with broad ribbons, a linen frill was tied around her neck, and long linen mitts were drawn over her skinny little arms quite up to the short sleeves; for a maiden of high degree may not allow those democratic wooers, Sun and Wind, to approach too near. Thus attired she minced along by the side of her unpleasant governess, still keeping her gaze fixed upon Elsa. All at once I noticed a faint glimmer in the little creature's pale eyes, the phantom of a smile parted her thin lips, and she gave one funny little hop, like a galvanized rabbit. Then, looking very much scared and conscience-smitten, she immediately subsided into a dignified pace again.

It not being the season for great festivities, I attended but few formal parties during my visit. But as birthdays occur regardless of time and season, and are celebrated in Germany with much display and effusion of sentiment, I had the pleasure of being present on several such occasions. A description of one will give an idea of all. The *Geburtstagkind* in this case was the Baroness S——, mother of a large family, and the party numbered all the relatives and friends who could be brought together. We drove for two hours through fields slowly ripening for the harvest, through many villages far prettier than Y——, and arrived at H—— as usual in time for vespers. The host ran down the steps to the carriage door to meet us, a hearty and cordial custom of the province, and conducted us to the entrance-hall, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen were gathered. There was a great deal of kissing, hand-shaking, and gushing congratulations. A maid then conducted us to the dressing-room, and thence to the parlors, where coffee, cakes, etc., were served; immediately after which the gentlemen, all of them staid heads of families (there were absolutely *no young men* to be seen in the country), bowed themselves out of the ladies' presence, and betook themselves to a distant apartment, through whose open windows floated subsequently a mingled sound of laughter and clinking glasses, which proved that they were not absolutely perishing with longing for the paradise they had just quitted. Left to themselves, the weaker sex wandered about the park and flower-garden, conversing in that brilliant style customary among women when abandoned to one another's society. This being a formal occasion, the usual knitting and embroidery were dispensed with, and the ladies, as I fancied, appeared ill at ease and *distrait* in consequence. I amused myself by talking with two young girls, just from boarding-school, and anxious, like many others I met, to show what they did *not* know about the English language. Let me say in this connection that B—— spoke English almost faultlessly, which was all the more wonderful that she had learned it more than twenty years previously from her governess, since when she had had no opportunity for practice other than by reading aloud to herself. And she spoke *genuine* English, too, often saying laughingly that I spoke American. The young girls above alluded to afforded me limitless entertainment. They insisted upon calling me "*Mee ladee*," and propounded some absolutely startling questions in regard to America, of which they seemed to possess no knowledge whatever. I inferred

that it must have been represented on their school maps by a blank space.

"What shall be de costume of de American ladees?" inquired one gentle miss, with a glance at my dress, which was quite *de rigueur*. "Have you newspapers in Amerikah?" asked another. "Have zey churches dere?" still another. While yet another, a married lady, blushingly remarked that "it must be embarrassing to see so many naked black people running about."

All this without any idea of quizzing. Our country is simply a subject too insignificant to occupy their time or attention. It is regarded at the most as a penal colony, where their "bad boys" are comfortably gotten rid of. I was disputing good-naturedly with one miss of a somewhat original turn, on one occasion, and remarked finally, "I see, Fraülein, that *you* will come to America eventually." "I must first do something very bad!" she promptly answered. Of course not every one I met was so ignorant. Some of the gentlemen had vague notions of our country *geographically*, but they all entertained many false opinions, which it was a waste of powder to combat. They will tell you plainly that our birds are songless, our flowers scentless, our fruit tasteless, and our people conscienceless. When you attempt to dispute these points, they will regard you courteously, but compassionately, and maintain their preconceived ideas with a tenacity worthy of a better cause.

But I have digressed too far. I have left those ungallant husbands too long in the card-room. After an hour or two these lords of creation did finally appear, breathing suggestive odors of the weed and the vine, and escorted us to the supper-table. The supper was profuse, heavy, and long drawn out. A perfect bouquet of different colored wineglasses was before each *couvert*. At least a dozen kinds of wine were served, over which the whole party, the ladies included, became dignifiedly hilarious. The conversation was, as usual, of the crops, local politics, and the dreadful doings of Bismarck, whom these conservative people regard with unmixed disapprobation. Of course everybody was duly toasted, from the corpulent and motherly Geburtstagskind up to the emperor, who was always spoken of with bated breath. When we had eaten and drunk ourselves into a comatose condition we returned to the parlors. Thereupon ensued the ceremony before described. Everybody wished everybody else, *separately*, "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*," the gentlemen bowing deeply, the ladies dropping queer little old-time courtesies. Fifty persons were present, therefore each had to repeat the ceremony forty-nine times! Multiply forty-nine by fifty and calculate the amount of muscular force expended. I resolved to go through with the ceremony or perish in the effort. I bowed and I bowed, until I panted like a hart, and the bowing and bobbing figures before me swam in a lurid haze. And still they came! In the midst of it appeared B——'s handsome roseate face. She must have seen and comprehended the despair written upon my brow, for she whispered, "You find this comical, do you not?" I gave her a glance in answer which sent her off laughing heartily (she was too bright not to realize how the ceremony must seem to an outside barbarian), and I bowed on and on. The carriages were announced soon after, and we rode home in a silence pleasantly diversified by falling asleep and rolling off the seats into one another's arms.

Some of the impromptu gatherings were altogether pleasanter and brighter. There was little to stimulate the intellect in conversation, but through all the rather prosaic and monotonous tone ran that fine quality of gentle breeding which gives a charm to commonest themes. I expected more in the way of music. All the ladies learn music, but, like our own matrons,

in most cases lay it aside after marriage for more practical occupations. My attainments in a musical way, and particularly my acquaintance with classical German composers, caused them great surprise. My own astonishment was no less intense when a gentleman asked me, on one occasion, to sing Nelly Bly! I found, when I could recover my powers of speech, that he had heard it from an army comrade who had lived in America, and regarded it (perhaps rightly?) as a true exponent of American art. Of American authors not much was known. Some of the better read knew Longfellow and Irving through translations, but the two books most frequently mentioned to me were Uncle Tom's Cabin and — The Wide, Wide World!

I remember with unfading freshness a ride which I took with F—— over the estates, one lovely midsummer morning. Our road lay at first through forests of fir, beech, and oak; not the spontaneous growths of nature, but planted by the prudent hand of man, as doubtless will be done at no distant day in our own country. These artificial forests were in all stages, — some just started, others the growth of many years, where the trees stand tall and straight, row upon row, like a vast army. The ground underneath was smooth, as if swept by the hand of a careful housewife, every fallen twig being gathered into fagots by the old women and children of the village. How different from our wild woods at home! Not a mossy log, vine-clad rock, or ferny nook to be seen; only the arid sandy soil, with its sparse covering of pine-needles and deep, gloomy vistas, which surely none but evil gnomes and brownies would care to haunt. Emerging from the forest, we came upon the tiny village of J——, a wretched collection of hovels, with no church, but with a school-house, and a teacher who has a pretty cottage covered with climbing roses and honeysuckle. Here are extensive stables, poultry-yards, and dairies. The inhabitants are occupied entirely in caring for the vast herds of cattle, and for the flocks of fowl which set up a deafening noise as we drove through their midst. Hideous beldames, with voices scarcely less shrill, hobbled about after them, and scores of sunburnt, dirty children ran after our carriage to stare at the little American girl. Leaving the noisy village behind us, we drove on into the valley of the Oder. Here the soil is fertile, and the earth was teeming with a rich harvest, — acres upon acres of rye, ripe and ready for the sickle, its yellow gleaming blades mingled with lovely blue corn-flowers. As the wind swayed the broad golden surface the blue under-tint mingled with the yellow, producing an effect no pen or brush can portray. Then there were fields upon fields of barley, oats, and wheat, still of a vivid green, inlaid with scarlet poppies, another matchless effect of color. Here and there were long stretches of yellow-blossomed lupine and snowy buckwheat, patches of rose and white and purple poppies in full bloom, melting into each other in exquisite gradations. There were great pastures, where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed ankle-deep in white clover, while the shepherd drowsed beneath some splendid oak, his big white dog keeping the herds within bounds; for there are no fences, and all these sheets of color simply merge themselves into one unbroken surface. In the ripe fields women in red skirts and white bodices were reaping the grain, while the men loaded it upon creaking carts. The midsummer sun steeped everything in clear, fervid light, and larks sprang from the rustling grain as our wheels rolled by, and darting upward into the blue showered their liquid notes down upon us like a benediction. It was like a Pastorale of Beethoven.

About this time a drought set in, and lasted almost two months. Water was poor and scarce, and the mystery of the

padlocked cisterns was made clear to me. The sap seemed to dry out of everything except fruit, which flourished finely in the tropical atmosphere. The cherry crop was particularly fine. Let no one who has not eaten cherries outside of America fancy that he knows anything at all on the subject. Like the plums, which ripen later, their variety is infinite, their excellence surpasses description. Those small sour objects, with more stone than pulp, which one eats in our country gingerly and with a lurking suspicion of worms, are unworthy of the name. Coming as they did that season in the midst of a drought which turned the very milk of human kindness sour, and made one contemplate emigration to the arctic regions, those German cherries were a revelation indeed. We devoured them by the bushel, now the yellow, now the red, now the black, with vast, insatiable appetites. Sitting thus one afternoon at vespers, listless and bored, we saw a strange carriage enter the court. B—— cast one eagle glance upon it, and cried, in awe-struck and delighted tones, "The prince!" Then she plunged one look into the now empty coffee-pot, sent it to the kitchen for replenishment, smoothed her ruffled plumage, and assumed an expression as if coffee-pots did not exist.

"A prince!" To confess the truth I had had a surfeit of counts and barons, "and such small deer." They had begun to pall upon my taste. But now a veritable prince would greet my vision. Oh, dazzling prospect! I stayed not on the order of my going, but went at once in search of my offspring. I found them seated in the donkey-wagon (eating cherries, of course), as dirty as chimney-sweeps and correspondingly happy. I seized them remorselessly, and hurried through devious ways to the back entrance of the Schloss and into my room, where, with my handmaid's assistance, they were soon made beautiful in white and azure, and sent into the august presence. While dressing I got into quite a flutter of uncertainty as to the form of address to be used in the coming interview. One says "Herr Graf" or "Herr Baron," but it would not do at all to say "Herr Prinz"! That I knew. It must be "Durchlaut"! Great was my relief when B—— came in to tell me that I could converse with the visitors in my mother tongue, addressing them simply as prince and princess.

When presentable I went out, and was introduced, *not* to the crown prince, as the reader may have imagined, nor yet to *any* prince of the blood royal, but simply to his highness the Prince von H——c, his wife and three daughters. The prince was very tall and good-looking, but oh how seedy! his wife a small, dowdy, pleasant-faced woman; and the young princesses far behind the average American girl in point of looks and style. They were dressed like "sweet girl graduates," in white muslin and blue sashes, very simply fashioned. All were near-sighted, the eldest quite blind. She was a pale, gentle creature, and appeared to be the pet and idol of the family. She took a fancy to me, and held my hand all the time I was walking with them. The prince was very genial, almost boyish, in his manners. He escorted me to the table at supper, and we chatted away in English in the most familiar style. He had a way of laughing uproariously at the most feeble witticisms which was very amusing. When they went away the blind girl put up her lips and kissed me most affectionately. We returned this visit later in the season. The H——c family inhabit a *veritable* castle, a vestige of feudal times, which I was wild to get a fair view of. My disappointment was great when I found that from our closed carriage I could obtain absolutely no view of it at all. We drove up to the moat, now dry and half filled with weeds and débris, and spanned by a small stone bridge. Here we waited while our foot-

man went in to announce our arrival, as is the custom here. He returned, and we drove under a grand carved archway into an open court, where, at the foot of a stately stairway, the prince received us. I fear my manner was distrait, for I was eagerly scanning the old, time-stained walls and the grotesquely carved windows and door-ways which opened upon the court. The pavement was full of wheel ruts, the stairs worn into hollows by the feet of generations. The wife of the prince received us in a splendid lofty apartment. The ceiling of this room was peculiar. The centre represented the surface of a river or lake, being one broad sheet of rippling waves. The border, or cornice, represented reeds and all manner of aquatic plants, among which sported water nymphs and baby boys astride of dolphins, blowing vigorously upon conch-shells. The whole was in pure white stucco. The effect was fine. The blind princess was present, but her two sisters did not appear till later, and B—— told me afterwards that, in the scarcity of servants, they had been picking the fine late strawberries with which we were subsequently regaled. She had seen the stains upon their lily fingers. A flavor of mild decay was perceptible everywhere, which spoke of shrunken revenues and a struggle to maintain the establishment. Servile and weak-minded creature that I am, these evidences of reduced fortune were painful to me. The good prince was so absolutely charming! Anything like his sweetness toward his wife and daughters I never saw. He was enthusiastic in his enjoyment of the music at which it was my pleasure to assist, going down upon his knees to get nearer to the notes, a proceeding rendered necessary by his immense height and near-sightedness. The blind princess sang in a sweet, quavering voice, which seemed groping its way among the notes as she, poor girl, is doomed to go through life. Supper was served in an immense vaulted hall, where our voices echoed and reëchoed, like the voices of the vanished guests of centuries past who had sat at this same board. How I longed, with the ardor of an unsophisticated American, to go over the grand old place, and *ask questions!* But I fear that on the first suspicion of being "interviewed" the genial old gentleman would have retreated into his castle and let down the portcullis.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

MEN find Time's keepsakes of an age forgot
  Hid in the nooks and crannies of the earth, —
A flint, a statue in a buried grot, —
  And hail with reverence their second birth.
They hear, while standing with uncovered head,
Echoes of lives, whose souls, perhaps, are dead.

But we have chanced upon a wondrous thing,
  The sweetness of a life that, slighted there,
Dreamed itself over from a bygone spring,
  An idyl fresh from Arcady the fair, —
Dear, from the Golden Age our lore is lent,
Its heart still young, its essence still unspent.

"How do you think it understood our speech?
How did it know us as we loitered by?
Do we remind it of those two whose reach
It fluttered from?" So questions she, but I:
"We woke it, dear; a sleeping beauty this,
That slept and waited for us both to kiss."

W. T.

A FLORENTINE EXPERIMENT.

One afternoon, three years ago, two ladies were talking together on the heights of Fiesole overlooking Florence. They occupied the stone bench which bears the inscription of its donor, an appreciative Englishman, who in a philanthropical spirit has had it placed there for the benefit of the pilgrims from all nations who come to these heights to see the enchanting view. The two ladies were not speaking of the view, however, but of something more personal. It seemed to be interesting.

"He is certainly much in love with you," said one, who was taller and darker than her companion. As she spoke, she gave back a letter which she had been reading.

"Yes, I think he is," said the other reflectively, replacing it in its envelope.

"I suppose you are so accustomed to it, Beatrice, that it does not make much impression upon you," continued the first speaker, her glance as she spoke resting not upon her companion, but upon the lovely levels beneath, with the violet-hued mountains rising softly up round about them, so softly that one forgot they were mountains until the eye caught the gleam of snow on the summits towards the east. There was a pause after this question, and it lasted so long that the questioner at length removed her eyes from the landscape, and turned them upon her friend; to her surprise she saw that the friend was blushing.

"Why, Beatrice!" she exclaimed, "is it possible" —

"No," said Beatrice, "it is not possible. I know that I am blushing; but you must not think too much of that. I am not as strong as I was, and blush at everything; I am taking iron for it. In the present case, it only means that" — She paused.

"That you like him," suggested the other, smiling.

"I like a number of persons," said Mrs. Lovell tranquilly, gazing in her turn down the broad, slightly-winding valley, dotted with its little white villages, and ending in a soft blue haze through which the tawny Arno, its course marked by a line of tall, slender, lightly-foliaged, seemingly branchless trees, like tall rods in leaf, went onward towards the west.

"I know you do," said the first speaker. "And I really wish," she added, with a slight touch of vehemence, "that your time would come, — that I should see you at last liking some one person really and deeply and jealously, and to the exclusion of all the rest."

"I don't know why you should wish me unhappiness, Margaret. You have beautiful theories, I know; but in my *experience*" (Mrs. Lovell slightly underlined this word as if in opposition to the "theories" of her friend) "the people who have those deeper sort of feelings you describe are almost always very unhappy."

Margaret turned her head, and looked towards the waving line of the Carrara mountains; in her eyes there was the reflection of a sudden inward pain. But she knew that she could indulge in this momentary expression of feeling; the mountains would not betray her, and the friend by her side did not realize that anything especial could have happened to "Margaret." In excuse for Mrs. Lovell it may be said that so much that was very especial had always happened, and still continued to happen, to her, that she had not much time for the more faintly colored episodes of other people.

Beatrice Lovell was an unusually lovely woman. The adjective is here used to signify that she inspired love. Not by any effort, word, action, or hardly interest of her own; but simply because she was what she was. Her beauty was not what is called striking; it touched the eye gently at first, but always grew. People who liked to analyze said that the secret lay in the fact that she had the sweetness, the tints, the surface-texture as it were, and even sometimes the expression, of childhood still; and then, when you came to look deeper, you found underneath all the richer bloom of the woman. Her golden hair, not thick or long, but growing in little soft wavelets upon her small head; her delicate rose-leaf skin, showing the blue veins; her little teeth and the shape of her sweet mouth, — all these were like childhood. In addition she was dimpled and round, with delicately-cut features, and long-lashed violet eyes in whose soft depths lay always an expression of gentle trust. This beautiful creature was robed to-day in widow's mourning-garb made in the severest fashion, without one attempt to decorate or lighten it. But the straight-skirted untrimmed garments, the little close bonnet, and the heavy veil pinned over it with straight crape pins, only brought out more vividly the tints of her beauty.

"No," she continued, as her companion did not speak, "I by no means wish for the feelings you invoke for me. I am better off as I am; I keep my self-possession. For instance, I told this Sicily person that it was in very bad taste to speak to me in that way at such a time, — so soon after Mr. Lovell's death; and that I was much annoyed by it."

"It has not prevented his writing," said Margaret, coming back slowly from the Carrara mountains, and letting her eyes rest upon the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio below, springing above the city-roofs like the stem of a flower.

"They always write, I think," said Mrs. Lovell simply.

"I know they do — to *you*," said Margaret. She turned as she spoke, and looked at her friend with the same old affection and admiration which she had felt for her from childhood, but now with a sort of speculative curiosity added. How must it feel to live such a life, — to be constantly surrounded and accompanied by an atmosphere of devotion and enthrallment such as that letter had expressed? Beatrice seemed to divine something of her friend's thought, and answered it after her fashion.

"It is such a comfort to be with you, Margaret," she said affectionately; "it has always been a comfort, ever since we were children. I can talk freely to you, and as I can talk to no one else. You understand; you do not misunderstand. But all the other women I meet invariably do; or at least pretend to enough to excuse their being horribly disagreeable."

Margaret took her hand. They had taken off their gloves as the afternoon was warm, and they had the heights to themselves; it was early in March, and the crowd of tourists who come in the spring to Italy, and those more loitering travelers who had spent the winter in Naples or Rome, had not yet reached Florence, although it may be said that

they were at the door. Mrs. Lovell's hands, now destitute of ornament save the plain band of the wedding-ring, were small, dimpled, very white; her friend Miss Stowe had hands equally small, but darker and more slender.

"You have been happy all your life, have you not, Beatrice?" said Margaret, not questioningly so much as assertively.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lovell, "I think I have. Of course I was much shocked by Mr. Lovell's death; he was very kind to me."

"Mr. Lovell," as his wife always called him, had died four months previously. He was fifty-six years of age, and Beatrice had been his wife for a little more than a year. He had been very happy with her, and had left her his fortune and his blessing; with these, and his memory, she had come abroad, and had been for six weeks in Sicily, with some elderly friends. She had stopped in Florence to see Miss Stowe, who was spending the winter there with an aunt; but she was not to remain. In her present state of seclusion, she was to visit Venice and the Lakes in advance of the season, and spend the summer in "the most quiet village" which could be discovered for her especial benefit on the Brittany coast. The friends had not met for two years, and there had been much to tell, — that is, for Beatrice to tell. Her always personal narratives were saved from tediousness, however, because they were not the usual decorated feminine fancies, but plain masculine facts (oh, very plain!); and because, also, the narrator was herself quite without the vanity which might naturally have accompanied them. This last merit seemed to her admirers a very remarkable one; in reality it was only that, having no imagination, she took a simple, practical view of everything, themselves included. This last, however, they never discovered, because her unfailing tact and gentleness lay broadly and softly over all.

"And what shall you do about your Sicily person?" said Margaret, not in the least however associating the remark, and knowing also that Beatrice would not associate it, with "Mr. Lovell" and his "memory" (it was quite well understood between them about "Mr. Lovell").

"Of course I shall not answer."

"And if he follows you?"

"He will hardly do that — now. Besides, he is going to America; he sails to-morrow. Our having been together in Sicily was quite by chance, of course; he knows that, and he knows also that I intend to pay, in every way, the strictest respect to Mr. Lovell's memory. That will be fully two years."

"And then?"

"Oh, I never plan. If things do not assert themselves, they are not worth a plan."

"You certainly are the most delightful little piece of common sense I ever met," said Margaret, laughing and kissing her. "I wish you would give me a share of it! But come, — it is late; we must go."

As they went down the slope together towards the village where their carriage was waiting, they looked not unlike the two seventeen-year-old school-girls of eight years before; Beatrice was smiling, and Margaret's darker face was lighted by the old animation which had always charmed her lovely but unanimated friend. It may here be remarked that the greatest intellectual excitements which Beatrice Lee had known had been when Margaret Stowe had let loose her imagination, and carried her friend up with her, as on strong wings, to those regions of fancy which she never attained alone; Beatrice had enjoyed it, wondered over it, and then had remained passive until the next time.

"Ah well — poor Sicily person!" said Margaret as they took their places in the carriage. "I know just what you will do with him. You will write down

his name in a memorandum book, so as not to forget it; you will safely burn his poor letter as you have safely burned so many others; and you will go gently on to Brittany without even taking the ashes!"

"Keep it for me!" said Mrs. Lovell suddenly, drawing the letter from her pocket and placing it in Margaret's hand. "Yes," she repeated, enjoying her idea and dwelling upon it, delighted to find that she possessed a little fancy of her own after all, "keep it for me; and read it over once in a while. It is quite well written, and will do you good, because it is not one of your theories, but a fact. There is nothing disloyal in my giving it to you, because I always tell you everything, and this Sicily person has no claim for exemption in that regard. He has gone back to America, and you will not meet him. No, — positively, I will not take it. You must keep it for me."

"Very well," said Margaret, amused by this little unexpected flight. "But as I may go back to America also, I want to be quite sure where I stand; did you happen to mention to this Sicily person my name, or anything about me?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lovell promptly. "We did not talk on such subjects, you know."

"And he had no idea that you were to stop in Florence?"

"No; he supposed I was to take the steamer at Naples for Marseilles. You need not be so scrupulous; everything is quite safe."

"And when shall I return the epistle?"

"When I ask for it," said Mrs. Lovell, laughing.

The next morning she went northward to Venice.

Two weeks later, Miss Stowe formed one of the company at a reception, or rather a musical party. She looked quite unlike the "Margaret" of Fiesole as she sat on a small, faded purple-satin sofa, listening, rather frowningly, to the rippling movement that follows the march in Beethoven's sonata, opus twenty-six; she had never liked that rippling movement, she did not pretend to like it now. Her frown, however, was slight, merely a little line between her dark eyebrows; it gave her the appearance of attention rather than of disapprobation. The "Margaret" of Fiesole had looked like an animated, almost merry, young girl; the "Miss Stowe" of the reception appeared older than she really was, and her face wore an expression of proud reserve, which, although veiled by all the conventional graciousness required by society, was not on that account any the less apparent. She was richly dressed; but the general effect of her attire was that of simplicity. She fanned herself slowly with a large fan, whose sticks were of carved amber, and the upper part of soft gray ostrich plumes, curled; closed or open, as she used it or as it lay beside her, this fan was an object of beauty. As the music ceased, a lady came fluttering across the room, and, with a whispered "Permit me," introduced a gentleman, whose name, in the hum of released conversation, Miss Stowe did not hear.

"He understands *everything* about old pictures, and you *know* how ignorant *I* am!" said this lady, half-closing her eyes, and shaking her ringleted head with an air of abnegation. "*I* have but *one* inspiration; there is room in me but for *one*. I bring him, therefore, to *you*, who have so many! We *all* know your love for the early masters, — may I not say, the *earliest*?"

Madame Ferri was an American who had married a Florentine; she was now a little widow of fifty, with gray ringlets and emotions regarding music almost too ineffable to be expressed. I say "almost," because she did, after all, express them; as her friends knew. She was a

useful person in Florence because she indefatigably knew everybody, the English and Americans as well as the Florentines; and she spent her time industriously at work mingling these elements, whether they would or no. No one thanked her for this, especially, or remembered it after it was done; if republics are ungrateful, even more so is a society whose component parts are transient, coming and departing day by day. But Madame Ferri herself appreciated the importance of her social combinations, if no one else did; and, like many another chemist, lived on content in the consciousness of it.

"I know very little about old pictures," said the stranger, with a slight smile, finding himself left alone beside Miss Stowe.

"And I — do not like them," she replied.

"If, more than that, you dislike them, we shall have something to talk about. Dislike can generally express itself very well."

"On the contrary, I think it is one of those feelings we do not express, — but conceal."

"You are thinking of persons, perhaps. I was speaking of things. Pictures are things."

Miss Stowe felt herself slightly displeased; and the feeling was not lessened when, with a "Will you allow me?" the stranger took a seat at the end of her sofa, in the space left free by the gray silken sweep of her dress. There was in reality an abundance of room for him; other men were seated, and there was no chair near. Still, the sofa was a small one; the three Italians and two Frenchmen who had succeeded each other in the honor of standing beside her for eight or ten minutes' conversation had not thought of asking for the place so calmly taken by this newcomer. She looked at him as he began talking; he was quite unlike the three Italians and two Frenchmen. He was not ruddy enough for an Englishman of that complexion; he had a lethargic manner which was un-American. She decided, however, that he was, like herself, an American; but an American who had lived much abroad.

He was talking easily upon the various unimportant subjects in vogue at a "small party;" she replied in the same strain.

Margaret Stowe was not beautiful; "pretty" was the last word that could have been applied to her. Her features were irregular; she had a well-shaped, well-poised head, and a quantity of dark hair which she wore closely braided in a low knot behind. She was tall, slender, and rather graceful; she had dark eyes. As has been said before, she was not beautiful; but within the past two years she had acquired, her friends thought, an air of what is called distinction. In reality this was but a deep indifference, combined with the wish at the same time to maintain her place unchanged in the society in which she moved. Indifference and good manners taken together, in a tall and graceful person, will generally give that air. Beatrice Lovell had not perceived this change in her friend; but on that day at Fiesole, Miss Stowe had been simply the "Margaret" of old.

In accordance with what we have called her good manners, Miss Stowe now gave to the stranger beside her easy replies, several smiles, and a fair amount of intelligent attention. It was all he could have expected; but, being a man of observation, he perceived her indifference lying broadly underneath, like the white sand under a shallow river.

During the same week she met him at a dinner party, and they had some conversation. Later, he was one of the guests at a reception which she attended, and again they talked together awhile. She now mentioned him to her aunt, Miss Harrison, to whom she generally

gave, every few days, a brief account of the little events in the circle to which they belonged. She had learned his name by this time; it was Morgan.

"I wonder if he is a grandson of old Adam Morgan," said Miss Harrison, who was genealogical and reminiscent. "If he is, I should like to see him. Has he a Roman nose?"

"I think not," said her niece, smiling.

"Well, describe him, then."

"He is of medium height, neither slender nor stout; he is light, with rather peculiar eyes because they are so blue, — a deep dull blue, like old china; but they are not large, and he does not fully open them. He has a long light mustache, no beard, and very closely cut light hair."

"He must be good-looking."

"No; he is not, especially. He may be anywhere between thirty and forty; his hair in a cross-light shows a slight tinge of gray. He looks fatigued. He looks cynical. I should not be surprised if he was selfish. I do not like him."

"But if he should be the grandson of old Adam, I should have to invite him to dinner," said Miss Harrison, reflectively. "I could not do less, I think."

"I won't poison the soup. But Morgan is a common name, Aunt Ruth; this is the fourth Morgan I have met here this spring. There is n't one chance in a thousand that he belongs to the family you know." She was smiling as she spoke, but did not explain her smile; she was thinking that "Morgan" was also the name signed to that letter locked in her writing-desk, a letter whose expressions she now knew quite well, having obeyed Mrs. Lovell's injunction to "read it over," more than once. They were ardent expressions; it might be said indeed that they were very ardent.

But now and then that one chance in a thousand, so often summarily dismissed, asserts its existence, and appears upon the scene. It turned out in the present case that the stranger was the grandson of the old Adam Morgan whom Miss Harrison remembered. Miss Stowe, in the mean time, had continued to meet him; but now she was to meet him in a new way, when he would be more upon her hands, as it were; for Miss Harrison invited him to dinner.

Miss Ruth Harrison was an invalid of nearly sixty years of age; she had been for ten years in Europe, but had only had her orphaned niece with her during the past eighteen months. She had a large fortune, and she gave Margaret every luxury; especially she liked to see her richly dressed. But it was quite well understood between them that the bulk of her wealth was to go to another relative in America, who bore her family name. It was understood between them, but it was not understood outside. On the contrary, it was generally believed in Florence that Miss Stowe would inherit the whole. It is just possible that this belief may have had a remote influence in shaping the opinion which prevailed there, namely, that this young lady was "handsome" and "gracious," when in truth she was neither. But Mr. Morgan, the new-comer, exhibited so far, at least, no disposition to fall in with this fiction. In his estimation Miss Stowe was a conventionally agreeable, inwardly indifferent young lady of twenty-six, who carried herself well, but was too ironical, as well as too dark. He came to dinner. And did not change his opinion.

A few days after the dinner, Miss Harrison invited her new acquaintance to drive; she was able to go out for an hour or two in the afternoon, and she had a luxurious carriage and fine horses. Miss Stowe did not accompany them; she went off by herself to walk in the Boboli Garden.

Miss Harrison returned in good humor. "I like him," she announced, as the maid removed her bonnet. "Yes, — I think I may hope that the grandson

of old Adam is not going to be a disappointment."

"The grandson of Adam — I suppose his name is Adam also — is a fortunate person, Aunt Ruth, to have gained your liking so soon; you do not often take likings to strangers."

"His name is not Adam," pursued Miss Harrison, "and that is a pity; there is character, as well as association, in Adam. He has a family name — Trafford. His mother was a Miss Trafford of Virginia, it seems."

Miss Stowe was selecting flowers from a fragrant heap before her, to fill the wide-mouthed vases which stood on the floor by her side; but now she stopped. "Trafford Morgan" was the name signed at the end of that letter! It must be he; it was not probable that there were two names of that especial combination; it seemed a really remarkable chance. And evidently he had not gone to America, in spite of Mrs. Lovell's belief. She began to smile and almost to laugh, bending her head over a great soft purple heap of Florence lilies, in order that her aunt might not observe it. But the large room was dusky, and Miss Harrison near-sighted; she observed nothing. The two ladies occupied an apartment in a house which, if it had not been so new, would have been called a "palace." Although modern, the measurements had been after the old Florentine pattern, and the result was that the occupants moved about in rooms which could have contained entire, each one, a small American house. But they liked the vastness. After a moment Miss Stowe went on arranging her blossoms, but inwardly she was enjoying much entertainment; she was going over in her own mind the expressions of that letter, which now took on quite a new character, coming no longer from some formless stranger, but from a gentleman with whom she had spoken, a person she had met and would meet again. "I never should have dreamed that he was capable of it," she said to herself. "He has seemed indifferent, *blasé*. But it places *me* in a nice position! Especially now that Aunt Ruth has taken a fancy to him. I must write to Beatrice immediately, and ask her to take back the stupid letter." She wrote during the same evening.

The next day she was attacked by a severe illness, severe although short. No one could tell what was the matter with her; even the physician was at fault. She did not eat or sleep, she seemed hardly to know what they said when they spoke to her. Her aunt was alarmed. But at the end of the week, as suddenly as she had fallen ill she came back to life again, rose, ordered the maid to braid her hair, and appeared at Miss Harrison's lonely little dinner-table quite herself, save that she was tremulous and pale. But by the next day even these signs were no longer very apparent. It was decided that she had had an attack of "nervous prostration;" "although why in the world you should have been seized by it just now, and here, I am at a loss, Margaret, to imagine," said her aunt.

On the day of her reappearance at the dinner-table, there came a letter from Beatrice which bore the post-mark of a village on one of the Channel islands. Mrs. Lovell had changed her plans, and gone yachting for a month or two with a party of friends, a yacht probably being considered to possess attributes of seclusion more total than even the most soundless village on the Brittany shore. Of course she had not received Margaret's letter, nor could she receive one — their route being uncertain, but nevertheless to the southward — until her return. Communication between them for the present was therefore at an end.

On the afternoon after Margaret's reappearance, Madame Ferri was making a visit of congratulation upon the recovery of "our dear girl." It was a cool day, a heavy rain had fallen, and fresh

snow gleamed on the summits of the Apennines; our dear girl, very unresponsive and silent, was dressed in black velvet, whose rich plain folds brought out her slenderness and made more apparent than usual the graceful shape of her head and hair. But the unrelieved black made her look extremely pale, and it was her recent illness, probably, which made her look also tired and languid. Madame Ferri, who kept constantly in practice her talent for being charming (she was always spoken of as "charming"), looked at her for a time, while conversing; then she rose, took all the crimson roses from a vase, and, going to her, placed one in her hair, meditatively; another in a button-hole of the closely fitting high corsage; and, after a moment's reflection, all the others in a bunch in a velvet loop which was on the side of the skirt not quite half way down, rapidly denuding herself of pins for the purpose as she proceeded. "There!" she said, stepping back a few paces to survey her handiwork, with her head critically on one side, "*now* you are a picture. Look, dear Miss Harrison, pray look."

Miss Harrison put up her glass and approved. And then, while this climax still lasted, Madame Ferri took her departure; she liked to depart in a climax.

She had hardly gone when another card was brought in: "Mr. Trafford Morgan." He too had come to pay his respects to Miss Harrison upon the change for the better in her niece; he had not expected to see the latter person, he had merely heard that there was "an improvement." After he had been there twenty minutes, he said to himself that there was; and in more ways than one. She not only looked much better than usual (this may have been owing to the roses), but there was a new gentleness about her; and she listened with a perceptible increase of attention to what he said. Not that he cared much for this; he had not admired Miss Stowe; but any man (this he remarked to himself) likes to be listened to when he is talking, better than the contrary; and as the minutes passed he became conscious that Miss Stowe was not only listening, but bestowing upon him also what seemed an almost serious attention. She did not say much, — Miss Harrison said more; but she listened to and looked at him. She had not looked at him previously; people can turn their eyes upon one without really looking, and Miss Stowe had excelled in this accomplishment.

During the next week he met her at a dinner-party; she went to these entertainments with a friend of her aunt's, a lady who was delighted to act as chaperone for the heiress. The spring season was now at its height in Florence, and the members of the same circle perforce constantly met each other; on each separate occasion during the two weeks that followed, Trafford Morgan was conscious that Miss Stowe was honoring him, although in a studiously guarded and quiet way, with much of a very observant attention. This, in the end, excited in him some curiosity. He had as good an opinion of himself as most men have; but he did not think it probable that the heiress had suddenly fallen in love with him without rhyme or reason, as it were, the "rhyme" being that he was neither an Apollo, an Endymion, nor a military man; the "reason," that he had never in the least attempted to make himself agreeable to her. Of course, if he *had* attempted — But he had not. She was not in need of entertainment; she had enough of that, of all sorts, including apparently the sort given by suitors. She showed no sign of having troublesomely impulsive feelings; on the contrary she seemed cold. "She is playing some game," he thought; "she has some end in view. But if she wishes to make use of me, she must show her hand more. I may assist her, and I may not; but at any rate I must understand what it is, —

I will not be led." He made up his mind that her aim was to excite remark in their circle; there was probably some one in that circle who was to be stimulated by a little wholesome jealousy. It was an ancient and commonplace method; and he had not thought her commonplace. But human nature at heart is but a commonplace affair after all, and the methods and motives of the world have not altered much, in spite of the gray lapse of ages.

Morgan was an idle man; at present he was remaining in Italy for a purpose and had nothing to do there. The next time he met Miss Stowe, he followed out his theory and took the lead; he began to pay her attention which might, if pursued, have aroused observation. To his surprise she drew back, and so completely, that he was left stranded. He tried this three times on three different occasions; and each time met the same rebuff. It became evident, therefore, that Miss Stowe did not wish for the kind of attention which he had supposed was her point; but as, whenever she could do it unobserved, she continued to turn upon him the same quiet scrutiny, he began to ask himself whether she wished for any other. An opportunity occurred which made him think that she did.

It was in the Boboli Garden, where he had gone to walk off a fit of weariness; here he came upon Miss Stowe. There seemed to be no one in the garden save themselves, at least no one whom they knew; only a few stray tourists wandering about, with Baedeker, Horner, and Hare. The world of fashion was at the Cascine that day, where races were going on. Morgan did not feel like talking; he exchanged the usual phrases with Miss Stowe, and then prepared to pass on. But she said, gently, "Are you going now? If not, why not stroll awhile with me?"

After this, as he mentally observed, of course he was forced to stroll awhile. But, on the whole, he found himself entertained, because his companion gave him an attention which was almost devout. Its seriousness indeed compelled him to be serious likewise, and made him feel as though he was in an atmosphere combining the characteristics of a church and a school; he was partly priest, partly pedagogue, — and the sensation was amusing. She asked him what he liked best in Florence; and she called it, gravely, "enchanting Florence."

"Giotto and Botticelli," he answered.

"I wish you would be in earnest; I am in earnest."

"With all the earnestness in the world, Miss Stowe, I could only repeat the same reply."

"What is it you find to like in them? Will you tell me?"

"It would take an age — a full half-hour; you would be quite tired out. Women are so much quicker in their mental processes than we are, that you would apprehend what I was going to say before I could get it out; you would ascend all the heights, scour all the plains, and arrive at the goal before I came even in sight, where you would sit waiting, patiently or impatiently, as I, slowly and with mortified perception, approached."

"Yes, we are quick; but we are superficial. I wish you would tell me."

He glanced at her; she was looking at him with an expression in her eyes which was extremely earnest. "I cannot deliver a discourse while walking," he said. "I require a seat."

"Let us go to the amphitheatre; I often sit there for a while on the stone benches under the old statues. I like to see them standing around the circle; they are so serenely indifferent to the modern pencil-scrawlings on their robes, so calmly certain that their time will come again."

"What you say is entirely charming. Still, I hardly think I can talk to the statues. I must have something more

— more secluded." He was aware that he was verging upon a slight impertinence; but he wished to see whether she would accede, — what she would do. He made no effort to find the seclusion of which he spoke; he left that to her.

She hesitated a moment; then, "We might go to a seat there is under a tree at the top of the slope," she said. "It is a pleasant place."

He assented; and they went up the path by the side of the tall, stately hedges, and past the fountain and the great statue of Abbondanza. The stone bench was not one of those sought for; it was not in front, but on the western side. It commanded a view of the city below, with the Duomo and Giotto's lovely bell-tower; of the fruit-trees all in flower on the outskirts; of the tree-tops of the Cascine, now like a cloud of golden smoke with their tender brown leaflets, tasseled blossoms, and winged seeds; of the young grain springing greenly down the valley; and the soft, velvety mountains rising all around. "How beautiful it is!" she said, leaning back, closing her parasol and folding her hands.

"Beautiful — yes; but barren of human interest save to those who are going to sell the fruit, or who depend upon the growth of the grain. The beauty of art is deeper; it is all human."

"I must be quite ignorant about art," she answered, "because it does not impress me in that way; I wish it did. I wish you would instruct me a little, Mr. Morgan."

"Good!" he thought. "What next?" But although he thought, he of course was obliged to talk also, and so he began about the two art masters he had mentioned. He delivered quite an epic upon Giotto's two little frescoes in the second cloister of Santa Maria Novella, and he openly preferred the third there — the little Virgin going up the impossible steps — to Titian's splendid picture of the same subject, in Venice. He grew didactic and mystic over the round Botticelli of the Uffizi and the one in the Prometheus room at the Pitti; he invented as he went along, and amused himself not a little with his own unusual flow of language. His companion listened, and now and then asked a question. But her questions were directed more towards what he thought of the pictures (after a while he noticed this), and what impressions they made upon him, than to the pictures themselves or their claims to celebrity. As he went on, he made some slight attempts to diverge a little from the subject in hand, and skirt, if ever so slightly, the borders of flirtation; he was curious to see if she would follow him there. But she remained unresponsive; and, while giving no sign of even perceiving his digressions, she brought him back to his art atmosphere, each time he left it, with a question or remark very well adapted for the purpose; so well, indeed, that it could not have been by chance.

She declined his escort homeward, pretexting a visit she wished to pay; but she said, of her own accord, that she would sing for him the next time he came. He knew this was a favor she did not often grant; Madame Ferri had so informed him.

He went, without much delay; and she sang several songs in the dusky corner where her piano stood, while he sat near. The light from the wax candles at the other end of the large room, where Miss Harrison was knitting, did not penetrate here; but she said she liked to sing in a semi-darkness, as she had only a twilight voice. It was in truth not at all powerful; but it was sweet and low, and she sang with much expression. Trafford Morgan liked music; it was not necessary to make up a conviction or theory about that; he simply had a natural love for it, and he came more than once to hear Miss Stowe sing.

In the mean time Miss Harrison continued to like "the grandson of old Adam," and again invited him to drive. A month went by, and, by the end of it, he had seen in one way and another a good deal of these two ladies. The "later manner" (as he mentally called it) of Miss Stowe continued; when they were in company, she was as she had been originally, but when they were unobserved, or by themselves, she gave him the peculiar sober attention which he did not quite comprehend. He had several theories about it; and varied between them. He was a man who did not talk of persons, who never told much. If questioned, while answering readily and apparently without reserve, it was noticed afterwards that he had told nothing. He had never spoken of Sicily, for instance, but had talked a good deal of Sweden. This reticence, so exasperating to many women, seemed agreeable to Miss Stowe, who herself did not tell much, or talk of persons. That is, generally. One person she talked about; and with persistence. Morgan was hardly ever with her that she did not, sooner or later, begin to talk to him about himself. Sometimes he was responsive, sometimes not; but responsive or unresponsive, in society or out of it, he had talked, all told, a goodly number of hours with Miss Stowe when May attained its zenith, and the season waned.

The tourists had gone to Venice; the red gleam of guide-books along the streets and the conscientiousness of woolen traveling dresses in the galleries were no longer visible. Miss Stowe now stepped over the boundary-line of her caution a little; many of the people she knew had gone; she went with Trafford to the Academy, and the Pitti; she took him into the cool dim churches and questioned him concerning his creed; she strolled with him through the monastery of San Marco and asked what his idea was of the next world. She said she liked cloisters; she would like to walk in one for an hour or two every day.

He replied that there were a number of cloisters in Florence; they might visit them in succession and pace around quietly. The effect would be heightened if she would read aloud, as they paced, short sentences from some ancient stiff-covered little book on De Contemptu Mundi.

"Ah," she said, "you are not in earnest. But I am!"

And she seemed to be; he said to himself that he had hardly had a look or word from her which was not only earnest, but almost portentously so. She now began to do whatever he asked her to do, whether it was to sing Italian music, or to read Dante's Vita Nuova, both of which she had said she did not like. It is probable that he asked her to do a number of things about this time which he did not especially care for, simply to see if she would comply; she always did.

"If she goes on in this sort of way," he thought, "never showing the least opposition, or personal moods different from mine, I really don't know where we shall end!"

But at last she did show both. It was in the evening, and she was at the piano; after one or two ballads, he asked her to sing a little English song he had found amongst her music, not printed, but in manuscript.

"Oh, that is nothing," she said, putting out her hand to take it from him. "I will sing this of Schumann's instead; it is much prettier."

But he maintained his point. "I like this better," he said. "I like the name; of course it is impossible, — but it is pleasant, — Semper Fidelis."

She took it, looked at it in silence for a moment, and then, without further reply, began to sing. There was nothing remarkable in the words or the music; she did not sing as well as usual either; she hurried the time.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Dumb and unchanged my thoughts still round thee hover,
Nor will be moved;
E'en though I strive, my heart remains thy lover,
Though unbeloved;
Yet there is sad content in loyalty,
And, though the silent gift is naught to thee,
It changes never, —
Faithful forever.

This was the verse; but at the fifth line she faltered, stopped, and then, rising abruptly, left the room.

"Margaret is very uneven at times," said Miss Harrison apologetically, from her easy-chair.

"All interesting persons are uneven," he replied. He went over and took a seat beside his hostess, remaining half an hour longer; but as he went back to his hotel, he said to himself that Miss Stowe had been for many weeks the most even woman he had ever known, showing neither variation nor shadow of turning. She had been as even as a straight line.

On this account her sudden emotion made an impression upon him. The next day he mentioned that he was going to Trieste.

"Not Venice?" said Miss Harrison. "I thought everybody went to Venice."

"Venice," he replied, "is preëminently the place where one needs either an actual, tangible companionship of the dearest sort, or a memory like it. I, who have neither, keep well away from Venice!"

"I rather think, Mr. Morgan, that you have had pretty much what you wanted, in Venice or elsewhere," said Miss Harrison with a dry humor she sometimes showed. Here she was called from the room to see a poor woman whom she befriended; Miss Stowe and Morgan were left alone.

He was looking at her; he was noting what effect, if any, the tidings of his departure (he had named to-morrow) would have upon her. She had not been conventional; would she resort to conventionality now?

Her gaze was bent upon the floor; after a while she looked up. "Where shall you be this summer?" she said slowly. "Perhaps we shall be there too." Her eyes were fixed upon his face, her tone was hardly above a whisper.

Perhaps it was curiosity that made him do what he did; whether it was or not, mingled with it there was certainly a good deal of audacity. He rose, went to her, and took her hand. "Forgive me," he said; "I am in love with some one else."

It implied much. But had not her manner implied the same, or more?

She rose; they were both standing now.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, a light coming into her eyes, — eyes usually abstracted, almost dull.

"Only what I have said."

"Why should you say it to me?"

"I thought you might be — interested."

"You are mistaken. I am not in the least interested. Why should I be?"

"Are you not a little unkind?"

"Not more unkind than you are insolent."

She was very angry. He began to be a little angry himself.

"I ask your pardon with the deepest humility, Miss Stowe. The insolence of which you accuse me was as far as possible from my mind. If I thought you might be somewhat interested in what I have told you, it was because you have honored me with some small share of your attention during the past week or two; probably it has spoiled me."

"I have; and for a month or two, not a week or two. But there was a motive — It was an experiment."

"You have used me for experimental purposes, then?"

"Yes."

"I am immensely grateful to have been considered worthy of a part in an

experiment of yours, even although a passive one. May I ask if the experiment is ended?"

"It is."

"Since when? Since I made that confession about some one else?"

Miss Stowe's face was pale, her dark eyes were brilliant. "I knew all the while that you were in love — hopelessly in love — with Mrs. Lovell," she said, with a proud smile. "That was the reason that, for my experiment, I selected *you.*"

A flush rose over his face as she spoke. "You thought you would have the greater triumph?" he asked.

"I thought nothing of the kind. I thought that I should be safe, because you would not respond."

"And you did not wish me to respond?"

"I did not."

"Excuse me, — we are speaking frankly, are we not? — but do you not contradict yourself somewhat? You say you did not wish me to respond; yet, have you not tried to make me?"

"That was not my object. It was but a necessary accompaniment of the experiment."

"And if I *had* responded?" he said, looking at her.

"I knew you could not. I knew quite well — I mean I could imagine quite well — how much you loved Beatrice. But it has all been a piece of folly upon my part, — I see it now." She turned away and went across to the piano. "I wish you would go now," she said in a low voice, vaguely turning over the music. "*I* cannot, because my aunt will think it strange to find me gone."

Instead of obeying her, he crossed the room and stood beside her; and then he saw in the twilight that her eyes were full of tears and her lips quivering, in spite of her effort to prevent it.

"Margaret," he said suddenly, and with a good deal of feeling in his voice, "I am not worth it! Indeed I am not!" And again he touched her hand.

But she drew it from him. "Are you by any chance imagining that my tears are for *you?*" she said in a low tone, but facing him like a creature at bay. "Have you interpreted me in that way? I have a right to know; speak!"

"I am at a loss to interpret you," he said, after a moment's silence.

"I will tell you the whole, then, — I must tell you; your mistake forces it from me." She paused, drew a quick breath, and then went on, rapidly. "I love some one else. I have been very unhappy. Just after you came, I received a letter which told me that he was soon to be married; he *is* married now. I had an illness in consequence. You may remember my illness? I made up my mind then that I would root out the feeling if possible, no matter at what cost of pain, and effort, and long patience. You came in my way. I knew you were deeply attached elsewhere" —

"How did you know it?" he said. He was leaning against the piano, watching her; she stood with her hands folded, and pressed so tightly together that he could see the force of the pressure.

"Never mind how; but quite simply and naturally. I said to myself that I would try to become interested in you, even if only to a small degree; I would do everything in my power to forward it. It would be an acquired interest; still, acquired interests can be deep. People can become interested in music, in pictures, in sports, in that way; why not then in persons also, since they are more human?"

"That is the very reason, — because they are too human," he answered.

But she did not heed. "I have studied you; I have tried to find the good in you; I have tried to believe in you, to idealize you. I have given every thought that I could control to you, and to you alone, for two long months," she said passionately, unlocking her hands,

reddened with their pressure against each other, and turning away.

"It has been a failure?"

"Complete."

"And if you had succeeded?" he asked, folding his arms as he leaned against the piano.

"I should have been glad and happy. I should never have seen *you* again, of course; but at least the miserable old feeling would have been laid at rest."

"And its place filled by another as miserable!"

"Oh no; it could never have been *that*," she said, with an emphasis of scorn.

"You tried a dangerous remedy, Margaret."

"Not so dangerous as the disease."

"A remedy may be worse than a disease. In spite of your scornful tone, permit me to tell you that if you had succeeded at all, it would have been in the end by loving me as you loved — I mean love — this other man. While I, in the mean time, am in love (as you are kind enough to inform me — hopelessly) with another woman! Is Beatrice a friend of yours?"

"My dearest friend."

"Has it never occurred to you that you were playing towards her rather a traitorous part?"

"Never."

"Supposing, during this experiment of yours, that I had fallen in love with you?"

"It would have been nothing to Beatrice if you had," responded Mrs. Lovell's friend instantly and loyally, although remembering, at the same moment, that Fiesole blush. Then, in a changed voice, and with a proud humility which was touching, she added, "It would have been quite impossible. Beatrice is the loveliest woman in the world; any one who had loved *her* would never think of me."

At this moment Miss Harrison's voice was heard in the hall; she was returning.

"Good-by," said Morgan. "I shall go to-morrow. You would rather have me go." He took her hand, held it an instant, and then raised it to his lips. "Good-by," he said again. "Forgive me, Margaret. And do not entirely — forget me."

When Miss Harrison returned, they were looking at the music on the piano. A few moments later he took leave.

"I am sorry he has gone," said Miss Harrison. "What in the world is he going to do at Trieste? Well, so goes life! nothing but partings! One thing is a consolation, however, at least to me; the grandson of old Adam did not turn out a disappointment, after all."

"I do not think I am a judge," replied Miss Stowe.

In June Miss Harrison went northward to Paris, her niece accompanying her. They spent the summer in Switzerland; in the autumn returned to Paris; and in December went southward to Naples and Rome.

Mrs. Lovell had answered Margaret's letter in June. The six weeks of yachting had been charming; the yacht belonged to an English gentleman, who had a country-seat in Devonshire. She herself, by the way, might be in Devonshire during the summer; it was so quiet there. Could not Miss Harrison be induced to come to Devonshire? That would be *so* delightful. It had been extremely difficult to wear deep mourning at sea; but of course she had persisted in it. Much of it had been completely ruined; she had been obliged to buy more. Yes, — it *was* amusing, — her meeting Trafford Morgan. And so unexpected, of course. Did she like him? No, the letter need not be returned. If it troubled her to have it, she might destroy it; perhaps it was as well it should be destroyed. There were some such pleasant qualities in English life; there was not so much opportunity, perhaps, as in America —

"That blush meant nothing, then, after all," thought the reader, lifting her eyes from the page and looking musingly at a picture on the wall. "She said it meant only a lack of iron; and, as Beatrice always tells the truth, she did mean that, probably, and not irony, as I supposed." She sat thinking for a few moments, and then went back to the letter. — There was not so much opportunity, perhaps, as in America; but there was more stability, more certainty that things would continue to go on. There were various occurrences which she would like to tell; but she never wrote that sort of thing, — as Margaret knew. If she would only come to Devonshire for the summer, — and so forth, and so forth.

But Beatrice did sometimes write "that sort of thing" after all. During the next February, in Rome, after a long silence, Margaret received a letter from her, which brought the tidings of her engagement. He was an Englishman. He had a country-seat in Devonshire. He owned a yacht. Beatrice seemed very happy. "We shall not be married until next winter," she wrote. "I would not consent, of course, to anything earlier. I have consistently endeavored to do what was right from the beginning, and shall not waver now. But by next January there can be no criticism, and I suppose that will be the time. How I wish you were here to advise me about a hundred things. Besides, I want you to know him; you will be sure to like him. He is" — and so forth, and so forth.

"She is following out her destiny," thought the reader in Rome.

In March, Miss Harrison found the Eternal City too warm, and moved northward as far as Florence. Madame Ferri was delighted to see them again; she came five times during the first three days to say so.

"You will find *so* many whom you knew last year, here again, as well as yourselves," she said enthusiastically. "We shall have some of our *charming* old reunions. Let me see, — I think I can tell you." And she ran over a list of names, among them that of "Mr. Morgan."

"What, not the grandson of Adam?" said Miss Harrison.

"He is not *quite* so old as that, is he?" said Madame Ferri, laughing. "It is the one who dined with you several times last year, I believe, — Mr. Trafford Morgan. I shall have great pleasure in telling him this very day that you are here."

"Do you know whether he is to remain long?" said Miss Stowe, who had not before spoken.

"I am sorry to say he is not; Mr. Morgan is always an addition, I think, — don't you? But he told me only yesterday that he was going this week to — to Tarascon, I think he said."

"Trieste and Tarascon, — he selects the most extraordinary places!" said Miss Harrison. "The next time it will be Tartarus."

Madame Ferri was overcome with mirth. "*Dear* Miss Harrison, you are *too* droll! *Isn't* she, dear Miss Stowe?"

"He probably chooses his names at random," said Miss Stowe, with indifference.

The next day, at the Pitti, she met him. She was alone, and returned his salutation coldly. He was with some ladies who were standing near, looking at the Madonna of the Chair. He merely asked how Miss Harrison was, and said he should give himself the pleasure of coming to see her very soon; then he bowed and returned to his friends. Not long afterwards she saw them all leave the gallery together.

Half an hour later she was standing in front of one of Titian's portraits, when a voice close beside her said, "Ah, — the young man in black. You are not admiring it?"

There had been almost a crowd in the

gorgeous rooms that morning. She had stood elbow to elbow with so many persons that she no longer noticed them; Trafford Morgan had been able, therefore, to approach and stand beside her for several minutes without attracting her recognition. As he spoke she turned, and, in answer to his smile, gave an even slighter bow than before; it was hardly more than a movement of the eyelids. Two English girls, with large hats, sweet, shy eyes, and pink cheeks, who were standing close beside them, turned away towards the left for a minute, to look at another picture.

"Do not treat me badly," he said. "I need kindness. I am not very happy."

"I can understand that," she answered. Here the English girls came back again.

"I think you are wrong in admiring it," he said, looking at the portrait; "it is a quite impossible picture. A youth with that small, delicate head and face could never have had those shoulders; they are the shoulders of quite another type of man. This is some boy whom Titian wished to flatter; but he was artist enough to try and hide the flattery by that overcoat. The face has no calm; you would not have admired it in life."

"On the contrary, I should have admired it greatly," replied Miss Stowe. "I should have adored it. I should have adored the eyes."

"Surely there is nothing in them but a sort of pugnacity."

"Whatever it is, it is delightful."

The English girls now turned away towards the right.

"You are quite changed," he said, looking at her.

"Yes, I think I am. I am much more agreeable. Every one will tell you so; even Madame Ferri, who is obliged to reconcile it with my having been always more agreeable than any one in the world, you know. I have become lighter. I am no longer heavy."

"You mean you are no longer serious."

"That is it. I used to be absurdly serious. But it is an age since we last met. You were going to Trieste, were you not? I hope you found it agreeable?"

"It is not an age; it is a year."

"Oh, a great deal can happen in a year," said Miss Stowe, turning away.

She was as richly dressed as ever, and not quite so plainly. Her hair was arranged in little rippling waves low down upon her forehead, which made her look, if not what might be called more worldly, at least more fashionable, since previously she had worn it arranged with a simplicity which was neither. Owing to this new arrangement of her hair, her eyes looked larger and darker.

He continued to walk beside her for some moments, and then, as she came upon a party of friends, he took leave.

In the evening he called upon Miss Harrison, and remained an hour. Miss Stowe was not at home. The next day he sent to Miss Harrison a beautiful basket of flowers.

"He knows we always keep the rooms full of them," remarked Miss Stowe, rather disdainfully.

"All the same, I like the attention," said Miss Harrison. And she sent him an invitation to dinner. She liked to have one guest.

He came. During the evening he asked Miss Stowe to sing. "I have lost my voice," she answered.

"Yes," said Miss Harrison, "it is really remarkable; Margaret, although she seems so well, has not been able to sing for months, — indeed, for a full year. It is quite sad."

"I am not sad about it, Aunt Ruth; I am relieved. I never sang well, — I had not voice enough. There was really nothing in it but expression; and that was all pretense."

"You are trying to make us think you very artificial," said Morgan.

"I can make you think what I please, probably. I can follow several lines of conduct, one after the other, and make you believe them all." She spoke lightly; her general tone was much lighter than formerly, as she herself had said.

"Do you ever walk in the Boboli Garden now?" he asked, later.

"Occasionally; but it is a dull place. And I do not walk as much as I did; I drive with my aunt."

"Yes, Margaret has grown indolent," said Miss Harrison; "and it seems to agree with her. She has more color than formerly; she looks well."

"Wonderfully," said Morgan. "But you are thinner than you were," he added, turning towards her.

"And darker!" she answered, laughing. "Mr. Morgan does not admire arrangements in black and white, Aunt Ruth; do not embarrass him." She wore that evening a white dress, unrelieved by any color.

"I see you are bent upon being unkind," he said. It was supposed to be a society remark.

"Not the least in the world," she answered, in the same tone.

He met her several times in company, and had short conversations with her. Then, one afternoon, he came upon her unexpectedly in the Cascine; she was strolling down the broad path, alone.

"So you do walk sometimes, after all," he said.

"Never. I am only strolling. I drove here with Aunt Ruth, but, as she came upon a party of American friends who are going to-morrow, I gave up my place, and they are driving around together for a while, and no doubt settling the entire affairs of Westchester County."

"I am glad she met them; I am glad to find you alone. I have something I wish much to say to you."

"Such a beginning always frightens me. Pray postpone it."

"On the contrary, I shall hasten it. I must make the most of this rare opportunity. Do you remember when you did me the honor, Miss Stowe, to make me the subject of an experiment?"

"You insist upon recalling that piece of folly?" she said, opening her parasol. Her tone was composed and indifferent.

"I recall it because I wish to base something upon it. I wish to ask you — to allow yourself to be passively the subject of an experiment on *my* part, an experiment of the same nature."

She glanced at him; he half smiled. "Did you imagine, then, that mine was in earnest?" she said, with a fine, light scorn, light as air.

"I never imagine anything. Imaginations are useless."

"Not so useless as experiments. Let yours go, and tell me rather what you found to like in — Trieste."

"I suppose you know that I went to England?"

"I know nothing. But yes, — I do know that you are going to — Tarascon."

"I shall not go if you will permit what I have asked."

"Is n't it rather suddenly planned?" she said ironically. "You did not know we were coming."

"Very suddenly. I have thought of it only since yesterday."

They had strolled into a narrow path which led by one of those patches of underwood of which there are several in the Cascine, little bosky places carefully preserved in a tangled wildness which is so pretty and amusing to American eyes, accustomed to the stretch of real forests.

"You don't know how I love these little patches," said Miss Stowe. "There is such a good faith about them; they are charming."

"You were always fond of nature, I remember. I used to tell you that art was better."

"Ah — did you?" she said, her eyes following the flight of a bird.

"You have forgotten very completely in one year."

"Yes, I think I have. I always forget, you know, what it is not agreeable to remember. But I must go back; Aunt Ruth will be waiting." They turned.

"I will speak more plainly," said Morgan. "I went to England during July last, — that is, I followed Mrs. Lovell. She was in Devonshire. Quite recently I have learned that she has become engaged in — Devonshire, and is soon to be married there. I am naturally rather down about it. I am seeking some other interest. I should like to try your plan for a while, and build up an interest in — you."

Miss Stowe's lip curled. "The plans are not alike," she said. "Yours is badly contrived. *I* did not tell *you* beforehand what I was endeavoring to do!"

"I am obliged to tell you. You would have discovered it."

"Discovered what a pretense it was? That is true. A woman can act a part better than a man. *You* did not discover! And what am I to do in this little comedy of yours?"

"Nothing. It is in truth nothing to you; you have told me that, even when you made a great effort towards that especial object, it was impossible to get up the slightest interest in me. Do not take a violent dislike to me; that is all."

"And if it is already taken?"

"I shall have to conquer that. What I meant was — do not take a fresh one."

"There is nothing like precedent, and therefore I repeat your question: what if you should succeed, — I mean as regards yourself?" she said, looking at him with a satirical expression.

"It is my earnest wish to succeed."

"You do not add, as I did, that in case you do succeed, you will of course never see me again, but that at least the miserable old feeling will be at rest?"

"I do not add it."

"And at the conclusion, when it has failed, shall you tell me that the cause of failure was — the inevitable comparisons?"

"Beatrice is extremely lovely," he replied, turning his head and gazing at the Arno, shining through an opening in the hedge. "I do not attempt to pretend, even to myself, that she is not the loveliest woman I ever knew."

"Since you do not pretend it to yourself, you will not pretend it to me."

She spoke without interrogation; but he treated the words as a question. "Why should I?" he said. And then he was silent.

"There is Aunt Ruth," said Miss Stowe; "I see the horses. She is probably wondering what has become of me."

"You have not altogether denied me," he said, just before they reached the carriage. "I assure you I will not be in the least importunate. Take a day or two to consider. After all, if there is no one upon whom it can really infringe (of course I know you have admirers; I have even heard their names), why should you not find it even a little amusing?"

Miss Stowe turned towards him, and a peculiar expression came into her eyes as they met his. "I am not sure but that I shall find it so," she answered. And then they joined Miss Harrison.

The day or two had passed. There had been no formal question asked, and no formal reply given; but as Miss Stowe had not absolutely forbidden it, the experiment may be said to have been begun. It was soon reported in Florence that Trafford Morgan was one of the suitors for the hand of the heiress; and, being a candidate, he was of course subjected to the searching light of Public Inquiry. Public Inquiry discovered that he was thirty-eight years of age; that he had but a small income; that he was indolent, indifferent, and cynical. Not being able to find any open vices, Public

Inquiry considered that he was too *blasé* to have them; he had probably exhausted them all long before. All this Madame Ferri repeated to Miss Harrison, not because she was in the least opposed to Mr. Morgan, but simply as part of her general task as gatherer and disseminator.

"Trafford Morgan is not a saint, but he is well enough in his way," replied Miss Harrison. "I am not at all sure that a saint would be agreeable in the family."

Madame Ferri was much amused by this; but she carried away the impression also that Miss Harrison favored the suitor.

In the mean time, nothing could be more quiet than the manner of the supposed suitor when he was with Miss Stowe. He now asked questions of her; when they went to the churches, he asked her impressions of the architecture; when they visited the galleries, he asked her opinions of the pictures. He inquired what books she liked, and why she liked them; and sometimes he slowly repeated her replies.

This last habit annoyed her. "I wish you would not do that," she said, with some irritation. "It is like being forced to look at one's self in a mirror."

"I do it to analyze them," he answered. "I am so dense, you know; it takes me a long time to understand. When you say, for instance, that Romola is not a natural character because her love for Tito ceases, I, who think that the unnatural part is that she should ever have loved him, naturally dwell upon the remark."

"She would have continued to love him, in life. Beauty is all powerful."

"I did not know that women cared much for it," he answered. Then, after a moment, "Do not be too severe upon me," he added; "I am doing my best."

She made no reply.

"I thought certainly you would have answered, 'By contrast?'" he said, smiling. "But you are not so satirical as you were. I cannot make you angry with me."

"Have you tried?"

"Of course I have tried. It would be a step gained to move you, — even in that way."

"I thought your experiment was to be all on one side?" she said. They were sitting in a shady corner of the cloisters of San Marco; she was leaning back in her chair, following with the point of her parasol the lines of the Latin inscription on the slab at her feet, over an old monk's last resting-place.

"I am not as consistent as I should be," he answered, rising and sauntering off, with his hands in the pockets of his short morning-coat, to look at St. Peter the Martyr.

At another time they were in the Michael-Angelo chapel of San Lorenzo. It was past the hour for closing, but Morgan had bribed the custode to allow them to remain, and the old man had closed the door and gone away, leaving them alone with the wondrous marbles.

"What do they mean?" he said. "Tell me."

"They mean fate, our sad human fate. The beautiful Dawn in all the pain of waking; the stern determination of the Day; the recognition of failure in Evening; and the lassitude of dreary, hopeless sleep in Night. It is one way of looking at life."

"But not your way?"

"Oh, I have no way; I am too limited. But genius takes a broader view, and genius, I suppose, must always be sad. People with that endowment, I have noticed, are almost always very un happy."

He was sitting beside her, and, as she spoke, he saw a little flush rise in her cheeks; she was remembering when Mrs. Lovell had used the same words, although in another connection.

"We have never spoken directly, or

at any length, of Beatrice," she said suddenly. "I wish you would tell me about her."

"Here?"

"Yes, here and now; Lorenzo shall be your judge."

"I am not afraid of Lorenzo. He is not a god; on the contrary, he has all our deepest humanity on his musing face; it is for this reason that he impresses us so powerfully. As it is the first time you have expressed any wish, Miss Stowe, I suppose I must obey it."

"Will it be difficult?"

"It is always difficult, is it not, for a man to speak of an unhappy love?" he said, leaning his elbow on the back of the seat, and shading his eyes with his hand as he looked at her.

"I will excuse you."

"I have not asked to be excused. I first met Mrs. Lovell in Sicily. I was with her almost constantly during five weeks. She is as lovable as a rose, — as a peach, — as a child." He paused.

"Your comparisons are rather remarkable," said Miss Stowe, her eyes resting upon the grand massiveness of Day.

"They are truthful. I fell in love with her; and I told her so because there was that fatal thing, an opportunity, — that is, a garden-seat, starlight, and the perfume of flowers. Of course these were irresistible."

"Indeed?"

"Do not be contemptuous. It is possible that you may not have been exposed to the force of the combination, as yet. She rebuked me with that lovely gentle softness of hers, and then she went away; the Sicilian days were over. I wrote to her" —

He was sitting in the same position, with his hand shading his eyes, looking at her; as he spoke the last phrase he perceived that she colored, and colored deeply.

"You knew the story generally," he said, dropping his arm and leaning forward. "But it is not possible you saw that letter!"

She rose and walked across, as if to get a nearer view of Day. "I admire it so much!" she said after a moment. "If it should stretch out that great right arm, it could crush us to atoms." And she turned towards him again.

As she did, she saw that he had colored also; a deep dark flush had risen in his face, and covered even his forehead.

"I am safe, — very safe!" he said. "After reading such a letter as that, written to another woman, you are not likely to bestow much regard upon the writer, try as he may!"

Miss Stowe looked at him. "You are overacting," she said coldly. "It is not in your part to pretend to care so soon. It was to be built up gradually."

"Lorenzo understands me," he said, recovering himself. "Shall I go on?"

"I think I must go, now," she answered, declining a seat; "it is late."

"In a moment. Let me finish, now that I have begun. I had thought of returning to America; indeed, Beatrice had advised it; she thought I was becoming expatriated. But I gave it up and remained in Italy because I did not wish to appear too much her slave (women do not like men who obey them too well, you know). After this effort, I was consistent enough to follow her to England. I found her in — Devonshire, lovelier than ever; and I was again fascinated; I was even ready to accept beforehand all the rules and embargo of the strictest respect to the memory of Mr. Lovell."

Miss Stowe's eyes were upon Day; but here, involuntarily, she glanced towards her companion. His face remained unchanged.

"I was much in love with her. She allowed me no encouragement. But I did not give up a sort of vague hope I had, until this recent tidings. Then, of

course, I knew that all was over for me."

"I am sorry for you," replied Miss Stowe after a pause, still looking at Day.

"Of course I have counted upon that, — upon your sympathy. I knew that you would understand."

"Spare me the quotation, A fellow-feeling, and so forth," she said, moving towards the door. "I am going; I feel as though we had already desecrated too long this sacred place."

"It is no desecration. The highest heights of art, as well as of life, belong to love," he said, as they went out into the cool low hall, paved with the gravestones of the Medici.

"Don't you always think of them lying down below?" she said. "Giovanni in his armor, and Lenore of Toledo in her golden hair?"

"Since when have you become so historical? They were a wicked race."

"And since when have you become so virtuous?" she answered. "They were at least successful."

Time passed. It has a way of passing rapidly in Florence; although each day is long, and slow, and full, and delightful, a month flies. Again the season was waning. It was now believed that Mr. Morgan had been successful, although nothing definite was known. It was remarked how unusually well Miss Stowe looked; her eyes were so bright, and she had so much color, that she really looked brilliant. Madame Ferri repeated this to Miss Harrison.

"Margaret was always brilliant," said her aunt.

"Oh, extremely!" said Madame Ferri.

"Only people never found it out," added Miss Harrison.

She herself maintained a calm and uninquiring demeanor. Sometimes she was with her niece and her niece's supposed suitor, and sometimes not. She continued to receive him with the same affability which she had bestowed upon him from the first, and occasionally she invited him to dinner and to drive. She made no comment upon the frequency of his visits, or the length of his conversations upon the little balcony in the evening, where the plash of the fountain came faintly up from below. In truth she had no cause for solicitude; nothing could be more tranquil than the tone of the two talkers. Nothing more was said about Mrs. Lovell; conversation had sunk back into the old impersonal channel.

"You are very even," Morgan said one evening. "You do not seem to have any moods. I noticed it last year."

"One is even," she replied, "when one is" —

"Indifferent," he suggested.

She did not contradict him.

Two things she refused to do: she would not sing, and she would not go to the Boboli Garden.

"As I am especially fond of those tall, ceremonious old hedges and serene statues, you cut me off from a real pleasure," said Morgan.

It was the evening of the 16th of May; they were sitting by the open window; Miss Harrison was not present.

"You can go there after we have gone," she said, smiling. "We leave to-morrow."

"You leave to-morrow!" he repeated. Then, after an instant, "It is immensely kind to tell me beforehand," he said ironically. "I should have thought you would have left it until after your departure!"

She made no reply, but fanned herself slowly with the beautiful gray fan.

"I suppose you consider that the month is more than ended, and that you are free?"

"You have had all you asked for, Mr. Morgan."

"And therefore I have now only to thank you for your generosity, and let you go."

"I think so."

"You do not care to know the result of my experiment, — whether it has been a failure or a success?" he said. "You told me the result of yours."

"I did not mean to tell you. It was forced from me by your misunderstanding."

"Misunderstandings, because so slight that one cannot attack them, are horrible things. Let there be none between us now."

"There is none."

"I do not know." He leaned back in his chair and looked up at the soft darkness of the Italian night. "I have one more favor to ask," he said presently. "You have granted me many; grant me this. At what hour do you go, to-morrow?"

"In the afternoon."

"Give me a little time with you in the Boboli Garden in the morning."

"You are an accomplished workman, Mr. Morgan; you want to finish with a polish; you do not like to leave rough ends. Be content; I will accept the intention as carried out, and suppose that all the last words have been beautifully and shiningly spoken. That will do quite as well."

"Put any construction upon it you please," he answered. "But consent."

But it was with great difficulty that he obtained that consent.

"There is really nothing you can say that I care to hear," she declared at last.

"The king is dead! My time is ended, evidently! But, as there *is* something you can say which *I* care to hear, I again urge you to consent."

Miss Stowe rose, and passed through the long window into the lighted empty room, decked as usual with many flowers; here she stood, looking at him, as he entered also.

"I have tried my best to prevent it," she said.

"You have."

"And you still insist?"

"I do."

"Very well; I consent. But you will not forget that I tried," she said. "Good-night."

The next morning at ten, as he entered the old amphitheatre, he saw her; she was sitting on one of the upper stone seats, under a statue of Diana.

"I would rather go to our old place," he said, as he came up; "the seat under the tree, you know."

"I like this better."

"As you prefer, of course. It will be more royal, more in state; but, to be in accordance with it, you should have been clothed in something majestic, instead of that soft, yielding hue."

"That is hardly necessary," she answered.

"By which you mean, I suppose, that your face is not yielding. And indeed it is not."

She was dressed in cream-color from head to foot; she held open, poised on one shoulder, a large, heavily-fringed, cream-colored parasol. Above this soft drapery and under this soft shade, the darkness of her hair and eyes was doubly apparent.

He took a seat beside her, removed his hat, and let the breeze play over his head and face; it was a warm summer morning, and they were in the shadow.

"I believe I was to tell you the result of my experiment," he said after a while, breaking the silence which she did not break.

"You wished it; I did not ask it."

If she was cool, he was calm; he was not at all as he had been the night before; then he had seemed hurried and irritated, now he was quiet. "The experiment has succeeded," he said deliberately. "I find myself often thinking of you; I like to be with you; I feel when with you a sort of satisfied content. What I want to ask is, — I may as well say it at once, — Will not this do as the basis of a better understanding between us?"

She was gazing at the purple slopes of Monte Morello opposite. "It might," she answered.

He turned; her profile was towards him, he could not see her eyes.

"I shall be quite frank," he continued; "under the circumstances it is my only way. You have loved some one else. I have loved some one else. We have both been unhappy. We should therefore, I think, have a peculiar sympathy for and comprehension of each other. It has seemed to me that these, combined with my real liking for you, might be a sufficient foundation for — let us call it another experiment. I ask you to make this experiment, Margaret; I ask you to marry me. If it fails, — if you are not happy, — I promise not to hold you in the slightest degree. You shall have your liberty untrammeled, and, at the same time, all shall be arranged so as to escape comment. I will be with you enough to save appearances; that is all. In reality you shall be entirely free. I think you can trust my word."

"I shall have but little from my aunt," was her answer, her eyes still fixed upon the mountain. "I am not her heiress, as you suppose."

"You mean that to be severe; but it falls harmless. It is true that I did suppose you were her heiress; but the fact that you are not makes no difference in my request. We shall not be rich, but we can live; it shall be my pleasure to make you comfortable."

"I do not quite see why you ask this," she said, with the same slow utterance and her eyes turned away. "You do not love me; I am not beautiful; I have no fortune. What, then, do you gain?"

"I gain," — he said, "I gain" — then he paused. "You would not like me to tell you," he added; and his voice was changed.

"I beg you to tell me." Her lips were slightly compressed, a tremor had seized her; she seemed to be exerting all her powers of self-control.

He watched her a moment, and then, leaning towards her while a new and beautiful expression of tenderness stole into his eyes, "I gain, Margaret," he said, "the greatest gift that can be given to a man on this earth, a gift I long for, — a wife who really and deeply loves me."

The hot color flooded her face and throat; she rose, turning upon him her blazing eyes. "I was but waiting for this," she said, her words rushing forth, one upon the other, with the unheeding rapidity of passion. "I felt sure that it would come. With the deeply-rooted egotism of a man you believe that I love you, you have believed it from the beginning. It was because I knew this, that I allowed this experiment of yours to go on. I resisted the temptation at first; but it was too strong for me; you yourself made it so. It was a chance to make you conscious of your supreme error; a chance to have my revenge. And I yielded. You said, not long ago, that I was even. I answered that one was even when one was — You said 'indifferent,' and I did not contradict you. But the real sentence was that one was even when one was pursuing a purpose. I have pursued a purpose. This was mine: to make you put into words your egregious vanity, to make you stand convicted of your dense and vast mistake. But towards the end, a better impulse rose, and the game did not seem worth the candle. I said to myself that I would go away without giving you after all the chance to stultify yourself, the chance to exhibit clearly your insufferable and amazing conceit. But you insisted, and the impulse vanished; I allowed you to go on to the end. *I* love you! *You!*"

He had risen, also; they stood side by side under the statue of Diana; some people had come into the amphitheatre below. He had turned slightly pale as

she uttered these bitter words, but he remained quite silent. He still held his hat in his hand; his eyes were turned away.

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, after some moments had passed.

"I think there is nothing," he answered without turning.

Then again there was a silence.

"You probably wish to go," he said, breaking it; "do not let me detain you." And he began to go down the steps, pausing, however, as the descent was somewhat awkward, to give her his hand.

To the little Italian party below, looking at the Egyptian obelisk, he seemed the picture of chivalry, as, with bared head, he assisted her down; and as they passed the obelisk, these children of the country looked upon them as two of the rich Americans, the lady dressed like a picture, the gentleman distinguished, but both without a gesture or an interest, and coldly silent and pale.

He did not accompany her home. "Shall I go with you?" he said, breaking the silence as they reached the exit.

"No, thanks. Please call a carriage."

He signaled to a driver who was near, and assisted her into one of the little rattling Florence phaetons.

"Good-by," she said, when she was seated.

He lifted his hat. "Lung' Arno Nuovo," he said to the driver.

And the carriage rolled away.

Countries attract us in different ways. We are comfortable in England, musical in Germany, amused in Paris (Paris is a country), and idyllic in Switzerland; but when it comes to the affection, Italy holds the heart, — we keep going back to her. Miss Harrison, sitting in her carriage on the heights of Bello Sguardo, was thinking this as she gazed down upon Florence, and the valley below. It was early in the next autumn, — the last of September; and she was alone.

A phaeton passed her and turned down the hill; but she had recognized its occupant as he passed, and called his name: "Mr. Morgan?"

He turned, saw her, bowed, and after a moment's hesitation ordered his driver to stop, sprang out, and came back to speak to her.

"How in the world do you happen to be in Florence at this time of year?" she said cordially, giving him her hand. "There is n't a soul in the place."

"That is the reason I came."

"And the reason we did, too," she said, laughing. "I am delighted to have met you; one soul is very acceptable. You must come and see me immediately. I hope you are going to stay."

"Thanks; you are very kind. But I leave to-morrow morning."

"Then you must come to-night; come to dinner at seven. It is impossible you should have another engagement when there is no one to be engaged to, — unless it be the pictures; I believe they do not go away for the summer."

"I really have an engagement, Miss Harrison; you are very kind, but I am forced to decline."

"Dismiss your carriage, then, and drive back with me; I will set you down at your hotel. It will be a visit of some sort."

He obeyed. Miss Harrison's fine horses started, and moved with slow stateliness down the winding road, where the beggars had not yet begun to congregate; it was not "the season" for the beggars, they were still at the seashore.

Miss Harrison talked on various subjects. They had been in Switzerland and it had rained continuously; they had seen nothing but fog. They had come over the St. Gothard and their carriage had broken down. They had been in Venice and had found malaria there. They had been in Padua, Vero-

na, and Bologna, and all three had become frightfully modern and iconoclastic. Nothing was in the least satisfactory, and Margaret had not been well; she was quite anxious about her.

Mr. Morgan "hoped" that it was nothing serious.

"I don't know whether it is or not," replied Miss Harrison. "Margaret is rather a serious sort of a person, I think."

She looked at him, as if for confirmation; but he did not pursue the subject. Instead, he asked after her own health.

"Oh, I am as usual. It is only your real invalids who are always well; they enjoy their poor health, you know. And what have you been doing since I last saw you? I hope nothing out of the way. Let me see, — Trieste and Tarascon; you have probably been in — Transylvania?"

"That would be somewhat out of the way, would n't it? But I have not been there; I have been in various nearer places, engaged rather systematically in amusing myself."

"Did you succeed? If you did you are a man of genius. One must have a rare genius, I think, to amuse one's self in that way at forty. Of course I mean thirty-five, you know; but forty is a better conversational word, — it classifies. And you were amused?"

"Immensely."

"So much so that you have to come to Florence in September to rest after it!"

"Yes."

Miss Harrison talked on. He listened, and made the necessary replies. The carriage entered the city, crossed the Carraja bridge, and turned towards his hotel.

"Can you not come for half an hour this evening, after your engagement is over?" she said. "I shall be all alone, for Margaret cannot be there before midnight; she went into the country this morning with Madame Ferri, — some sort of a *fête* at a villa, a native Florentine affair. You have not asked much about her, I think, considering how constantly you were with her last spring," she added, looking at him calmly.

"I have been remiss; pardon it."

"It is only forgetfulness, of course. That is not a fault nowadays; it is a virtue, and, what is more, highly fashionable. But there is one little piece of news I must tell you about my niece: she is going to be married."

"That is not little; it is great. Please present to her my sincere good wishes and congratulations."

"I am sorry you cannot present them yourself. But at least you can come and see *me* for a little while this evening — say about ten. The grandson of your grandfather should be very civil to old Ruth Harrison for old times' sake." Here the carriage stopped at his door. "Remember, — I shall expect you," she said as he took leave.

At about the hour she had named, he went to see her; he found her alone, knitting. It was one of her idiosyncrasies to knit stockings "for the poor." No doubt there were "poor" enough to wear them; but as she made a great many, and as they were always of children's size and black, her friends sometimes thought, with a kind of amused dismay, of the regiment of little funereal legs running about, for which she was responsible.

He had nothing especial to say, his intention was to remain the shortest time possible; he could see the hands of the clock, and he noted their progress, every now and then, through the twenty minutes he had set for himself.

Miss Harrison talked on various subjects, but said nothing more concerning her niece; nor did he, on his side, ask a question. After a while she came to fashions in art. "It is the most curious thing," she said, "how people obediently follow each other along a particular

road, like a flock of sheep, no matter what roads, equally good and possibly better, open to the right and the left. Now there are the wonderfully spirited frescoes of Masaccio at the Carmine, frescoes which were studied and copied by Raphael himself and Michael Angelo. Yet that church has no vogue; it is not fashionable to go there; Ruskin has not written a maroon-colored pamphlet about it, and Baedeker gives it but a scant quarter-page, while the other churches have three and four. Now it seems to me that" —

But what it seemed, Morgan never knew, because here she paused as the door opened. "Ah, there is Margaret after all," she said. "I did not expect her for three hours."

Miss Stowe came across the large room, throwing back her white shawl and taking off her little plumed hat as she came. She did not perceive that any one was present save her aunt; the light was not bright and the visitor sat in the shadow.

"It was very stupid," she said. "Do not urge me to go again." And then she saw him.

He rose, and bowed. After an instant's delay she spoke his name, and put out her hand, which he took as formally as she gave it. Miss Harrison was voluble. She was "so pleased" that Margaret had returned earlier than was expected; she was "so pleased" that the visitor happened to be still there. She seemed indeed to be pleased with everything, and talked for them both; in truth, save for replies to her questions, they were quite silent. The visitor remained but a short quarter of an hour, and then took leave, saying good-by at the same time, since he was to go early in the morning.

"To Trent?" said Miss Harrison.

"To Tadmor, I think, this time," he answered, smiling.

The next morning opened with a dull gray rain. Morgan was late in rising, missed his train, and was obliged to wait until the afternoon. About eleven he went out, under an umbrella, and after a while, tired of the constant signals and clattering followings of the hackmen, who could not comprehend why a rich foreigner should walk, he went into the Duomo. The vast church, never light even on a bright day, was now sombre, almost dark, the few little twinkling tapers, like stars, on an altar at the upper end, only serving to make the darkness more visible. He walked down to the closed western entrance, across whose wall outside rises slowly, day by day, the new façade under its straw-work screen. Here he stood still, looking up the dim expanse, with the dusky shadows, like great winged, formless ghosts, hovering over him.

One of the south doors, the one near the choir, was open, and through it a slender ray of gray daylight came in, and tried to cross the floor. But its courage soon failed in that breadth and gloom, and it died away before it had gone ten feet. A blind beggar sat in a chair at this entrance, his patient face faintly outlined against the ray; there seemed to be no one else in the church save the sacristan, whose form could be dimly seen moving about, renewing the lights burning before the far-off chapels.

The solitary visitor strolled back and forth in the shadow. After a while he noted a figure entering through the ray. It was that of a woman; it had not the outlines of the usual church-beggar; it did not stoop or cringe; it was erect and slender, and stepped lightly; it was coming down towards the western end, where he was pacing to and fro. He stopped and stood still, watching it. It continued to approach, — and at last brushed against him. Coming in from the daylight, it could see nothing in the heavy shadow.

"Excuse me, Miss Stowe," he said; "I should have spoken. My eyes are accustomed to this light, and I recog-

nized you; but of course you could not see me."

She had started back as she touched him; now she moved away still farther.

"It is grandly solitary here on a rainy day, is n't it?" he continued. "I used often to come here during a storm. It makes one feel as if already disembodied, — as if he were a shade, wandering on the gray, unknown outskirts of another world."

She had now recovered herself, and, turning, began to walk back towards the ray at the upper door. He accompanied her. But the Duomo is vast, and cannot be crossed in a minute. He went on talking about the shadows; then stopped.

"I am glad of this opportunity to give you my good wishes, Miss Stowe," he said, as they went onward. "I hope you will be quite happy."

"I hope the same, certainly," she answered. "Yet I fail to see any especially new reason for good wishes from you, just at present."

"Ah, you do not know that I know. But Miss Harrison told me, yesterday, — told me that you were soon to be married. If you have never forgiven me, in the light of your present happiness I think you should do so now."

She had stopped. "My aunt told you?" she said, while he was still speaking. But now, as he paused, she walked on. He could not see her face; although approaching the ray, they were still in the shadow, and her head was turned from him.

"As to forgiveness, it is I who should ask forgiveness from you," she said, after some delay, during which there was no sound but their footsteps on the mosaic pavement.

"Yes, you were very harsh. But I forgave you long ago. I was a dolt, and deserved your sharp words. But I want very much to hear *you* say that you forgive *me*."

"There is nothing to forgive."

"That is gently spoken. It is your marriage present to me, and I feel the better for it."

A minute later they had reached the ray, and the door. He could see her face now. "How ill you look!" he said, involuntarily. "I noticed it last evening. It is not conventional to say so, but it is at least a real regret. He should take better care of you."

The blind beggar, hearing their footsteps, had put out his hand. "Do not go yet," said Morgan, giving him a franc. "See how it is raining outside. Walk with me once around the whole interior for the sake of the pleasant part of our Florentine days, — for there *was* a pleasant part; it will be our last walk together."

She assented silently, and they turned into the shadow again.

"I am going to make a confession," he said, as they passed the choir; "it can make no difference now, and I prefer that you should know it. I did not realize it myself at the time, but I see now — that is, I have discovered since yesterday — that I was in love with you, more or less, from the beginning."

She made no answer, and they passed under Michael Angelo's grand, unfinished statue, and came around on the other side.

"Of course I was fascinated with Beatrice; in one way I was her slave. Still, when I said to you that 'Forgive me; I am in love with some one else,' I really think it was more to see what you would say or do, than any feeling of loyalty to her."

Again she said nothing. They went down the north aisle.

"I wish you would tell me," he said, leaving the subject of himself and turning to her, "that you are fully and really happy in this marriage of yours. I hope you are, with all my heart; but I should like to hear it from your own lips."

She made a gesture as if of refusal;

but he went on. "Of course, I know I have no right; I ask it as a favor."

They were now in deep obscurity, almost darkness; but something seemed to tell him that she was suffering.

"You are not going to do that wretched thing, — marry without love?" he said, stopping abruptly. "Do not, Margaret, do not! I know you better than you know yourself, and you will not be able to bear it. Some women can; but you could not. You have too deep feelings, — too" —

He did not finish the sentence, for she had turned from him suddenly, and was walking across the dusky space in the centre of the great temple whose foundations were so grandly laid six centuries ago.

But he followed her and stopped her, almost by force, taking both her hands in his. "You must not do this," he said; "you must not marry in that way. It is dangerous; it is horrible; for you, it is a crime." Then, as he stood close to her and saw two tears well over and drop from her averted eyes, "Margaret! Margaret!" he said, "rather than that, it would have been better to have married even me."

She drew her hands from his, and covered her face; she was weeping.

"Is it too late?" he whispered. "Is there a possibility — I love you very deeply," he added. And, cold and indifferent as Florence considered him, his voice was broken.

When they came round to the ray again, he gave the blind beggar all the small change he had about him; the old man thought it was a paper golconda.

"You owe me another circuit," he said; "you did not speak through fully half of the last one."

So they went around a second time.

"Tell me when you first began to think about me," he said, as they passed the choir. "Was it when you read that letter?"

"It was an absurd letter."

"On the contrary, it was a very good one, and you know it. You have kept it?"

"No; I burned it long ago."

"Not so very long! However, never fear; I will write you plenty more, and even better ones. I will go away on purpose."

They crossed the east end, under the great dome, and came around on the other side.

"You said some bitter things to me in that old amphitheatre, Margaret; I shall always hate the place. But after all — for a person who was quite indifferent — were you not just a little *too* angry?"

"It is easy to say that now," she answered.

They went down the north aisle.

"Why did you stop, and leave the room so abruptly, when you were singing that song I asked for, you know, — the Semper Fidelis?"

"My voice failed."

"No; it was your courage. You knew then that you were no longer 'fidelis' to that former love of yours, and you were frightened by the discovery."

They reached the dark south end.

"And now, as to that former love," he said, pausing. "I will never ask you again; but here and now, Margaret, tell me what it was."

"It was not 'a fascination,' — like yours," she answered.

"Do not be impertinent, especially in a church. Mrs. Lovell was not my only fascination, I beg to assure you; remember, I am thirty-six years old. But now, — what was it?"

"A mistake."

"Good; but I want more."

"It was a will-o'-the-wisp that I thought was real."

"Better; but not enough."

"You ask too much, I think."

"I shall always ask it; I am horribly

selfish; I warn you beforehand that I expect everything, in the most relentless way."

"Well, then, — it was a fancy, Trafford, that I mistook for" — And the Duomo alone knows how the sentence was ended.

As they passed, for the third time, on their way towards the door, the mural tablet to Giotto, Morgan paused. "I have a sort of feeling that I owe it to the old fellow," he said. "I have always been his faithful disciple, and now he has rewarded me with a benediction. On the next high-festival, his tablet shall be wreathed with the reddest of roses and a thick bank of heliotrope, as an acknowledgment of my gratitude."

It was; and no one ever knew why. If it had been in "the season," the inquiring tourists would have been rendered distracted by the impossibility of finding out; but to the native Florentines attending mass at the cathedral, to whom the Latin inscription, "I am he through whom the lost Art of Painting was revived," remains a blank, it was only a tribute to some "departed friend."

"And he is as much my friend as though he had not departed something over five centuries ago," said Trafford; "of that I feel convinced."

"I wonder if he knows any better, now, how to paint an angel leaning from the sky," replied Margaret.

"Have you any idea why Miss Harrison invented that enormous fiction about you?" he said, as they drove homeward.

"Not the least. We must ask her."

They found her in her easy-chair, beginning a new stocking. "I thought you were in Tadmor," she said, as Trafford came in.

"I started; but came back to ask a question. Why did you tell me that this young lady was going to be married?"

"Well, is n't she?" said Miss Harrison, laughing. "Sit down, you two, and confess your folly. Margaret has been ill all summer with absolute pining, — yes, you have, child, and it is a woman's place to be humble. And you, Trafford, did not look especially jubilant, either, for a man who has been immensely amused during the same space of time. I did what I could for you by inventing a sort of neutral ground upon which you could meet and speak. It is very neutral for the other man, you know, when the girl is going to be married; he can speak to her then as well as not! I was afraid last night that you were not going to take advantage of my invention; but I see that it has succeeded (in some mysterious way out in all this rain) better than I knew. It was, I think," she concluded, as she commenced on a new needle, "a sort of experiment of mine, — a Florentine experiment."

Trafford burst into a tremendous laugh, in which, after a moment, Margaret joined.

"I don't know what you two are laughing at," said Miss Harrison, surveying them. "I should think you ought to be more sentimental, you know."

"To confess all the truth, Aunt Ruth," said Trafford, going across and sitting down beside her, "Margaret and I have tried one or two of those experiments, already!"

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VII.

THE TYLER ADMINISTRATION.
1841-1843.

"Le Roi est mort — Vive le Roi!" John Tyler, having found that his position as vice-president gave him no voice in the distribution of patronage, or in the preparation of a political programme, had retired in disgust to his estate in Prince William County, Virginia, when Mr. Fletcher Webster brought him a notification, from the secretary of state, to hasten to Washington to assume the duties of President of the United States.

The cabinet, after due consideration, had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Tyler should be officially styled "Vice-President of the United States, acting President," but he very promptly determined, on his arrival at Washington, that he would enjoy all of the dignities and honors of the office which he had inherited under the constitution. Chief Justice Taney, of the supreme court of the United States, was then absent, so he summoned Chief Justice Cranch, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, to his parlor at Brown's Indian Queen Hotel, and took the oath of office administered to preceding presidents. The cabinet officers were soon made to understand that he was the chief magistrate of the republic, and the whig magnates began to fear that their lease of power would soon be abridged or terminated. In conversation with Mr. Nathan Sargent, a prominent whig correspondent, soon after his arrival, Mr. Tyler significantly remarked: "If the democrats and myself ever come together, they must come to me; I shall never go to them." This showed that he regarded his connection with the whigs as precarious.

The extra session of Congress, which had been convened by General Harrison before his death, was not acceptable to his successor, who saw that its legislation would be inspired and controlled by Henry Clay. When the two houses were organized, he sent them a brief message, in which the national bank question was dexterously handled "with the caution and ambiguity of a Talleyrand." Mr. Clay lost no time in presenting his programme for congressional action; and in a few days its first feature — the repeal of the sub-treasury act — was enacted. That night, a thousand or more of the jubilant Washington whigs marched in procession from Capitol Hill to the White House, with torches, music, transparencies, and fireworks, escorting a catafalque on which was a coffin labeled "The Sub-Treasury." As the procession moved slowly along Pennsylvania Avenue, bonfires were kindled at the intersecting streets, many houses were illuminated, and there was general rejoicing. On the arrival of the procession at the Executive Mansion, President Tyler came out and made a few remarks, while Mr. Webster and the other members of the cabinet bowed their thanks for the cheers given them. The hilarious crowd of mock-mourners then repaired to the house of Mrs. Brown, at the corner of Seventh and D streets, where Mr. Clay boarded, and received his grateful acknowledgments for the demonstration.

The next measure on Mr. Clay's programme — the bill for the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States — was also promptly enacted and as promptly approved by the president. Next came the bankrupt act, which was passed and signed by Mr. Tyler; but when a bill creating a national bank was enacted

and presented to him for his approval, he returned it with his veto. This created much discontent among the whigs, while the democrats were so rejoiced that a considerable number of congressmen belonging to that party called at the Executive Mansion. The president received them cordially, and treated them to champagne, in which toasts were drunk not very complimentary to the whig party, or to its leader, Mr. Clay.

The Kentucky senator saw that it was of no use to temporize with his vacillating chieftain, who evidently desired to become his own successor, and he determined to force the administration into a hostile attitude towards the whigs, while he stepped to the front as the recognized whig leader. Haughty and imperious, Mr. Clay was nevertheless so fascinating in his manner when he chose to be that he held unlimited control over nearly every member of the party. He remembered too that Tyler had been nominated for vice-president in pursuance of a bargain made by his (Clay's) friends in the legislature of Virginia, who had joined the Van Buren members in electing Mr. Rives to the senate. This bargain Mr. Clay had hoped would secure for him the support of the State of Virginia in the nominating convention, and although Harrison received the nomination for president, his friends were none the less responsible for the nomination of Tyler as vice-president. He was consequently very angry when he learned what had taken place at the White House, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to speak of the scene in the senate, portraying the principal personages present with adroit sarcasm.

Some of his descriptions were lifelike, especially that of Mr. Calhoun, "tall, careworn, with fevered brow, haggard cheek and eye, intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last and newest abstraction which sprung from some metaphysician's brain, and muttering to himself, in half uttered words, 'This is indeed a crisis!'" The best word-portrait, however, was that of Senator Buchanan, whose manner and voice were humorously imitated, as he was described while presenting his democratic associates to the president. Mr. Buchanan pleasantly retorted, describing in turn a caucus of disappointed whig congressmen, who discussed whether it would be best to make open war upon "Captain Tyler," or to resort to stratagem, and, in the elegant language of Mr. Botts, "head him or die."

The mission to Great Britain had been tendered by President Harrison to John Sargent, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer who had been the candidate for vice-president on the unsuccessful whig ticket headed by Henry Clay in 1836. Mr. Sargent having declined, President Harrison had appointed Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who accepted, and whose name came before the senate for confirmation. Mr. Everett was among the most conservative of New England politicians, but he had once, in reply to inquiries from abolitionists, expressed the opinion that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Could this be made a pretext for his rejection, President Tyler could send a Southern man to England, and thus aid in the annexation of Texas.

Fortunately for Mr. Everett, Senator Morehead, of Kentucky, revealed the plot to Thurlow Weed, then the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, after they had passed a social evening together, with a good supply of rare old Bourbon whisky and good cigars. Mr. Morehead said that his colleague, Mr. Clay, only intended to give a silent vote for Mr. Everett's confirmation, although he was opposed to the plot against him. Mr. Weed saw at once that the rejection of Mr. Everett would add to the sectional agitation just showing itself, and he used his powerful influence to pre-

vent it. When the nomination came before the senate, it was opposed by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. King of Alabama, and advocated by Mr. Choate and Henry Clay. Mr. King, who would have received the appointment had Mr. Everett's rejection created a vacancy, concluded a bitter speech by saying that if Mr. Everett, holding views in opposition to the South, was confirmed, the Union would be dissolved! Mr. Clay sprang to his feet, and, pointing his long arm and index-finger at Mr. King, said: "And I tell you, Mr. President, that if a gentleman so preëminently qualified for the position of minister should be rejected by this senate, and for the reasons given by the senator from Alabama, this Union is dissolved already."

The nomination of Mr. Everett was confirmed by a vote of twenty-three yeas against nineteen nays. Every democrat, Northern and Southern, who voted, and two Southern whigs, voted against him, and several Northern democrats dodged, among them Pierce of New Hampshire, Williams of Maine, and Wright of New York. The Southern whigs who stood their ground for Mr. Everett were Clay of Kentucky, Morehead, Berrien, Clayton, Mangum, Merrick, Graham, and Rives. Mr. Weed had also three or four other Southern whigs in reserve, who would have braved the odium of voting for an abolitionist had their votes been needed.

A second fiscal agent bill was prepared in accordance with the president's expressed views, and he said to Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, then a representative from Virginia, holding him by the hand: "Stuart, if you can be instrumental in getting this bill through Congress, I shall esteem you as the best friend I have on earth." An attempt was made in the senate to amend it, which Mr. Choate, who was regarded as the mouth-piece of Daniel Webster, opposed. Mr. Clay endeavored to make him admit that some member of the administration had inspired him to assert that if the bill was amended, it would be vetoed, but Mr. Choate had examined too many witnesses to be forced into any admission that he did not choose to make. Persisting in his demand, Mr. Clay's manner and language became offensive. "Sir," said Mr. Choate, "I insist on my right to explain what I did say in my own words." "But I want a direct answer!" exclaimed Mr. Clay. "Mr. President," said Mr. Choate, "the gentleman will have to take my answer as I choose to give it to him." Here the two senators were called to order, and both of them were requested to take their seats. The next day Mr. Clay made an explanation which was satisfactory to Mr. Choate.

The second bank or fiscal agent bill was passed by Congress without the change of a word or a letter, yet the president vetoed it. When the veto message was received in the senate, there were some hisses in the gallery, which brought Mr. Benton to his feet. Expressing his indignation, he asked that the "ruffians" be taken into custody, and one of those who had hissed was taken into custody, but, on penitently expressing his regret, he was discharged.

President Tyler's cabinet first learned that he intended to veto the second bank bill through the columns of a New York paper, and such was their indignation, that they all, with the exception of Mr. Webster, resigned. The whigs in Congress met in caucus, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, setting forth in temperate language the differences between them and the president, his equivocations and tergiversations, and repudiating the administration. The democracy — said Colonel Benton — "rejoiced, and patted Mr. Tyler on the shoulder, even those who despised the new party, microscopically small, but potent in the president's veto."

Caleb Cushing, who, with Mr. Wise, headed what Mr. Clay had christened

"the corporal's guard" of the president's friends in Congress, issued a counter-manifesto, defending the acts of the administration. It declared that the president, in refusing to sign the financial bills, had "violated no engagement and committed no act of perfidy in the sense of a forfeited pledge." Mr. Webster was commended for having remained in the cabinet when "all the rest had fled," and the address of the whig congressmen was denounced.

Henry A. Wise had been Mr. Clay's instrument in securing the nomination of Mr. Tyler as vice-president, and was the most influential adviser at the White House. He was then in the prime of his early manhood, tall, spare, and upright, with large, lustreless, gray-blue eyes, high cheek bones, a large mouth, a complexion saffron-hued from his inordinate use of tobacco, and coarse long hair, brushed back from his low forehead. He was brilliant in conversation, and when he addressed an audience he was the incarnation of effective eloquence. No one has ever poured forth in the Capitol of the United States such torrents of words, such erratic flights of fancy, such blasting insinuations, such solemn prayers, such blasphemous imprecations. Like Jeremiah of old, he felt the dark shadow of coming events; and he regarded the Yankees as the inevitable foes of the old Commonwealth of Virginia.

Mr. Webster gave to the Tyler administration all of the dignity and character which it possessed, not only directing its diplomacy through the department of state, but counseling the other heads of departments. He wrote Secretary Forward's report on the currency, and other state papers, besides serving as a balance-wheel to regulate the movements of the ardent Cushing and the fiery Wise. Mr. Webster's great work, however, was his negotiation of the Treaty of Washington with Lord Ashburton, which he considered as one of the greatest achievements of his life. It settled a vexatious quarrel over our northeastern boundary, it overthrew the British claim to exercise the right of search, and it established the right of property in slaves on an American vessel driven by stress of weather into a British port. But the treaty did not settle the exasperating controversy over the fisheries on the North Atlantic coast, or the disputed northwestern boundary. Indeed, Mr. Webster was at one time disposed to cede the valley of the Columbia River for the free right to fish on the British colonial coasts of the North Atlantic, Governor Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, having represented Oregon as worthless for agricultural purposes, and only valuable for its furs. Just then Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington, dressed in the Mackinaw blanket-coat and buckskin leggins in which he had crossed the Rocky Mountains, to plead for the retention of Oregon. "But you are too late, doctor," said Mr. Webster, "for we are about to trade off Oregon for the codfisheries." The doctor soon convinced the secretary of state, however, that the valley of the Columbia was of great value, and it was retained, while the settlement of the fisheries question was left to a succeeding generation.

Lord Ashburton, retaining his business habits, brought to Washington not only a diplomatic suite, but a butler and a cook, and rented the spacious mansion of Matthew St. Clair Clarke, near that of Mr. Webster. Much of the preliminary negotiation was carried on at the dinner tables of the contracting parties, and congressional guests were alike charmed by the hospitable attentions of the "fine old English gentleman" and the Yankee secretary of state. Lord Ashburton offered his guests the cream of culinary perfection and the gastronomic art, with the rarest wines, while at Mr. Webster's table American delicacies were served in American style.

Maine salmon, Massachusetts mackerel, New Jersey oysters, Florida shad, Kentucky beef, West Virginia mutton, Illinois prairie chickens, Virginia terrapin, Maryland crabs, Delaware canvas-back ducks, and South Carolina rice-birds were cooked by Monica, and served in a style that made the banker-diplomat admit their superiority to the potages, sauces, entremets, ragouts, and desserts of his Parisian white-capped manipulator of casseroles.

Mr. Webster's papers in the negotiations with Lord Ashburton are models of skillful reasoning, and his letter on impressment is regarded as a diplomatic masterpiece. He not only had to contend with a practical and accomplished diplomat, but to manage a wayward president, an unfriendly senate, a hostile house of representatives, and the state governments of Massachusetts and Maine. When a leading merchant congratulated him on the result, he thanked him, and said: "There have been periods when I could have kindled a war, but, sir, I remembered that I was negotiating for a Christian country, with a Christian country, and that we were all living in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. My duty, sir, was clear and plain."

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the house of representatives. He had succeeded Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a Boston merchant, who, having amassed a large fortune, coveted political honors, and was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund of his party. Astute and observing, he imagined himself a representative of the merchant-princes of Venice under the Doges and England under the Plantagenets, and he spoke in a measured, stately tone, advancing his ideas with a positiveness that would not brook contradiction. On several occasions he had been one of "the solid men of Boston" who had contributed considerable sums for the pecuniary relief of Mr. Webster, and this emboldened him to assume a dictatorial tone in advising the secretary of state to resign after the Ashburton treaty had been negotiated. The command was treated with sovereign contempt, and thenceforth Mr. Lawrence looked upon Mr. Webster as ungrateful, and as standing in the way of his own political advancement.

When the extra session had ended, President Tyler had some time to devote to his family. His wife, a Virginia lady (whose maiden name was Letitia Christian) came to the Executive Mansion in feeble health, and did not long survive. He had two grown sons, Robert and John; two married daughters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Semple; a younger daughter, Alice, and a young son, Tazewell, a bright lad. The wife of his oldest son, Robert, was a daughter of Cooper, the celebrated tragedian, and it is recorded in Charles Dickens's Notes that she "acted as the lady of the mansion, and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady too."

President Tyler, who was fifty-one years of age when he took possession of the Executive Mansion, was somewhat above the medium height, and of slender figure, with long limbs and great activity of movement. His thin auburn hair turned white during his term of office, his nose was large and prominent, his eyes were of a bluish-gray, his lips were thin and his cheeks sunken. His manners were those of the old school of Virginia gentlemen, and he always invited visitors with whom he was acquainted to accompany him to the sideboard in his dining-room and take a glass of wine, or something stronger. The ceremonious etiquette established at the White House by Van Buren vanished, and the president lived precisely as he had on his plantation, attended by his old family slaves. When Healey, the artist, was invited to reside at the White House while he was copying

Stuart's portrait of Washington for Louis Philippe of France, he was forcibly struck with the absence of all ceremony. The first day of the artist's sojourn, he accompanied the family to the drawing-room, after dinner, and then said, with a profound bow, "Mr. President, with your permission I will retire to my work." "My good fellow," replied Mr. Tyler, "do just what you please."

When one day the president joked Mr. Wise about his little one-horse carriage, which he styled "a candle-box on wheels," the representative from Accomac retorted by telling Mr. Tyler that he had been riding for a month in a second-hand carriage purchased at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the secretary of the navy under Mr. Van Buren, with the Paulding coat-of-arms emblazoned on the door panels. The president laughed, and gave orders at once to have the armorial bearings of the Pauldings painted over.

President Tyler stopped the dismissal of those clerks in the departments who were democrats to make places for whigs. One day, shortly after he became president, one of the secretaries had sent notices to fifteen of the clerks employed in the department of which he was the head, that their services would not be required any longer by the government. Jemmy Maher, the public gardener, heard of this wholesale official decapitation, and, seeing Mr. Tyler soon afterwards on the portico of the White House, went to him and stated the case. The president immediately sent for the secretary, who came, bringing with him, as authority for what he had done, the record of the political tergiversations of each dismissed clerk. "That 's all very well," said President Tyler, when he had heard the secretary's indictment, "but you must restore these men. If you don't, I shall have their wives and children coming to me with sad stories of their starvation, and I am determined not to take part in making people wretched." The dismissed clerks were accordingly reinstated.

The great number of whigs who had swarmed from Virginia into Washington at the inauguration of Harrison, in search of offices, and who had not been successful, when Mr. Tyler became president were very importunate. Prominent among them was "Old Dade," as he was called by all who knew him, who was born near the spot made famous by the surrender of Cornwallis, and who was an applicant for the position of warden of the district penitentiary. Before he received his appointment, President Harrison died, and "Old Dade" then began to importune his successor. One day Mr. Tyler said: "Dade, I should like to appoint you, but they tell me that you drink too much." "Is that all they say about me?" responded Dade. Mr. Tyler smiled, and observed, "I think, in all conscience, that is enough." "No sir!" answered the indignant Dade. "When people talk about me, I want them to tell the whole truth, sir! They should have told you, sir, that there is no gentleman in the city of Washington so thirsty as I am." Mr. Tyler, in the goodness of his heart, could resist no longer, and "Old Dade" was commissioned warden of the penitentiary. When he took charge, he had all of the convicts called up, and made this brief speech to them: "Boys, I 'm your boss. If you 'll behave yourselves like gentlemen I 'll treat you as such, but if you don't, I 'll turn every mother's son of you out!"

Junius Brutus Booth was occasionally the star at the Washington Theatre, and President Tyler used often to enjoy his marvelous renderings of Sir Giles Overreach, King Lear, Shylock, Othello, and Richard the Third. Booth was short and compactly built, with classical features which strongly resembled the portraits of Michael Angelo, and his bearing was that of a monarch. A slave to intoxicating drinks, he would often

disappoint his audiences, yet his popularity remained unabated. He resided on a farm in Maryland, and sometimes he would abandon the stage entirely for rural pursuits, appearing occasionally in Baltimore with a wagon-load of milk, chickens, and eggs, which he would peddle from door to door. Among his other eccentricities, stimulated by drunkenness, was a veneration for animal life equal to that of a Hindoo. He would not eat flesh or fowl, or permit its use in his family, believing as he did in metempsychosis. An eminent divine used to narrate how he was summoned by Booth to his room one night, and found him there in great grief over several hundred pigeons, which had been killed in a shooting-match. Booth welcomed the clergyman, and asked him to read the burial service over the slaughtered innocents, which the reverend gentleman declined to do. Taking a prayer-book, Booth then read the burial-service himself, supplementing it with an eloquent discourse on the inhumanity of man to the beasts and birds over whom he had been given dominion.

Social life at Washington was very agreeable during the administration of President Tyler, as political differences were banished from the drawing-rooms, and those who mercilessly denounced each other in debate would cordially fraternize a few hours afterwards at a dinner-table. But few large parties were given, those of Baron de Bodisco, the Russian minister, surpassing all the others, but there were many small social gatherings. Assemblies were held during the sessions of Congress, under the supervision of managers who issued cards of invitation only to such as were within the exclusive circle. Gentlemen were admitted only in full evening dress, with pumps and silk stockings, unless they belonged to the army, the navy, or the marine corps, and appeared in full uniform. The dancing was commenced at eight o'clock, with a grand promenade, led by the manager who had been selected to act as master of ceremonies, with the reigning belle of the evening. Waltzing was never indulged in, but there was a succession of cotillons and quadrilles, varied by romping country-dances, until eleven o'clock, when the music would strike up a Virginia reel, and the oldest spectators would take their places with the more youthful, going down the outside, up the middle, balancing to distant persons on the other side, and indulging in six hands around with a joyous abandon. When all were tired, good-night was said, and before midnight the hall was deserted. During the evening, ice-cream, lemonade, and port wine negus, with small cakes, were handed around to the ladies, and the gentlemen had rum punch or apple toddy in their dressing-room.

Prominent among the ladies who were in society were Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Hamilton. The widow of the ex-president resided in a house facing on Lafayette Square, where on public days she received all visitors who chose to call, wearing a dark velvet dress and a white muslin turban. Her conversational powers were unimpaired by years, and her reminiscences, extending back to the administration of Washington, were always interesting. Mrs. Hamilton, who also kept house, led a more reserved life, but was equally gifted and equally interesting in conversation. She was devoted to the memory of her husband, and expended considerable sums of money in quietly buying up, whenever an opportunity presented itself, copies of his celebrated pamphlet in which he confessed his infidelity to her, to relieve himself of charges of official misconduct while secretary of the treasury. She used to say that General Hamilton wrote the outline of his contributions to The Federalist on board one of the North River packet sloops, on which he used to visit Albany, the voyage from New York usually taking eight or ten days.

One of the most agreeable houses in Washington was that of Colonel Benton, a senator from Missouri, whose accomplished and graceful daughters had been thoroughly educated under his own supervision. He was not willing, however, that one of them — Miss Jessie — should receive the attentions of a young second lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers, — Mr. Frémont, — and the young couple eloped and were married clandestinely. The colonel, although angry at first, acquiesced in the result, and his powerful support in Congress enabled Mr. Frémont to explore, under the patronage of the general government, the vast central regions beyond the Rocky Mountains, and to plant the national flag on Wind River Peak, upwards of thirteen thousand feet above the Gulf of Mexico. The young "Pathfinder" had as friends and advisers at Washington Monsieur Nicollet, an accomplished French engineer, the venerable Hassler, father of the coast-survey, and Colonel Abert, chief of the topographical bureau.

A very different wedding was that of the Baron de Bodisco, Russian minister, and Miss Harriet Williams, a daughter of the chief clerk in the office of the adjutant-general. The baron was nearly fifty years of age, and she a blonde school-girl of "sweet sixteen," celebrated for her clear complexion and her robust beauty. The ceremony was performed at her father's house on Georgetown Heights, and was a regular May and December affair throughout. There were eight groomsmen, six of whom were well advanced in life, and as many bridesmaids, all of them young girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, wearing long dresses of white satin damask, donated by the bridegroom. The question of precedence gave the baron much trouble, as he could not determine whether Mr. Fox, then the British minister and dean of the diplomatic corps, or Senator Buchanan, who had been minister to Russia, should be the first groomsman. This important question was settled by having the groomsmen and bridesmaids stand in couples, four on either side of the bridegroom and bride. The ceremony was witnessed at the bride's residence, by a distinguished company, and the bridal party then went in carriages to the Russian Legation, where an elegant entertainment awaited them, and where some of the many guests got gloriously drunk in drinking the health of the happy couple.

A children's fancy ball was given at the White House by President Tyler, in honor of the birthday of his eldest granddaughter. She received her guests dressed as a fairy, with gossamer wings, a diamond star on her forehead, and a silver wand. Prominent among the young people was the daughter of General Almonte, the Mexican minister, arrayed as an Aztec princess. Master Schermerhorn, of New York, was beautifully dressed as an Albanian boy, and Ada Cutts, as a flower-girl, gave promise of the intelligence and beauty which in later years led captive the "Little Giant" of the West. The boys and girls of Henry A. Wise were present, the youngest in the arms of its mother, formerly Miss Sargent of Philadelphia, and every State in the Union had its juvenile representative. The most noticeable feature of the evening was the supper-table, where, opposite the little hostess of three years sat the venerable Mrs. Madison, the only invited guest of adult years honored with a seat, while the other grown people waited upon the children, and aided in the distribution of gifts from the Christmas-tree.

Horatio Greenough had, in 1832, been commissioned to "execute in marble a pedestrian statue of General Washington, to be placed in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol." The price originally agreed upon was $5000, but this had been increased to $30,000 in

1830, when Congress was notified that the statue was finished. It was in Mr. Greenough's studio at Florence, and after a few learned debates, Congress passed a joint resolution authorizing the secretary of the navy to take measures for its "importation and protection." Orders were thereupon sent the commander of the Mediterranean squadron to take it on board one of his men-of-war at Genoa, and send it to Washington.

Meanwhile Mr. Greenough, becoming impatient, had had the statue, which weighed twenty-one tons, drawn from Florence to Genoa by twenty-two yokes of oxen. The ponderous car on which it was placed created a great excitement as it passed along, breaking down bridges, and the peasants, thinking that it was the image of some potent saint, knelt as it passed and repeated their prayers. When it arrived at Florence, it was found that it could not be got down the hatchway of the man-of-war sent to carry it to Washington, and it became necessary to charter a merchant vessel. After some difficulty it was safely stowed in the hold, but the captain then asserted that he had a right to take other freight, and it was only by the payment of an additional sum that he could be induced to sail directly for Norfolk Roads.

When the statue was delivered at the Washington navy yard, the trouble appeared only to have commenced. It was discovered that the "pedestrian" statue was sitting in a chair, and that it was nearly nude to the waist, and a responsive thrill ran through the country when Mr. Wise declared, in a debate in the house of representatives, that "the man does not live and never did live, who ever saw Washington without his shirt." The Latin inscriptions placed by the artist upon the chair were also criticised, and to increase the popular discontent it was found that the eastern door-way of the Capitol was too small by fourteen inches to admit the statue.

After much discussion in Congress, and the publication of many newspaper articles, it was decided to cut away the masonry, and the doorway was so enlarged that the statue was taken to the centre of the rotunda. Hereupon a fresh difficulty soon arose. The weight was so great that the floor began to sink, and it was found necessary to erect a solid pedestal, commencing in the basement. It was soon evident to all, however, that the centre of the rotunda was not the proper place for the statue, as the figure was too large, and the light coming from above threw the countenance and neck into a cross-shadow at all hours of the day.

Congress again discussed the location of the statue, and finally ordered it to be removed to the western side of the rotunda. It was found, however, that this was not practicable, and no action was taken until the following year, when an appropriation was made for the removal of the statue from the rotunda to the grounds east of the Capitol, and the erection of a shelter over it. It was not long before this shelter was removed by Act of Congress, and the statue was left, as was touchingly said in debate, "with a boundless arch of sky for a canopy." Since then it has been thrice removed, and unless sheltered from the storms it will soon begin to disintegrate. Some of the accessories have fallen off, and one of the toes has been broken off.

The vaulted arches of the old supreme court room used to echo in those days with the eloquence of Clay, Webster, Choate, Sargent, Binney, Atherton, Kennedy, Berrien, Crittenden, Phelps, and other able lawyers. Their honors the justices were rather a jovial set, especially Judge Story, who used to assert that every man should laugh at least an hour during the day, and had himself a great fund of humorous anecdotes. One of them, that he loved to tell, was of Jonathan Mason, of whom he always spoke in high praise. It set forth that at the trial of a Methodist preacher

for the alleged murder of a young girl, the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and there was a wide difference of opinion concerning his guilt. One morning, just before the opening of the court, a brother preacher stepped up to Mason and said, "Sir, I had a dream, last night, in which the angel Gabriel appeared and told me that the prisoner was not guilty." "Ah!" replied Mason, "have him subpœnaed immediately." Chief Justice Taney, although he seldom told a story, always liked to hear one, and used to enjoy the anecdotes which enlivened the after-dinner consultations of the court, although some of them had made pilgrimages through the whole realm of jocularity.

When Congress met in December, 1841, it was evident that there could be no harmonious action between that body and the president, but he was not disposed to succumb. Writing to a friend, he said the coming session was "likely to prove as turbulent and fractious as any since the days of Adam. But [he added] I have a firm grip on the reins."

The senate contained many able men. Clay was in the pride of his political power, but uneasy as a caged lion. Calhoun was in the full glory of his intellectual magnificence. Silas Wright, Levi Woodbury, and Robert J. Walker were laboring for the restoration of the democrats to power. Benton stood sturdily, like a gnarled oak-tree, defying all who offered to oppose him. Allen, whose loud voice had gained for him the appellation of "the Ohio gong," spoke with his usual vehemence. Franklin Pierce was demonstrating his devotion to the slave-power, while Rufus Choate poured forth his wealth of words in debate, his dark complexion corrugated by swollen veins, and his great, sorrowful eyes gazing earnestly at his listeners.

In the house of representatives there were unusually brilliant and able men. John Quincy Adams, chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, was the recognized leader. Mr. Fillmore, of New York, a stalwart, pleasant-featured man, with a remarkably clear-toned voice, was chairman of the committee on ways and means. Henry A. Wise, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, was able to secure a large share of patronage for the Norfolk navy yard. George N. Briggs (afterwards Governor of Massachusetts) who was an earnest advocate of temperance, was chairman of the postal committee. Joshua R. Giddings, who was a sturdy opponent of slavery at that early day, was chairman of the committee on claims. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, an accomplished scholar and popular author, was chairman of the committee on commerce. Edward Stanly, of North Carolina, was chairman of the committee on military affairs, Leverett Saltonstall of the committee on manufactures; indeed, there was not a committee of the house that did not have a first-class man as its chairman.

But the session soon became a scene of sectional strife. Mr. Adams, in offering his customary daily budget of petitions, presented one from several anti-slavery citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying for a dissolution of the Union, which raised a tempest. The Southern representatives met that night in caucus, and the next morning Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions, deploring the presentation of the obnoxious petition and censuring Mr. Adams for having presented it.

An excited and acrimonious debate, extending over several days, followed. The principal feature of this exciting scene was the venerable object of censure, then nearly fourscore years of age, his limbs trembling with palsy, his bald head crimson with excitement, and tears dropping from his eyes, as he for four days stood defying the storm, and hurling back defiantly the opprobrium with which his adversaries sought to stigmatize him. He was animated by the recollection that the slave-power had pre-

vented the reëlection of his father and of himself to the presidential chair, and he poured forth the hoarded wrath of half a century. Lord Morpeth, who was then in Washington, and who occupied a seat on the floor of the house near Mr. Adams during the entire debate, said that "he put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm."

Mr. Wise became the prosecutor of Mr. Adams, and asserted that both he and his father were in alliance with Great Britain against the South. Mr. Adams replied with great severity, his shrill voice ringing through the hall. "Four or five years ago," said he, "there came to this house a man with his hands and face dripping with the blood of murder, the blotches of which are yet hanging upon him, and when it was proposed that he should be tried by this house for that crime, I opposed it." After this allusion to the killing of Mr. Cilley in a duel, Mr. Adams proceeded to castigate Mr. Wise without mercy. At a later period in the debate Mr. Adams replied to Mr. Marshall, the author of the resolution censuring him. He alluded to the friendly intercourse that had existed between the gentleman's uncle, Chief Justice Marshall, and his own father, President John Adams, and said that "the slave-power was now his judge, and slave-holders were to sit as jurors. They proposed to treat him with mercy. He disdained and rejected their mercy, and he defied them. Let them expel him if they dared — his constituents would soon return him." When he at last resumed his seat, whig representatives from the free States crowded around him to offer their congratulations, and a resolution offered by Mr. Fillmore to lay the whole subject on the table was passed by a vote of one hundred and forty-four yeas against fifty-two nays.

At the spring races in 1842 over the Washington course, Mr. Stanly, of North Carolina, accidentally rode so close to the horse of Mr. Wise as to jostle that gentleman, who gave him several blows with a cane. Mr. Stanly at once sent a friend to Mr. Wise, with an invitation to meet him at Baltimore, that they might settle their difficulty, and left for that city. Mr. Wise remained in Washington, where he was arrested the next day under the anti-dueling law, and placed under bonds to keep the peace. Mr. Stanly remained at Baltimore for several days, expecting Mr. Wise. He was the guest of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, under whose instruction he practiced with dueling pistols, firing at a mark. One morning Mr. Johnson took a pistol himself, and fired it, but the ball rebounded and struck him in the left eye, depriving it of sight. Mr. Stanly returned the next day to Washington, where mutual friends adjusted the difficulty between Mr. Wise and himself, but Mr. Johnson was never able to see again with his left eye.

President Tyler was gradually impressed, by those around him, with the idea that the people would elect him at the expiration of his term. It became evident, however, that he had no real following, and that a "corporal's guard" of sycophants was urging him to persist in injuring the whig party, while the democrats were not disposed to support him. But he continued with hardened obstinacy in his mad course, with staggering steps and wavering purpose, as if struck with a providential blindness of judgment. Mr. Webster endeavored to defend him in Faneuil Hall, and defied the Clay whigs, under the lead of Abbott Lawrence. "I am a whig," said he, "a Faneuil Hall whig, and if any one undertakes to turn me out of the pale of that communion, let him see to it who gets out first."

The president, in his endeavors to form a Tyler party, forgot his previous determination not to remove faithful office-holders that their places might be given to partisans. His organ announced,

"It is not enough that the office-holders do not oppose the administration. We want vigorous and bold men. We want men who are ready to put their shoulders to the wheel, and drive along the car of the administration through every obstacle and every opposition."

Mr. Wise was nominated as minister to France and rejected, and Mr. Cushing was rejected as secretary of the treasury. Edward Everett was confirmed as minister to China, and had he accepted the transfer, Mr. Webster would have been sent in the recess to Great Britain. But Mr. Everett declined the new appointment, and Mr. Cushing, appointed in his place, left at once for China, hoping that the senate would not reject him after he had entered upon his duties.

Mr. Webster remained in the cabinet until the spring of 1843, when the evident determination of President Tyler to secure the annexation of the republic of Texas made it very desirable that he should leave, and he was "frozen out" by studied reserve and coldness. The cabinet was reconstructed, but a few months later the bursting of a cannon on the war-steamer Princeton, while returning from a pleasure excursion down the Potomac, killed Mr. Upshur, the secretary of state, Mr. Gilmer, the secretary of the navy, with six others, while Colonel Benton narrowly escaped death, and nine seamen were injured. The president had intended to witness the discharge of the gun, but he was detained in the cabin by a lady. This shocking catastrophe cast a gloom over Washington, and there was a general attendance, irrespective of party, at the funeral of the two cabinet officers, who were buried from the White House.

One of those killed by the explosion on the Princeton was Mr. Gardiner, a New York gentleman whose ancestors were the owners of Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound. His daughter Julia, a young lady of fine presence, rare beauty, and varied accomplishments, had for some time been the object of marked attentions from President Tyler, although he was in his fifty-fifth year and she but about twenty. Soon after she was deprived of her father they were quietly married at New York, and President Tyler brought his young bride to the White House.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

In the minister's morning sermon
  He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
  Rested on each and all.

And how, of His will and pleasure,
  All souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
  And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
  A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
  A tenderer heart belied.

And, after the painful service
  On that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter
  Through the apple-bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows
  Sparrow and blackbird sung;
Above him their tinted petals
  The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory
  The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
  These gifts from His hand, my child!

"Behold in the bloom of apples
  And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old, lost beauty
  Of the Garden of the Lord!"

Then up spake the little maiden,
  Treading on snow and pink:
"O Father! these pretty blossoms
  Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no garden of Eden
  There never had been a fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed
  God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child!" the father answered,
  "By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
  But He doeth all things well.

"And whether by His ordaining
  To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, or light or shadow,
  We must fear and love Him still."

"Oh, I fear Him!" said the daughter,
  "And I try to love Him too;
But I wish He was good and gentle,
  Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit
  As the tremulous lips of pain
And wide, wet eyes uplifted
  Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
  The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching?
  Had he wrong to his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
  Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
  The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness,
  From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter
  He read a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
  Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
  The vision of God he saw.

And as when, in the clefts of Horeb,
  Of old was His presence known,
The dread Ineffable Glory
  Was Infinite Goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
  In his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
  Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
  And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
  Grew soft in his warmth and light.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A NATIONAL VICE.

In that scene of Othello (Act II. Sc. 3) in which Iago betrays Cassio into drunkenness, he sings a clattering drinking song, as to which he says to his victim, "I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander . . . are nothing to your English." But remember, complacent brother Yankee, that this description of English manners concerns you directly. You cannot say that the galled jade in England may wince, but your withers are unwrung. It is your forefathers that Shakespeare thus describes by the lips of that jovial soldier and prince of good fellows, "mine ancient." You have just the

same concern in the picture that your British cousin has: no more, but not a whit less. *You* may have taken Falstaff's counsel to himself to forswear sack and live cleanly; but if any one is at all implicated in the potting of Englishmen between two and three hundred years ago, you are the man. Nevertheless, there is at the present day a very manifest difference between the two great divisions of the English race in this matter, although the amount of wine and whisky and beer consumed in America seems to increase year by year, rather than to diminish. What may be called domestic drinking has, however, much fallen off among us within the memory of living men. In the days of the fathers of the present active generation, some forty years ago, it was the custom here to offer cake and wine to ladies who paid morning calls, and not long before that time, wine was in use even at funerals. These customs have happily passed away, and although they may have been succeeded by others not less objectionable in the same respect, the use of alcoholic drinks in the household, except at dinner, and on festive occasions, has diminished so greatly that the change is one of the most notable that has taken place in our society. In England, however, although wine is not offered, as a matter of course, to callers, wine, beer, and spirits are in free and in daily use in households of a grade and a character which here would be a warrant that nothing stronger than coffee or tea, or, of late years, on extraordinary occasions, a little lager beer, would be seen upon the table. For, in England, not only do people who live generously, not to say freely, and with a respect for creature comforts, draw regularly upon the cellar or the tap, but, with very few exceptions, all of that large class — it is almost equally large in both countries — which unites narrow means, frugal living, and a strong religious and ascetic feeling are constant drinkers of malt liquor, and most of them of spirits, although in a moderate and truly temperate way. With this class in America it is both virtuous and economical to substitute, for cakes and ale, pie and water.

The free use, not only of wine and beer, but even of spirits, by all classes, and by both sexes, among people of the highest respectability and the most decorous life, was the very first of English habits which attracted my attention. My readers may remember the mention of my observation of this habit at the morning performance at the Birmingham musical festival, where, at midday, between the parts of the concert, sandwiches and biscuit were accompanied by highly fragrant draughts from silver and gold-mounted flasks, which were freely taken by ladies in all parts of the immense hall, even by those in the "president's seats," where the nobility and the "swells" in general were carefully roped off from the rest of the audience, and where there was an archbishop who might have said high grace over what his friends around him were about to receive. They may remember, too, that fair and delicate woman with whom, the next day, I was shut up alone in a first-class carriage between Birmingham and London, and who startled me by filling her horn, not exactly as Diana fills hers, with a fluid that made our compartment as highly odorous as a cellar in Cognac. The impression made upon me by these incidents was deepened every day that I spent in England. In London I saw respectable-looking women coming out of tap-rooms, wiping their lips, at ten o'clock in the morning. They were not "ladies," but they were women of decent dress and demeanor; women of a sort that here would be frightened at the thought of entering a bar-room. At restaurants I saw the same freedom on the part of women of a much higher grade. I mentioned this to a New York woman who had gone over in the same

steamer with me, and who was with her party for a few days at the same hotel. She, who had been in England two or three times, had, nevertheless, been newly impressed in like manner; and she told me that only the day before, when her party, which included her brother-in-law, her sister, her nephew and niece, after a fatiguing morning of sight-seeing, had gone to a restaurant to take a hearty luncheon, in the order for which ale and brandy and water had been included, to her amazement the waiter placed the ale before the gentlemen, and the brandy, by no mistake, but deliberately, before her. The waiter, when he was requested to change the arrangement, made no apology, and did not seem to think that he had been guilty of a blunder. She enjoyed the joke too much to be offended.

I hasten to say, however, that I did not see, in any part of England, in any society to which I had the pleasure of being admitted, a single instance, even among men, of perceptible excess in drinking. And I venture to add that I am so far from being squeamish upon this point myself, that I respected a friend, a man not only of character and high social standing, but of strong religious feeling, when he said to me one morning, "Last night, when I was talking with you, I was somewhat excited by wine" (I had hardly observed it), "and perhaps was somewhat vehement. Some people are ashamed to own that they are, or have been, excited by wine. I am not." I could not but reflect, however, that a similar confession by an American of his years and character would be almost an impossibility.

This gentleman, moreover, was a man of active benevolence, and was one of a few who had undertaken the establishment in one of the large towns of chocolate houses for the benefit of the laboring people, to win them away if possible from the ale-house, the tap-room, and the gin palace. I visited one of these chocolate rooms with him, and was pleased to see the simple earnestness with which he made inquiries of the person in charge as to the favor with which they were regarded by those for whose good they were established, and the satisfaction with which he received information that the number of visitors was increasing. But the result of my observations on the whole did not lead me to look for much social amelioration of England by this well-meant and possibly wise project. The Englishman, and particularly the Englishman of the laboring class, is wedded to his beer. He feels that it is the great comfort, and one of the very few enjoyments, of his life. And not only is the chocolate room or any other like contrivance "slow," but there is about it an implication that he is taken in hand and managed by his betters, like a child, which he not unnaturally resents. Rightly or wrongly, he feels more ashamed of being treated in this way than he does of being drunk once a week, — once, however, being here a word of wide signification. For in these cases "the same drunk" often extends from Saturday night to Monday and not unfrequently into Tuesday. The result of this habit, which may almost be called a custom, is deplorable and socially injurious to a degree of which we in America have a very imperfect idea. The beer of England is not like the light German beer which has come so much into vogue here of late years under the name of "lager," and of which a man of any stability of brain and knee might drink enough to swim in without feeling any other effect than that of unpleasant distention; it is heady, strongly narcotic, and apparently not exhilarating, but depressing. Drunk in large quantities, after a short period of excitement it dulls the brain and fills the drinker's whole bulk with liquid stupefaction. He becomes not intoxicated, but besotted. Not only laboring men and men who ought to labor, but do not, give

themselves up to this debasing habit of beer-drunkenness through two or three days of the week, but skilled artisans, men whose work is of a kind and of an excellence which is worthy of respect and admiration. I was more than once told in regard to an artisan of this class, a man whose work was always in demand at the highest price, and who could with ease have kept himself and his family in perfect comfort and have laid up money, that he would not work for any man or at any price more than four days in the week. Blue Monday is a recognized "institution" in England; and as I have intimated, the blueness of it extends not unfrequently into Tuesday, and this among the very best of the skilled artisans. One bookbinder told me that his two best men, "finishers" to whom he gave his finest work in perfect confidence that it would be done unexceptionably both in workmanship and in style, never made any "time," that is, never got really at work, before Wednesday. Like stories were told me of other equally accomplished workmen. This is not only ruinous to the men and to their families, but the aggregate industrial loss to England must be very great. And this steady, besotted drunkenness seems to be at the bottom of most of the distress and most of the crime of England. A clergyman whose work lay much among the laboring classes told me that he felt utterly powerless before this vice, which was a constant quantity in the problem that he was called upon to solve. I knew a lady who was a district visitor in a suburb of London, one of those ministering angels who in England, more, it seems to me, than in any other country in the world, give themselves up to the work of helping and bettering the most wretched and degraded of their kind, and who carry Christian love and purity and grace into dens of filth and sin and suffering which, if they did not see them, would be beyond their chaste imaginations; and I asked her one day if she met with any encouragement, and if she thought she had been able to do much real good. With a sad, sweet smile she answered, "Very little. The condition of these people seems hopeless; and *they* are hopeless. All that we can do is to help them from time to time; and we find them always where we left them, or if possible yet lower, more degraded, more wretched. And at the bottom of it all is drunkenness. The men are always more or less drunk, and the women are almost as bad. They earn a little money, and they get drunk. Husband and wife get drunk together; they quarrel; they fight; and the children grow up with this before them. They are never really quite sober unless they are starving or ill. What can be done for such people? How can they or their condition be made better?" The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke. I knew that it was so. My own observation, very small and of little worth as compared with hers, had yet shown me this. And I was struck with horror at the besotted condition of so many of the women, — women who were bearing children every year, and suckling them, and who seemed to me little better than foul human stills through which the accursed liquor with which they were soaked filtered drop by drop into the little drunkards at their breasts. To these children drunkenness comes unconsciously, like their mother tongue. They cannot remember a time when it was new to them. They come out of the cloud-land of infancy with the impression that drunkenness is one of the normal conditions of man, like hunger or like sleep. Punishment for mere drunkenness, unaccompanied by violence, must seem strange to them, one of the exactments which separate them from the superior classes, from whom come to them, as from a sort of Providence, both good and evil.[1]

[1] Not unreasonably some of my readers might suppose that this picture was highly colored; but

Those superior classes seem, however, to have been, not very long ago, at least as much given to intoxication as their inferiors are now. The adage "as drunk as a lord" is indeed obsolescent, and with good reason; but its existence is proof of the habits of the class which it makes a basis of comparison. The adage, however, is, I am inclined to think, not a very old one. I know no instance of its use more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago; and I am inclined to the opinion that it witnesses a condition of society which did not obtain until after the Restoration, and which was most fully developed in the last century. In literature, particularly in dramatic literature, of an earlier time, there is no evidence that Englishmen of the higher ranks were notably given to intoxication; had they been so, this evidence could hardly have been lacking in the plays of Dekker, of Heywood, and of others. We all know, however, the habits in this respect of a large proportion of the men of rank in England, at the end of the last century and at the beginning of this. The evidence upon this point is so strong, and shows such a condition of society in this respect, that the change to the present admirable temperance and decorum, which I have already mentioned, is not only to be admired but to be wondered at as having been effected in so short a time. It is safe to assume that, in the last century, among English people who were able to live generously and who were not under the restraint of religious asceticism, the large majority of both sexes were more or less fuddled every day after dinner, which then among such people was at about three or four o'clock, afternoon. This fact affords an explanation, and to me it is the only admissible or conceivable explanation, of the behavior of the elegant people of that century and the early years of this at the theatre, and even in the drawing-room when there was sentimental singing like Tom Moore's. Men as well as women would weep openly; and at the hearing of tragedies, the very reading of which now would make us yawn, damp handkerchiefs were waving all over the house, especially in the boxes. At very affecting passages ladies would swoon or shriek, and be carried out in hysterics. When Tom Moore sang, in his little voice that could hardly be heard over a large drawing-room, ladies of the highest rank hung over him at the piano-forte, and gave way to their emotions in the most effusive and engaging manner, so that there too they not unfrequently were faint or hysterical. The men were hardly behind them. It is difficult to believe that these are the manners and customs of the same race, only two generations removed, in which now the mark of good breeding is the restraint of all expression of emotion, particularly that of a sentimental kind. It would be impossible to believe it, were not the change accompanied by one with regard to ebriety which explains it. At those theatres and in those draw-

a day or two after this article was sent to the press, I found in a New York newspaper the following extract from the London Telegraph: —

"No substantial progress can be made in the laudable enterprise of grappling with the curse of strong drink in this country until the fact is more largely and more candidly recognized that women as well as men are accustomed to get outrageously tipsy. Although the proportion of women sots is not so large as that of men, a female drunkard may be more mischievous than a male one, because the home, when the wife and mother drinks, must inevitably be broken up, and the children, in the majority of instances, take after the drunken habits of the parent of whom they see the most. A very painful illustration of this recently came under the notice of the magistrate at Marlborough Street, when a married woman, who was brought up on remand as a 'drunk and disorderly,' herself applied, under the Habitual Drunkards' act, to be sent to a home for inebriates. The poor woman had been married twenty-three years, and had brought up a numerous family, but latterly she had taken to drinking to excess, had turned her two daughters into the street, and threatened to tear her boy's tongue out and to set fire to the house."

ing-rooms it might have been said, as the Reverend Mr. Stiggins remarked to Brother Tadger at the Brick-Lane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Society, "the meetin 's drunk." Doubtless a large majority of those present were, if not intoxicated, maudlin with drink, and ready to be affected with that which would not have stirred them a jot had they led constantly sober lives. Only on such a supposition as this can the impression which was produced by The Beggar's Opera be accounted for. How such words and such music could have set the town wild, and caused lords to fall in love with the actresses and ladies with the actors, is otherwise quite incomprehensible.

Even now, however, the consumption of wine and beer in the higher ranks of life in England, although it rarely, I believe, leads past the bounds of a decorous hilarity, is very great when compared with that of well-to-do people in the United States whose grandfathers were born in the country. Unmitigated water is rarely drunk, and is generally regarded with mingled aversion on the score of taste and dread on the score of health. "What is that you are drinking, G——?" said an elderly gentleman to his nephew as we sat after the ladies had withdrawn; and he peered curiously down the board at the young man's glass. "Water, sir," replied the young fellow. "Hm-m-m! wa-ater," and then a puzzled silence. He did not say, as his most gracious majesty William, the fourth of that name, is reported by Greville to have been graciously pleased to say on a like occasion, "I 'll be da—shed if any man shall drink water at my table;" but evidently he was very royally minded upon the subject. I should have remembered the occasion, even if my host had not emphasized it by speaking to his nephew; for it was, I believe, the only one at which I saw pure water drunk at a dinner-table in England. I do not remember even one lady who confined herself to the simple element; and I am speaking now not of dinner parties, or of occasions at all festive, but of the daily habits of families in which I had the honor and the great pleasure of being received without ceremony and made quite at home Upon this point there is a corroborative passage in the very amusing Court Etiquette by Professor Fanning, of Toronto, Canada, who speaks, we are informed, with the authority of one who has received instruction in the lord chamberlain's office. He says that at family dinners "young ladies are limited to three glasses of light wines, while married ladies are accustomed to drink sometimes six." A matron in France may go to the Palais Royal; in England her privilege is three more glasses of wine at dinner. Then there is the wine and the beer which is drunk at luncheon, which is a substantial meal at about two o'clock, with a joint and a pudding.

But the constant and somewhat free drinking of wine on the part of the ladies was not all that attracted my attention; I was astonished at a certain disregard of simplicity in their potations; their drinking was multiform, and in what was to me a somewhat disturbing way. I have seen English ladies, after having had their full allowance of sherry, champagne, and claret at dinner, drink down a tumblerful of beer, or even of black porter! The first time I saw this done the performer was an actress; and as some of the ladies of her profession are said to be not quite so scrupulous as to certain social matters as, let us say, the leading ladies of the Baptist and Methodist persuasions are, I supposed that I might set down the porter to this slight professional eccentricity. None the less, however, was I puzzled to account for the unfastidiousness of palate which could desire, and the stoutness of stomach which, after sherry, champagne, and claret, could retain, a great glass of

porter with a tawny head upon it, at the mere sight of which even my masculine gorge rose in rebellion. But as to my former supposition I was entirely wrong; for I saw ladies of position, and of high rank, after dinner was over (not regularly, but occasionally) drink off a glass of very strong beer, so strong, indeed, that one glass of it alone would turn the heads of most American women. My fair friends in England were, however, not disturbed by it; or certainly they were not before they retired from the drawing-room.

This looking upon wine or beer as a necessity of life gives to the condemnation of malefactors, public and domestic, to a diet of bread and water, which is so often referred to in our literature, a severer significance than it has to us in America. I remember that when I used as a boy to read and to hear of this aggravation of punishment, I supposed the deprivation to be, as it was in my own case, of milk, of tea, and of coffee, — but the privation which it really did impose was that of beer and wine; and indeed the form of the sentence dates from a time when coffee and tea were unknown. But to an American, or I should rather say to a Yankee, who does not belong to the drinking classes the deprivation of wine, beer, and spirits during imprisonment would not add appreciably to its discomfort. Not so with Britons of any class.

A short time ago a friend of mine, an officer in the army, received a letter from a friend in England, introducing an actress who had come here with intentions of pursuing her profession. He called, and as he was taking leave he asked the lady if there was anything that he could do for her, meaning any service that he could render her as a stranger. "Oh, yes," she at once replied, "do send me a case of claret; for in this dreadful place I 'm expected to drink wa-a-ter or some nasty washy stuff they call lager, and I'm so famished for some wine that I think I shall die. Do send me some, please." I am sorry to say that my friend did not send the case of wine, and was so taken aback by such a request on a first interview that his first call was his last; and indeed the lady, disgusted, I suppose, with a country where she was expected to drink water, went back to England without making an engagement. He was a little too shy and suspicious. Such a request from an actress to a British officer would not startle him as being much, if at all, out of the way, and almost any officer would have so heartily sympathized with this lady in her privation that he would gladly have supplied this deficiency in her commissariat.

In London streets I myself had similar requests made to me, although on a much smaller scale. These requests were altogether new to me, and caused me some astonishment. They were made as I was strolling in New Bond Street or in Regent Street. I declined compliance at first; but one evening, as I was returning to my lodgings from dinner at a restaurant, a youngish woman dressed plainly in black, not at all pretty, but with a modest and pleasant manner, stepped up to me and said in a sweet voice, "Please, sir, would you kindly give me a glass of wine?" I reflected that I was a perfect stranger there, and might do with impunity what I would not think of doing at home (as English and American ladies go to the Mabille in Paris), and wishing to see how the thing was done, I said, Yes, and asked where we should get it. "There 's a wine-room, yonder," she replied, pointing across Regent Street. I went with her; and surely there could not be a place less adapted to lure man or woman to mirth or pleasure. It was a small room not more than twelve feet square. The floor was of deal boards, not positively dirty, but not too clean. The walls were of a dingy nondescript color, and without ornament or decoration of any

kind. Across one side, opposite the door, was a deal counter or bar, also dingy. On the floor were a chair or two and two or three small casks, upon which men were sitting. Behind the counter were other small casks with taps. So utterly doleful and forlorn a drinking place I had never seen. But the men were decently dressed, and were chatting pleasantly; their manner was decorous, and they were plainly not roughs. I asked my fair friend what wine she would have. She said, Port; whereupon two glasses with stems, but with straight sides, holding about as much as a small champagne glass, were filled from one of the casks and placed upon the counter. I gave one to her, and touching my lips to the other as she took a draught, I paid for the wine, and setting down my glass bade her good evening and went out. I had not gone far before I heard the pattering of feet and the rustling of skirts behind me. She laid her hand gently upon my arm, and said in a tone of distress that went to my heart, "Oh, sir, sir, how could you treat me so? To take me there and leave me to drink my wine alone! You might have waited. I was so ashamed." Her manner was perfectly simple and decorous; and she was evidently hurt. I apologized and explained to her that I was a stranger, quite unfamiliar with the etiquette of such places, and that I supposed she merely wanted the refreshment of a glass of wine, which I gave her with pleasure. "Well, well," she answered, "I suppose you meant no harm; but it was awfully hard. Thanks, sir; good night!" and we went our several ways. I was truly sorry; but I had not supposed that a woman who asked me for wine in the street would mind much how she got it, or under what circumstances she drank it. Familiar as I have been from my boyhood with the streets of New York, at all hours of the day and night, this was my first experience of the kind; and it was my last in England, although the same request was made of me again and again, by day as well as by night.

Applications of this kind to a "gentleman" are of the commonest occurrence in England. Any information or assistance that I asked was generally given to me with good-natured alacrity, and without any intimation that a "tip" was expected; but in the case of persons of inferior condition, I always found that sixpence was accepted with pleasure, and as being quite in order. More than once, though, when my inquiries had extended into something like conversation, I found an answer to my last query rounded off with, "And I should be very 'appy to drink your 'elth, sir." Of course I produced the means of securing such disinterested wishes for my well-being.

Once, however, I was tempted to say, "Oh, my health is so good that it does n't need drinking;" but I was not reviled, as I had expected, and I may almost say hoped, to be. There was only a bewildered stare, and a silent turning away. The only sign that I saw of a ruffled temper from the absence of an expected fee was from a French waiter at a very "swell" restaurant. The little account which he presented had across the top, printed in large letters, "Attendance charged in the bill," which is common in England. Determined to see what this meant, when the waiter returned with my change, I put it all into my pocket; whereupon this Frenchman, who had been all bows and smiles and pleased alacrity, instantly became so insolent in his manner that I was tempted to make a complaint against him and test the question. But I reflected that I was "only a passenger," and merely retaining in my pocket the sixpence that otherwise would have found its way into his hand, I went out.

To return to the subject of drink. It is generally expected that when a "gentleman" goes among men of lower

classes, and talks with them, he will, in the common phrase there, "stand something," which means pay for beer for all; and as a pint may be had for twopence, the tax is not very heavy. If he remains while the beer is drunk, one spokesman says for all, "Your very good 'elth, sir." The beer is drained off and the drinkers wipe their lips with the backs of their hands, and the backs of their hands upon their trousers. I observed the pronunciation of *'elth* in these cases. It is not merely *health* with the *h* suppressed, but a gulping of the syllable low down in the throat. Indeed, this pronunciation of *l* is as much a distinctive mark of lower-class English as the suppression of *h* or its superfluous addition. The higher classes give it with exactly the same sound that it has in the speech of educated Yankees.

Men are, however, not alone in expecting a gentleman to stand something. As I was walking through a narrow street in Birmingham, I saw a comfortable-looking dame of decent mien at the door of a little house, and, asking her some trifling question, fell into talk with her. She soon invited me in, with that freedom of hospitality which I found common wherever I went. I entered what proved to be her kitchen and living-room. It was very tidy and orderly. There was a fire in the grate, and the kettle was singing and puffing upon the hob. There were two other women of her sort there, chatting (everybody in England seems to have time and inclination to talk), and they kindly allowed me to enter into conversation with them. But erelong one of them said, "Per-'aps the gentleman would like to treat us." I was startled, for it was my second day in England, but of course assented. When the question was put, "Shall it be beer or gin?" I announced to my entertainers that I was perfectly indifferent on that point, and taking out half a crown gave it to one of them and bade them good-morning; for I must confess that in my inexperience upon the subject of gin and beer in England, I felt very doubtful into what hands I had fallen. The probability is that they were perfectly respectable people of their class. It was merely a custom of the country.

As to the disposition to drink intoxicating liquors which has made drunkenness a national vice in England, it is to be said that there are reasons for it which do not exist in other countries. England lacks good water, and produces no wine. Although I drank much less water while I was there than I ever did during the same length of time before, I did drink much more than I am sure any native of the island does in thrice that time. But only twice did I have a draught of pure "soft" water Nor in my walks and drives did I see one spring. Of course there are springs enough there; but I think that in the southern part of the country at least they must be much less common than they are in New England and in the Middle States, where one can hardly take a country walk without coming upon one of these clear, cool, over-brimming cups of pure refreshment offered by the hand of Nature. Many people cannot drink the unqualified water of England without being made ill. Then the climate itself makes stimulants more welcome, if not more necessary, there than elsewhere; and it also increases the capacity of stimulating drink. I was surprised not only at the quantity that I could drink at any time and at all times with impunity, and with apparently good effect, but at the eagerness with which my whole body seemed to imbibe it. I shall never forget a certain place — it was in Fleet Street, I believe — where porter was to be had at a penny a pot. It is well known for the quality of its tap, and a friend took me to it one day, saying that he would "stand tuppence" and give me a treat. We had just had a hearty breakfast; but as I turned up

my glass of this black fluid I seemed to absorb a good part of it on its passage down my throat. It was of delicious flavor, cool without being cold, and of an inexpressible lightness, notwithstanding its thick, heavy look. There was a stream of people going in and out, and I was told that the stream of people and of porter did not cease from morning till night. In America I should as soon think of drinking pure alcohol directly after breakfast as a glass of porter.

These material and consequent physiological conditions should always be considered in judging English habits of drinking. Moreover, there is the traditionary custom. Time out of mind beer has been the common beverage in England. It has not been so in America. The establishment of public breweries requires time and capital which the early colonists had not to spare for that purpose; nor had they in their small households the means of supplying themselves with home-brewed malt-liquor. Consequently the stimulating beverages of this country have been until lately rum, cider, whisky, and imported wine. The first was nearest at hand in the West Indies, and was afterwards made in New England; the second came into use soon after the apple orchards reached maturity; whisky began to be made after there was grain enough to spare from making bread. Wine was a luxury. Hence in the early colonial days women and children commonly drank no beverage of this kind, except a little cider, wine being a luxury for the wealthy; and this custom, coming of necessity, and strengthened in New England by puritan asceticism, extended a gradually diminishing influence even to our own day. Beer was almost unknown, and was regarded, perhaps not altogether without reason, as a very coarse drink. For example, I can say that although not unfamiliar in my boyhood with cider and good wine (including, by the way, such Madeira as I did not taste in England) I had not drunk four pints of beer before I left college. In England a boy might drink four pints in a day, although he might not do so every day. In England the custom of brewing beer at home is still kept up at many of the great houses. I expressed surprise at this, as brewing is such a troublesome operation, particularly when performed on a small scale, and as such excellent beer may be had by the cask or the dozen, left at every door even in the country. The reply was characteristic. It was that it having been found upon calculation that the cost of the home-brewed beer and the public brewers' beer was about the same, those who had large households chose to keep up their old custom. Plainly, if home-brewing had been a little more costly, economy would have kicked the beam, and old custom would have gone up into the air.

The outcome of all this is that water as a fluid for internal application is treated with very little respect in England. Possibly so much is applied by nature to the inhabitants externally that they think they have quite enough of it in that way. Of every other thing drinkable you see a plentiful supply all around you; but Dives did not beg Lazarus for wine; and if you have that thirst upon you that nothing but cold water can slake, you must needs, like the rich man in the parable, put up your special petition for it. And if you ask a butler for a glass of water at the dinner-table, not improbably he will receive the request with such a look of fish-eyed wonder as he might put on if a chance whale should wallow into the dining-room and ask for the material for a spout; and then you may see him turn to a footman — lower means suit lower ends — and say, "Tubbs, ah, ah, gloss of — ah — wa-a-ter."

Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of beer and wine and spirits now consumed in England, and the besotted

condition of so large a number of the lowest class (and the largest class) of the people, the consumption and the drunkenness are gradually diminishing, not positively, but in proportion to the population. Those who had observed society there for many years assured me that the change for the better was appreciable, although not great; and a lady who was the mistress of a house in which the family consisted almost entirely of men, and in which dinner parties, mostly of men, were frequent, told me that she, who controlled the whole household supplies, had remarked a steady but slow diminution during the last fifteen or twenty years in the quantity of wine required, although the number of the entertainments and of the guests at each had somewhat increased. England seems, therefore, to be gradually freeing herself from the vice which for so many centuries has been regarded as national in her. It will be long before she is able to cast it off completely; for the subject is involved with one of the most important principles of constitutional liberty, the freedom of individual action, the liberty of the subject or the citizen. Moreover, in England the brewers and the licensed victuallers are a great power. Nor is abstemiousness so easy or so desirable as it is in America; and hardest although most desirable of all things everywhere is, not abstemiousness, but temperance.

Richard Grant White.

COMEDY.

They parted, with clasps of hand,
And kisses, and burning tears.
They met, in a foreign land,
After some twenty years:

Met as acquaintances meet,
Smilingly, tranquil-eyed, —
Not even the least little beat
Of the heart, upon either side!

They chatted of this and that,
The nothings that make up life;
She in a Gainsborough hat,
And he in black for his wife.

Ah, what a comedy this is!
Neither was hurt, it appears:
She had forgotten his kisses,
And he had forgotten her tears.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

BUSINESS ISSUES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

PROBABLY the most important fact developed by the progress of the presidential canvass is the unwillingness of the great majority of the business community in the North to let the government pass into the hands of the democrats. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers, transporters, and others who have to do with the larger affairs of trade and finance distrust the democratic party, and are taking an unaccustomed interest in the republican campaign. The excellent record of General Garfield on all business questions which have come before Congress during the past twenty years has doubtless something to do with the attitude of these men, contrasting, as it does, very strongly with General Hancock's want of any record which could be appealed to for controlling his course, if he should be elected. But the positively bad record of the democratic party has more influence in shaping their views than the known opinions of one candidate and the lack of known opinions of the other.

Business men are well satisfied with the present condition of things: manufacturing establishments are busy, trade is active and steady, prices of commodities are not fluctuating and afford a fair margin of profit to the producer and dealer, our foreign commerce shows a handsome balance in our favor, labor is employed at living wages, well-managed railroads are earning dividends, the banks are solvent, the currency is abundant without being excessive in quantity, and the treasury regularly reports a surplus of receipts over expenses which is applied to the reduction of the public debt. In a word, all is going well, so far as the affairs of the business community are concerned, and the action of the government tends to assist and prolong this satisfactory condition of things. The policy of the republican party, in all matters affecting business interests, is now fixed by the practice of three consecutive administrations, and has been repeatedly approved by the platforms of national conventions. If the republicans are again successful, this policy will of course be continued. The reduction of the principal and interest of the debt will go on, specie payments will be maintained, the national banking system will be continued, and whatever changes may be made in the tariff, the principle of protection to our home industries will not be abandoned.

What will happen if the democrats succeed? Nobody can predict. In this uncertainty lies one of the chief sources of the weakness of the democratic party in the present canvass. In all countries governed by popular suffrage, power shifts from one party to another at longer or shorter intervals of time, and the longer one party has been in control of the government the greater are the chances of its defeat at the polls. With this law of politics in their favor, the democrats, who have been twenty years out of power, might reasonably hope for success this year, in spite of the memories of the rebellion, and in spite of the alarming solidity of the South, if they were able to give the country assurance that they would do nothing to disturb the prosperity of business. But they can give no such assurance, save by the cheap protestations of stump orators, and these protestations only have the effect of calling attention to the bad record of the party. If it had behaved well in the past there would be no need now for its leaders to assert with such warmth that it does not intend to destroy the public credit, debase the currency, cripple manufacturing interests, shut up the banks, and generally overturn the

present stable condition of affairs. For the republicans to make such assertions concerning their party would be absurd. It would be as if a banker of excellent reputation for solvency and integrity should say to a depositor, "Sir, I do not mean to steal your money, or squander it in speculation." The depositor would be likely to conceive a suspicion at once, and would take up his checks and cash from the counter and go to some other bank. The democrats are in the attitude of a banker who went out of business, bankrupt, years ago, and now applies for a renewal of public confidence. When inquiry is made as to what he has been doing in the mean while, it is found that he has been engaged in preparing schemes and tricks for the injury of his customers, to put in practice in case he should again be trusted with the management of a bank. His vehement declaration that he renounces all his swindling projects, and means to be honest in future, is hardly a reason why he should be given the keys to the bank vault.

Is the comparison unjust? Let us see. Did not the democratic party, almost as soon as the war ended, begin to devise schemes for preventing the government from dealing honorably with the public creditors? As early as 1867, there arose a movement which got the name of Pendletonism from the fact that one of its conspicuous champions was George H. Pendleton, the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency in 1864. It had for its object the payment of United States bonds in a depreciated, irredeemable paper currency. The democratic party went into this movement almost *en masse.* With a few honorable exceptions in the East, all the leaders of the party indorsed this dishonest project. The National Democratic Convention of 1868 adopted it by passing a resolution in favor of paying all the bonds in greenbacks that were not on their face specifically made payable in coin. Most of the bonds bore no such specific declaration, because when the form of them was adopted it was not supposed that any political party would ever claim that a promise to pay dollars at a definite time could be redeemed with pieces of paper which were themselves only promises to pay dollars at some indefinite time. But the democratic theory in 1868 was that a bond bearing interest and maturing at a certain date could be honorably discharged with a note bearing no interest and maturing at no certain date.

A few years later there arose in the West a new and worse form of dishonest financial mania. Pendletonism left the question of the future redemption of the greenbacks for the future to settle, but this fresh heresy objected to all promises of redemption, and advocated the issue of an immense flood of paper declared to be money by the fiat of the government and forced upon the people by legal tender enactments. This fiat money delusion took such a strong hold of the Western democratic mind that it became the dominant issue in the campaigns in nearly every State beyond the Alleghanies. The idea was to pay off the whole bonded debt with paper notes having no connection, present or prospective, with real money. It is no exaggeration to say that a large majority of the democrats in the West and South favored this rascally scheme for robbing the public creditors. After the republican party had fairly fought it down in Congress and at the elections, the democrats fell back a little, abandoned the fiat notion, and confined themselves to an attack on the resumption act. To resume at the date fixed by the law of 1875 would, they declared, be ruinous to the business interests of the country, and they tried to make it appear, as the day for resuming drew nigh, that universal bankruptcy was impending and that everything was going to the dogs. On this issue they fought two successive

campaigns in the West. In Congress they were so successful that they would have swept the law off the statute-books long before it took effect, had it not been for the obstacle of the president's veto.

Seeking always to deprive the public creditors of a portion of their just due, the democrats next started the silver craze. They resurrected an abandoned coin which had never got into general circulation and which through the depreciation of silver had come to be worth only about eighty-seven cents, and sought to compel the government to mint it in unlimited quantities and force it upon the people by a legal-tender provision. They were so far successful that their bill passed and became a law, with some modifications, however, made by republican effort, which limited the amount of silver to be manufactured into the cheap dollars. The folly of this measure is now apparent. The treasury is so burdened with silver which nobody wants that additional vaults have been constructed for its storage. If forced into circulation it will drive gold from the country and bring the paper currency down to its own value.

One idea has run through all the financial schemes that the democratic party has broached since 1867, — to dilute and cheapen the currency in order that public and private debts may be discharged in money that will not be worth what it pretends on its face to be worth. Sensible men, who have a direct interest in the stability of the currency and a patriotic interest in the honest payment of the national debt, naturally ask themselves, as a presidential election approaches, what this party, so fertile in projects for inflation and repudiation, will do if it obtains complete control of the government.

The reply of the democratic leaders is that all these notions have been outgrown, and that the party platform of 1880 favors sound money and a strict fulfillment of the nation's obligations. This is somewhat reassuring, but what guaranty have we that some fresh financial mania, as dangerous as the old ones, will not arise, or that one of the beaten and discredited heresies of recent years will not revive? Evidently the democratic party cannot be depended on to resist a new movement to expand and depreciate the currency, and to cheat the bond-holders. If the past furnishes any lesson, it is that the republican party is the only political organization to which people have any reason to look for sound financial legislation and administration. True, the majority of the democratic leaders in the East have steadfastly combated the cheap money schemes, but they do not control their party. They can shape a national platform with a view to carrying the close States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, but when it comes to congressional action they are lost in the crowd of Western and Southern members, and have no power save when they ally themselves with the republicans.

The probability of a fresh assault on the debt and currency may be thought to be very remote by people who live in the East and do not realize how deeply rooted is the cheap-money notion in the Western mind. The surface growth has been cut down, but the roots are still alive, and will sprout again whenever there is the slightest check to business prosperity. Nor are the ignorant masses of democratic voters in the East at all trustworthy. More than once in the past they have threatened to break away from their leaders and join the Western inflationists. In 1875 the soft-money movement got such strength among the Pennsylvania democrats that it captured their state convention and adopted the Ohio platform, on which William Allen was running to his defeat. The chief danger to the present safe and honorable financial policy of the government lies,

however, not in the North, but in the South. Unfortunately the Southern democrats greatly outnumber their Northern colleagues in Congress, and by the power of the caucus have obtained full control over legislation. Whatever professions they may make in a campaign, it is not human nature that they should regard as sacred the debt contracted to defeat them upon the battle-fields of the war, and to crush their slave-holding Confederacy.

Besides, they lack the keen Northern sense of financial honor. They have repudiated, or scaled down, the debts of their own States, contracted to build railroads, canals, levees, turnpikes, and public buildings, for no other reason than that they are not willing to pay the taxes necessary to meet interest obligations. Is it reasonable to suppose that these sticklers for state rights and state honor will have more regard for a debt which represents to them all the bitterness and loss of the beaten rebellion? Every scheme for getting rid of this debt in some other way than by honestly paying it will meet with a quick welcoming response from the South. This is an ugly fact of our political situation which no prudent man can overlook. As long as there is but one party in the South, and that the party which carried on the rebellion, the care of the public debt, and of the paper currency which is a part of that debt, cannot safely be confided to an administration elected by Southern votes and supported by a Congress controlled by Southern members. This consideration has taken strong hold of the business classes throughout the North, and will have a great deal to do in determining the result of the present canvass.

Another form of currency disturbance is more directly threatened by democratic ascendency, — the destruction of the national banking system. Judging from recent state canvasses, a large majority of the democratic party is hostile to the banks. This hostility has been repeatedly expressed in state platforms in the West and South, and as lately as last year it was the dominant issue in a campaign in Ohio which brought out the largest democratic vote ever polled in that State. It would be difficult to name a prominent democrat west of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac who has not assailed the banks in his public speeches. Misrepresentation of the system, attempts to create popular prejudice against it by picturing the banks as monopolies oppressing industry and trade, have formed a large part of the staple democratic stump oratory of recent years. The system is not a monopoly; it is free to all who choose to invest their money in it. That it is not unduly profitable is shown by the fact that capital is not withdrawn from other channels and employed to start new banks. Much of the democratic hue and cry against the banks grows out of a lingering hostility to sound money. If the bank-notes can be got out of the way and their place supplied by greenbacks, the burden of maintaining specie payments, now a divided one, will all be placed upon the treasury, and at the first financial flurry suspension will be pretty sure to come. Then there would be a fair chance for reviving the old inflation and fiat-money schemes. The banks are the chief obstacle in the way of all projects for a fluctuating and depreciated currency. As long as they possess the power of issuing notes, no pretense that the country is suffering for the want of enough currency to transact its business can be successfully set up, because it is evident that if more currency is demanded the banks will find it profitable to increase their issues. The banks afford exactly what the inflationists used to clamor for in the times before resumption, a flexible currency, self-adjusting to meet the wants of trade. But this currency is sound, stable in value, and convertible into real money, — feat-

ures which make it objectionable to rag-money advocates like Mr. Ewing, whom the democrats ran for governor of Ohio last year, and Mr. Landers, whom they are running for governor of Indiana this year. An irredeemable paper currency, regulated in volume by act of Congress, and applicable to the payment of government bonds, is the financial scheme which the men who control the democratic party still cherish. The feature of no redemption is not now generally avowed, but it is necessarily involved in the scheme, for it would be impossible for the treasury to keep seven or eight hundred million dollars of paper afloat at par with coin if a monetary crisis should come. The substitution of greenbacks for bank-notes means, therefore, the abandonment of specie payments. Business men who have given any attention to the questions of national finance know this; they know too that apart from the matter of redemption the proposed change in the currency could not be made without a serious shock to the business community. They are apprehensive that the democrats would go further than taking the circulation away from the banks, and would strike down the whole banking system, with all its safeguards and beneficial checks and balances, and throw the country back to the old system of state banks not amenable to the national authority. Such a change would be a calamity to the business interests of the country of so serious a character that its evil consequences can hardly be foretold; yet the state rights advocates of the South who are potent in shaping the legislative work of the democratic party in Congress would unquestionably make it if they had the power. They have always maintained that the constitution gives Congress no right to charter banks.

The attitude of the democratic party towards the present tariff system is still another cause for the reluctance of the business public to trust it with the administration of the government. Outside of the States largely engaged in manufacturing, the party is almost solid in its opposition to protection. In the West and South it openly favors free trade. Its national platform demands "a tariff for revenue only," the old phraseology of "a tariff for revenue affording incidental protection to home industries" having been changed to a square avowal of opposition to the protective idea. A tariff for revenue only means, of course, one with duties so adjusted as to encourage importations and thus produce a large income for the treasury. Heavy importations imply a small home production. The logical conclusion from the tariff plank of the Cincinnati platform is that the democracy intends so far to reduce duties as to enable foreigners to fill our markets with their goods, and undersell American manufacturers. Such a policy carried into practice would have the same results as did the democratic tariff legislation of 1846, — it would close hundreds of manufacturing establishments, depopulate many prosperous towns and villages in the New England and Middle States, and throw thousands of mechanics and operatives out of employment.

The existing tariff law is undoubtedly faulty in many respects; it needs a thorough, intelligent revision, or such changes from year to year as will adapt it to the new conditions of trade and industry; but a radical change based on the entire abandonment of the protective principle would be disastrous in its effects on the business interests of the entire North. It would involve a loss of millions of invested capital and a readjustment of labor which could be effected only at the cost of an immense amount of suffering. Even the most enthusiastic free-trade doctrinaire would hesitate to inflict all this immediate loss and misery upon the country for the sake of the theoretical probability of future benefits. He would at least consent

to make only a few changes first, and to study their effects before rushing on to the full accomplishment of his ideas. But the democratic party bluntly disposes of the whole question in five words, and declares its purpose to strike down the entire complex system of protective duties at one blow.

We might dismiss the democratic tariff plank as mere political clap-trap, not likely to be carried out in legislation, were it not for the great power of the South in the democratic party. That party survived the war only because of its expectation that the rebel States would come to its support as soon as they got back into the Union, and it now exists as a national organization only by the powerful alliance of that section. Withdraw from it the electoral votes and the congressional delegations of the old slave States, and the party would not survive two years in the North. Inasmuch as the South furnishes the democracy with its vitality, it is only natural that Southern ideas should control its policy. The South has always been hostile to the protective system. Its manufactures are inconsiderable, and the bulk of its agricultural staples seeks foreign markets. A free exchange of these staples for the cheap goods of Europe is regarded as advantageous to Southern interests. A tariff which enables Northern shops and factories to control the Southern markets has been strenuously opposed ever since South Carolina's attempt at nullification in 1832. The Southern members shape the action of Congress by means of the democratic caucus, in which they largely preponderate over the Northern democrats. Why should they hesitate now to do what was done in 1846? The protective system is peculiarly a republican institution. Inherited in its main features from the old whig party, it has been extended and strengthened during the twenty years that the republican party has been in power. For political as well as material reasons the South would gladly destroy it.

The business public is menaced with still another disturbing possibility. The Southern democrats are openly hostile to the existing system of internal taxation, which places the heaviest burdens on whisky and tobacco. The taxes on these two articles are exceedingly unpopular at the South, and there is probably no candidate for Congress now running in that section who has not pledged himself to vote for a heavy reduction, if not for their entire repeal. So intense is the dislike of the Southern people to this manner of raising revenue that the skill and courage of the treasury officials are taxed to the utmost to enforce the law against illicit distilling and illicit vending of tobacco. Skirmishes between the "moonshiners" and the government officers have frequently occurred in the mountain districts of the South, and many revenue officers have been assassinated. When an outlaw is killed in an encounter with the law, the sympathy of the community is invariably manifested in his favor, and the officers, though acting strictly in self-defense, escape a trial for murder only by virtue of a United States statute authorizing a transfer of cases against them to the federal courts. No revenue scheme to take the place of the tax on distilled spirits and tobacco has been proposed from any source that would entitle it to be considered as the Southern plan, but from the utterances and votes of most of the Southern members of Congress, we may fairly conclude that they desire to supply the deficiency of government income, which would arise from the repeal or reduction of these taxes, by a larger tariff revenue to be obtained by encouraging heavy importations of foreign goods. The present revenue system meets with the general approval of the North. Taxes on whisky and tobacco are regarded in all civilized countries as the best method of raising a largo rev-

enue at small expense for collection, and with but slight burden to the productive energies of the people. If these taxes are to be abandoned, they must be replaced either by new taxes levied upon articles of necessity or by a heavier customs income, which can be obtained only by a tariff that will give foreign goods the advantage in our markets and thus cripple our manufacturing industries. Such a change as the South — which for legislative purposes is practically the democratic party — desires to make in the revenue system, even if only partially carried into effect, would seriously derange the business relations of the country.

In reply to these arguments advanced from a business stand-point by men engaged in large commercial, financial, and manufacturing undertakings, to show why the democratic party should not be put in possession of the government, it is often urged that a party grows conservative when it gets into power, and modifies its policy. This is true as a rule. Probably the democrats would be wiser than they are now if the responsibilities of shaping the policy of the nation were placed upon them. But why make the experiment? The policy of the republican party on all questions touching business and financial interests is approved by a large majority of the men who have the greatest stake in these interests, — we might almost say of the entire business community. The best that can be said of the democrats is that they will probably not do as much mischief as they propose, and that we need not quite take them at their word. We are to put the public debt, the currency, the banking system, the tariff, and the internal revenue system into their hands in the hope that they will conclude not to do what they have been saying, for the past ten or twelve years, they would do if they ever got an opportunity.

Why take the risk? the business man asks. What compensating benefits do the democrats offer to offset the damage they are likely to do? Will they reduce government expenses? No; because they have had control of the appropriations for five years already, and after a spasmodic and injudicious effort in that direction their bills have been steadily increasing. General Garfield told them when they got control of the house that the limit of reduction would soon be reached, and that the appropriations would thereafter increase with the growth of population and the settlement of new territory, and his prediction has been exactly verified, even to the date he named as the turning-point. Will they harmonize the North and the South and put an end to sectional feeling? By no means, for their scheme of putting the South in power, and thus justifying the rebellion, would be sure to create fresh agitation in the North, and a new sectional struggle that would not end until the ideas of the North, which are the ideas of civilization, again prevailed. Would they improve the civil service? The mere suggestion is preposterous in view of the horde of democratic politicians waiting to seize upon the offices, and turn out the present competent, well-trained incumbents, if General Hancock is elected. In what way, then, will democratic success benefit the country? No satisfactory answer to this question has been given.

A NEW BOOK ON NIHILISM.

A book on nihilism[1] has the great advantage just now of being at any rate timely, for this is a subject about which it is hard to get any precise information. Almost everything that we hear or read of it is so tempered by the prejudices of those who make the statements that we do not find it easy to get at the exact core of truth beneath what we take to be manifold exaggerations. Under these circumstances, a book like Signor Arnando's cannot fail to be of interest. It might be fair to say that the book is more interesting than satisfactory, and this would not be a harsh statement, in view of the difficulty of forming a final decision on a subject which is so obscure as nihilism. Fully to make up our minds, it is necessary that we should have a complete knowledge of the present and past condition of Russia, and that we should know just what are the aims of the nihilists, and whether these could not be attained by other means than those they use. Even then there arises the question, How far will they be able to do better than the present rulers, if they succeed in their undertakings?

That Russia is abominably governed, not even Mr. Gladstone will deny. All the testimony we can obtain goes to show that the official world is foul with corruption. From Gogol's Revisor and Dead Souls down to the latest book about Russia, the dishonesty of officials is and has been a prominent mark for satire. The censorship, which is very rigid about almost every other criticism of the government, seems here to be disarmed and to encourage, or at least not to discourage, any amount of ridicule. Certainly, Russia is not the only country in which there are dishonest officials, but, if all accounts are true, "our own" William M. Tweed was but a clumsy apprentice by the side of some of the descendants of Rurik.

Then as to the severity of the government; it is almost impossible for an English, French, or even German speaking person to read of the unwisdom of those in authority without a desire to buy a bottle of petroleum and join the nihilists. Fortunately, the English elections came just in time to refute those pessimists who saw, or feared they saw, the whole world making ready for social wars by arming civilization against brute force, by asking for a paternal, or more exactly a sort of step-fatherly, government for protection against the results of its own injustice. What a paternal government is when it has everything its own way may be seen by observation of the present condition of Russia. Yet with this illustration before us, in the reaction from excessive faith in the people, there are some who think the millennium sure if we put all the power in the hands of one man. In Russia the position of this one man is exceptionally favorable; the vast mass of the population is blindly devoted to him and distinctly unable to comprehend or to desire any change; the nobility is closely dependent upon him, and his position clearly resembles that of Zeus in the Greek mythology. Yet there are few private citizens who would care to change places with him.

To give a moderately full account of the wrongs inflicted on the people by the government would be a long task. Their extent may be conjectured from the violence of the attack that the nihilists are making upon society. If we could put ourselves for a few minutes in the position of these fanatics, our views

[1] *Le Nihilism et les Nihilistes.* Ouvrage traduit de l'Italien de J. B. Arnando par Henri Bellenger. Paris: M. Dreyfous. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

might be changed. We should probably perceive that action and reaction were not only opposite but equal, and that the bitterness of the assault that is made upon society on the whole only counterbalances the wrongs the people have suffered. Signor Arnando's book states the cause of complaint that thoughtful Russians have against their government very clearly, and all the more impressively because his own feelings are distinctly on the side of law and order; in fact, he at times yields to superfluous little outbursts of indignation at the errors of the nihilists, with a vigor that the reader could well spare.

The whole history of nihilism is one of the most interesting studies of the present times. Herzen and Bakunin led the revolt against the power of despotism, and with their hatred of a severe government they combined all that was to be learned from the socialism of Western Europe. Bakunin was most wild in his statements; everything was to go by the board, and on the ruins, after they were reduced to chaos, was to be built a new social system. If he could have procured a sufficient quantity of dynamite, he would have brought civilization to the condition of a powder-mill after an explosion. He was not a reformer, but a destroyer, a madman, but, as events have shown, he has found many followers. Büchner's famous book, Kraft und Stoff, is looked upon by the students as the expression of all truth, and Schopenhauer's philosophy is most warmly admired. There is something childlike in this thorough-going belief that many educated Russians feel for what the rest of the world looks at with less slavish adherence. This quality is but another form of the same docility that the lower orders of the Russians show for their Czar; only directed to new idols. Races that have an outlet for their energies are able to assimilate a vast number of theories, — the more contradictory they are, the better; they are not able to give so lasting attention to any one system of philosophy as to be able or willing to adopt it for a religion; they are distracted by a thousand cares, duties, and pleasures. But in Russia it was different: the curtain was lifted for a moment, Büchner and Schopenhauer were standing in full view, and the impression was at once made, as on a prepared plate of a photographer, where the torpor of Russian life gave no chance for blurring and confusion. Moreover, the hopelessness that the views of Büchner and Schopenhauer encouraged chimed in with the despair of the oppressed Slavs, and they were ready enough to applaud the men who, if they had tried, could not have flattered them more dexterously than by giving to their gloom the sanction of a system of philosophy.

The Germans have already shown us something of the same disposition to be greatly moved by theories in the paucity of more active interests, just as in our own country we see how a so-called practical life by its intensity diminishes the chance for interest in intellectual matters. How thoroughly the Russian government has warped the minds of the young by absurd restrictions is notorious, and it has only itself to blame if, after, so to speak, digging its own grave, it happens to fall into it. The theories of the young Russians may be as crude as the wild notions with which, say, young collegians half appall and half weary their elders in their vacations, for every generation has to worship for a season the false gods in fashion in its day, but the only cure for such enthusiastic narrowness is more light, not repression. Repression has made nihilism the expression of political despair. What would be a healthy effervescence is turned by subjection into a most alarming danger.

In Arnando's book may be found copious extracts from the writings and speeches of Herzen and Bakunin, and a

curious *résumé* of a nihilist novel, which shows more clearly than anything the childishness of much of the enthusiasm of these fanatics. Childishness in adults, however, has to be met by treatment that shall correspond with the person's age, and not by personal chastisement and shutting up in closets; but those are the methods that the Russian government has seen fit to adopt, for its own greater injury, and nihilism seems but to thrive the more. The whole story is a curious one, and it presents so wide a contrast to our own difficulties that a study of Russian affairs might be of use to those who are accustomed to talk about the affinity between that country and the United States.

The only resemblance is that both enter late into the company of civilized nations, but from diametrically opposed quarters, — they struggling against despotism, and we against excessive license. Certainly, civilization is not yet wholly monotonous, however wide-spread may be the use of black hats, so long as these contradictory ways of looking at men's relations to one another are open to study. Pessimists may despair of our future, but think what a stock in trade they would have if they only lived in Russia, with the chance of a free trip to Siberia and plain fare there, at the expense of the government, if they gave expression to their melancholy forebodings!

DR. MUHLENBERG.

A BELIEF in Apostolic Succession does not preclude one from an independent belief in the continual appearance, even if in broken succession, of apostles whose credentials are to be found in their apostolic life. It has seemed to some that Dr. Muhlenberg was a man born out of due time, and that there was an anachronism in his flourishing in the nineteenth century. Both his familiar friends and strangers were wont to remark on a certain likeness in character and presence to St. John the Divine, and the repetition by him in varying forms of that doctrine of Christian brotherhood which is so emphatically announced in the older apostle's letters and gospel has made the comparison a natural one; yet no one can read Dr. Muhlenberg's Life,[1] and regard him as in any sense presenting an extinct or antiquated type of Christianity. The picturesqueness, so to speak, of his life, which has struck people so forcibly, had not a particle of unreality about it; there was no assumption of some obsolete phase of religious manners, nor was there any masquerading in devotion; the genuineness of his nature was utterly opposed to anything of this sort, but there was in him a poetic sensibility which led him to appropriate whatever was native to him in historic Christianity, and a poetic power which found expression less in verse than in a certain unique and very beautiful effort after the restoration of order in human life. He was a religious poet; but though his name in literature is joined to one or two musical hymns, the true place to look for his art is in the memorial movement, in the cluster of charities of which the Church of the Holy Communion and St. Luke's Hospital are the centres, and in St. Johnland. In the inception of these projects he showed the artist's power, as in their

[1] *The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg.* By ANNE AYRES. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

conception he had shown a poet's insight, and both the conceiving and the realization were marked by a genuine religious faith.

It is the merit of this delightful biography that, while it is written with no singular skill, it is unusually transparent as a medium through which to regard a remarkable man. There are no marks of suppression by the biographer; apparently her single aim has been to clear away whatever might withdraw the attention from her subject, and the book thus leads the reader on to the close with an unflagging interest. It is rare indeed to find so unpretending and so successful a piece of biographic work. There was everything in the subject to tempt an ambitious writer into making a fine portrait; as we have intimated, the character is so unique and its expression so original that it would have been easy to throw an air of improbability over the whole by emphasizing certain characteristics. As it is, the truthfulness of the picture is warranted by the unaffectedness with which it is painted.

It was Dr. Muhlenberg's fortune to be easily misunderstood. At a time when the church to which he belonged was timid and suspected he used its liturgical stores with a freedom and an effectiveness which startled his associates, and upon the Tractarian movement in the Church of England he was quickly identified with it in the minds of those who judged exclusively from a use of symbols and forms common to him and the English ritualists. He was himself attracted by the revival in England of ecclesiastical æsthetics, and for a moment seemed ready to be drawn into the deeper currents of the stream; but a resolute examination of the ground on which he stood was followed by a more positive assertion of his acceptance of what is known as the evangelical creed. The simple courage and sincerity of the man were displayed in his refusal to abandon practices and forms which he held to be historical in the church, and not the exclusive property of the new party, although associated with the doctrines of that party in most people's minds. Thus he was looked upon with suspicion both by the sacerdotalists and the evangelicals. It was not that he steered a middle course between these extremes, but that in a perfectly modest and unobtrusive manner he asserted his independence, and gave free expression to his belief and his poetic nature.

He was imagined by many also to be an unpractical enthusiast. The real truth was that Dr. Muhlenberg not only believed in the ideal which his generous and poetic nature perceived, but he regarded it as something to be made real, something of larger worth than dreams, and he had the patience and perseverance which put more practical men to shame. It was his magnificent faith which thus built St. Luke's Hospital and made it a real Hôtel Dieu, and the picture which is given of his own residence there and paternal charge is exquisitely beautiful. So his latest and we think his noblest dream of St. Johnland was precisely one of those poetic fancies which have stirred men to hopes and aspirations, but furnished him with a solid scheme to be labored over and achieved. A village expressing Christian socialism in definite outline was the result, and while the Life does not furnish us with all the details which we could wish of this very interesting experiment, enough is displayed to make the picture of the founder upon his eightieth birthday something more than the graceful sketch of a king in no-man's land. An endowment fund of twenty thousand dollars had been raised in connection with St. Johnland, and it was desired to make it known to him on that birthday: —

"He was induced to make the journey the evening before, so that he might

be rested for the demands of the morrow. He rose bright and well the next morning at an early hour, and the first event of the day was his acceptance, while yet in his chamber, of this grateful tribute. He was left alone with his emotions for a while; then a choir of voices broke out in song on the greensward northward of the house. Young and old had gathered below his windows at break of day, to wish him joy of his eighty years in the native birthday lyric sacred to his anniversary. He threw up the sash and looked out. It was a beautiful sight. Every upturned face, standing a little aslant that they might see him the better, was illumined by the newly risen sun, and beaming also with the pleasure of his presence. Leaning forward a little, that he might take in the whole, his countenance irradiated with holy love and his arms stretched out and over them in unspoken benediction, he stood there awaiting the termination of their singing. Scarcely had the last word died upon their lips, when his own voice, strong and sonorous, led them in "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then came the Lord's Prayer in heartiest accord, followed by a fervent, soul-breathing benediction, after which they dispersed for breakfast in the several families, and every household later had a brief, sweet visit from him. . . . In the afternoon came the ordinary festivities of the founder's birthday for the whole settlement, in the fine old grove. It was thought that the previous exertions of the day would make him unable to be among his children there; but in the midst of their hilarity, some one joyfully exclaimed, 'Why, there's Dr. Muhlenberg!' He had walked up alone from the house, and was pausing a moment on the brow of the hill to gaze upon the scene. His slender form stood out strongly against the golden autumnal sky, the soft, rich hues of which were all in harmony with the ripe saintliness of his well-nigh perfected spirit. He joined the holiday-makers, and all went as merrily as if that were not the last time he and his St. Johnlanders would ever be together again upon earth."

The institutions which he called into life may have a longer or shorter existence; they were built to endure, and they include principles which are no mere idle vagaries of an enthusiast; but the longest life possible to them can hardly add to the testimony which his character and ambition receive from them. The humility of the man, his unfeigned desire to serve, his ardent temperament husbanding all resources for positive beneficence, and his nature freely giving of its own abundance through channels only dreamed of by others, — these have a perennial charm as set forth in this unpretending and satisfying biography. To have known such a man even through a book is to have received an inspiration from heaven.

EMINENT ISRAELITES.

The fortunes of the Jewish race since its dispersion are known, and even comprehended; but it cannot be said that they form part of our working knowledge of history. When we view the Jews as a class, those of their qualities which strike the eye are such as command respect, and often esteem. But, unfortunately, inherited prejudices are not easily expelled the moral system; and we are still far from the time when, however great their individual worth, the

Jewish nationality shall be deemed free from taint. If the prejudice against them had continued to be the result merely of religious feeling, it would long since have died away, but for a long period this has served only to give color to a hatred which proceeds from still less creditable grounds: from the fact that the Jews are the greatest traffickers in the world's most indispensable commodity, money; and that they display a shrewdness, open-mindedness, and tireless industry which place them at an immense advantage in competing with their fellow-countrymen, whether Latins, Slavs, or Germans, wherever there is a fair field and no favor. That their superiority in certain mental and moral qualities is the sole still obtaining cause of the deeply rooted feeling against them we do not, of course, assert; but for other peculiarities of the race, the low character of the calling pursued by the majority and the filthy habits of their lower class, not they, but their Christian oppressors, are chiefly responsible. How, down to the French Revolution, Jews were in the main forced to earn a livelihood by means which their fellow-subjects either could not or would not practice is a story so familiar that we here need but to allude to it.

We have now before us a book[1] which the author believes to be unique in the English language, and which has been written, he tells us, with a view "to uproot prejudice, and to call forth among non-Israelites sentiments of respect for the ancient race," as well as "to instill into the hearts of Hebrews a love for their religion and people." This last purpose, we suppose, is the reason why the reader will seek in vain, among the hundred Jews whose lives are here described, for Felix Mendelssohn, or Heine, or Börne, or Lord Beaconsfield, or Gambetta, all of whom, in name, if not in spirit, discarded the faith of their ancestors. The long list contains, in fact, but one really famous name, that of Rothschild, but second-rate celebrities are fairly numerous, embracing, among politicians, Bamberger, Crémieux, Fould, and Lasker; Deutsch, D'Israeli, and Heilpin, among scholars; Halévy, Joachim, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Offenbach, and Rachel, among musicians; while philanthropy, literature, and the art of war are represented by Montefiore, Grace Aguilar, and Commodore Levy, of the United States navy. When a hundred lives are sketched in less than four hundred medium-sized pages, the result is necessarily a reference book rather than a literary production. We think the author's purpose would have been better served if he had chosen to illustrate the merits of his race by a quarter as many examples, telling the story of their lives with correspondingly greater detail. His selection of subjects, too, seems to us arbitrary; for how else account for the absence from his pages of so eminent and faithful German Jews as Henriette Herz, Johann Jacoby, and Ferdinand Lassalle? The most eminent American Jew, again, Judah P. Benjamin, is not mentioned. In spite, also, of "close inspection of cyclopædias and scattered biographical notices," the book is full of loose statements like this: "In 1801 the Landgrave or Elector of Hesse-Cassel . . . was obliged to flee on account of the approach of Napoleon, who, after the battle of Jena, had declared that ruler's estates forfeited." In 1801 the Hessian sovereign was not an elector, and the battle of Jena was not fought till 1806. The author should have said that in 1801 Rothschild became the landgrave's financial agent. Venice, again, did not become part of the kingdom of Italy in 1860, as here stated, nor is William IV. of Prussia a monarch known to history. The liberties which the author takes with the English language, also, may be improve-

[1] *Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century.* By Henry Samuel Morais. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. 1880.

ments, but they have not yet been sanctioned by usage. *Literator* is, perhaps, a desirable substitute for the French *littérateur*, but we fail to find it in the dictionaries; while constructions such as "The Rabbi devoted his leisure moments to dive into philosophy and history" we find entirely indefensible.

KOSSUTH'S MEMORIES OF EXILE.

Kossuth was the most famous, and perhaps the most worthy, of those rocket-like Continental statesmen who, for a few seconds, astonished the world by their brilliancy, only to vanish as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving their countrymen, dazed and blinded by the brightness of the temporary light, to struggle out of the political slough by the aid of ordinary luminaries. It is not want of success which discredits these men, but that intense egotism which made them stick by their hobbies, however inopportune, and persist in vain and fruitless dreaming when a sinking of personal prejudices would have materially assisted the cause they had at heart. The book now published under the modest and appropriate title of Memories of my Exile[1] is neither autobiography nor history, but consists of valuable materials for the historian of the Italian war of 1859, an episode of which it describes with a fullness which would be vainly sought for elsewhere. It will be remembered that after the breaking up of the revolutionary government in 1849 its head withdrew to Turkey, where he was kept two years in prison, after which he traveled extensively in England and in this country, everywhere receiving ovations, and being welcomed with an enthusiasm which now, on account of the more critical and understanding spirit with which the public views foreign politics, it would be impossible to excite. Such as it was, however, Kossuth enjoyed an immense amount of popular sympathy, of which no one, we suppose, stands in such need as a man who has failed in a great undertaking. But the years subsequently passed in exile, as we see from this volume, brought with them comparative wisdom and moderation, and, while Kossuth's sincerity has never been questioned, such proofs as are here given of political tact and sense were urgently needed.

In the war which Austria began in 1859 to maintain its supremacy in Italy, it was obliged to depend, in a large measure, upon Hungarian troops, while the fear of a Hungarian insurrection was as effectual as another French army would have been in bringing about the peace of Villafranca. It does not appear that Napoleon III. cared anything about the Hungarian cause, but he would have been a very incapable politician if he had neglected to take advantage of the situation. Kossuth was the most suitable agent for forwarding the emperor's plans in this direction, and the former was very willing to aid the French in Italy, provided an equivalent were rendered in Hungary. But he had good reasons for supposing that Napoleon wished to use his countrymen only as cat's-paws, and the highest claim which he possesses upon their gratitude and the world's respect is that he saw through and frustrated this design, and, while materially aiding the anti-Austrian cause, prevented useless shedding of Hungarian blood.

[1] *Memories of my Exile.* By Louis Kossuth. New York: D. Apppleton & Co. 1880.

It was in May, 1859, that Kossuth was invited to come to Paris to confer with the emperor and his cousin, Prince Napoleon. If the war which was soon to begin should bring about Hungarian independence, his grateful countrymen, Kossuth assured the prince, would "offer him the crown of St. Stephen." But the latter, though undoubtedly a friend to the Hungarian cause, irrespective of its bearings upon the military strength of Austria, was evidently not dazzled by the prospect, and perhaps did not have so entire faith in the exile's ability to procure his elevation as that hero himself cherished. The importance which Kossuth attributed to himself is shown by his remarks to the prince on this occasion. "Without my coöperation," he said to him, "though isolated outbreaks might be attempted, it would be impossible to induce people to rise in sufficient numbers to give the movement the force of a national revolution. . . . While I live, and do not nullify myself politically or morally, the question of Hungarian independence is, and will remain, so completely identified, in the feelings of the people of Hungary, with my name and person that if, without my assent, they were called upon to take up arms, the summons would be received by the masses with hesitation and distrust. People would say, 'The thing is suspicious. Why does not Kossuth take part in it? It cannot be right. Let us await what he says to it.'"

Kossuth demanded that the proposed insurrection should await the appearance of a French army on Hungarian soil. The emperor, however, was unwilling to promise this until he should receive satisfactory assurances of England's neutrality. These the exile at once offered to procure him, and he kept his word. The interest in the Hungarian cause with which he inspired certain members of the so-called Manchester party brought about a coalition between them and the whigs which resulted in the defeat of the tory cabinet. This change of ministry was not destined to decide the fate of Hungary, however, as Kossuth had hoped, but it proved of immense service to the emperor, especially with reference to the cession of Savoy. As regards the Hungarians, the incident was merely another illustration of the scriptural injunction, Put not your trust in princes.

All the other plans described in the volume before us ended in failure, and this episode concerns English and French politics rather than Hungarian. From England, Kossuth went to Genoa, there to superintend the formation of a Hungarian army, composed mainly of prisoners of war. At the same time negotiations were undertaken with a view to obtain the participation in the war of the Danubian principalities, — intrigues here described with great detail, but possessing the slightest interest, because the sudden end of the war brought them to an untimely end. The newspapers of July 8th announced an armistice, which "news struck us like a thunderbolt. Soon after, Pietri handed me an autograph letter addressed to him by the emperor. I wept like a child, and could scarcely read it. The contents of the letter were to the following effect: . . . 'Tell M. Kossuth that I am extremely sorry that the liberation of his country must now be left alone. I cannot do otherwise. But I beg him not to lose heart, but to trust to me and the future. Meanwhile, he may be assured of my friendly feelings towards him, and I beg him to dispose of me with regard to his own person and his children.' When I came to this part of the letter, I could not control myself sufficiently to prevent my revolted feelings from venting themselves in bitter exclamation. 'Yes, yes!' I said, 'such are those crowned heads! Such is their idea of the creature that is called "man!" To the wind with the fatherland! A bag full of

money to the man, and he will console himself. Senator, pray tell your master that his majesty the emperor of the French is not rich enough to offer alms to Louis Kossuth, and Louis Kossuth is not mean enough to accept them.' "

The peace of Villafranca, however unexpected by the Italians and Hungarians, and displeasing to them, was, as to the other combatants, dictated by every consideration of sound politics. France had fulfilled its contract with Sardinia, and was entitled to receive the stipulated reward in the cession of Savoy and Nice. It had therefore no motive for continuing the war, and excellent reasons for not doing so, being threatened by the popular movement in South Germany, and by no means ill satisfied with the limitation of Sardinian expansion to the provinces already acquired. On the other hand, it was less the defeats of Solferino and Magenta than the fear of Hungary and Prussia which forced the Austrians to give up the game. In the end, too, it happened that Italy lost nothing by the arrangement, while the delay in the granting of Hungarian independence was made to serve another good cause in 1866.

RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

Channing is, without doubt, the chief ornament of the American pulpit. Like nearly all men illustrious in the religious life, he has won a kindlier and wider regard by his character than by his opinions, because the moods of devotion are simple and are universal in human nature, while opinion in theology is more variable and eccentric, and in some degree more accidental, than in any other branch of speculation. The deepest interest of his life lies not so much in the fruit of his genius as in the light of his spirit. Indeed, this acknowledgment is wrapped up in the indiscriminate eulogy by which his admirers have injured his fame, for they have presented him as a saint rather than as a thinker, as an example of ideal living rather than as a finder of truth. To put a man in the catalogue of saints is merely to write his epitaph; his life is the main thing, and Channing, although his biography[1] records no great deeds in the world and no great crises of inner experience, is not alone in being far more interesting in his humanity than in his canonization. A refined and sensitive childhood, shadowed in some partially explained way, so that he never remembered it as a period of joyfulness, was followed by a spirited and dreaming youth, caught by the fervors of French revolutionary ideas and exalted by its own noble motives. In those early years, as well as in his late maturity, he experienced, on the beach at Newport and under the willows at Cambridge, moments of insight and impulse which stood out ever after in his memory as new births of the spirit prophetic of the future. His career was especially determined, however, by the twenty-one months which he passed at Richmond as a private tutor, immediately after leaving college. There, in loneliness and poverty, in stoical disregard of health and courting privation, in Christian conscientiousness of motive,

[1] *The Life of William Ellery Channing, D. D.* The Centenary Memorial Edition. By his Nephew, William Henry Channing. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1880.

Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

William Ellery Channing. A Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

led on by glowing reveries in which visionary objects seemed realities within reach, he devoted himself in written words to the service of mankind by the instrumentalities of religion. It is painful to read the narrative of this intense personal life in the years most susceptible to enthusiasm for remote and ideal ends; there can be no wonder that after such experience he returned home with the seal of the religious life set upon his soul, and with a body inexorably condemned to life-long disease. He entered upon his ministry in the field where he could best do good and find peace in doing it; morally the child of the New England religious spirit, and intellectually the disciple of those ideas of the nature of humanity and the right course of its development which the French Revolution had disseminated. Throughout his life he was governed mainly by a deep sense of the dignity of manhood, under whatever form, and by an abiding conviction of the aid which Christianity gives to the imagination and heart in obeying the rule of love and obtaining permanent peace of mind.

The most acute criticism ever passed upon Channing's character was by that unnamed critic who said, "He was kept from the highest goodness by his love of rectitude." The love of rectitude was his predominant trait; he was enslaved by it. He exacted more of himself, however, than of others. Right he must be, at all hazards, in motive, opinion, and action. It is melancholy to read page after page of his self-examination, so minute, intricate, and painful, so frequent and long continued. It almost awakens a doubt of the value of noble character to find it so unsure of itself, to see its possessor so absorbed in hunting his own shadow within the innermost retreats of thought and feeling. Channing seems to have preached more sermons to himself than to the world. His love of rectitude led him to this excessive conscientiousness, but it brought him great good in other directions. It gave him a respect for the opinions of other men as catholic as it was humble. He did not practice toleration toward them, for that expression implied to his mind a misplaced self-confidence; but he practiced charity, as toward men who felt equally with himself the binding force of the obligation to be right, and who had an equal chance of finding truth. His conviction of the universality of this obligation and his perception that it necessitates the independent exercise of individual powers encouraged in him a remarkable admiration for individuality, for the unhampered exercise of thought and unquestioned obedience to motive in which the richness of individual life consists. His second great quality, as pervasive and controlling as his desire to be right, was sensibility. It was revealed in the sympathies and affections of private life, which are known to the world only by the report of friends; but it may be seen with equal clearness in the intensity of his delight in nature, and in the ardent feeling by which he realized ideal ends and gave them a living presence in his own life as objects of continuous effort. His sensitiveness to natural beauty was so keen that in moments of physical weakness it caused pain. "There are times," he wrote, "when I have been so feeble that a glance at the natural landscape, or even the sight of a beautiful flower, gave me a bodily pain from which I shrank." As life drew on to its end, the indestructible loveliness of nature became to him a source of joy and peace ever more prized. "The world grows younger with age!" he exclaimed more than once. In emotional susceptibility to ideas he resembled Shelley, and probably it was this likeness of feeling which led him to call Shelley, in ministerial language, but with extraordinary charity for that age, "a seraph gone astray." He retained through life the intellectual sympathies of his youth, and in his last days still had an inclination toward com-

munity of property as the solution of the social problem; like Wordsworth and Southey he recoiled from the excesses of the French, but he never gave up the tricolor for the white cockade. In his generation nearly all men were hopeful of the accomplishment of beneficent reforms; but Channing was filled with an enthusiasm of hope which was almost the fervor of conviction. He was without that practical enthusiasm which is aroused by the presence of great deeds immediately to be done; the objects for which he worked were far in the distance, scarcely discernible except from the mount of vision; but he was possessed by the enthusiasm which is kindled by the heat of thought and is wrapped in its own solitary flames, and he lived under the bright zenith of that mood of which Carlyle has shown us the dark nadir and Teufelsdröch standing in its shadow gazing out over the sleeping city. These three principles — rectitude, sensibility, enthusiasm — were elemental in Channing's nature; and because they are moral, and not intellectual, he lived a spiritual rather than a mental life; he gained in depth rather than in breadth, and worked out his development by contemplation and prayer rather than by thought and act.

It appears strange, at first, that a man with these endowments should have been so conservative in opinion, and so little inclined to force upon the world what advanced opinions he did hold. A lover of truth unwilling to make proselytes, an enthusiast unwilling to act, seems an anomaly; but such was Channing's position. One cause of his aversion to pushing Unitarianism to its conclusion is found in the history of his own conversion and in the character of his attachment to the new faith. He was a revolter of the heart; he was liberalized by his feelings. "My inquiries," he said, "grew out of the shock given to my moral nature by the popular system of faith." He was moved by sentiment in his rejection of Calvinism, and he was kept by sentiment from giving up the theory of the mysterious character and mission of Christ. The strength of his feelings operated to render him conservative, and the low estimate he apparently placed upon logical processes contributed to the same end. "It is a good plan," he wrote, "ever and anon to make a clean sweep of that to which we have arrived by logical thought, and take a new view; for the mind needs the baptism of wonder and hope to keep it vigorous and healthy for intuition." The voice is the voice of Wordsworth. Either this distrust of the understanding working by logical processes, or else a native inaptitude for theological reasoning, prevented him from following out his principles to their conclusion. If he had framed a system, he would have held his views with greater certainty; as it was, he not only allowed the greatest liberty to individual opinion, but he distrusted himself. "You young thinkers," he said, "have the advantage of us in coming without superstitious preoccupation to the words of Scripture, and are more likely to get the obvious meaning. *We* shall walk in shadows to our graves." The strength of inbred sentiment could not be overpowered by this feeble intellectual conviction. He was a moral, not an intellectual, reformer; his work was not the destruction of a theology, but the spread of charity. He felt more than he reasoned, and hence his rationalism was bounded, not by the unknown, but by the mystical. He was satisfied with this, and does not seem to have wished to make a definite statement of his beliefs. The whole matter is summed up by Miss Peabody when she says, "The Christianity which Dr. Channing believed . . . was a spirit, not a form of thought." A spirit of devotion toward the divine, a spirit of love toward the human, Channing preached to the world and illustrated by his life; but a new form of thought which shows the intel-

lectual advance that alone is fatal to conservatism, — this was no part of his gift to men.

In the antislavery cause his conservatism appears in a less pleasing light. Here he exhibited the scholar's reluctance to initiate reform, the scholar's perplexity before the practical barriers in the way of action. He was displeased by the rude voices about him, and frightened by the violence of determination which the reformers displayed. He looked to find the peace of the pulpit in the arena, and was bewildered by the alarms of the active strife. He did not choose his side until the last moment, and even then he delayed until he called down the just rebuke of May and the just defense that reformer made for his comrades: "The children of Abraham held their peace until at last the very stones have cried out, and you must expect them to cry out like the stones." Then, indeed, Channing showed that he was a Falkland on Cromwell's side, not acting without a doubt, but taking his place, nevertheless, openly and manfully beside the friend whom he had left alone too long. Yet he never lost, even in that stirring cause, the timidity of culture. He was of the generation of those cultivated men who earned for Boston the reputation for intellectual preëminence; but the political future of the country did not belong to him nor to his companions; it belonged to Garrison and Lincoln. Here it is that Father Taylor's keen criticism strikes home: "What a beautiful being Dr. Channing is! If he only had had any education!" Channing's education had been of the lamp, and not of the sword; it seemed to Father Taylor pitifully narrow and palsy-stricken beside his own large experience of the world's misery. Channing's life affords one more illustration of the difficulty the cultivated man finds in understanding and forwarding reform in its beginning; but he deserves the credit of having rid himself of the prejudices and influences that marked the society in which he moved, to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other of his circle.

The value of Channing's work in religion and in reform will be differently rated by men, for his service was of a kind which is too apt to be forgotten. The intrinsic worth of his writings remains to be tested by time; but their historic worth, as a means of liberalizing the New England of his day, was great and memorable. He gave his right hand to Emerson and his left hand to Parker; and, although he could not accompany them on the way, he bade them Godspeed. It was, perhaps, mainly through his influence that they found the field prepared for them and the harvest ready, although he would not put his sickle in. It was largely due to him, also, that Boston became the philanthropic centre of the country. During his life-time he won a remarkable respect and admiration. An exaggerated estimate of his eloquence, powers, and influence will continue to be held so long as any remain alive who heard his voice and remember its accents; in later times a truer judgment may be reached. Personally he was amiable, kindly, and courteous, notwithstanding the distance at which he seems to have kept all men. Dr. Walker said that conversation was always constrained in his study. In his nephew's narrative, it is said that the interview with him was "solemn as the visit to the shrine of an oracle." He himself tells Miss Peabody, after their friendship had lasted several years, that she had "the awe of the preacher" upon her. Finally, we read that no man ever freely laid his hand upon Channing's shoulder; and we wonder whether he ever remembered that St. John had "*handled* the Word made flesh." This self-seclusion, this isolation of sanctity, as it were, did not proceed from any value he set upon himself above his fellows; it was the natural failing of a man who lived

much within himself, and who always meditated the loftiest of unworldly themes. He was a faithful and well-beloved friend; and if in this, as in other directions, he "failed of the highest goodness," there are few in the same walk of life who attain to equal sincerity, charity, and purity, or equal serviceableness to the world.

Buckle belonged to a far different order of mind. In the interest which attaches to him, the personal element, the exhibition of qualities of character in his human relations, had little place. He shared in the world's work by the exercise of mental powers over which his circumstances had slight influence. His life as a thinker was separated from his life as a man among men by an unusually sharp line. In respect to the genesis of his opinions, or their gradual modification, there is no other record than his history affords. His biographer gives us only the details of his private life,[1] and these are of the scantiest description. Born a sickly child, he grew up untrained to any scholarly habits, practically an unschooled boy. That, under such circumstances, he should have formed at the age of twenty a vast plan for historical investigation, involving the labor of a life-time, and should have pursued it with undeviating singleness of aim until his early death, was a remarkable instance of the self-assertion of genius. It was his good fortune not to be hindered in early years by the necessity of earning a livelihood; but he was also unchecked by any of the distracting influences which beset men in every station. The task which he had chosen satisfied his ambition, and left no room for the interference of other lesser aims; he had no desire for any success inferior to the fame which he confidently awaited. He admitted into his heart no affection except that which he bore his mother in return for her singular devotion to him and her intellectual sympathy. The absorption of all his energies in his work left him dull to nature. "When one is in the country," he writes, "there is nothing to do but to look inward, for neither the brogue of the peasants nor the bleating of the sheep is sufficiently suggestive to direct the mind without. . . . If it remains as fine, I shall think less harshly of nature than formerly." And again he speaks of the uselessness of "those vacant raptures which the beauties of nature are apt to suggest." So unmoved by the ordinary ambitions of the world, so limited in the scope of his affections and in his appreciation of beauty, all that made Buckle an uncommon man was the extraordinary intelligence which he was master of, and which he used with such persistence and certainty. He spent his life in his study, reading, generalizing, writing, gathering his materials, formulating his conclusions, perfecting his style. At length, after fifteen years of unnoticed labor, the first chapters were printed, and he was famous. But he had already begun to recognize the limitations of capacity and time which confronted him with the prospect of failure. His ambition had become a source of pain; however he might narrow his field and simplify his plan, he knew his work would never be accomplished. "To break down," he writes, "in the midst of what, according to my measure of greatness, is a great career, and to pass away and make no sign, — this, I own, is a prospect which I now for the first time see is possible, and the thought of which seems to chill my life as it creeps over me." Six years later he lay dead at Damascus. What he foresaw was possible had come to pass; he was cut off with hardly the introduction to his great work finished.

The striking thing in this story is the emptiness of personal experience which it discloses. Buckle seems never to have

[1] *The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle.* By Alfred Henry Huth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

lived familiarly with men as his fellows; he was brought into intimate relations with few persons, and those were not of a high order of mind. He had no interests outside of himself, except in his mother's welfare; when she died he was left pitiably alone. "I keep my affections alive by reading Shakespeare," he said. What a confession is there! In his later years he cared for a nephew who died, and for the two boys who accompanied him on his journey to the East, his attachment to whom is touching by its very singularity. This poverty of his personal experience and the silence Buckle kept concerning his intellectual life make his biography meagre in substance. The extent of his reading, the tenacity of his memory, the brilliancy of his conversation, and his skill in chess are spoken of at length; many letters are given, but the greater number of them, although about literary matters, are as purely business letters as if they concerned groceries; a detailed account of his travels is also printed. It would be unfair, perhaps, to judge Buckle by what is here reported of his talk; his tone is often too strikingly like that of a man forced to reply to the commonplaces of mediocrity. If his conversational powers were brilliant, he was in a dull mood when he visited these companions; there is not a saying here which is worth preservation. It is a misfortune that Buckle did not have an equal friend, for his life would have been enriched thereby, and our knowledge of him might have been more adequate. As it was, he did not unveil himself to any one; and consequently his truest biography, the record of his real life, must be read in his great work, — the history which, notwithstanding its errors, was and is a powerful intellectual influence, and will remain a monument of a young man's self-contained devotion to a philosophic end, extraordinary in any age and unexampled in our own.

Mr. Darwin's preliminary notice of his grandfather which is prefixed to Dr. Krause's essay,[1] and occupies the larger half of the volume, is a model of simple, compact, and entertaining biography. In the first pages the presence of the eighteenth century is felt, and before one has read far he discovers that Erasmus Darwin had a large share of that capacity for vigorous work, that heartiness and hardihood, that broad common sense and incisive worldly prudence, which marked the Englishmen of that age. He was a man of many affairs. He was a physician whom his profession complained of for being a philosopher, and a philosopher whom his contemporaries in philosophy sneered at as a doctor; he was, besides, a poet whom Cowper gracefully ranked before himself. In medicine he was not only famous as a practitioner, but he anticipated the future by his theory of the use of stimulants in fevers and of the treatment of the insane, and by his acquaintance with the relation between convulsion and insanity, and with the facts recently discovered by Rosenthal in his experiments upon the blood. In philosophy he investigated many of the problems which his grandson has solved in regard to "adaptation, the protective arrangement of animals and plants, sexual selection, insectivorous plants," and the like. Of course it is not meant that he established his hypotheses, or that his views did not materially differ from those now held. In such speculation he was the precursor of Lamarck, and Dr. Krause feels justified in saying that "he was the first who proposed and consistently carried out a well-rounded theory with regard to the development of the living world, — a merit which shines forth most brilliantly when we compare with

[1] *Erasmus Darwin.* By ERNST KRAUSE. Translated from the German by W. S. DALLAS. With a Preliminary Notice by CHARLES DARWIN. Portrait and Wood-Cuts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

it the vacillating and confused attempts of Buffon, Linnæus, and Goethe." He was not content, however, with the investigation of nature, but, although a disbeliever in revelation, he sometimes speculated upon religious rather than scientific matters. His argument in favor of the goodness of God as shown in the law of the survival of the fittest is curious. "Beasts of prey," he says, "more easily catch and conquer the aged and infirm, and the young ones are defended by their parents. . . . By this contrivance more pleasurable sensation exists in the world. . . . Old organizations are transmigrated into young ones. . . . Death cannot so properly be called positive evil as the termination of good." Hence he concludes all the strata of the world "are monuments of the past felicity of organized nature, and consequently of the benevolence of the Deity!" Such passages, however, are very few, and it was not on their account, but because of his scientific views, that the word "Darwinize" was coined to express the greatest rashness and uselessness of speculative inquiry. As a poet no one would now give him any rank; but Horace Walpole, that gentleman whose taste was the quintessence of eighteenth-century refinement, said of one passage, beginning,

> "'Let there be light!' proclaimed the Almighty Lord,
> Astonished chaos heard the potent word,"

that it was "the most sublime passage in any author, or in any of the few languages with which I am acquainted." Even Dr. Krause says that hardly any similar attempt since the time of Lucretius has been so successful. Mr. Darwin's estimate of his ancestor's poetic work as an example of extraordinary command of language for the presentation of visible objects to the mind is, however, the highest praise which the judgment of our generation will approve.

But besides being a physician, philosopher, and poet, Erasmus Darwin found time for many subordinate pursuits. In mechanical invention he was especially ingenious. He made a contrivance for grinding flints, and left "schemes and sketches for an improved lamp, . . . a manifold writer, a knitting loom, a weighing machine, a surveying machine, a flying bird," and for many other inventions, some of which, such as his plan of a canal lock and a rotatory pump, have since been used under improved forms. He contrived a talking-machine and a peculiar kind of carriage. Indeed, his genius in this direction seems to have been as great as in other ways. He also founded a philosophical society, supported the cause of temperance among the first, suggested theatrical devices for the parliamentary orators who attacked the slave-trade, and gave much time to private charity. Occasionally his benevolence brought him strange returns of gratitude, as when the horse-jockey stole into his chamber at night to tell him not to bet on the favorite, and when the highwayman let him pass without demanding his purse. These private pursuits added to his professional and literary labors made his life a full one; but he kept at work until death, at the age of seventy, and said to his son, who advised him to retire from active duties, "It is a dangerous experiment, and generally ends either in drunkenness or hypochondriacism."

The glimpses of his personality and the scraps of his conversation which are here given are all of interest, and throw light upon his character. There is nothing better than the tolerably well-known epigram reported by Mr. Edgeworth: "A fool, Mr. Edgeworth, you know, is a man who never tried an experiment in his life;" but there are other sayings from the same mint. His letters show the keenness of his mind. One must go to Dickens for anything like the frank, worldly wisdom of his advice to the young apothecary, which one can

hardly read as a sober production even of that age. Living at that time, he met Dr. Johnson, as a matter of course. It is not difficult to fancy the interview between the two, which tradition reports was not agreeable to either of them. It is easy to fancy, too, his majesty George the Third repeating over and over, "Why does not Dr. Darwin come to London? He shall be my physician if he comes." The aged doctor would not go to the court, but kept on in the old way. It is not only George the Third and Dr. Johnson, and card-tables, copies of verses, and country manners, which give to this biography the true tone of the time. Dr. Darwin was himself a most characteristic product of the age, although in so many and so important ways he was a prophet of the age to come. He was not quite so well satisfied with his period, however, as most of his contemporaries. "Common sense," he said, "would be improving when men left off wearing as much flour on their heads as would make a pudding; when women left off wearing rings in their ears, like savages wear nose-rings; and when fire-grates were no longer made of polished steel." Some of these changes have come to pass; but the eighteenth century is still held up as the era of common sense, from which this generation may learn wisdom. Mr. Darwin has compressed so much into this small volume that it is useless to attempt to give more than a fragmentary idea of what it contains. In view of the frequent mention of Erasmus Darwin in modern scientific books, the account of his work was well worth relating from a purely historical point of view, as in Dr. Krause's excellent essay; and to this the biographical notice is a valuable and extremely interesting addition.

The last biography to be noticed is that of Elihu Burritt.[1] He was as complete a contrast to Darwin as Buckle was to Channing. He was an extraordinarily unpractical man. He was attached to visionary philanthropic causes, for the advancement of which he gave his mature manhood. At a comparatively early period he left off the study of languages, by which he first won notice; and although his perseverance in the effort to raise himself from a blacksmith's forge to the higher walks of literature deserves to be remembered with great praise, yet it is justly doubted whether his mastery of the great number of languages he endeavored to acquire was real, and it is clear that they were of no practical use to him. He enlisted himself in the peace movement, and went about the world to agitate the cause. He gained a varied experience, he met many illustrious men, but he never saw any practical result of his labors. The only measure of which he secured the adoption was the establishment of ocean penny-postage, and for that he deserves recognition beside Sir Rowland Hill as a benefactor of mankind. The numerous volumes he published were nearly all of passing interest; his literary criticism was valueless. He exhibited the same qualities in private as in public life; he was attractive, amiable, and benevolent. He will be remembered as the self-made scholar and as the missionary of philanthropy; these two aspects of his life are pleasantly and simply presented by his biographer.

[1] *Elihu Burritt.* A Memorial Volume, containing a Sketch of his Life and Labors, with Selections from his Writings and Lectures, and Extracts from his Private Journals in Europe and America. Edited by CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I MET my friend Miss Blackstone on the street the other day, and was surprised to see her looking so well. Five years ago she was one of my patients, and I own I thought her a hopeless case of nerves.

"The world has used you well since we met," I observed.

"No, indeed," she answered gayly; "it has used me wretchedly. I have been on the eve of suicide most of the time. The tide turned, however, about a month ago, which accounts for my good spirits."

"That may be, but I should not think it could account for your avoirdupois and your rosy cheeks and firm step. It takes more than a month to get over general debility."

"Oh, yes, but I got well long ago, in the very midst of my suicidal schemes."

This astonished me. My previous experience of this lady had led me to think there was an unusually close connection between her body and mind, and I said so.

"I used to think so myself," replied Miss Blackstone; "but I have discovered several things of late years not formerly dreamt of in my philosophy, and as it is too bad that a physician like you should sometimes lend his countenance to a sentimental fiction, merely because he allows his kind and sympathetic heart to deceive him, I have a great mind to tell you what I have learned, — that is, if you have time for a stroll across the Common with me." Of course I was all curiosity and attention.

"You see," said Miss Blackstone, confidentially, "we all like to think we are such finely organized beings that a breath of sorrow will wither us, and we take a certain pride in thinking we may disregard all the laws of health, and yet bloom on just as long as we have our own way about everything. I have a friend who is killing herself by embroidering her clothing, sewing ten or twelve hours a day, and she attributes her feeble condition entirely to the conduct of her lover. It is easy enough to let your mind destroy your body. I could make myself bilious in ten minutes if I should try, especially if any one said an unkind word to me."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that I have heard you declare frequently that no medicine would do you good as long as circumstances were obdurate."

"So you have," she admitted, "and I thought I told the truth. Still, I took the powders you gave me, and felt better. Of course a change in circumstances would have cured me sooner, but I reflected that it was better to be cured by medicine than not cured at all. And if I must be wretched I would rather be so in mind alone than in both mind and body. So I have faithfully observed the laws of health ever since I found them out."

"I am thankful to find you were so much less nervous than I supposed. I did not believe common sense could do so much for you."

"On the contrary, I do not believe you ever could have exaggerated the state of my nerves. It makes me shudder to think of it. I know I should have been insane if I had not used mental anodynes."

Naturally, I inquired her meaning.

"To begin at the beginning," she replied seriously, "when a great sorrow befalls us, for which our own acts are in no manner responsible, I believe it may be met with a noble fortitude and resignation; that we need not try to lull our sorrow to sleep, but we may accept it and be ennobled by it. I have not been able to meet my own sorrows in this

spirit always, but I believe it is possible. Now I cannot tell you what my trials for the past few years have been. I will simply say that the greater part of each day I have been beset by worrying, irritating cares, which have been to me as if I were pricked with pins incessantly. Worst of all, I was responsible for them. I could not in conscience lay them aside, nor had I the capacity to meet them. To illustrate, suppose some one proposed to you to read Sanskrit, in order to save your wife from the guillotine. You would be sure to try, though you would know you could not do it when you began; and you would probably feel very nervous, and I doubt if the discipline would be ennobling."

"But what has this to do with mental anodynes?" I suggested modestly.

"I am coming to that. I knew that nervousness would not help me to read Sanskrit, and that without it I might guess at a word here and there. And then I hate to be nervous, because it makes me so uncomfortable. So, for one thing, I read novels when I had any spare time. That was generally after I had gone to bed, and of course I risked my eyesight. But as it was a question between eyes and nerves, I felt justified.

"I began with the best novels. But I found they generally asserted you could read Sanskrit, or do any other desirable thing, if you only thought you could, and that added the pangs of conscience to my preliminary nervousness; so these novels ceased to be an anodyne, and I threw them aside.

"Then I remembered that when Carlyle's manuscript for the second volume of the French Revolution was burned he read Marryatt's novels from morning till night for some months, wondering all the time how the author could be such an idiot as to write them. I used the same anodyne with considerable success. I think I must have read every second-rate novel in the English language by this time."

"Are you sane?" I asked, in some consternation.

"No wonder you ask," she said. "But you know I am going to tell you the truth for the benefit of your patients. Have you any idea how the Wandering Jew and the Count of Monte Cristo will minister to a mind diseased?"

I shook my head. If any one must have novels, let him have the best.

"Sometimes I could read myself to sleep," continued she, "but not often, and so I was obliged to *think* myself to sleep. When I was moderately wretched, I could do this in a beautiful and high-minded way. I would think of all the pictures I had ever seen in detail, beginning with Raphael and coming down to Hunt. The slender thread of connection was soothing, and yet each picture was separate from every other, and could be thought of without any exertion. Sometimes I repeated poetry; but most poems I can remember are too short, and there comes a painful break, when one must wake up and think. The Snark is an exception. That is an almost infallible remedy for insomnia. Sometimes I used to recall all the woodland walks I had taken, and think where such a tree grew, what stone was covered with fern moss, and where the wood-thrush sang. Sometimes I fancied myself in a boat, and keeping time with imaginary oars; dreamed how far every stroke sent me along some of the lovely New England rivers I know.

"When I was too weak and nervous to concentrate my mind to such a degree as this, I fancied myself in a certain meadow, gathering violets. One by one I gathered them. You see each thought I had was beautiful, and the mental strain was nothing."

"Now this is lovely," said I; "I approve of your anodynes."

"Yes, I have Kant's own authority for such mild measures, though I did not stumble upon it till I had applied them. He says that when he suffered

so much from sleeplessness he found it necessary to let his thoughts follow some definite train, interesting enough to keep them from wandering, but not highly interesting so far as results are concerned. But the time came when mild measures failed. 'In lowest deeps there was a lower depth.' I found it necessary to give my fancies an essentially selfish direction, in order to allay the irritation of my nerves."

I looked at her in some dismay, and she laughed rather uneasily.

"I wish I had not begun to tell you the truth. However, my experience is unique, and may have its lessons. I deliberately fancied myself in possession of untold wealth; not because I wanted to use it for the benefit of others, or even to make the most of myself, but to lead an absolutely idle, luxurious life, without too palpably and directly oppressing others. I fancied myself lying in a beautiful upper chamber in a fine house, dressed in a wrapper of Eastern silk or gorgeous cashmere, waited on by servants whose light duties were so fabulously paid for that they scarcely regretted that they could not be as idle as I, — it was a peculiarity of my nervous state to believe that every one else must long for complete inaction as much as I did, — and seeing no one, reading nothing, doing nothing, thinking nothing. I fancied that I had a band of exquisite musicians in the house, who came at the call of a silver bell, and, hidden from sight in a curtained recess, played rare music for me when I chanced to be in the mood. I also had a companion, — not a friend, for I believed myself to be removed from every one I knew, — who lived in wonderful apartments next mine, and came at my bell to read poetry to me for a little while; not long, for it would have made me wretched to fatigue any one, no matter how extravagantly I was willing to pay for the fatigue."

"I suppose you had been taking opium," I remarked, as she paused to take breath.

"No, indeed. This was simply a mental anodyne, on which I had stumbled by chance. I fancied myself always lying there with a peaceful smile on my face, and if I thought at all simply breathing to myself the word 'Nirvana.'"

Being fresh from The Light of Asia and Johnson's India, I interrupted, with some heat. "Now, indeed, I cannot forgive you for desecrating such a word by giving it such a meaning."

"Do not think," she replied, quietly, "that I was for one moment so mistaken as to think my imaginary life approached Nirvana. But Nirvana, in its best sense, was then my highest aspiration, and in my worst moments I hoped it meant annihilation."

"How frightfully you must have been overworked!" I said, in despair of understanding her.

"Oh, no. On the contrary, my work was light. If I had been overworked, I could not have gained health and strength as I did. The difficulty was simply, as I told you, that it was my duty to do a kind of work for which I had no natural or acquired capacity. My life was worse than useless to others, though through no moral fault of mine, and only torture to myself."

"How long did this strange fancy comfort you?"

"Ten or twelve months, I should think, day and night. In all this time, I avoided every one, and my brain did no work whatever, as I was absorbed in my motionless dream. In the mean time, my health had become perfect. My headaches had vanished. I was strong and active, could walk miles, and my spirits overflowed when I chanced to meet friends."

I rubbed my eyes, thinking I must be dreaming myself, but she went on seriously: —

"By and by, my vision palled. I

found some relief in fancying myself dying, — that I slowly, slowly faded, until the spark of life went out."

I thought this both morbid and bad; but as I did not like to show any feeling, I merely said, "I suppose even so radical a remedy could only be temporary. What did you try next?"

"I have often wondered what I should have tried," said she. "I think it probable I should have committed suicide, though I have never felt any inclination to do so. But, happily, a sudden and one might almost say a providential change in my circumstances occurred, though I had deserved very little from Providence. My health being already perfect, of course the moment the burden rolled off I was overflowing with life and spirits. I enjoyed every ripple of every wave, every dancing ray of sunshine, every green leaf and delicate flower, and visions of beauty followed me to the very verge of peaceful and refreshing sleep."

"I should call your whole story utter nonsense," said I, "but for the indisputable fact that I know what your nerves once were, and I see you now in the most blooming health. But tell me honestly, do you not believe some less morbid remedy would have worked your cure? I ask it reverently, — would not religion help you?"

"I have asked myself that question again and again," she answered, rather sadly. "I can only say it did not help me. The more I tried to think and feel religiously, the more excited and unstrung I became. I do not believe the emotions are subject to the will, certainly not to my will, though I know the best people think otherwise, probably because they have a nobler and better-trained will. And you know I was trying to do conscientiously what I thought right, so that I was not placing myself in opposition to religion. Yet I truly believe that a person of more religious nature than I would have felt a deeper peace than all my anodynes could furnish. None the less do I feel sure that such a peace was out of my reach. Do not think I am speaking lightly when I say that religion could no more soothe my mind then than it could cure the toothache."

"But anodynes do not cure the toothache, you know," said I. "If the tooth is diseased it must come out. Pardon me if I ask whether, in spite of your health and spirits, you think you are thoroughly cured."

"I might hunt the metaphor to death by saying the tooth is out, since the intolerable circumstances are changed. But I see you have a grave doubt in your mind, and I will answer it. It is not true that I am on as high a spiritual or mental plane as I should have been without this experience, and certainly I should respect myself more if I had allowed the pain to kill me, rather than to stoop to use such anodynes. Still, I have a dim theory. It is nature, and not medicine, which works cures of every kind; but when a patient suffers acute pain, nature cannot act. Allay the pain if possible, and leave nature to do the rest. When I suffered the pain I could not rise above it. Now I am free from it, and though on a low moral plane it seems to me more like that of a child, as if I were beginning anew. I am weak because I have gained no strength. Suppose some light tasks should be set me now: perhaps I could do them; and perhaps years hence I shall have gained the strength necessary to meet such a task as that in which I have now utterly failed. Perhaps you will not understand the theory which circumstances have forced upon me. But, for me, it is worth while to think of it, at any rate."

A clock struck at that moment, and she hurried away to meet a train, but I found time for a last question: —

"I suppose I am to look upon this as a confidence? It is sacred to you?"

"Oh, no. Perhaps because I have used these mental anodynes so much, I am not in the least sensitive about their action, — no more sensitive than if I had dreamed all this, or than if the disease had been of the body and the medicines bought at the apothecary's."

I walked slowly away, pondering. Such results ought not to follow such causes, either physically or morally. But what shall we do in the face of facts? I am puzzled. Can any one help me?

— I claim that the most oppressed people, in the Northern States at least, is the great middle class, — that class that gives itself no airs and asks no favors.

It is snubbed, taken advantage of, and filched from by the class which cannot get any lower down; snubbed, etc., by certain of its own "set," who apparently labor under the apprehension that otherwise they will not be considered "good enough" for it; and snubbed, or coolly ignored, by the small upper class, whose fathers or grandfathers were for the most part proud of having risen into it.

To illustrate: Having occasion not long ago to travel in the horse-cars towards a place of popular resort, I asked the conductor if his route led directly thither.

"No," he replied; "there 's a coach that takes you the rest of the way."

Feeling sure the distance must be within a mile, and being minded to walk it if it were, I asked next, "How far is it from the end of your route?"

"I don't know. I never was there," was the reply, given in that unsympathetic tone that I think the traveling public are sufficiently familiar with to need no closer description.

"Why, I should think he would be *ashamed*, when he goes so near!" cried a lady emphatically, to whom I related the circumstance.

"But passengers ask such annoying questions!" says a tender-hearted male philanthropist.

Let no official think to stop a woman's tongue that way! No sooner is she snubbed than her brain is racked with questions *demanding* an answer. It was with great difficulty I refrained from asking that conductor how far he *guessed* it was; was it as much as or less than a mile; how long it took the coach to go and return; whether the horses looked tired when they came back, etc., and it was well that another man soon took his place, of whom I asked no questions, as I wished to travel the rest of the way on a footing of at least apparent equality.

On the return route, and when most of the car seats had each its five, — a tight fit, — there appeared on a street corner a woman of a class such as we do not have — as resident at least — in the rural districts. She was old, and tanned very brown as to her face and the bare, skinny arm with which she signed peremptorily for the car to stop. She had apparently emptied an old pillow of feathers to fill it with apples, and I shrank a little, our seat having only four, and thought, not altogether with bitterness, "He won't stop for her, — he won't *see* her!" But he did, and he stopped. She was told where to put her apples, and then another seat with four ladies was pointed out to her. When she reached her destination she signed as emphatically for the car to stop as when she wanted to get in, and going for her property she placed a dirty-looking cloth on her head, so indicating, and perhaps by words also, that the bag was to be placed there. The driver very good-naturedly lifted it on, and she trudged off, while I sighed with satisfaction, deciding that if one of us two must be snubbed that day it had better be the more fortunate.

Again, two ladies dressed in respectable mourning entered a steam train at a way-station. When the conductor came for the tickets the younger one asked him if he would assist the elder,

who seemed infirm, when she came to her journey's end. He might have taken her wish as an order, and intended to obey it, but he gave no sign that he so much as heard her, and the old lady, evidently doubting him, moved forward, to be near the door when the cars should stop. Seeing this, the young lady requested the assistance of a gentleman passenger, who had acknowledged her salutation when she entered. This favor was of course granted.

Again, I want a house built, and send for a carpenter — one who, being constantly engaged in building, would certainly be supposed to know the state of the markets and the price of labor — to make an estimate of the cost. Meantime the shrewdest Yankee of our town, learning of my project, fills my soul with terror by informing me that, whatever the carpenter says, I may rely on the actual cost as *double* his estimate, "just about double," — and the event proves him correct, usually.

My friend wants a drain constructed. Operations are begun, the kitchen sink is made unavailable for use, and there is a pause of a whole fortnight before he of the drain pipe comes again. She attempts to bring this forward to friends as a special grievance, but finds everybody is so used to it that she was simply "behind the times" in not having expected it.

Of course rich men suffer in a measure from this management of affairs by those who control labor, but their inconvenience is as nothing to that experienced by those to whom cost and time are important matters. To these it seems as if promises and estimates are mere forms to entrap the public.

If any one wishes to see the oppression of the middle class by the lower, he will find it in perfection when a dear old soul of a housewife comes to feel the need of "help," her children having married off and left her, only to increase her work by visits home. I have known such a case, where an Irish girl, considered an excellent domestic while employed in the family of a married son, when transferred to a place where "the help must be one of the family, of course," — that is, must eat with them, etc., — would do scarcely any work; as to eating, in the quaint language of the old lady, the girl "was down to the table when meals were ready, whether anybody else was there or not." A native born sovereign was next installed, who at once *adopted* herself, without being invited so to do; spoke of and to the master and mistress as "father" and "mother," and in all respects conducted herself as a daughter of the house. Though her forwardness was a little "wearing," still she was far better than the granddaughter of Ireland who came last, and who, regarding herself evidently as a grandchild of the family, assumed fitting language and conduct.

— How much genius must an author possess to justify him in turning a cold shoulder on Father Time, or, in a more savage mood, making a murderous assault upon the old gentleman? One of the principles of quaternions is that a crooked line between two points is the exact equivalent of a straight line between those points. My original ideas of value have been very much upset by learning this proposition, but still I cling to a remnant of my former conceptions, and ask whether there is any science of which an author may avail himself, to make his heroines grow old before they are born. One of the No Name Series is called His Majesty, Myself. Three young men, Trent, Thirlmore, and Guernsey, are among the chief characters. They are all brought more or less into relation with slavery as it existed here before the civil war. They all seem to admire the institution, and references to it are found throughout the book, from page 13, when Trent is sixteen years old, to page 288, when Guernsey announces a determination of his to

one of his slaves. A period of from twelve to fifteen years has presumably elapsed between these two events, as Trent is then grown up, married, and the father of children. In the first part of the book, in the account of some incident in Trent's college life, it is said that "Dr. McMasters . . . had no more idea of the awful woe that was impending than the rest of us." The neighboring text makes it evident that this sentence refers to the coming rebellion; and thus we not only learn that it had not then happened, but we gladly perceive that, however ill the anonymous writer may appreciate the causes which brought about that "awful woe," he does know that it actually came. A reference to a president of the United States who had once been governor of Virginia, who had betrayed his party, etc., fixes the date of the college life of the three heroes in the time of Tyler, 1840 to 1844. This would of course give time for the action of the story before 1861, but during their college life, Thirlmore and Trent become acquainted with their future wives, Peace and Revel Vandyke, and *this* is their history: Their grandfather, Professor Rodenstein, driven from Germany because of his participation in one of the revolutions of 1848 (the date is given) came to America, where his daughter married, and her twin girls were born in due, or rather in *un*due, time to become the loves and wives of these young gentlemen of a previous epoch. One of the jests of our war-time was a saying that it would have been ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he had never been born. Methinks that the converted Peace Thirlmore, in the last chapter of His Majesty, Myself, must have felt it worth many dollars in her depleted pocket that at least she need suffer no remorse because in her girlhood she had kept her lover from trying to save the life of Deacon Ruggles, since when she coldly watched the old man drown she had not even been born.

— A contributor to The Atlantic for June calls attention to the curious likeness discovered "between people and the numeral Arabic figures." My fancy has not led me in the same direction, but I am often impressed by a likeness in human faces and figures to all sorts of objects, animate and inanimate. With me, these comparisons are instantaneous operations of the mind, and often are so true as to impress with their justness persons not at all given to making them. A lady of my acquaintance is the only person I ever met with whom the exercise of this faculty amounted to a regular habit. Her fancies are always accurate and always amusing. An elderly gentleman, well known in our community, has been by her likened to an absent-minded rat; a young girl acquaintance to a house with all its doors and windows open; and an old negro's appearance brings an overwhelming conviction that his only food is oyster-shells. I have myself seen a gentleman whose likeness to an Irish potato was unmistakable; another who resembled a circus-tent; and once, while riding in a Baltimore street-car, I called a friend's attention to a youth who irresistibly reminded me of a broken paper lamp-lighter. My friend, too, at once saw the likeness, matter-of-fact man of business as he was. Our novelists have frequent recourse to such fancies; Dickens, notably so. The law of the association is not always easy to see, but in my case there is generally some prominent feature or other peculiarity to suggest the resemblance.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

I..

Under certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not,—some people of course never do,—the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country-house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours; but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five o'clock to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the interval could be only an eternity of pleasure. The persons concerned in it were taking their pleasure quietly, and they were not of the sex which is supposed to furnish the regular votaries of the ceremony I have mentioned. The shadows on the perfect lawn were straight and angular; they were the shadows of an old man sitting in a deep wicker-chair near the low table on which the tea had been served, and of two younger men strolling to and fro, in desultory talk, in front of him. The old man had his cup in his hand; it was an unusually large cup, of a different pattern from the rest of the set, and painted in brilliant colors. He disposed of its contents with much circumspection, holding it for a long time close to his chin, with his face turned to the house. His companions had either finished their tea or were indifferent to their privilege; they smoked cigarettes as they continued to stroll. One of them, from time to time, as he passed, looked with a certain attention at the elder man, who, unconscious of observation, rested his eyes upon the rich red front of his dwelling. The house that rose beyond the lawn was a structure to repay such consideration, and was the most characteristic object in the peculiarly English picture I have attempted to sketch.

It stood upon a low hill, above the river,—the river being the Thames, at some forty miles from London. A long

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gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of picturesque tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented itself to the lawn, with its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. The house had a name and a history; the old gentleman taking his tea would have been delighted to tell you these things; how it had been built under Edward the Sixth, had offered a night's hospitality to the great Elizabeth (whose august person had extended itself upon a huge, magnificent, and terribly angular bed which still formed the principal honor of the sleeping apartments), had been a good deal bruised and defaced in Cromwell's wars, and then, under the Restoration, repaired and much enlarged; and how, finally, after having been remodeled and disfigured in the eighteenth century, it had passed into the careful keeping of a shrewd American banker, who had bought it originally because (owing to circumstances too complicated to set forth) it was offered at a great bargain; bought it with much grumbling at its ugliness, its antiquity, its incommodity, and who now, at the end of twenty years, had become conscious of a real æsthetic passion for it, so that he knew all its points, and would tell you just where to stand to see them in combination, and just the hour when the shadows of its various protuberances — which fell so softly upon the warm, weary brickwork — were of the right measure. Besides this, as I have said, he could have counted off most of the successive owners and occupants, several of whom were known to general fame; doing so, however, with an undemonstrative conviction that the latest phase of its destiny was not the least honorable. The front of the house, overlooking that portion of the lawn with which we are concerned, was not the entrance front; this was in quite another quarter. Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished, like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich-colored rugs, with the books and papers that lay upon the grass. The river was at some distance; where the ground began to slope, the lawn, properly speaking, ceased. But it was none the less a charming walk down to the water.

The old gentleman at the tea-table, who had come from America thirty years before, had brought with him, at the top of his baggage, his American physiognomy; and he had not only brought it with him, but he had kept it in the best order, so that, if necessary, he might have taken it back to his own country with perfect confidence. But at present, obviously, he was not likely to displace himself; his journeys were over, and he was taking the rest that precedes the great rest. He had a narrow, clean-shaven face, with evenly distributed features, and an expression of placid acuteness. It was evidently a face in which the range of expression was not large; so that the air of contented shrewdness was all the more of a merit. It seemed to tell that he had been successful in life, but it seemed to tell also that his success had not been exclusive and invidious, but had had much of the inoffensiveness of failure. He had certainly had a great experience of men; but there was an almost rustic simplicity in the faint smile that played upon his lean, spacious cheek and lighted up his humorous eye, as he at last slowly and carefully deposited his big tea-cup upon the table. He was neatly dressed, in well-brushed black; but a shawl was folded upon his knees, and his feet were encased in thick, embroidered slippers. A beautiful collie dog lay upon the grass near his chair, watching the master's face almost as tenderly as the master

contemplated the still more magisterial physiognomy of the house; and a little bristling, bustling terrier bestowed a desultory attendance upon the other gentlemen.

One of these was a remarkably well-made man of five-and-thirty, with a face as English as that of the old gentleman I have just sketched was something else; a noticeably handsome face, fresh-colored, fair, and frank, with firm, straight features, a lively gray eye, and the rich adornment of a chestnut beard. This person had a certain fortunate, brilliant, exceptional look — the air of a happy temperament fertilized by a high civilization — which would have made almost any observer envy him at a venture. He was booted and spurred, as if he had dismounted from a long ride; he wore a white hat, which looked too large for him; he held his two hands behind him, and in one of them — a large, white, well-shaped fist — was crumpled a pair of soiled dog-skin gloves.

His companion, measuring the length of the lawn beside him, was a person of quite another pattern, who, although he might have excited grave curiosity, would not, like the other, have provoked you to wish yourself, almost blindly, in his place. Tall, lean, loosely and feebly put together, he had an ugly, sickly, witty, charming face, — furnished, but by no means decorated, with a straggling mustache and whisker. He looked clever and ill, — a combination by no means felicitous; and he wore a brown velvet jacket. He carried his hands in his pockets, and there was something in the way he did it that showed the habit was inveterate. His gait had a shambling, wandering quality; he was not very firm on his legs. As I have said, whenever he passed the old man in the chair, he rested his eyes upon him; and at this moment, with their faces brought into relation, you would easily have seen that they were father and son.

The father caught his son's eye at last, and gave him a mild, responsive smile.

"I am getting on very well," he said.

"Have you drunk your tea?" asked the son.

"Yes, and enjoyed it."

"Shall I give you some more?"

The old man considered, placidly.

"Well, I guess I will wait and see." He had, in speaking, the American tone.

"Are you cold?" his son inquired.

The father slowly rubbed his legs.

"Well, I don't know. I can't tell till I feel."

"Perhaps some one might feel for you," said the younger man, laughing.

"Oh, I hope some one will always feel for me! Don't you feel for me, Lord Warburton?"

"Oh, yes, immensely," said the gentleman addressed as Lord Warburton, promptly. "I am bound to say you look wonderfully comfortable."

"Well, I suppose I am in most respects." And the old man looked down at his green shawl, and smoothed it over his knees. "The fact is, I have been comfortable so many years that I suppose I have got so used to it I don't know it."

"Yes, that 's the bore of comfort," said Lord Warburton. "We only know when we are uncomfortable."

"It strikes me that we are rather particular," said his companion.

"Oh, yes, there is no doubt we 're particular," Lord Warburton murmured.

And then the three men remained silent awhile; the two younger ones standing looking down at the other, who presently asked for more tea.

"I should think you would be very unhappy with that shawl," said Lord Warburton, while his companion filled the old man's cup again.

"Oh, no, he must have the shawl!" cried the gentleman in the velvet coat. "Don't put such ideas as that into his head."

"It belongs to my wife," said the old man, simply.

"Oh, if it 's for sentimental reasons" — And Lord Warburton made a gesture of apology.

"I suppose I must give it to her when she comes," the old man went on.

"You will please to do nothing of the kind. You will keep it to cover your poor old legs."

"Well, you must n't abuse my legs," said the old man. "I guess they are as good as yours."

"Oh, you are perfectly free to abuse mine," his son replied, giving him his tea.

"Well, we are two lame ducks; I don't think there is much difference."

"I am much obliged to you for calling me a duck. How is your tea?"

"Well, it 's rather hot."

"That 's intended to be a merit."

"Ah, there 's a great deal of merit," murmured the old man, kindly. "He 's a very good nurse, Lord Warburton."

"Is n't he a bit clumsy?" asked his lordship.

"Oh, no, he 's not clumsy, — considering that he 's an invalid himself. He 's a very good nurse — for a sick-nurse. I call him my sick-nurse because he 's sick himself."

"Oh, come, daddy!" the ugly young man exclaimed.

"Well, you are; I wish you were n't. But I suppose you can't help it."

"I might try: that 's an idea," said the young man.

"Were you ever sick, Lord Warburton?" his father asked.

Lord Warburton considered a moment.

"Yes, sir, once, in the Persian Gulf."

"He is making light of you, daddy," said the other young man. "That 's a sort of joke."

"Well, there seem to be so many sorts now," daddy replied, serenely. "You don't look as if you had been sick, any way, Lord Warburton."

"He is sick of life; he was just telling me so; going on fearfully about it," said Lord Warburton's friend.

"Is that true, sir?" asked the old man, gravely.

"If it is, your son gave me no consolation. He 's a wretched fellow to talk to, — a regular cynic. He does n't seem to believe anything."

"That 's another sort of joke," said the person accused of cynicism.

"It 's because his health is so poor," his father explained to Lord Warburton. "It affects his mind, and colors his way of looking at things; he seems to feel as if he had never had a chance. But it 's almost entirely theoretical, you know; it does n't seem to affect his spirits. I have hardly ever seen him when he was n't cheerful, — about as he is at present. He often cheers me up."

The young man so described looked at Lord Warburton and laughed.

"Is it a glowing eulogy or an accusation of levity? Should you like me to carry out my theories, daddy?"

"By Jove, we should see some queer things!" cried Lord Warburton.

"I hope you have n't taken up that sort of tone," said the old man.

"Warburton's tone is worse than mine; he pretends to be bored. I am not in the least bored; I find life only too interesting."

"Ah, *too* interesting; you should n't allow it to be that, you know!"

"I am never bored when I come here," said Lord Warburton. "One gets such uncommonly good talk."

"Is that another sort of joke?" asked the old man. "You have no excuse for being bored anywhere. When I was your age, I had never heard of such a thing."

"You must have developed very late."

"No, I developed very quick; that was just the reason. When I was twenty years old, I was very highly

developed indeed. I was working, tooth and nail. You would n't be bored if you had something to do; but all you young men are too idle. You think too much of your pleasure. You are too fastidious, and too indolent, and too rich."

"Oh, I say," cried Lord Warburton, "you 're hardly the person to accuse a fellow-creature of being too rich!"

"Do you mean because I am a banker?" asked the old man.

"Because of that, if you like; and because you are so ridiculously wealthy."

"He is n't very rich," said the other young man, indicating his father. "He has given away an immense deal of money."

"Well, I suppose it was his own," said Lord Warburton; "and in that case could there be a better proof of wealth? Let not a public benefactor talk of one's being too fond of pleasure."

"Daddy is very fond of pleasure, — of other people's."

The old man shook his head.

"I don't pretend to have contributed anything to the amusement of my contemporaries."

"My dear father, you are too modest!"

"That 's a kind of joke, sir," said Lord Warburton.

"You young men have too many jokes. When there are no jokes, you have nothing left."

"Fortunately there are always more jokes," the ugly young man remarked.

"I don't believe it; I believe things are getting more serious. You young men will find that out."

"The increasing seriousness of things — that is the great opportunity of jokes."

"They will have to be grim jokes," said the old man. "I am convinced there will be great changes; and not all for the better."

"I quite agree with you, sir," Lord Warburton declared. "I am very sure there will be great changes, and that all sorts of queer things will happen. That 's why I find so much difficulty in applying your advice; you know you told me the other day that I ought to 'take hold' of something. One hesitates to take hold of a thing that may the next moment be knocked sky-high."

"You ought to take hold of a pretty woman," said his companion. "He is trying hard to fall in love," he added, by way of explanation to his father.

"The pretty women themselves may be sent flying!" Lord Warburton exclaimed.

"No, no, they will be firm," the old man rejoined; "they will not be affected by the social and political changes I just referred to."

"You mean they won't be abolished? Very well, then, I will lay hands on one as soon as possible, and tie her round my neck as a life-preserver."

"The ladies will save us," said the old man; "that is, the best of them will, for I make a difference between them. Make up to a good one and marry her, and your life will become much more interesting."

A momentary silence marked perhaps on the part of his auditors a sense of the magnanimity of this speech, for it was a secret neither for his son nor for his visitor that his own experiment in matrimony had not been a happy one. As he said, however, he made a difference; and these words may have been intended as a confession of personal error; though of course it was not in place for either of his companions to remark that apparently the lady of his choice had not been one of the best.

"If I marry an interesting woman I shall be interested: is that what you say?" Lord Warburton asked. "I am not at all keen about marrying; your son misrepresented me; but there is no knowing what an interesting woman might do with me."

"I should like to see your idea of an interesting woman," said his friend.

"My dear fellow, you can't see ideas, especially such ethereal ones as mine. If I could only see it myself — that would be a great step in advance."

"Well, you may fall in love with whomsoever you please; but you must not fall in love with my niece," said the old man.

His son broke into a laugh. "He will think you mean that as a provocation! My dear father, you have lived with the English for thirty years, and you have picked up a good many of the things they say. But you have never learned the things they don't say."

"I say what I please," the old man declared, with all his serenity.

"I have n't the honor of knowing your niece," Lord Warburton said. "I think it is the first time I have heard of her."

"She is a niece of my wife's; Mrs. Touchett brings her to England."

Then young Mr. Touchett explained. "My mother, you know, has been spending the winter in America, and we are expecting her back. She writes that she has discovered a niece, and that she has invited her to come with her."

"I see, — very kind of her," said Lord Warburton. "Is the young lady interesting?"

"We hardly know more about her than you; my mother has not gone into details. She chiefly communicates with us by means of telegrams, and her telegrams are rather inscrutable. They say women don't know how to write them, but my mother has thoroughly mastered the art of condensation. 'Tired America, hot weather awful, return England with niece, first steamer, decent cabin.' That 's the sort of message we get from her; that was the last that came. But there had been another before, which I think contained the first mention of the niece. 'Changed hotel, very bad, impudent clerk, address here. Taken sister's girl, died last year, go to Europe, two sisters, quite independent.' Over that my father and I have scarcely stopped puzzling; it seems to admit of so many interpretations."

"There is one thing very clear in it," said the old man; "she has given the hotel-clerk a dressing."

"I am not sure even of that, since he has driven her from the field. We thought at first that the sister mentioned might be the sister of the clerk; but the subsequent mention of a niece seems to prove that the allusion is to one of my aunts. Then there was a question as to whose the two other sisters were; they are probably two of my late aunt's daughters. But who is 'quite independent,' and in what sense is the term used? That point is not yet settled. Does the expression apply more particularly to the young lady my mother has adopted, or does it characterize her sisters equally? and is it used in a moral or in a financial sense? Does it mean that they have been left well off, or that they wish to be under no obligations? or does it simply mean that they are fond of their own way?"

"Whatever else it means, it is pretty sure to mean that," Mr. Touchett remarked.

"You will see for yourself," said Lord Warburton. "When does Mrs. Touchett arrive?"

"We are quite in the dark; as soon as she can find a decent cabin. She may be waiting for it yet; on the other hand, she may already have disembarked in England."

"In that case she would probably have telegraphed to you."

"She never telegraphs when you would expect it, — only when you don't," said the old man. "She likes to drop on me suddenly; she thinks she will find me doing something wrong. She has never done so yet, but she is not discouraged."

"It 's her independence," her son ex-

plained, more favorably. "Whatever that of those young ladies may be, her own is a match for it. She likes to do everything for herself, and has no belief in any one's power to help her. She thinks me of no more use than a postage-stamp without gum, and she would never forgive me if I should presume to go to Liverpool to meet her."

"Will you at least let me know when your cousin arrives?" Lord Warburton asked.

"Only on the condition I have mentioned — that you don't fall in love with her!" Mr. Touchett declared.

"That strikes me as hard. Don't you think me good enough?"

"I think you too good, because I should n't like her to marry you. She has n't come here to look for a husband, I hope; so many young ladies are doing that, as if there were no good ones at home. Then she is probably engaged; American girls are usually engaged, I believe. Moreover, I am not sure, after all, that you would be a good husband."

"Very likely she is engaged; I have known a good many American girls, and they always were; but I could never see that it made any difference, upon my word! As for my being a good husband, I am not sure of that either; one can but try!"

"Try as much as you please, but don't try on my niece," said the old man, whose opposition to the idea was broadly humorous.

"Ah, well," said Lord Warburton, with a humor still broader, "perhaps, after all, she is not worth trying on!"

II.

While this exchange of pleasantries took place between the two, Ralph Touchett wandered away a little, with his usual slouching gait, his hands in his pockets, and his little rowdyish terrier at his heels. His face was turned toward the house, but his eyes were bent, musingly, upon the lawn; so that he had been an object of observation to a person who had just made her appearance in the doorway of the dwelling for some moments before he perceived her. His attention was called to her by the conduct of his dog, who had suddenly darted forward, with a little volley of shrill barks, in which the note of welcome, however, was more sensible than that of defiance. The person in question was a young lady, who seemed immediately to interpret the greeting of the little terrier. He advanced with great rapidity, and stood at her feet, looking up and barking hard; whereupon, without hesitation, she stooped and caught him in her hands, holding him face to face while he continued his joyous demonstration. His master now had had time to follow and to see that Bunchie's new friend was a tall girl in a black dress, who at first sight looked pretty. She was bareheaded, as if she were staying in the house, a fact which conveyed perplexity to the son of its master, conscious of that immunity from visitors which had for some time been rendered necessary by the latter's ill-health. Meantime the two other gentlemen had also taken note of the new-comer.

"Dear me, who is that strange woman?" Mr. Touchett had asked.

"Perhaps it is Mrs. Touchett's niece, the independent young lady," Lord Warburton suggested. "I think she must be, from the way she handles the dog."

The collie, too, had now allowed his attention to be diverted, and he trotted toward the young lady in the doorway, slowly setting his tail in motion as he went.

"But where is my wife, then?" murmured the old man.

"I suppose the young lady has left her somewhere: that 's a part of the independence."

The girl spoke to Ralph, smiling, while she still held up the terrier. "Is this your little dog, sir?"

"He was mine a moment ago; but you have suddenly acquired a remarkable air of property in him."

"Could n't we share him?" asked the girl. "He 's such a little darling."

Ralph looked at her a moment; she was unexpectedly pretty. "You may have him altogether," he said.

The young lady seemed to have a great deal of confidence, both in herself and in others; but this abrupt generosity made her blush. "I ought to tell you that I am probably your cousin," she murmured, putting down the dog. "And here 's another!" she added quickly, as the collie came up.

"Probably?" the young man exclaimed, laughing. "I supposed it was quite settled! Have you come with my mother?"

"Yes, half an hour ago."

"And has she deposited you and departed again?"

"No, she went straight to her room; and she told me that, if I should see you, I was to say to you that you must come to her there at a quarter to seven."

The young man looked at his watch. "Thank you very much; I shall be punctual." And then he looked at his cousin. "You are very welcome here," he went on. "I am delighted to see you."

She was looking at everything, with an eye that denoted quick perception, — at her companion, at the two dogs, at the two gentlemen under the trees, at the beautiful scene that surrounded her. "I have never seen anything so lovely as this place," she said. "I have been all over the house; it 's too enchanting!"

"I am sorry you should have been here so long without our knowing it."

"Your mother told me that in England people arrived very quietly; so I thought it was all right. Is one of those gentlemen your father?"

"Yes, the elder one, the one sitting down," said Ralph.

The young girl gave a laugh. "I don't suppose it 's the other. Who is the other?"

"He is a friend of ours, Lord Warburton."

"Oh, I hoped there would be a lord; it 's just like a novel!" And then — "Oh, you adorable creature!" she suddenly cried, stooping down and picking up the little terrier again.

She remained standing where they had met, making no offer to advance or to speak to Mr. Touchett, and while she lingered in the doorway, slim and charming, her interlocutor wondered whether she expected the old man to come and pay her his respects. American girls were used to a great deal of deference, and it had been intimated that this one had a high spirit. Indeed, Ralph could see that in her face.

"Won't you come and make acquaintance with my father?" he nevertheless ventured to ask. "He is old and infirm, — he does n't leave his chair."

"Ah, poor man, I am very sorry!" the girl exclaimed, immediately moving forward. "I got the impression from your mother that he was rather — rather strong."

Ralph Touchett was silent a moment. "She has not seen him for a year."

"Well, he has got a lovely place to sit. Come along, little dogs."

"It 's a dear old place," said the young man, looking sidewise at his neighbor.

"What 's his name?" she asked, her attention having reverted to the terrier again.

"My father's name?"

"Yes," said the young lady, humorously; "but don't tell him I asked you!"

They had come by this time to where old Mr. Touchett was sitting, and he

slowly got up from his chair to introduce himself.

"My mother has arrived," said Ralph, "and this is Miss Archer."

The old man placed his two hands on her shoulders, looked at her a moment with extreme benevolence, and then gallantly kissed her.

"It is a great pleasure to me to see you here; but I wish you had given us a chance to receive you."

"Oh, we were received," said the girl. "There were about a dozen servants in the hall. And there was an old woman courtesying at the gate."

"We can do better than that, if we have notice!" and the old man stood there, smiling, rubbing his hands, and slowly shaking his head at her. "But Mrs. Touchett does n't like receptions."

"She went straight to her room."

"Yes — and locked herself in. She always does that. Well, I suppose I shall see her next week." And Mrs. Touchett's husband slowly resumed his former posture.

"Before that," said Miss Archer. "She is coming down to dinner — at eight o'clock. Don't you forget a quarter to seven," she added, turning with a smile to Ralph.

"What is to happen at a quarter to seven?"

"I am to see my mother," said Ralph.

"Ah, happy boy!" the old man murmured. "You must sit down; you must have some tea," he went on, addressing his wife's niece.

"They gave me some tea in my room the moment I arrived," this young lady answered. "I am sorry you are out of health," she added, resting her eyes upon her venerable host.

"Oh, I'm an old man, my dear; it 's time for me to be old. But I shall be the better for having you here."

She had been looking all round her again, — at the lawn, the great trees, the reedy, silvery Thames, the beautiful old house; and, while engaged in this survey, she had also narrowly scrutinized her companions; a comprehensiveness of observation easily conceivable on the part of a young woman who was evidently both intelligent and excited. She had seated herself, and had put away the little dog; her white hands, in her lap, were folded upon her black dress; her head was erect, her eye brilliant, her flexible figure turned itself lightly this way and that, in sympathy with the alertness with which she evidently caught impressions. Her impressions were numerous, and they were all reflected in a clear, still smile. "I have never seen anything so beautiful as this," she declared.

"It 's looking very well," said Mr. Touchett. "I know the way it strikes you. I have been through all that. But you are very beautiful yourself," he added with a politeness by no means crudely jocular, and with the happy consciousness that his advanced age gave him the privilege of saying such things, — even to young girls who might possibly take alarm at them.

What degree of alarm this young girl took need not be exactly measured; she instantly rose, however, with a blush which was not a refutation.

"Oh, yes, of course I'm lovely!" she exclaimed quickly, with a little laugh. "How old is your house? Is it Elizabethan?"

"It 's early Tudor," said Ralph Touchett.

She turned toward him, watching his face a little. "Early Tudor? How very delightful! And I suppose there are a great many others."

"There are many much better ones."

"Don't say that, my son!" the old man protested. "There is nothing better than this."

"I have got a very good one; I think in some respects it 's rather better," said Lord Warburton, who as yet had not spoken, but who had kept an attentive eye upon Miss Archer. He bent to-

wards her a little, smiling; he had an excellent manner with women. The girl appreciated it in an instant; she had not forgotten that this was Lord Warburton. "I should like very much to show it to you," he added.

"Don't believe him," cried the old man; "don't look at it! It's a wretched old barrack, — not to be compared with this."

"I don't know; I can't judge," said the girl, smiling at Lord Warburton.

In this discussion Ralph Touchett took no interest whatever; he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking greatly as if he should like to renew his conversation with his new-found cousin.

"Are you very fond of dogs?" he inquired, by way of beginning; and it was an awkward beginning for a clever man.

"Very fond of them indeed."

"You must keep the terrier, you know," he went on, still awkwardly.

"I will keep him while I am here, with pleasure."

"That will be for a long time, I hope."

"You are very kind. I hardly know. My aunt must settle that."

"I will settle it with her — at a quarter to seven." And Ralph looked at his watch.

"I am glad to be here at all," said the girl.

"I don't believe you allow things to be settled for you."

"Oh, yes; if they are settled as I like them."

"I shall settle this as I like it," said Ralph. "It's most unaccountable that we should never have known you."

"I was there, — you had only to come and see me."

"There? Where do you mean?"

"In the United States: in New York, and Albany, and other places."

"I have been there, all over, but I never saw you. I can't make it out."

Miss Archer hesitated a moment.

"It was because there had been some disagreement between your mother and my father, after my mother's death, which took place when I was a child. In consequence of it, we never expected to see you."

"Ah, but I don't embrace all my mother's quarrels, — Heaven forbid!" the young man cried. "You have lately lost your father?" he went on, more gravely.

"Yes; more than a year ago. After that my aunt was very kind to me; she came to see me, and proposed that I should come to Europe."

"I see," said Ralph. "She has adopted you."

"Adopted me?" The girl stared, and her blush came back to her, together with a momentary look of pain, which gave her interlocutor some alarm. He had underestimated the effect of his words. Lord Warburton, who appeared constantly desirous of a nearer view of Miss Archer, strolled toward the two cousins at the moment, and as he did so she rested her startled eyes upon him. "Oh, no; she has not adopted me," she said. "I am not a candidate for adoption."

"I beg a thousand pardons," Ralph murmured. "I meant — I meant" — He hardly knew what he meant.

"You meant she has taken me up. Yes; she likes to take people up. She has been very kind to me; but," she added, with a certain visible eagerness of desire to be explicit, "I am very fond of my liberty."

"Are you talking about Mrs. Touchett?" the old man called out from his chair. "Come here, my dear, and tell me about her. I am always thankful for information."

The girl hesitated a moment, smiling. "She is really very benevolent," she answered; and then she went over to her uncle, whose mirth was excited by her words.

Lord Warburton was left standing with Ralph Touchett, to whom in a moment he said, —

" You wished a while ago to see my idea of an interesting woman. There it is ! "

III.

Mrs. Touchett was certainly a person of many oddities, of which her behavior on returning to her husband's house after many months was a noticeable specimen. She had her own way of doing all that she did, and this is the simplest description of a character which, although it was by no means without benevolence, rarely succeeded in giving an impression of softness. Mrs. Touchett might do a great deal of good, but she never pleased. This way of her own, of which she was so fond, was not intrinsically offensive, it was simply very sharply distinguished from the ways of others. The edges of her conduct were so very clear-cut that for susceptible persons it sometimes had a wounding effect. This purity of outline was visible in her deportment during the first hours of her return from America, under circumstances in which it might have seemed that her first act would have been to exchange greetings with her husband and son. Mrs. Touchett, for reasons which she deemed excellent, always retired on such occasions into impenetrable seclusion, postponing the more sentimental ceremony until she had achieved a toilet which had the less reason to be of high importance as neither beauty nor vanity was concerned in it. She was a plain-faced old woman, without coquetry and without any great elegance, but with an extreme respect for her own motives. She was usually prepared to explain these, — when the explanation was asked as a favor; and in such a case they proved totally different from those that had been attributed to her. She was virtually separated from her husband, but she appeared to perceive nothing irregular in the situation. It had become apparent, at an early stage of their relations, that they should never desire the same thing at the same moment, and this fact had prompted her to rescue disagreement from the vulgar realm of accident. She did what she could to erect it into a law — a much more edifying aspect of it — by going to live in Florence, where she bought a house and established herself, leaving her husband in England to take care of his bank. This arrangement greatly pleased her ; it was so extremely definite. It struck her husband in the same light, in a foggy square in London, where it was at times the most definite fact he discerned ; but he would have preferred that discomfort should have a greater vagueness. To agree to disagree had cost him an effort ; he was ready to agree to almost anything but that, and saw no reason why either assent or dissent should be so terribly consistent. Mrs. Touchett indulged in no regrets nor speculations, and usually came once a year to spend a month with her husband, a period during which she apparently took pains to convince him that she had adopted the right system. She was not fond of England, and had three or four reasons for it to which she currently alluded ; they bore upon minor points of British civilization, but for Mrs. Touchett they amply justified non-residence. She detested bread-sauce, which, as she said, looked like a poultice and tasted like soap; she objected to the consumption of beer by her maid-servants ; and she affirmed that the British laundress (Mrs. Touchett was very particular about the appearance of her linen) was not a mistress of her art. At fixed intervals she paid a visit to her own country ; but this last one had been longer than any of its predecessors.

She had taken up her niece, — there

was little doubt of that. One wet afternoon, some four months earlier than the occurrence lately narrated, this young lady had been seated alone with a book. To say that she had a book is to say that her solitude did not press upon her; for her love of knowledge had a fertilizing quality and her imagination was strong. There was at this time, however, a want of lightness in her situation, which the arrival of an unexpected visitor did much to dispel. The visitor had not been announced; the girl heard her at last walking about the adjoining room. It was an old house at Albany, — a large, square, double house, with a notice of sale in the windows of the parlor. There were two entrances, one of which had long been out of use, but had never been removed. They were exactly alike, — large white doors with an arched frame and wide sidelights, perched upon little "stoops" of red stone, which descended sidewise to the brick pavement of the street. The two houses together formed a single dwelling, the party-wall having been removed and the rooms placed in communication. These rooms, above stairs, were extremely numerous, and were painted all over exactly alike, in a yellowish white which had grown sallow with time. On the third floor there was a sort of arched passage, connecting the two sides of the house, which Isabel and her sisters used in their childhood to call the tunnel, and which, though it was short and well lighted, always seemed to the girl to be strange and lonely, especially on winter afternoons. She had been in the house, at different periods, as a child; in those days her grandmother lived there. Then there had been an absence of ten years, followed by a return to Albany before her father's death. Her grandmother, old Mrs. Archer, had exercised, chiefly within the limits of the family, a large hospitality in the early period, and the little girls often spent weeks under her roof, weeks of which Isabel had the happiest memory. The manner of life was different from that of her own home, — larger, more plentiful, more sociable; the discipline of the nursery was delightfully vague, and the opportunity of listening to the conversation of one's elders (which with Isabel was a highly valued pleasure) almost unbounded. There was a constant coming and going; her grandmother's sons and daughters, and their children, appeared to be in the enjoyment of standing invitations to stay with her, so that the house offered to a certain extent the appearance of a bustling provincial inn, kept by a gentle old landlady who sighed a great deal and never presented a bill. Isabel, of course, knew nothing about bills; but even as a child she thought her grandmother's dwelling picturesque. There was a covered piazza behind it, furnished with a swing which was a source of tremulous interest; and beyond this was a long garden, sloping down to the stable, and containing certain capital peach-trees. Isabel had stayed with her grandmother at various seasons; but, somehow, all her visits had a flavor of peaches. On the other side, opposite, across the street, was an old house that was called the Dutch House, — a peculiar structure, dating from the earliest colonial time, composed of bricks that had been painted yellow, crowned with a gable that was pointed out to strangers, defended by a rickety wooden paling, and standing sidewise to the street. It was occupied by a primary school for children of both sexes, kept in an amateurish manner by a demonstrative lady of whom Isabel's chief recollection was that her hair was puffed out very much at the temples and that she was the widow of some one of consequence. The little girl had been offered the opportunity of laying a foundation of knowledge in this establishment; but having spent a single day in it, she had expressed great disgust with the place,

and had been allowed to stay at home, where in the September days, when the windows of the Dutch House were open, she used to hear the hum of childish voices repeating the multiplication table, — an incident in which the elation of liberty and the pain of exclusion were indistinguishably mingled. The foundation of her knowledge was really laid in the idleness of her grandmother's house, where, as most of the other inmates were not reading people, she had uncontrolled use of a library full of books with frontispieces, which she used to climb upon a chair to take down. When she had found one to her taste — she was guided in the selection chiefly by the frontispiece — she carried it into a mysterious apartment which lay beyond the library, and which was called, traditionally, no one knew why, the office. Whose office it had been, and at what period it had flourished, she never learned; it was enough for her that it contained an echo and a pleasant musty smell, and that it was a chamber of disgrace for old pieces of furniture, whose infirmities were not always apparent (so that the disgrace seemed unmerited and rendered them victims of injustice), and with which, in the manner of children, she had established relations almost human, or dramatic. There was an old haircloth sofa, in especial, to which she had confided a hundred childish sorrows. The place owed much of its mysterious melancholy to the fact that it was properly entered from the second door of the house, the door that had been condemned, and that was fastened by bolts which a particularly slender little girl found it impossible to slide. She knew that this silent, motionless portal opened into the street; if the side-lights had not been filled with green paper, she might have looked out upon the little brown stoop and the well-worn brick pavement. But she had no wish to look out, for this would have interfered with her theory that there was a strange, unseen place on the other side, — a place which became, to the child's imagination, according to its different moods, a region of delight or of terror.

It was in the "office" still that Isabel was sitting on that melancholy afternoon of early spring which I just mentioned. At this time she might have had the whole house to choose from, and the room she had selected was the most joyless chamber it contained. She had never opened the bolted door nor removed the green paper (renewed by other hands) from its side-lights; she had never assured herself that the vulgar street lay beyond it. A crude, cold rain was falling heavily; the springtime presented itself as a questionable improvement. Isabel, however, gave as little attention as possible to the incongruities of the season; she kept her eyes on her book and tried to fix her mind. It had lately occurred to her that her mind was a good deal of a vagabond, and she had spent much ingenuity in training it to a military step, and teaching it to advance, to halt, to retreat, to perform even more complicated manœuvres, at the word of command. Just now she had given it marching orders, and it had been trudging over the sandy plains of a philosophic history of German poetry. Suddenly she became aware of a step very different from her own intellectual pace; she listened a little, and perceived that some one was walking about the library, which communicated with the office. It struck her first as the step of a person from whom she had reason to expect a visit; then almost immediately announced itself as the tread of a woman and a stranger, — her possible visitor being neither. It had an inquisitive, experimental quality, which suggested that it would not stop short of the threshold of the office; and, in fact, the doorway of this apartment was presently occupied by a lady, who paused there, and looked very hard at

our heroine. She was a plain, elderly woman, dressed in a comprehensive water-proof mantle; she had a sharp, but not an unpleasant face.

"Oh," she said, "is that where you usually sit?" And she looked about at the heterogeneous chairs and tables.

"Not when I have visitors!" said Isabel, getting up to receive the intruder.

She directed their course back to the library, and the visitor continued to look about her. "You seem to have plenty of other rooms; they are in rather better condition. But everything is immensely worn."

"Have you come to look at the house?" Isabel asked. "The servant will show it to you."

"Send her away; I don't want to buy it. She has probably gone to look for you, and is wandering about up-stairs; she did n't seem at all intelligent. You had better tell her it is no matter." And then, while the girl stood there, hesitating and wondering, this unexpected critic said to her, abruptly, "I suppose you are one of the daughters?"

Isabel thought she had very strange manners. "It depends upon whose daughters you mean."

"The late Mr. Archer's, — and my poor sister's."

"Ah," said Isabel, slowly, "you must be our crazy Aunt Lydia!"

"Is that what your father told you to call me? I am your Aunt Lydia, but I am not crazy. And which of the daughters are you?"

"I am the youngest of the three, and my name is Isabel."

"Yes; the others are Lilian and Edith. And are you the prettiest?"

"I have not the least idea," said the girl.

"I think you must be." And in this way the aunt and the niece made friends. The aunt had quarreled, years before, with her brother-in-law, after the death of her sister, taking him to task for the manner in which he brought up his three girls. Being a high-tempered man, he had requested her to mind her own business; and she had taken him at his word. For many years she held no communication with him, and after his death she addressed not a word to his daughters, who had been bred in that disrespectful view of her which we have just seen Isabel betray. Mrs. Touchett's behavior was, as usual, perfectly deliberate. She intended to go to America to look after her investments (with which her husband, in spite of his great financial position, had nothing to do), and would take advantage of this opportunity to inquire into the condition of her nieces. There was no need of writing, for she should attach no importance to any account of them that she should elicit by letter; she believed, always, in seeing for one's self. Isabel found, however, that she knew a good deal about them, and knew about the marriage of the two elder girls; knew that their poor father had left very little money, but that the house in Albany, which had passed into his hands, was to be sold for their benefit; knew finally that Edmund Ludlow, Lilian's husband, had taken upon himself to attend to this matter, in consideration of which the young couple, who had come to Albany during Mr. Archer's illness, were remaining there for the present, and, as well as Isabel herself, occupying the mansion.

"How much money do you expect to get for it?" Mrs. Touchett asked of the girl, who had brought her to sit in the front parlor, which she had inspected without enthusiasm.

"I have n't the least idea," said the girl.

"That's the second time you have said that to me," her aunt rejoined. "And yet you don't look at all stupid."

"I am not stupid; but I don't know anything about money."

"Yes, that's the way you were brought up, as if you were to inherit a million.

In point of fact, what have you inherited?"

"I really can't tell you. You must ask Edmund and Lilian; they will be back in half an hour."

"In Florence we should call it a very bad house," said Mrs. Touchett; "but here, I suspect, it will bring a high price. It ought to make a considerable sum for each of you. In addition to that you *must* have something else; it's most extraordinary, your not knowing. The position is of value, and they will probably pull it down and make a row of shops. I wonder you don't do that yourself; you might let the shops to great advantage."

Isabel stared; the idea of letting shops was new to her.

"I hope they won't pull it down," she said; "I am extremely fond of it."

"I don't see what makes you fond of it; your father died here."

"Yes, but I don't dislike it for that," said the girl, rather strangely. "I like places in which things have happened, even if they are sad things. A great many people have died here; the place has been full of life."

"Is that what you call being full of life?"

"I mean full of experience — of people's feelings and sorrows. And not of their sorrows only, for I have been very happy here as a child."

"You should go to Florence if you like houses in which things have happened, — especially deaths. I live in an old palace in which three people have been murdered; three that were known, and I don't know how many more besides."

"In an old palace?" Isabel repeated.

"Yes, my dear; a very different affair from this. This is very *bourgeois*."

Isabel felt some emotion, for she had always thought highly of her grandmother's house. But the emotion was of a kind which led her to say, —

"I should like very much to go to Florence."

"Well, if you will be very good and do everything I tell you, I will take you there," Mrs. Touchett rejoined.

The girl's emotion deepened; she flushed a little, and smiled at her aunt in silence.

"Do everything you tell me? I don't think I can promise that."

"No, you don't look like a young lady of that sort. You are fond of your own way; but it's not for me to blame you!"

"And yet, to go to Florence," the girl exclaimed in a moment, "I would promise almost anything!"

Edmund and Lilian were slow to return, and Mrs. Touchett had an hour's uninterrupted talk with her niece, who found her a strange and interesting person. She was as eccentric as Isabel had always supposed; and hitherto, whenever the girl had heard people described as eccentric, she had thought of them as disagreeable. To her imagination the term had always suggested something grotesque and inharmonious. But her aunt infused a new vividness into the idea, and gave her so many fresh impressions that it seemed to her she had overestimated the charms of conformity. She had never met any one so entertaining as this little thin-lipped, bright-eyed, foreign-looking woman, who retrieved an insignificant appearance by a distinguished manner, and, sitting there in a well-worn waterproof, talked with striking familiarity of European courts. There was nothing flighty about Mrs. Touchett, but she was fond of social grandeur, and she enjoyed the consciousness of making an impression on a candid and susceptible mind. Isabel at first had answered a good many questions, and it was from her answers apparently that Mrs. Touchett had derived a high opinion of her intelligence. But after this, she had asked a good many, and her

aunt's answers, whatever they were, struck her as deeply interesting. Mrs. Touchett waited for the return of her other niece as long as she thought reasonable, but as at six o'clock Mrs. Ludlow had not come in, she prepared to take her departure.

"Your sister must be a great gossip," she said. "Is she accustomed to staying out for hours?"

"You have been out almost as long as she," Isabel answered; "she can have left the house but a short time before you came in."

Mrs. Touchett looked at the girl without resentment; she appeared to enjoy a bold retort and to be disposed to be gracious to her niece.

"Perhaps she has not had so good an excuse as I! Tell her, at any rate, that she must come and see me this evening at that horrid hotel. She may bring her husband if she likes, but she need n't bring you. I shall see plenty of you later."

IV.

Mrs. Ludlow was the eldest of the three sisters, and was usually thought the most sensible; the classification being in general that Lilian was the practical one, Edith the beauty, and Isabel the "intellectual" one. Mrs. Keyes, the second sister, was the wife of an officer in the United States Engineers, and as our history is not further concerned with her, it will be enough to say that she was indeed very pretty, and that she formed the ornament of those various military stations, chiefly in the unfashionable West, to which, to her deep chagrin, her husband was successively relegated. Lilian had married a New York lawyer, a young man with a loud voice and an enthusiasm for his profession; the match was not brilliant, any more than Edith's had been, but Lilian had occasionally been spoken of as a young woman who might be thankful to marry at all, — she was so much plainer than her sisters. She was, however, very happy, and now, as the mother of two peremptory little boys, and the mistress of a house which presented a narrowness of new brown stone to Fifty-Third Street, she had quite justified her claim to matrimony. She was short and plump, and, as people said, had improved since her marriage; the two things in life of which she was most distinctly conscious were her husband's force in argument, and her sister Isabel's originality. "I have never felt like Isabel's sister, and I am sure I never shall," she had said to an intimate friend; a declaration which made it all the more creditable that she should be prolific in sisterly offices.

"I want to see her safely married, — that 's what I want to see," she frequently remarked to her husband.

"Well, I must say I should have no particular desire to marry her," Edmund Ludlow was accustomed to answer in an extremely audible tone.

"I know you say that for argument; you always take the opposite ground. I don't see what you have against her, except that she is so original."

"Well, I don't like originals; I like translations," Mr. Ludlow had more than once replied. "Isabel is written in a foreign tongue. I can't make her out. She ought to marry an Armenian, or a Portuguese."

"That 's just what I am afraid she will do!" cried Lilian, who thought Isabel capable of anything.

She listened with great interest to the girl's account of Mrs. Touchett's visit, and in the evening prepared to comply with her commands.

Of what Isabel said to her, no report has remained, but her sister's words must have prompted a remark that she made to her husband in the conjugal chamber as the two were getting ready to go to the hotel.

"I do hope immensely she will do

something handsome for Isabel; she has evidently taken a great fancy to her."

"What is it you wish her to do?" Edmund Ludlow asked; "make her a big present?"

"No, indeed; nothing of the sort. But take an interest in her, — sympathize with her. She is evidently just the sort of person to appreciate Isabel. She has lived so much in foreign society; she told Isabel all about it. You know you have always thought Isabel rather foreign."

"You want her to give her a little foreign sympathy, eh? Don't you think she gets enough at home?"

"Well, she ought to go abroad," said Mrs. Ludlow. "She's just the person to go abroad."

"And you want the old lady to take her; is that it?" her husband asked.

"She has offered to take her; she is dying to have Isabel go! But what I want her to do when she gets her there is to give her all the advantages. I am sure that all we have got to do," said Mrs. Ludlow, "is to give her a chance!"

"A chance for what?"

"A chance to develop."

"Oh, Jupiter!" Edmund Ludlow exclaimed. "I hope she is n't going to develop any more!"

"If I were not sure you only said that for argument, I should feel very badly," his wife replied. "But you know you love her."

"Do *you* know I love you?" the young man said, jocosely, to Isabel a little later, while he brushed his hat.

"I am sure I don't care whether you do or not!" exclaimed the girl, whose voice and smile, however, were sweeter than the words she uttered.

"Oh, she feels so grand since Mrs. Touchett's visit!" said her sister.

But Isabel challenged this assertion, with a good deal of seriousness.

"You must not say that, Lily. I don't feel grand at all."

"I am sure there is no harm," said the conciliatory Lily.

"Ah, but there is nothing in Mrs. Touchett's visit to make one feel grand."

"Oh," exclaimed Ludlow, "she is grander than ever!"

"Whenever I feel grand," said the girl, "it will be for a better reason!"

Whether she felt grand or no, she at any rate felt busy; busy, I mean, with her thoughts. Left to herself for the evening, she sat a while under the lamp with empty hands, heedless of her usual avocations. Then she rose and moved about the room, and from one room to another, preferring the places where the vague lamplight expired. She was restless, and even excited; at moments she trembled a little. She felt that something had happened to her, of which the importance was out of proportion to its appearance; there had really been a change in her life. What it would bring with it was as yet extremely indefinite; but Isabel was in a situation which gave a value to any change. She had a desire to leave the past behind her, and, as she said to herself, to begin afresh. This desire, indeed, was not a birth of the present occasion; it was as familiar as the sound of the rain upon the window, and it had led to her beginning afresh a great many times. She closed her eyes as she sat in one of the dusky corners of the quiet parlor; but it was not with a desire to take a nap. On the contrary, it was because she felt too wide-awake, and wished to check the sense of seeing too many things at once. Her imagination was by habit ridiculously active; if the door were not opened to it, it jumped out of the window. She was not accustomed, indeed, to keep it behind bolts; and at important moments, when she would have been thankful to make use of her judgment alone, she paid the penalty of having given undue encouragement to the faculty of seeing without judging. At present, with her sense that the note of change had been struck,

came gradually a host of images of the things she was leaving behind her. The years and hours of her life came back to her, and for a long time, in a stillness broken only by the ticking of the big bronze clock, she passed them in review. It had been a very happy life and she had been a very fortunate girl, — this was the truth that seemed to emerge most vividly. She had had the best of everything, and in a world in which the circumstances of so many people made them unenviable, it was an advantage never to have known anything particularly disagreeable. It appeared to Isabel that the disagreeable had been even too absent from her knowledge, for she had gathered from her acquaintance with literature that it was often a source of interest, and even of instruction. Her father had kept it away from her, — her handsome, much-loved father, who always had such an aversion to it. It was a great good fortune to have been his daughter; Isabel was even proud of her parentage. Since his death she had gathered a vague impression that he turned his brighter side to his children, and that he had not eluded discomfort quite so much in practice as in aspiration. But this only made her tenderness for him greater; it was scarcely even painful to have to think that he was too generous, too good-natured, too indifferent to sordid considerations. Many persons thought that he carried this indifference too far; especially the large number of those to whom he owed money. Of their opinions, Isabel was never very definitely informed; but it may interest the reader to know that, while they admitted that the late Mr. Archer had a remarkably handsome head and a very taking manner (indeed, as one of them had said, he was always taking something), they declared that he had made a very poor use of his life. He had squandered a substantial fortune, he had been deplorably convivial, he was known to have gambled freely. A few very harsh critics went so far as to say that he had not even brought up his daughters. They had had no regular education and no permanent home; they had been at once spoiled and neglected; they had lived with nursemaids and governesses (usually very bad ones), or had been sent to strange schools kept by foreigners, from which, at the end of a month, they had been removed in tears. This view of the matter would have excited Isabel's indignation, for to her own sense her opportunities had been abundant. Even when her father had left his daughters for three months at Neufchâtel with a French *bonne*, who eloped with a Russian nobleman staying at the same hotel, — even in this irregular situation (an incident of the girl's thirteenth year) she had been neither frightened nor ashamed, but had thought it a picturesque episode in a liberal education. Her father had a large way of looking at life, of which his restlessness and even his occasional incoherency of conduct had been only a proof. He wished his daughters, even as children, to see as much of the world as possible; and it was for this purpose that, before Isabel was fourteen, he had transported them three times across the Atlantic, giving them on each occasion, however, but a few months' view of foreign lands; a course which had whetted our heroine's curiosity without enabling her to satisfy it. She ought to have been a partisan of her father, for among his three daughters she was quite his favorite, and in his last days his general willingness to take leave of a world in which the difficulty of doing as one liked appeared to increase as one grew older was sensibly modified by the pain of separation from his clever, his superior, his remarkable girl. Later, when the journeys to Europe ceased, he still had shown his children all sorts of indulgence, and if he had been troubled about money-matters nothing ever disturbed their irreflective consciousness of many possessions. Isa-

bel, though she danced very well, had not the recollection of having been in New York a successful member of the choregraphic circle; her sister Edith was, as every one said, so very much more popular. Edith was so striking an example of success that Isabel would have no illusions as to what constituted this advantage, or as to the moderate character of her own triumphs. Nineteen persons out of twenty (including the younger sister herself) pronounced Edith infinitely the prettier of the two; but the twentieth, besides reversing this judgment, had the entertainment of thinking all the others a parcel of fools. Isabel had in the depths of her nature an even more unquenchable desire to please than Edith; but the depths of this young lady's nature were a very out-of-the-way place, between which and the surface communication was interrupted by a dozen capricious forces, the most important being an excitable pride and a restless conscience. She saw the young men who came in large numbers to see her sister; but as a general thing they were afraid of her; they had a belief that some special preparation was required for talking with her. Her reputation of reading a great deal hung about her like the cloudy envelope of a goddess in an epic; it was supposed to engender difficult questions, and to keep the conversation at a low temperature. The poor girl liked to be thought clever, but she hated to be thought bookish; she used to read in secret, and, though her memory was excellent, to abstain from quotation. She had a great desire for knowledge, but she really preferred almost any source of information to the printed page; she had an immense curiosity about life, and was constantly staring and wondering. She carried within herself a great fund of life, and her deepest enjoyment was to feel the continuity between the movements of her own heart and the agitations of the world. For this reason she was fond of seeing great crowds and large stretches of country, of reading about revolutions and wars, of looking at historical pictures,—a class of efforts in which she had often gone so far as to forgive much bad painting for the sake of the subject. While the Civil War went on, she was still a very young girl; but she passed months of this long period in a state of almost passionate excitement, in which she felt herself at times (to her extreme confusion) stirred almost indiscriminately by the valor of either army. Of course the reserve practiced towards her by the local youth had never gone the length of making her a social proscript; for the proportion of those whose hearts, as they approached her, beat only just faster enough to make it a sensible pleasure was sufficient to redeem her maidenly career from failure. She had had everything that a girl could have: kindness, admiration, flattery, bouquets, the sense of exclusion from none of the privileges of the world she lived in, abundant opportunity for dancing, the latest publications, plenty of new dresses, the London Spectator, and a glimpse of contemporary æsthetics.

These things now, as memory played over them, resolved themselves into a multitude of scenes and figures. Forgotten things came back to her; many others, which she had lately thought of great moment, dropped out of sight. The result was kaleidoscopic; but the movement of the instrument was checked at last by the servant's coming in with the name of a gentleman. The name of the gentleman was Caspar Goodwood. He was a straight young man from Boston, who had known Miss Archer for the last twelvemonth, and who, thinking her the most beautiful young woman of her time, had pronounced the time, according to the rule I have hinted at, a foolish period of history. He sometimes wrote to Isabel, and he had lately written to her from New York. She had thought it very

possible he would come in, — had, indeed, all the rainy day been vaguely expecting him. Nevertheless, now that she learned he was there, she felt no eagerness to receive him. He was the finest young man she had ever seen, was, indeed, quite a magnificent young man ; he filled her with a certain feeling of respect which she had never entertained for any one else. He was supposed by the world in general to wish to marry her ; but this of course was between themselves. It at least may be affirmed that he had traveled from New York to Albany expressly to see her ; having learned in the former city, where he was spending a few days, and where he had hoped to find her, that she was still at the capital. Isabel delayed for some minutes to go to him ; she moved about the room with a certain feeling of embarrassment. But at last she presented herself, and found him standing near the lamp. He was tall, strong, and somewhat stiff ; he was also lean and brown. He was not especially good-looking, but his physiognomy had an air of requesting your attention, which it rewarded or not, according to the charm you found in a blue eye of remarkable fixedness, and a jaw of the somewhat angular mold which is supposed to bespeak resolution. Isabel said to herself that it bespoke resolution to-night ; but, nevertheless, an hour later, Caspar Goodwood, who had arrived hopeful as well as resolute, took his way back to his lodging with the feeling of a man defeated. He was not, however, a man to be discouraged by a defeat.

V.

Ralph Touchett was a philosopher, but nevertheless he knocked at his mother's door (at a quarter to seven) with a good deal of eagerness. Even philosophers have their preferences, and it must be admitted that of his progenitors his father ministered most to his sense of the sweetness of filial dependence. His father, as he had often said to himself, was the more motherly ; his mother, on the other hand, was paternal, and even, according to the slang of the day, gubernatorial. She was nevertheless very fond of her only child, and had always insisted on his spending three months of the year with her. Ralph rendered perfect justice to her affection, and knew that in her thoughts his turn always came after the care of her house and her conservatory (she was extremely fond of flowers). He found her completely dressed for dinner, but she embraced her boy with her gloved hands, and made him sit on the sofa beside her. She inquired scrupulously about her husband's health and about the young man's own, and, receiving no very brilliant account of either, she remarked that she was more than ever convinced of her wisdom in not exposing herself to the English climate ; in this case she also might have broken down. Ralph smiled at the idea of his mother breaking down, but made no point of reminding her that his own enfeebled condition was not the result of the English climate, from which he absented himself for a considerable part of each year.

He had been a very small boy when his father, Daniel Tracy Touchett, who was a native of Rutland, in the State of Vermont, came to England as subordinate partner in a banking-house, in which some ten years later he acquired a preponderant interest. Daniel Touchett saw before him a life-long residence in his adopted country, of which from the first he took a simple, cheerful, and eminently practical view. But, as he said to himself, he had no intention of turning Englishman, nor had he any desire to convert his only son to the same sturdy faith. It had been for himself so very soluble a problem to live in England and yet not be of it that it

seemed to him equally simple that after his death his lawful heirs should carry on the bank in a pure American spirit. He took pains to cultivate this spirit, however, by sending the boy home for his education. Ralph spent several terms in an American school, and took a degree at an American college, after which, as he struck his father on his return as even redundantly national, he was placed for some three years in residence at Oxford. Oxford swallowed up Harvard, and Ralph became at least English enough. His outward conformity to the manners that surrounded him was none the less the mask of the mind that greatly enjoyed its independence, on which nothing long imposed itself, and which, naturally inclined to jocosity and irony, indulged in a boundless liberty of appreciation. He began with being a young man of promise; at Oxford he distinguished himself, to his father's ineffable satisfaction, and the people about him said it was a thousand pities so clever a fellow should be shut out from a career. He might have had a career by returning to his own country (though this point is shrouded in uncertainty), but even if Mr. Touchett had been willing to part with him (which was not the case), it would have gone hard with him to put the ocean (which he detested) permanently between himself and the old man whom he regarded as his best friend. Ralph was not only fond of his father, but he admired him; he enjoyed the opportunity of observing him. Daniel Touchett to his perception was a man of genius, and though he himself had no great fancy for the banking business, he made a point of learning enough of it to measure the great figure his father had played. It was not this, however, he mainly relished; it was the old man's effective simplicity. Daniel Touchett had been neither at Harvard nor at Oxford, and it was his own fault if he had put into his son's hands the key to modern criticism. Ralph, whose head was full of ideas which his father had never guessed at, had a high esteem for the latter's originality. Americans, rightly or wrongly, are commended for the ease with which they adapt themselves to foreign conditions; but Mr. Touchett had given evidence of this talent only up to a certain point. He had made himself thoroughly comfortable in England, but he had never attempted to pitch his thoughts in the English key. He had retained many characteristics of Rutland, Vermont; his tone, as his son always noted with pleasure, was that of the more luxuriant parts of New England. At the end of his life, especially, he was a gentle, refined, fastidious old man, who combined consummate shrewdness with a sort of fraternizing good humor, and whose feeling about his own position in the world was quite of the democratic sort. It was perhaps his want of imagination and of what is called the historic consciousness, but to many of the impressions usually made by English life upon the cultivated stranger his sense was completely closed. There were certain differences he never perceived, certain habits he never formed, certain mysteries he never understood. As regards these latter, on the day that he had understood them his son would have thought less well of him.

Ralph, on leaving Oxford, spent a couple of years in traveling, after which he found himself mounted on a high stool in his father's bank. The responsibility and honor of such positions is not, I believe, measured by the height of the stool, which depends upon other considerations; Ralph, indeed, who had very long legs, was fond of standing, and even of walking about, at his work. To this exercise, however, he was obliged to devote but a limited period, for at the end of some eighteen months he became conscious that he was seriously out of health. He had caught a violent cold, which fixed itself upon his lungs and threw them into extreme embarrassment.

He had to give up work and all thoughts of it, and embrace the sorry occupation known as taking care of one's self. At first he was greatly disgusted; it appeared to him that it was not himself in the least that he was taking care of, but an uninteresting and uninterested person with whom he had nothing in common. This person, however, improved on acquaintance, and Ralph grew at least to have a certain grudging tolerance and even undemonstrative respect for him. Misfortune makes strange bedfellows, and our young man, feeling that he had something at stake in the matter, — it usually seemed to him to be his reputation for common sense, — devoted to his unattractive protégé an amount of attention of which note was duly taken, and which had at least the effect of keeping the poor fellow alive. One of his lungs began to heal, the other promised to follow its example, and he was assured that he might outweather a dozen winters if he would betake himself to one of those climates in which consumptives chiefly congregate. He had grown extremely fond of London, and cursed this unmitigable necessity; but at the same time that he cursed, he conformed, and gradually, when he found that his sensitive organ was really grateful for these grim favors, he conferred them with a better grace. He wintered abroad, as the phrase is; basked in the sun, stopped at home when the wind blew, went to bed when it rained, and once or twice, when it snowed, almost never got up again. A certain fund of indolence that he possessed came to his aid and helped to reconcile him to doing nothing; for at the best he was too ill for anything but a passive life. As he said to himself, there was really nothing he had wanted very much to do, so that he had given up nothing. At present, however, the perfume of forbidden fruit seemed occasionally to float past him, to remind him that the finest pleasures of life are to be found in the world of action. Living as he now lived was like reading a good book in a poor translation, — a meagre entertainment for a young man who felt that he might have been an excellent linguist. He had good winters and poor winters, and while the former lasted, he was sometimes the sport of a vision of virtual recovery. But this vision was dispelled some three years before the occurrence of the incidents with which this history opens; he had on this occasion remained later than usual in England, and had been overtaken by bad weather before reaching Algiers. He reached it more dead than alive, and lay there for several weeks between life and death. His convalescence was a miracle, but the first use he made of it was to assure himself that such miracles happen but once. He said to himself that his hour was in sight, and that it behooved him to keep his eyes upon it, but that it was also open to him to spend the interval as agreeably as might be consistent with such a preoccupation. With the prospect of losing them, the simple use of his faculties became an exquisite pleasure; it seemed to him that the delights of observation had never been suspected. He was far from the time when he had found it hard that he should be obliged to give up the idea of distinguishing himself; an idea none the less importunate for being vague, and none the less delightful for having to struggle with a good deal of native indifference. His friends at present found him much more cheerful, and attributed it to a theory, over which they shook their heads knowingly, that he would recover his health. The truth was that he had simply accepted the situation.

It was very probably this sweet-tasting property of observation to which I allude (for he found himself in these last years much more inclined to notice the pleasant things of the world than the others) that was mainly concerned in Ralph's quickly-stirred interest in the

arrival of a young lady who was evidently not insipid. If he were observantly disposed, something told him, here was occupation enough for a succession of days. It may be added, somewhat crudely, that the liberty of falling in love had a place in Ralph Touchett's programme. This was of course a liberty to be very temperately used; for though the safest form of any sentiment is that which is conditioned upon silence, it is not always the most comfortable, and Ralph had forbidden himself the arts of demonstration. But interested observation of a lovely woman had struck him as the finest entertainment that the world now had to offer him, and if the interest should become poignant, he flattered himself that he could carry it off quietly, as he had carried other discomforts. He speedily acquired a conviction, however, that he was not destined to fall in love with his cousin.

"And now tell me about the young lady," he said to his mother. "What do you mean to do with her?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a little. "I mean to ask your father to invite her to stay three or four weeks at Gardencourt."

"You need n't stand on any such ceremony as that," said Ralph. "My father will ask her as a matter of course."

"I don't know about that. She is my niece; she is not his."

"Good Lord, dear mother; what a sense of property! That 's all the more reason for his asking her. But after that — I mean after three months (for it 's absurd asking the poor girl to remain but for three or four paltry weeks) — what do you mean to do with her?"

"I mean to take her to Paris to get her some clothes."

"Ah, yes, that 's of course. But independently of that?"

"I shall invite her to spend the autumn with me in Florence."

"You don't rise above detail, dear mother," said Ralph. "I should like to know what you mean to do with her in a general way."

"My duty!" Mrs. Touchett declared. "I suppose you pity her very much," she added.

"No, I don't think I pity her. She does n't strike me as a girl that suggests compassion. I think I envy her. Before being sure, however, give me a hint of what your duty will direct you to do."

"It will direct me to show her four European countries — I shall leave her the choice of two of them — and to give her the opportunity of perfecting herself in French, which she already knows very well."

Ralph frowned a little. "That sounds rather dry, even giving her the choice of two of the countries."

"If it 's dry," said his mother with a laugh, "you can leave Isabel alone to water it! She is as good as a summer rain, any day."

"Do you mean that she is a gifted being?"

"I don't know whether she is a gifted being, but she is a clever girl with a strong will and a high temper. She has no idea of being bored."

"I can imagine that," said Ralph; and then he added, abruptly, "How do you two get on?"

"Do you mean by that that I am a bore? I don't think Isabel finds me one. Some girls might, I know; but this one is too clever for that. I think I amuse her a good deal. We get on very well, because I understand her; I know the sort of girl she is. She is very frank, and I am very frank; we know just what to expect of each other."

"Ah, dear mother," Ralph exclaimed, "one always knows what to expect of you! You have never surprised me but once, and that is to-day — in presenting me with a pretty cousin whose existence I had never suspected."

"Do you think her very pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed; but I don't insist upon that. It 's her general air of being some one in particular that strikes me. Who is this particular some one, and what is she? Where did you find her, and how did you make her acquaintance?"

"I found her in an old house at Albany, sitting in a dreary room on a rainy day, reading a heavy book, and boring herself to death. She did n't know she was bored, but when I told her, she seemed very grateful for the hint. You may say I should n't have told her — I should have let her alone. There is a good deal in that; but I acted conscientiously; I thought she was meant for something better. It occurred to me that it would be a kindness to take her about and introduce her to the world. She thinks she knows a great deal of it, — like most American girls; but, like most American girls, she is very much mistaken. If you want to know, I thought she would do me credit. I like to be well thought of, and for a woman of my age there is no more becoming ornament than an attractive niece. You know I had seen nothing of my sister's children for years; I disapproved entirely of the father. But I always meant to do something for them when he should have been removed from the scene. I ascertained where they were to be found, and, without any preliminaries, went and introduced myself. There are two other sisters, both of whom are married, but I saw only the elder, who has, by the way, a very ill-mannered husband. The wife, whose name is Lily, jumped at the idea of my taking an interest in Isabel; she said it was just what her sister needed — that some one should take an interest in her. She spoke of her as you might speak of some young person of genius, in want of encouragement and patronage. It may be that Isabel is a genius; but in that case I have not yet learned her special line. Mrs. Ludlow was especially keen about my taking her to Europe; they all regard Europe over there as a sort of land of emigration, a refuge for their superfluous population. Isabel herself seemed very glad to come, and the thing was easily arranged. There was a little difficulty about the money question, as she seemed averse to being under obligations in that respect. But she has a small income of her own, and she supposes herself to be traveling at her own expense."

Ralph had listened attentively to this judicious account of his pretty cousin, by which his interest in her was not impaired.

"Ah, if she is a genius," he said, "we must find out her special line. Is it, by chance, for flirting?"

"I don't think so. You may suspect that at first, but you will be wrong."

"Warburton is wrong, then!" Ralph Touchett declared. "He flatters himself he has made that discovery."

His mother shook her head. "Lord Warburton won't understand her; he need n't try."

"He is very intelligent," said Ralph; "but it 's right he should be puzzled once in a while."

"Isabel will enjoy puzzling a lord," Mrs. Touchett remarked.

Her son frowned a little. "What does she know about lords?"

"Nothing at all; that will puzzle him all the more."

Ralph greeted these words with a laugh, and looked out of the window a little. Then, "Are you not going down to see my father?" he asked.

"At a quarter to eight," said Mrs. Touchett.

Her son looked at his watch. "You have another quarter of an hour, then; tell me some more about Isabel."

But Mrs. Touchett declined his invitation, declaring that he must find out for himself.

"Well," said Ralph, "she will cer-

tainly do you credit. But won't she also give you trouble?"

"I hope not; but if she does, I shall not shrink from it. I never do that."

"She strikes me as very natural," said Ralph.

"Natural people are not the most trouble."

"No," said Ralph; "you yourself are a proof of that. You are extremely natural, and I am sure you have never troubled any one. But tell me this; it just occurs to me. Is Isabel capable of making herself disagreeable?"

"Ah," cried his mother, "you ask too many questions! Find that out for yourself!"

His questions, however, were not exhausted. "All this time," he said, "you have not told me what you intend to do with her."

"Do with her? You talk as if she were a yard of calico! I shall do absolutely nothing with her, and she herself will do everything that she chooses. She gave me notice of that."

"What you meant then, in your telegram, was that her character was independent."

"I never know what I mean by my telegrams, especially those I send from America. Clearness is too expensive. Come down to your father."

"It is not yet a quarter to eight," said Ralph.

"I must allow for his impatience," Mrs. Touchett answered.

Ralph knew what to think of his father's impatience; but making no rejoinder, he offered his mother his arm. This put it into his power, as they descended together, to stop her a moment on the middle landing of the staircase, — the broad, low, wide-armed staircase of time-stained oak which was one of the most striking ornaments of Gardencourt.

"You have no plan of marrying her?" he said, smiling.

"Marry her? I should be sorry to play her such a trick! But apart from that, she is perfectly able to marry herself; she has every facility."

"Do you mean to say she has a husband picked out?"

"I don't know about a husband, but there is a young man in Boston" —

Ralph went on; he had no desire to hear about the young man in Boston. "As my father says," he exclaimed, "they are always engaged!"

His mother had told him that he must extract his information about his cousin from the girl herself, and it soon became evident to him that he should not want for opportunity. He had, for instance, a good deal of talk with her that same evening, when the two had been left alone together in the drawing-room. Lord Warburton, who had ridden over from his own house, some ten miles distant, remounted and took his departure before dinner; and an hour after this meal was concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Touchett, who appeared to have exhausted each other's conversation, withdrew, under the valid pretext of fatigue, to their respective apartments. The young man spent an hour with his cousin; though she had been traveling half the day, she appeared to have no sense of weariness. She was really tired, she knew it, and knew that she should pay for it on the morrow; but it was her habit at this period to carry fatigue to the furthest point, and confess to it only when dissimulation had become impossible. For the present it was perfectly possible; she was interested and excited. She asked Ralph to show her the pictures; there were a great many of them in the house, most of them of his own choosing. The best of them were arranged in an oaken gallery of charming proportions, which had a sitting-room at either end of it, and which in the evening was usually lighted. The light was insufficient to show the pictures to advantage, and the visit might have been deferred till the morrow. This suggestion Ralph had ventured to make;

but Isabel looked disappointed — smiling still, however — and said, "If you please, I should like to see them just a little." She was eager, she knew that she was eager, and that she seemed so, but she could not help it. "She does n't take suggestions," Ralph said to himself; but he said it without irritation; her eagerness amused and even pleased him. The lamps were on brackets, at intervals, and if the light was imperfect, it was mellow. It fell upon the vague squares of rich color and on the faded gilding of heavy frames; it made a shining on the polished floor of the gallery. Ralph took a candlestick and moved about, pointing out the things he liked; Isabel, bending toward one picture after another, indulged in little exclamations and murmurs. She was evidently a judge; she had a natural taste; he was struck with that. She took a candlestick herself and held it slowly here and there; she lifted it high, and as she did so, he found himself pausing in the middle of the gallery and bending his eyes much less upon the pictures than on her figure. He lost nothing, in truth, by this inconsistency of vision; for she was better worth looking at than most works of art. She was thin, and light, and middling tall; when people had wished to distinguish her from the other two Miss Archers, they always called her the thin one. Her hair, which was dark even to blackness, had been an object of envy to many women; her light gray eye, a little too keen, perhaps, in her graver moments, had an enchanting softness when she smiled. They walked slowly up one side of the gallery and down the other, and then she said, —

"Well, now I know more than I did when I began!"

"You apparently have a great passion for knowledge," her cousin answered, laughing.

"I think I have; most girls seem to me so ignorant," said Isabel.

"You strike me as different from most girls."

"Ah, some girls are so nice," murmured Isabel, who preferred not to talk about herself. Then, in a moment, to change the subject, she went on, "Please tell me, — is n't there a ghost?"

"A ghost?"

"A spectre, a phantom; we call them ghosts in America."

"So we do here, when we see them."

"You do see them, then? You ought to, in this romantic old house."

"It 's not a romantic house," said Ralph. "You will be disappointed if you count on that. It 's dismally prosaic; there is no romance here but what you may have brought with you."

"I have brought a great deal; but it seems to me I have brought it to the right place."

"To keep it out of harm, certainly; nothing will ever happen to it here, between my father and me."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"Is there never any one here but your father and you?"

"My mother, of course."

"Oh, I know your mother; she is not romantic. Have n't you other people?"

"Very few."

"I am sorry for that; I like so much to see people."

"Oh, we will invite all the county to amuse you," said Ralph.

"Now you are making fun of me," the girl answered, rather gravely. "Who was the gentleman who was on the lawn when I arrived?"

"A county neighbor; he does n't come very often."

"I am sorry for that; I liked him," said Isabel.

"Why, it seemed to me that you barely spoke to him," Ralph objected.

"Never mind, I like him all the same. I like your father, too, immensely."

"You can't do better than that; he is a dear old man."

"I am so sorry he is ill," said Isabel.

"You must help me to nurse him; you ought to be a good nurse."

"I don't think I am; I have been told I am not; I am said to be too theoretic. But you have n't told me about the ghost," she added.

Ralph, however, gave no heed to this observation.

"You like my father, and you like Lord Warburton. I infer, also, that you like my mother."

"I like your mother very much, because — because" — And Isabel found herself attempting to assign a reason for her affection for Mrs. Touchett.

"Ah, we never know why!" said her companion, laughing.

"I always know why," the girl answered. "It 's because she does n't expect one to like her; she does n't care whether one does or not."

"So you adore her, out of perversity? Well, I take greatly after my mother," said Ralph.

"I don't believe you do at all. You wish people to like you, and you try to make them do it."

"Good heavens, how you see through one!" cried Ralph, with a dismay that was not altogether jocular.

"But I like you all the same," his cousin went on. "The way to clinch the matter will be to show me the ghost."

Ralph shook his head sadly. "I might show it to you, but you would never see it. The privilege is n't given to every one; it 's not enviable. It has never been seen by a young, happy, innocent person like you. You must have suffered first, have suffered greatly, have gained some miserable knowledge. In that way your eyes are opened to it. I saw it long ago," said Ralph, smiling.

"I told you just now I was very fond of knowledge," the girl answered.

"Yes, of happy knowledge, of pleasant knowledge. But you have n't suffered, and you are not made to suffer. I hope you will never see the ghost!"

Isabel had listened to him attentively, with a smile on her lips, but with a certain gravity in her eyes. Charming as he found her, she had struck him as rather presumptuous, — indeed, it was a part of her charm; and he wondered what she would say.

"I am not afraid," she said; which seemed quite presumptuous enough.

"You are not afraid of suffering?"

"Yes, I am afraid of suffering. But I am not afraid of ghosts. And I think people suffer too easily," she added.

"I don't believe you do," said Ralph, looking at her with his hands in his pockets.

"I don't think that 's a fault," she answered. "It is not absolutely necessary to suffer! we were not made for that."

"You were not, certainly."

"I am not speaking of myself." And she turned away a little.

"No, it is n't a fault," said her cousin. "It 's a merit to be strong."

"Only, if you don't suffer, they call you hard," Isabel suggested. They passed out of the smaller drawing-room, into which they had returned from the gallery, and paused in the hall, at the foot of the staircase. Here Ralph presented his companion with her bedroom candle, which he had taken from a niche.

"Never mind what they call you," he said. "When you do suffer, they call you an idiot. The great point is to be as happy as possible."

She looked at him a little; she had taken her candle, and placed her foot on the oaken stair.

"Well," she said, "that 's what I came to Europe for, to be as happy as possible. Good night."

"Good night! I wish you all success, and shall be very glad to contribute to it!"

She turned away, and he watched her as she slowly ascended. Then, with his hands always in his pockets, he went back to the empty drawing-room.

Henry James, Jr.

THE JEW'S GIFT.

A. D. 1200.

THE Abbot willled it, and it was done.
  They hanged him high in an iron cage
For the spiteful wind and the patient sun
  To bleach him. Faith, 't was a cruel age!
Just for no crime they hanged him there.
  When one is a Jew, why, one remains
A Jew to the end, though he swing in air
  From year to year in a suit of chains.

'T was May, and the buds into blossom broke,
  And the apple-boughs were pink and white:
What grewsome fruit was that on the oak,
  Swaying and swaying day and night!
The miller, urging his piebald mare
  Over the cross-road, stopped and leered;
But never an urchin ventured there,
  For fear of the dead-man's long white beard.

A long white beard like carded wool,
  Reaching down to the very knee,—
Of a proper sort with which to pull
  A heretic Jew to the gallows-tree!
Piteous women-folk turned away,
  Having no heart for such a thing;
But the blackbirds on the alder-spray
  For very joy of it seemed to sing.

Whenever a monk went shuffling by
  To the convent over against the hill,
He would lift a pitiless pious eye,
  And mutter, "The Abbot but did God's will!"
And the Abbot himself slept no whit less,
  But rather the more, for this his deed:
And the May moon filled, and the loveliness
  Of springtide flooded upland and mead.

Then an odd thing chanced. A certain clown,
  On a certain morning breaking stone
By the hill-side, saw, as he glanced down,
  That the heretic's long white beard was gone,—
Shaved as clean and close as you choose,
  As close and clean as his polished pate!
Like wildfire spread the marvelous news
  From the ale-house bench to the convent gate.

And the good folk flocked from far and near,
  And the monks trooped down the rocky height:
'T was a miracle, that was very clear, —
  The Devil had shaved the Israelite!
Where is the Abbot? Quick, go tell!
  Summons him, knave, sdeath! straightway!
The Devil hath sent his barber from hell,
  Perchance there will be the Devil to pay!

Now a lad that had climbed an alder-tree,
  The better to overlook the rest,
Suddenly gave a shout of glee
  At finding a wondrous blackbird-nest,
Then suddenly flung it from his hand,
  For lo! it was woven of human hair,
Plaited and braided, strand upon strand, —
  No marvel the heretic's chin was bare!

Silence fell upon priest and clown,
  Each stood riveted in his place;
The brat that tugged at his mother's gown
  Caught the terror that blanched her face.
Then one, a patriarch, bent and gray,
  Wise with the grief of years fourscore,
Picked up his staff, and took his way
  By the mountain-path to the Abbot's door, —

And bravely told this thing of the nest,
  How the birds had never touched cheek or eye,
But daintily plucked the fleece from the breast
  To build a home for their young thereby.
"Surely, if they were not afeard
  (God's little choristers, free of guile!)
To serve themselves of the Hebrew's beard,
  It was that he was not wholly vile!

"Perhaps they saw with their keener eyes
  The grace that we missed, but which God sees:
Ah, but he reads all hearts likewise,
  The good in those, and the guilt in these.
Precious is mercy, O my lord!"
  Humbly the Abbot bowed his head,
And, making a gesture of accord, —
  "What would you have? The knave is dead."

"Certes, the man is dead! No doubt
  Deserved to die; as a Jew, he died;
But now he hath served the sentence out
  (With a dole or two thrown in beside),

Suffered all that he may of men —
Why not earth him, and no more words ?"
The Abbot pondered, and smiled, and then —
"Well, well! since he gave his beard to the birds!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN AMERICA.

About thirteen hundred and fifty years ago two Nestorian monks, armed with formidable-looking canes, were traveling from India to Byzantium. Sent to the East by the Patriarch of Persia, whither they had fled after the Nestorian persecution, they were not so zealous in the propagation of Christianity that they failed to perceive certain features in the arts and sciences in which the heathen were far superior to the Christians. They determined to learn as well as to teach. They were especially interested in finding the secret of a certain fabric of surprising lustre and beauty, familiar to Europe at that time as one of the most mysterious products of the East, and so highly valued that a pound of it was worth a pound of gold. Their efforts were successful. They hastened to Byzantium. They sought an audience with the Emperor Justinian, who was, no doubt, a little surprised when he learned that this beautiful and coveted product was originally the work of a worm. Up to this time, the middle of the sixth century, the common opinion in Europe was, that, like cotton, it was wholly a vegetable product. He was further informed that though the worms themselves could not be brought to Byzantium, it would be easy to bring their eggs, the worms from which, when hatched, and fed on mulberry leaves, would spin their silken fibre for his subjects, and render importation from the hated Persians unnecessary. Stimulated by the large rewards which the emperor offered, the monks went back to India. The exportation of eggs was forbidden under penalty of death. But the shrewd missionaries made two large and hollow canes, which they filled with the eggs, and by this ingenious device succeeded in conveying them in good condition to the emperor.

This is the earliest and commonly received tradition of the introduction of silk culture into Europe. Yet the looms of Asia had been working for many centuries before these enterprising monks plodded into Europe with those hollow and oviparous mockeries.

There are two principal branches of the silk industry, only one of which is practically represented in this country. There is first *silk culture*, which includes the culture of the mulberry-tree and the care of the worm until it has spun its cocoon, from which the silk is derived; second, the *manufacture of silk*, which begins with the reeling of the thread from the cocoon, and ends with the woven fabric. That we may understand what is involved in these two branches of the industry, and the relation they sustain to its position and development in the United States, let us look for a moment at the biography of the worm, and the processes by which his kindly legacy is utilized.

Of the several species of the proper silk-worm, the *Bombyx mori*, from its more extensive use, must engage our attention. On the desk before us are several little squares of cotton cloth, each of them covered with several hundred little, round, slate-colored dots. We

should not dare to keep them here very long, for each of them contains, as Professor Tyndall would say, "the promise and potency" of a worm, and a very little heat would suffice to hatch them. We remand them to the coolness of the cellar to await the opening mulberry leaves. When allowed to hatch, each of these tiny dots releases a black worm of exceeding minuteness, but endowed with great possibilities of growth. If properly fed, it will be, on the second day, twice as large as on the first. In four days it will stretch to a quarter of an inch. Like many people, who ultimately wear its product, the worm soon gets tired of its coat and asks a new one. It is only four days old when it finds itself too large for its skin. It ceases to eat, and lies in a very torpid and apparently dejected state for several hours. This is called its moulting sickness, and is repeated four times during its caterpillar life. After lubricating its body, and fastening the old skin with silken cords to the spot on which it rests, it passes out of its old coat without much trouble. It then recovers its appetite, and grows with rapidity until the second change, which occurs when it is about eight days old. The periods between the moultings are called *ages*, and vary in length from three to seven days. The fifth age lasts about ten days, at the end of which the worm has attained its full growth, and is about two and a half or three inches in length. After it has passed its last transformation in the caterpillar stage, its appetite becomes voracious, and it eats almost constantly. According to Bonafous, on the first day of the fourth age the worms produced from one ounce of eggs will consume upon an average twenty-three and a quarter pounds of mulberry leaves; on the first day of the fifth age they will consume forty-two pounds, and on the sixth day of the same age they acquire their maximum voracity, and devour no less than two hundred and twenty-three pounds! From this date their appetite continually decreases until, on the tenth day of this age, they consume only fifty-six pounds.

In the cocoon the worm changes into the chrysalis state and appears about the size and shape of a kidney bean. When the cocoons are completed, they are collected and carefully sorted. A certain number of the best are kept for breeding. In these the chrysalis is allowed to change into a moth and emerge from the cocoon, which it does at periods varying from fifteen to thirty days according to the climate. The moth is of a grayish-white color. The male and female couple soon after coming from the cocoon, and the females deposit their eggs in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. The moths eat nothing after coming from the cocoon, and die shortly after laying their eggs. The eggs, which are laid on bits of cotton cloth, are carefully preserved in a cold place until the next season, though in some varieties they are allowed to hatch soon for another crop.

Silk-worms may be fed on the leaves of several different kinds of trees; the castor-oil plant, the osage orange, even the oak, have been used by different experimenters. But for successful silk raising there is no worm like the *Bombyx mori*, and for the *bombyx* no tree like the mulberry. Of the several varieties of mulberry, the white (*Morus alba*) is preferred, though the *M. multicaulis* and the *M. niger*, or American mulberry, may be used for the purpose. For successful rearing it is necessary, we are told, to have the worms hatch about the time the leaves are fresh and tender. These should be cut very fine at first. There should be plenty of ventilation. No animal seems to like air better than the silk-worm. When they are sick and drooping the Chinese frequently revive them by fanning. Not more than one hundred should be put to a single foot on the shelves or tables on which they are fed. They should have plenty of light,

but not the direct rays of the sun. They should not be exposed to long intervals of hunger, and should never be fed with wet leaves. If gathered when the dew is on them, the leaves should be carefully dried.

M. de Boissiere, who is heroically trying to introduce silk culture into Kansas, tells us that one acre of ground will answer for 160 trained mulberry trees, each of which, four years from planting, will average ten to twelve pounds of leaves, making 1600 to 1800 pounds to the acre, or enough to feed from thirty to forty thousand worms, which should produce from thirty to forty thousand cocoons. The price of a pound of cocoons he places at from eighty cents to a dollar, making the value range from eighty dollars to one hundred and forty dollars.

We now come to the second branch of the subject, the manufacture of silk. The worm has done his part of the process when he has spun the cocoon. He has wound his silk into a bobbin or ball. All that is necessary to prepare it for manufacture is to unwind it. The manufacture of silk thus differs widely from that of cotton, which must first be spun into a thread, before it can be woven. In silk the worm itself has generously acted as the spinner and turned the largest part of its body into a continuous thread. As the chrysalis, though dormant, is still living in the cocoon, and by merging will pierce the fibre and render it unfit for reeling, it is necessary to kill it. This is done by subjecting the cocoon to a gentle heat in a large oven. In warm climates the natural heat of the sun is sufficient. A number of the cocoons are then placed in a basin of hot water, which is kept warm by a fire beneath it, and stirred with a whisk broom until the gum is softened and the floss, or outer silk, is disengaged. The gum once loosened it is easy to catch up the cocoon threads, several of which are run through an eyelet or guide which converges them, whence they are wound on a reel. The reeling machine is a simple affair, a wheel on which the silk is wound and various devices for guiding the thread. The more rapid the motion, the more easily does the silk unwind. The chief difficulty is to keep the thread uniform. Fresh ends must be added from new cocoons so that, if possible, an equal number shall be represented in the thread at any given time. The cocoons are sometimes imperfect, of variable length, and the thread varies in size in the same cocoon. The silk inside, near the chrysalis, is generally of poor quality. The pierced cocoons and the dupions or double cocoons, formed by two worms entering into partnership, cannot be reeled at all. Then again, if the water is too hot it injures the silk ; if not hot enough, the silk will not unwind freely. Much adroitness is needed in catching up the fresh ends, and to produce an even thread requires no little patience and skill. In China and Italy much of the work is done by women. An experienced hand, with the assistance of a girl to turn the wheel and to keep the fire under the caldron, can reel with ease from a pound to a pound and a half of silk of the best quality in a day. All the raw silk which comes to this country from China, France, or Italy is already reeled, except the pierced or waste cocoons. Most of the best Chinese raw silk that we receive is re-reeled from the ball in Shanghai. Re-reeling was introduced there through American merchants, who found the Chinese hanks too large to be worked profitably. The price of reeled or raw silk, as it is called, is from four dollars to eleven dollars a pound. The best Italian and French silk is worth about two dollars more a pound than the Chinese, because of better reeling. The raw silk, owing to the natural gum with which the cocoon thread is covered, is quite hard, and the silky feeling is altogether wanting. There are about four

ounces of gum to every pound of silk. The Chinese, however, have various ways of adulterating it so that the weight of the raw silk is largely increased. It is usual for the importer to boil out a pound of silk to ascertain the proportion of gum or foreign matter it contains. This adulteration of the raw material is one of the great difficulties the manufacturer has to contend with.

On reaching the silk mill it is first carefully sorted according to its fineness, which is determined by reeling off a certain number of yards and weighing them. It is then soaked in boiling water until the gum is softened. Care is taken not to wash it all out, as a certain proportion is a great assistance in winding. The silk is then dried in swiftly revolving cylinders and unwound from the hanks upon large bobbins. The Chinese silk, on account of its unevenness, is often passed between metal plates with sharp edges, which reduce the thread to a more uniform thickness. After being unwound and evened, the silk is passed through an eyelet and run upon a single bobbin. This bobbin is then placed in the spinning frame, where, in being wound off upon another bobbin, the thread receives a twist of so many turns to the inch. It is then what is called *tram*, and is used for the filling in weaving. For the warp, which is called *organzine*, two threads of the tram are doubled and spun upon another spool, the twist being given in the opposite direction to make the thread stronger. The twist for the filling is looser than that for the warp. The coarseness of the filling depends upon the variety of goods that are required. There are about eighteen threads of the cocoon in the finest numbers of sewing silk. After the silk is thus "thrown," as the process of winding and doubling is called, it is reeled into skeins and sent to the dyer, where the gum is boiled out and the silk is treated to a new color. Heavy silks are all dyed in the skein. The lighter milliner's silks and pongees are frequently dyed in the piece, and are dried upon large heated rollers after coming from the final vat. On leaving the dye-house the stuff has lost every particle of its gum and has a soft, silky feeling. Then, when carefully rewound on bobbins, it is ready for sewing silk and for the various purposes of weaving into broad or narrow goods, or for the ingenious devices in trimming.

Among the remote and unfamiliar curiosities of Harvard College Library is a little book printed in London in 1655, with a very prolonged title, the essential part of which is "The Reformed Virginian Silk-Worm; or, a Rare and New Discovery of a Speedy Way, and Easie Means, found out by a Young Lady in England . . . for the Feeding of Silk-Worms in the Woods, on the Mulberry-Tree-Leaves in Virginia." This little book is a curious mixture of prose and poetry, commercial shrewdness, exuberant piety, and an ingenious, money-making philanthropy. The writer is intensely enthusiastic in his hopes for the establishment of silk culture in America, and is thoroughly confident that its introduction there "will not only be the means of enriching the colonies and the mother country, but will result in the civilization and conversion of the Indians."

It is two hundred and twenty-three years since that book was written. The Indians have been pushed from Virginia beyond the Missouri, and our domain has been extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but silk culture in the United States is just as much in futurity as it was then, and the beautiful sample of reeled silk lying before us, from the single colony in our country (at Silkville, Kansas) which is now trying the experiment, is just as much a curiosity as the specimens sent from Virginia to England two centuries and a half ago. This curious little book, with its extravagance of precept and prophecy, finds an ante-

cedent in a more sober work on the same shelf, written thirty-three years before, which contains a letter on the subject by James I. to the Earl of Southampton, treasurer of the plantation in Virginia, and which really introduces us to the first attempt to establish silk culture in America. James I. had tried the experiment of raising the silk-worm in England, but after a series of costly failures abandoned the attempt. What could not be done there he was sure could be done in the genial climate of Virginia. This interest in silk was stimulated by his hatred of tobacco, against which he wrote his famous but unsuccessful Counterblast. He hoped by introducing the cultivation of silk to drive out tobacco. Coercion and reward were both tried. The letter above mentioned was written. Planters were commanded, under heavy penalty, to plant ten mulberry-trees to every one hundred acres. Parliament and the Colonial Assembly offered liberal premiums for raw silk and cocoons. In 1660 the culture had so far advanced that the coronation robe of Charles II. was made of raw silk raised in the colonies. But tobacco was profitable and silk was not. In the struggle for existence the weed conquered the worm. At the close of that century silk culture became almost extinct in Virginia.

It is interesting to note that in the next century one of the most important American colonies was founded under the desire to establish silk culture in this country. The enterprising Oglethorpe was the moving spirit. Even before the departure from England the seal of the new colony had on one side a representation of silk-worms, some beginning, some completing, their labors. Georgia was settled in 1732. Two years later, eight pounds of raw silk were sent to England, and in 1735 a small trunk full of the same material. This was presented to Queen Caroline, who appeared on his majesty's birthday in a full robe of Georgia silk. Later a filature or reeling establishment was opened at Savannah. From ten to fifteen thousand pounds of cocoons were annually delivered to this establishment. In 1766 the amount reached twenty thousand pounds. The annual export of reeled silk ranged from five hundred to one thousand pounds, and brought in the London market from two to three shillings more a pound than the silk from any other part of the world. After a few years the silk trade in Georgia began to decline, and in 1774 the filature at Savannah was abandoned. The cause of this decline was the uncertainty of the climate, the price of labor, and above all things the greater profitableness of the cotton crop.

The history of the failure of silk culture in Georgia is, in brief, its history in most of the other colonies. Early attempts were made in South Carolina and also in Louisiana, only to be ultimately abandoned. Favored by generous bounties, the experiment was tried in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Benjamin Franklin was instrumental in establishing a filature at Philadelphia in 1770. Incited by reports from the South, strong efforts were made to introduce the silk-worm into New England. Foremost in this attempt were President Stiles, of Yale College, and Dr. Jared Eliot, of Boston, the author of a practical book of Essays upon Field Husbandry in New England, printed in 1760. In this book Dr. Eliot strongly urges the planting of the mulberry-tree, and argues that besides feeding silk-worms, they afford a good supply of fire-wood, and furnish valuable timber; are well worth planting for shade and ornament; that the fruit is good for swine and poultry; and finally, as if to clinch his argument, he adds a consideration worthy of a true Bostonian, namely, "Such groves are proper places for retirement, study, and meditation. . . . This will have weight with those who love contempla-

tion, those who are wise and good." He anticipates Thoreau in the next sentence by saying that "he that is not company for himself when alone will be none of the most pleasant or edifying company for others. Narrow minds who have no fund for their own entertainment will afford but bare entertainment for others." "The Garden of Eden," he reminds us, "was not furnished with palaces, but with a great variety of trees." And was it not Abraham who "planted a grove in Beer-sheba and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God"? Dr. Stiles reduced his preaching to practice, and in 1788 appeared at college commencement with a robe made entirely of Connecticut silk. Silk culture was established at Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1760, and was kept up for more than eighty years.

To most of the children of the present generation in Massachusetts a silk cocoonery would be a novel sight; but there are many older persons who remember the time when numerous farmers and several enterprising clergymen throughout the State had a few silk-worms in their houses or barns, whose care was sometimes intrusted to the women and children of the family. For although at the beginning of this century the silk culture in this country had almost died out, yet strong efforts were made to revive it. Indeed, for two hundred and fifty years this branch of industry has been seeking a foothold in America through a series of periodical and enthusiastic revivals, each of which has been followed by a re-active failure. Such a revival took place some fifty years ago. It extended over all the Eastern and Middle States. Congress even was affected by it, and appointed a committee to report on the culture of the mulberry with reference to the silk-worm. Massachusetts took fire. Its legislature in 1831 appropriated $600 for the publication and distribution of a manual on silk, which was prepared by Jonathan H. Cobb, of Dedham, who was one of the most earnest silk culturists in the State. We are reminded of the enthusiasm of the author of the Virginian Silk-Worm when we read in the report of the legislative committee that they were "satisfied beyond a doubt that we have power to produce and manufacture silk in this commonwealth to an immense extent, and that no difficulty is to be encountered either from soil or climate." The argument for the cultivation of silk was enforced by the alarming fact that about this time, 1825, the export of breadstuffs was only about one half the value of the silk imported.

Silk culture soon took the form of a feverish speculation, and grew into a surprisingly large bubble. This inflation was brought about through the purported discovery that the *Morus multicaulis*, or many-branched mulberry, was the best of all trees for silk-worms. An intense rage for this tree sprang up. The most extravagant prices were demanded. Dr. Brockett tells us, in his Centennial History of the Silk Trade, that young trees or cuttings came to be worth twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred, and even five hundred dollars a hundred. Immense numbers were imported from France. But suddenly, in 1839, the bubble burst. Not a few nursery-men were utterly ruined, and the next spring "multicaulis trees were offered in vain to the neighboring farmers, at a dollar a hundred, for pea brush." This branch of the industry has never recovered from that disaster, and to-day there is less silk raised in all the United States than there was in Georgia one hundred and twenty years ago.

The result of many experiments in silk culture in this country has been to prove that as fine a quality of silk can be raised in the United States as in any part of the world. But it has also as positively proven that the silk cannot

be raised here and reeled as cheaply as the raw silk can be imported from China and Japan. It may be done in "Ultimate America," but with the present relations of labor and capital it cannot easily be done now. Silk raising must preferably be confined to countries where there is a dense population. In the feeding season it requires an immense amount of labor, which comes all at once. To give wages for feeding silk-worms, anything like the wages that are given for work in our mills, would not pay any more than it would to set men to feeding chickens. Wherever the experiment of raising silk-worms on a large scale has been tried, it has failed. They are too liable to get diseased. They do better in isolated communities or families. The only way in which silk raising can be carried on without loss in this country is for each farmer, where the climate will permit, to raise a moderate quantity of cocoons yearly, sending them to large filatures, where they may be successfully reeled. Years ago, reeling was done in the family where the silk was raised. It is now, fortunately, a separate branch of the business. Even in China and Japan this has come to be the case, the large filatures, with improved machinery, doing the work better than it could be done at home.

There is no country that has a finer climate for silk raising than California. The experiment has been tried there. An excellent quality of cocoons and eggs has been raised, but instead of rearing them for the silk, the few Californians who engaged in the business found it more profitable to ship the eggs to France, to repair the ravages made by the silk-worm disease. The only well-organized attempt in silk culture in this country now was started by M. de Boissiere, a French gentleman residing in Franklin County, Kansas. He has established a small mill, and, assisted by M. Crozier, who has written a treatise on the raising of silk-worms, is working vigorously among the farmers of Kansas. These gentlemen are fully aware of the difficulties in their way, but they are full of hope and enthusiasm.

The history of silk culture in America is a history of failure; but when we turn to the *manufacture of silk* from the reeled article, we have the history of a surprising success. Failures in silk growing left open but one other course, — the importation of raw silk from the great silk-growing countries and its manufacture into fabrics upon American looms. A few facts will show the result of this policy, protected as it has been by a sufficient tariff.

Rodney and Horatio Hanks are credited with erecting in 1810, at Mansfield, Conn., the first silk mill on this continent. Mr. William H. Horstmann, of Cassel, Germany, established the second at Philadelphia in 1815, and is said to have been the pioneer manufacturer in the use of the Jacquard loom, which he introduced about 1824. The first silk mill in Paterson, N. J. (which has now become the Lyons of America), was established in 1840 by Christopher Colt, Jr., of Hartford. The surprising growth of the industry in this city is seen from records compiled by Franklin Allen, secretary of the Silk Association of America. Starting with one mill in 1840, in thirty-eight years the number of firms and corporations has grown to thirty-two, with five dyeing establishments, employing altogether 8000 persons (two thirds of whom are females), whose wages amount to from $2,000,000 to $2,600,000 yearly. There are 74,000 throwing spindles and 23,000 braiding spindles; 730 power looms and 563 hand looms; 550,000 pounds of silk are dyed in a year. The amount of capital invested in mills, machinery, and manufacture amounts to nearly $6,000,000. The classes of goods made at Paterson embrace tram, organzine, fringes, sewing-silks, machine and twist, ribbons, dress,

and fancy silks, handkerchiefs, veils, and dress trimmings, braids and bindings, and upholstery trimmings. The manufacture of silk lace is carried on extensively and with great success by Mr. A. G. Jennings, of Brooklyn, so that nearly every variety of silk manufacture is represented in the United States. The quality of the work will compare with, and in some departments is superior to, that of any other country in the world. There are few of our countrymen who realize how much the silk industry owes to the improvements we have made in silk machinery. The judges of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia pronounced our machinery to be in advance of that of all other countries. The display of American goods at Philadelphia not only surprised foreign experts, but completely surprised many Americans themselves.

Twenty years ago our supply of dress silks, ribbons, silk laces, shawls, etc., came mainly from England and France. To-day, beyond a few fancy and mixed goods we buy no silks from Great Britain. The failure of the silk manufacture in Great Britain was due to the abrogation of the duties on manufactured silk. A similar repeal of the duties here no doubt would result in a similar disaster. The duty on manufactured silk is about sixty per cent., about the same as the duty on sugar; yet as a result of home competition silk goods were never lower in our market than they are today, and the conclusive proof that this tariff is not prohibitory is seen in the fact that in the lists of the value of imported articles silk stands third, being second only to sugar and wool.

Including some twenty-five importers and dealers in raw silk, there are about two hundred and seventy-nine firms engaged in silk manufacture in America, of which the greater number are in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. There are 18,000 operatives who receive annually over $6,000,000; the amount of capital invested is about $18,000,000, and the total value of product $27,000,000. In June, 1872, the silk manufacturers of this country formed an association known as The Silk Association of America, which has its head-quarters in New York, and whose object is to further the interests of the trade in the United States.

There is one branch of the silk industry in which it may confidently be said that America leads the world; and that is in the manufacture of what is called spun or waste silks. The perfection which has been reached in this branch is due to the ingenuity, patience, and perseverance of the Cheney Brothers, of South Manchester, Conn., who own the largest silk mill on the continent, and whose products are known all over this country, and are now being imitated in Europe. The history of the Cheney family, if it were the province of this article to give it, would be a little biographical sermon on the text, "How pleasant" (and we might add how profitable) "it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." There were eight brothers in this family, but not one too many. They all became early interested in silk culture and started a mill at South Manchester, in 1838, two years before the first mill at Paterson. Besides making various attempts to colonize the silkworm in Connecticut, Ohio, New Jersey, and Georgia, they published a monthly journal, — The American Silk-Grower and Farmer's Manual. But their silk-growing experiments failed. They gradually returned to South Manchester and started the manufacture of sewing silk from imported raw silk. At that time this country was supplied almost entirely from Italy. The Cheneys made a close study of the Italian method. After experimenting for some time, Mr. Frank Cheney succeeded in twisting silk on the same plan that the Italians did; but what they did by hand the Cheneys did by machinery. This was the beginning

of their success. Their business grew rapidly, and they grew with their business. New buildings began to dot the fields at South Manchester, and the number of operatives steadily increased until the old farm was converted into a beautiful manufacturing village.

In 1854 they took up the manufacture of waste or spun silk, which has now become their specialty. But what is waste silk? Many people have an idea that it is simply shoddy, — the product of old dresses or remnants. This is not the case. To explain it, let us go back again to the cocoon of the silk-worm. We have seen that a certain number of cocoons must be reserved for breeding. In these the moth is suffered to make his way out, which renders them unfit for reeling. In Japan the number of pierced cocoons is very large, owing to the great demand for silk-worm eggs in Europe. Something like three million eggs go through this country from Japan *en route* to Europe every year. There are also the dupions or double cocoons, which cannot be easily wound off, and there is the floss and the *frison*, or waste, which comes from reeling. Under ordinary manufacture from raw silk all these cocoons, amounting to a vast number, would go to waste. The Japanese made from them a sort of wadding with which they lined their dresses, much as we use cotton batting. For a long time no use was made of them by silk manufacturers; but under the efforts of science to utilize waste products, this outcast silk has succumbed to a regenerating process which the Cheneys have brought to great perfection. These waste cocoons are imported from China, Japan, and Italy. They are carefully sorted by women, who pick out the sticks and stones with which the Celestials sometimes find it convenient to pack them. The next step is to extract the gum, which is done by placing them in a large vat with a certain preparation of alkali, varying with the kind of cocoons. They are then washed and dried, and the treatment which follows is an endeavor to draw out the fibre as much as possible, as in flax or long wool. The fibre is so fine that the work must be done very delicately. The dry cocoons are placed in the cocoon opener, a large cylinder with combs attached, which draws out the fibre so that it resembles a long, thin sheet of cotton batting. These sheets, or laps, go to the filling engine, also composed of large cylinders and armed with teeth, where they receive another combing, and still again into a dressing machine, by which time the silk is thoroughly cleansed and is much in the condition of combed wool. The clean, flossy silk from the dressing machine is then fed into the drawing machine and passed through a series of gills or teeth, from which it issues in the form of a beautiful cascade or stream of flowing silk. The sheet has by this time been drawn out to the size of a small rope. It is drawn out still further on the roving machine and wound on a bobbin. As the fibre is very sensitive to electric influences steam is allowed to escape into the room from pipes provided for the purpose, to counteract this effect. Coming from the roving machine the silk goes to the spinning frames, where it passes through the same process as the raw silk.

It will be seen that while the unpierced cocoons are simply unwound, and reeled into hanks, a lengthy process with very costly machinery is required to convert the waste cocoons into a continuous thread of the same size. Spun silk is superseding reeled silk for many purposes. About one half the product of spun silk goes into ribbons, and the balance of it into gros-grains, handkerchiefs, pongees, and silk for millinery purposes. It is largely used for filling in the weaving of broad goods, reeled silk being used for the warp. The broad silks made by the Cheney Brothers lack some of the lustre of the reeled silk article, but are remarkable for their dura-

bility and cheapness. Foreign manufacturers admit that a much better ribbon is made by the Cheneys than they can make from the same stuff, and the best proof of this admission is seen in the sincere flattery with which they imitate the labels and the goods of this firm, compelling the Cheneys to issue a circular warning the trade against foreign counterfeits.

There is another important particular in which the spun silk goods and most American reeled silks are superior to foreign ones. American goods are generally pure. Foreign silks are now so largely weighted with extraneous matter that their quality is sometimes utterly ruined. This adulteration is effected in the dyeing process. When you put a pound of reeled silk into the dye vats, it loses in washing about four ounces. It is considered by most manufacturers allowable to get back in the dye what is lost in the gum. A perfectly pure black silk, it is said, would have a lifeless, kid-glove feeling, and would be totally devoid of the rustle which so effectively heralds the wearer. But foreign manufacturers are not content with recovering the equivalent of the lost gum. Their goods are sometimes so heavily weighted that a pound of silk is made to weigh three, four, and even five pounds. For fringes, of course, which are made to be looked at, this weight is not so objectionable, though bad enough, but when dress goods are loaded in this way the practice is utterly fraudulent. The durability of the fibre and its cohesiveness are almost entirely destroyed. This practice is not confined to firms of no repute. Adulterations have been detected in the goods of some of the most prominent French firms. Mr. W. H. Seaman, of New York, has invented a process, which is being adopted by many importers, for washing out the dye in silk, and thus ascertaining the extent of adulteration. The writer of this article was lately shown some specimens which had been subjected to this process. The difference between the pure and the impure silk was evident. The former retained its close and perfect texture. The dye was merely a coloring. In the adulterated goods, when the dye was removed, the silk resembled mosquito netting. It is hoped that the discovery of this process may assist in checking this dishonest practice.

One of the pleasantest and most noteworthy features in connection with the work of the Cheney Brothers is not merely the improvements they have made in silk machinery, but their practical solution of the question of the pleasant and equitable relation between capital and labor. They have established, and been able to manage with surprising success, an ideal manufacturing village. The reputation they have gained among philanthropists and economists is hardly second to the reputation of their silks. Many persons visit South Manchester yearly, not to see the silk looms, but simply to see their charming village and learn the secret of their success. To the Cheneys there is no secret about it. They started their mills and have conducted them for business purposes, not merely for social experiments. But they began and have continued in the right way. They have treated their employés not as slaves, but as men and women. Instead of living in the city away from their mills, as most stockholders do, and thus having no personal interest in the welfare of the village, they have built their own houses upon beautiful sites near their mills. They have built a large number of cottages on the place, which they let to married employés at a low rent. They have established boarding-houses for the unmarried, and school-houses for the children. A large hall, erected and furnished at a cost of nearly $60,000, which is supplied with a good organ, scenery, and dramatic appliances, is one of the best monuments of their generosity. A free library and reading-room

furnishes their employés with the latest newspapers and magazines and the best current literature. Unsectarian religious services and a Sunday-school are provided every Sunday in the hall, the Cheneys paying the expenses of preaching. There is also a Methodist and an Orthodox Congregational church in the place, which many of the operatives attend. An excellent orchestra, numbering eight or ten pieces, organized from among the employés, meets for practice every Sunday afternoon in the large hall, and, accompanied on the piano by the accomplished daughter of one of the employers, renders some of the most difficult classical music. Concerts and dramatic entertainments take place occasionally, which furnish cheap and excellent sources of amusement. The cottages are each supplied with water, gas, and a pleasant garden plot. The mills are well lighted and ventilated. The grounds are laid out with great taste; there is no fence on the whole place. In fact, everything is done to make it pleasant and convenient for the employés. South Manchester seems rather like a great factory family than a factory town. When one compares this kind of factory life with that which exists in England or in large cities in this country, this little Connecticut village seems a terrestrial paradise. It is hardly necessary to say that the Cheneys have never suffered from strikes. We cannot help thinking that the good will to men, which they have shown in all their relations to their operatives, some way finds its way through honest hearts and deft fingers into the warp and woof of their excellent silks.

S. J. Barrows.

HIS BEST.

It was late in August, and up in the mountains the evenings had already begun to grow cool. Helen Franklin stood on the stile, at the end of the long gravel walk, in front of the house, the slant rays of the setting sun falling directly on her, and bringing out more distinctly the bright expectation expressed in her attitude and countenance. She was a tall, vigorous girl, rather compactly than slightly made, with large gray eyes, curling light-brown hair, and a soft, smooth, sallow complexion. Her face in repose, with its irregular features and neutrality of tint, would not be called handsome; but certainly she is very attractive to look upon as she stands waiting, her figure bathed in a flood of rosy light, her lips parted in a smile.

The approaching vehicle was an unpretentious looking affair enough, — a small covered wagon, drawn by one horse; the driver a broad-shouldered, thick-set man, his fresh complexion a good deal tanned, his dark hair slightly mixed with gray where it was tufted at the temples, and pleasant blue eyes, — a physiognomy decidedly not remarkable; his dress was that of a country laborer, his age forty or thereabouts.

He touched his straw hat respectfully, as he drew up in front of the stile. "Good evening," she responded. "You see I expected you, Mr. Lafferty."

"Yes, and I 've a lot of letters for you to-day, Miss Helen; more than common, I think."

She took the packet eagerly, saying, "You are so kind that we have come to look for you every evening, just as if we had a right to your services. It is certainly very nice to get our mail so promptly, but I am afraid sometimes you inconvenience yourself about it."

"Oh, no, miss," earnestly, a little Hibernianism creeping into his speech as his manner became more interested; "it 's meself that 's glad to be of use to ye."

"You are very kind," she repeated, a little mechanically, as she looked over the addresses of her letters. Then she said, raising her head, "I don't think we shall be quite so troublesome in the future, Mr. Lafferty. Some of our friends are coming on soon to make us a long visit, so of course they won't write us letters, and you won't have to bring them."

The man's sunburnt face changed a little. "Ye 're to have company from the city then, Miss Helen," he observed after a slight pause, during which Helen had selected two of the letters, holding them in her hand, while she placed the others on the tall fence-post beside her. "Well," he continued, "I 've often thought it must be lonesome for you off here in the country, up in th' mount'ns." Another pause; then hesitantly, as if conscious of taking a liberty, "You say ye look for your friends soon, miss."

"Y-e-s, very soon," she replied absently, the sense of the question finding its way slowly to her preoccupied attention. "The 19th," she said in a low tone, talking to herself. "Why, *that* 's nearly three weeks off! Let 's see," counting on her fingers, "27th, and seven — makes the 3d — 10th — 17th, a-n-d two — three weeks and two days." Then she smiled, looking toward the mountains.

The man ventured no more remarks, nor did he offer to go. He sat perfectly still and patient, looking at her, as she stood before him.

Her sister's voice, speaking from the house, roused her: "Helen, Helen! what are you thinking of? Do you know you are keeping Mr. Lafferty waiting? Have you any business with him?"

The girl started, blushing slightly as she met his steady gaze.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Lafferty," she said, laughing a little. "I did not mean to detain you. It was very thoughtless in me, but I *entirely* forgot you were waiting. Why did n't you remind me? Would you like to see Mrs. Richardson about anything? Shall I call her?"

"It did n't make any difference at all, Miss Helen; I did n't mind waitin'. No, miss, I don't want to see Mrs. Richardson this afternoon. I waited to ask if ye wanted me to take inything back to Woodberry for ye."

"Oh, you make me ashamed of myself for being so thoughtless. No, thank you. I 've nothing to send to the office just now. How are your pretty calves?" she continued. "Is my namesake as charming as ever? I think Alderney calves are just the very prettiest creatures!"

"They 're well, miss, and the dun heifer 's handsomer than ever. *She 's* obliged to flourish; I take care of her meself. You must come to see her, the next time ye drive to Woodberry, Miss Helen."

"Yes, indeed I will."

She began gathering some of the roses and honeysuckle which grew within her reach.

"Do you care for flowers, Mr. Lafferty?" she said kindly, to make amends for her late inattention. "Would you like to have these?" giving them. "*I* think these old-fashioned flowers are sweeter than most of the garden plants which we cultivate so carefully."

He placed them beside him on the wagon-seat, lest they should wither in his hand, saying, "Thank ye kindly, miss;" then with the natural gallantry of his race he added, "I shall think more than common of these here flowers for the sake of the lady that give them to me. Good evenin', Miss Helen," gathering the reins and turning to go.

"Good evening," she replied, nodding pleasantly. "You compel me to be

obliged to you all the time, Mr. Lafferty."

He seemed about to speak again, but Helen evidently thought the interview at an end. She had seated herself, and was smiling encouragingly to her two-year-old nephew, who was toddling from the house toward her. So he merely made an inarticulate sound, ending in a quick catching of the breath, like the beginning of a sigh, and drove off down the road toward the farm-gate. Through this gate one passed immediately into the woods, the road winding through the forest in a circuitous course, the ground beginning at the woodland to rise steadily toward the Blue Ridge, some seven miles away.

The man drove on briskly until he entered the forest. He then halted, and, alighting, climbed a bowlder and looked back between the trees, toward the house. There was still light enough for him to see distinctly. Helen was sitting on the stile, her figure in its light summer dress and red shawl relieved against the dark brown house; her head was bent over something in her hand; she was reading. He stood watching her for some time, until she rose and walked into the house; he then mounted his wagon, and drove off into the lonely, darkening wood.

Joseph Lafferty was an Irishman, who having served faithfully in one of the Louisiana regiments during the war had, after Lee's surrender, settled in the Luray valley, where he resumed his occupation as a butcher.

By thrift he had come to be quite a successful operator in buying and selling cattle. Latterly he had made this his principal business, although he still supplied a few families in the neighborhood. He was a quiet, peaceable man, good-hearted, and well liked by his neighbors. His speech was an odd compromise between the West Virginia vernacular and the Irish brogue, — unless, indeed, when under the influence of strong feeling; then he relapsed into his native dialect. But this occurred very seldom, because, as I said before, he was naturally a quiet fellow, possessing apparently an even, un-Hibernian temper. "A good citizen" (I quote the village politicians), "not saying much, but always voting for the right man." His religious opinions, moreover, held him aloof from the neighbors of his class. He was a strict Roman Catholic, perhaps the only one in the county. So the frequent "all-day meetings," revivals, etc., held in the neighborhood and esteemed the most approved form of dissipation in that locality, were of course tabooed him. He was not illiterate, although he had received little school education. A prominent lawyer, calling one day to see him on business, was surprised to find him reading Motley's Dutch Republic. "Why, Lafferty," he said, "I did not know that the study of history was exactly in your line."

"Well, sir," replied the butcher, "a man livin' to himself has to read something for company, and I think he may as well learn a little from his readin', while he 's about it." He used to go to Mr. Richardson's three times a week, to supply the family with meat. There, a few months before, he had seen Helen Franklin, who had come from her city home to spend the summer with her sister. She was a frank, unaffected woman, noble and true to her heart's core, and moreover was so full of energy and vitality that it was not long before the whole neighborhood came to know and admire her. She was an almost indefatigable walker, and Lafferty was constantly encountering her, as he made his daily expeditions up and down the road. She would generally say a few pleasant words to him in passing, and once, happening to meet him near the house, she asked him to take a letter to the village post-office for her, remarking as she did so that "Tom" (the negro lad usually dispatched on such errands) "was so

slow he was often too late for the mail." After that, Lafferty called every day to learn if he could be of service. He lived in the village, and his business, he said, brought him constantly in the vicinity of the Richardson place; besides, the poor fellow would have *walked* four times the distance for the sake of Helen's gracious thanks and smile. For she was engaged to be married, and, being very much in love, she was disposed to treat the bringer of her love-letters very kindly. Lafferty did not realize the nature or extent of his feeling for Helen. Men of his stamp, with healthy bodies, constant occupation, and sound, well-balanced minds, even when they belong to a higher and more cultivated class, are not much given to mental analysis where there is nothing to suggest it. And Helen Franklin had so little self-consciousness in her composition that she never once suspected the fact of his devotion, — a fact which would have discovered itself to a vainer, more susceptibly organized woman, as she would have felt a change in the atmosphere.

Sometimes she experienced a little annoyance at the continued feeling of obligation to Lafferty, and one day after he had brought the mail she spoke to her sister about it.

"He is so polite about my letters I begin to feel badly about letting him fetch them all the time; I would like to make some return. What do you think about it? I have hesitated about offering him money, because he seems such a well-informed man, with such delicate impulses, that somehow I did n't like to. Why, do you know, Ada, the other day, when I was standing on the stile with a letter in my hand which he had just brought me, I dropped it, — the letter, I mean; the seal was broken, and it tumbled out, and the wind blew it off into the road. There was a photograph of himself, which Philip had sent me. Of course that fell out too, face up. Well, Lafferty jumped from his wagon, gathered the sheets and the *carte* together, and handed them to me without once glancing at them; it was done like a gentleman."

"Well, he *is* a gentleman, at heart," remarked her brother-in-law, whom they had supposed absorbed in the newspaper. "*All* his impulses are those of a gentleman. I tell you Joe Lafferty is a *mighty* good fellow; a brave soldier he was too. He 'll never flash in the pan. I wish there were more like him in the country. No, Nell, don't offer him money; it gives him pleasure to oblige you."

"But it is *not* pleasant to have to be always the obliged party," she persisted.

"Well, then, if you like, you can make him some little present; but don't offer him money, it would n't do at all."

In the mean time the first two weeks of September went by; the morning of the 18th was an uncompromising rainy day. Indeed, it had been raining for thirty hours or more. The clouds drifted persistently one way; driven before a strong southeast wind, they all sailed one after another toward the west, their dark-gray fringed borders raveling off, as they passed, into long, slanting lines of rain. The tops of the mountains had been invisible for three days. Lower down, their great sides were encircled by pale, irregular belts of mist, which in effect divided them into two broad green strips, giving a curious appearance to the horizon. Mr. Richardson was out in the barn with the farm hands around him. They sat grouped for the most part near the open door, regarding in desultory fashion the aspect of that autumn morning. It presented nothing new: in the distance, drenched fields, the gray-brown wheat-stubble showing scantily above the abundant green growth, and all dimly seen through the driving mist; nearer, the storm-swayed trees in the orchard, stretching their branchy limbs westward; in the foreground, a flock of ducks, jubilant at the state of affairs, dipping their bills in the muddy

pools with a rippling noise expressive of great contentment.

"Well," said the master at length, his long-drawn breath and rising inflection plainly accepting the inevitable, "we shan't be able to go on with the plowing to-day, *that 's* certain. So you may as well get to the threshing, Henry," turning to a raw-boned, wiry mountaineer.

The man addressed took a bite at a head of wheat which he held in his hand. "Thet 's so, squawr," he affirmed in a hoarse falsetto, chewing the grain slowly. "Don't show much sign er clarin' up, certin." He rose deliberately, shook and brushed himself free from the straw, and walked to the door. "No, *sir*," surveying the heavens, "no sign er clarin' up ter-day. An' t' river soun's l-i-i-ke sh' is putty tollerbul high *now*. Thar 's one man don't 'pear ter min' rain, though, fur yere comes Joe Lafferty in hit all." Wheels could be heard outside, crunching the wet, pebbly soil.

Mr. Richardson advanced to the door. Lafferty was seated under the doubtful shelter of a very dilapidated umbrella, his feet crowded into an uncomfortable position to avoid contact with the contents of the cart, which were carefully covered with some impervious cloth. "I brought your beef, squire," he said, after the usual greetings were exchanged, "but indeed it was as much as I could do to get here. I thought at one time I should n't be able to cross at all."

"What 's the matter? river up?"

"Indeed yes. Th' ford was no ford at all. I tried it in th' wagon, but found it would n't do, so I 'd to go back for th' cairt; then I 'd haird work to cross in th' ferry boat."

Mr. Richardson looked uneasy. "I 've known that little Shenandoah to do ugly tricks in its day. Three times I 've had a whole crop of corn destroyed by a freshet, and they say I 've the finest to be seen for fifty miles around this fall. 'T would be right rough to have to lose it now. Jim, go down into the meadow, and see if there is any chance of a freshet."

The dwelling-house and out-houses, dairy, meat-house, and barn, and the kitchen, which in the South is always apart from the dwelling, were built on a considerable eminence which in front sloped gently toward the mountains; but in the rear, the ground fell away as abruptly as if it had been sliced off with a gigantic knife. The kitchen, directly back of the house, stood on the very verge of a rocky declivity which descended sharp and sheer to the meadow lands below. From the back window of the little building one looked beneath on fertile fields of arable land which bordered the Shenandoah for many a mile. The opposite shore was precipitous. Cross the river just back of the Richardson place, clamber up the steep bank, and you find yourself at the foot of a mountain, — the tall Massaruttin. The barn stood at some little distance to the right of the dwelling-house. Here the descent from the plateau was much more gradual; the winding path which conducted the pedestrian to the cornfields below was now being threaded by the boy sent to reconnoitre. Lafferty had in the mean time entered the barn.

The squire resumed: "The river must have risen very suddenly. We have a visitor at the house, a gentleman who arrived last evening from the West. He forded in my carriage; said the river was somewhat swollen, but nothing like a freshet."

"Well, Shanadó, she *do* rise quick w'en sh' gits started," observed an old man in a high, husky quaver. "But we don't hev *no* river risin's nowadays ter what we us'ter, — not nigh so. W'y, I kin 'member w'en I wuz' er boy, t' whole medder thar wuz kivered. Thet wuz 'fore you wuz born, squawr, an' your father owned more 'n two thousan' acres er lan' in this yere county, an' we los'

a mons'ous big crap er corn by hit. I 'member us chillun wuz all fas' sleep, an' mammy come an' wuk us up ter come see. We run out on t' hill whar t' kitchen his now, an' by t' time we got thar, yere come ole Jim Bloss's house a-floatin' down t' river; we could yere t' folks a-hollerin' inside, 'fore it jam up agin er rock an' bust ter pieces. Thet *wuz* er river risin' wuth talkin' 'bout. I 'member hit well."

"What become of th' people?" asked Lafferty.

"Drownded, all but one. T' ole man fell hup 'gin a tree an' he hung thar fur two days tell t' river come outen t' kinks an' t' fotched 'im down. Them what seed him sed he wuz t' hongriest man they ever see; 'peared like he could n't never git 'nuff t' eat."

"*I* heered tell on thet time," put in one of the men. "My daddy seen hit all."

"'T wuz er *big* river risin', shore," repeated the other.

The hush which fell on the party was presently broken by a burst of gay feminine laughter, light and sweet. In the doorway from whence it proceeded were seen the head and shoulders of a man, standing with his back to the spectators and apparently assisting some one to climb the ladder. A moment more and the bright face of Helen Franklin appeared. She alighted on the floor with a spring, anticipating her companion's outstretched hand. Then she laughed afresh at something which she saw in his face, as he turned, and they came forward together.

"Where did you come from, Nell?" asked her brother-in-law.

"From the house, to be sure," she replied, throwing off her water-proof. "We got tired indoors. So I proposed we should pay you a visit. Are n't you glad to see me?"

"Very glad, mademoiselle; but did n't you get your feet soaking?"

"A little, but I don't mind. It 's not the first time, and it was n't *your* fault either," turning to her companion. "So you need n't look so mournful."

She glanced around, and spied Lafferty, who had shrunk back intuitively at her approach.

"How do you do, Mr. Lafferty?" said she, advancing toward him, and extending her hand. In her happiness she felt like being very friendly with everybody. "This is Mr. Lafferty, who has been so kind to me. You know I told you about him to-day."

The stranger came forward.

"My cousin, Mr. Spalding, from Cincinnati," explained Helen.

"Miss Franklin tells me she is under a good deal of obligation to you," said the other, courteously acknowledging the introduction. He was a tall, personable man, well dressed and unaffected. Lafferty acknowledged these qualities to himself as he tried to reply. His answer was short and confused. He began to feel the sharp nascent pang of miserable self-consciousness as he stood twisting his hat in his hand, while Helen talked on, trying to broach subjects which would interest him and draw him out. At last she said, "You remember, Mr. Lafferty, I told you some time ago I expected friends about this time. Or perhaps you 've forgotten it. This gentleman is one of them."

"No, miss. I mane I did n't forget. I remimber very well."

Mr. Richardson here relieved this embarrassed interview. The messenger had arrived from the river-bank, reporting favorably on the condition of affairs there, and in the conference held between him, his master, and Mr. Spalding, Lafferty moved quietly to the door. Mr. Richardson, while talking over the crops, had occasion to refer to him, and glancing around in search of him discovered his absence. When he walked to the door he found the man seated in his cart, about to start.

"I must get to me work," he said in

explanation. "I 've some orders to fill up th' road a piece, and it 's past ten now."

"Well, you must come back here and spend the night. You 'll never be able to cross the river this evening. Henry's wife can give you a room in their cabin. And oh, Lafferty, now while I think of it, can you furnish me with some first-class beef and mutton in about six weeks' time? Something very fine? We are to have a good deal of company then, and" — he hesitated; then he said, smiling, "I may as well tell you that Miss Helen is to be married to the gentleman you saw just now, and I want to give her an old-fashioned Virginia wedding. Mr. Spalding's friends are coming from the West, to stay three or four days before the ceremony, and I 'd like to show them how we get up such things in this part of the world. Why, man," laughing, "you look as astonished as if it were not a thing to be expected. However, I suppose it *is* news to you, although they 've been engaged for a year or more. He has been away in England on business, this summer, or he would have been here before. But about those supplies. Can you furnish me? I 'd rather get them here than have to send all the way to Baltimore for them."

"Yes, sir, I think I can. What time will you need them?"

"Let 's see; this is the 18th. They will be married about the last of October. So you will have plenty of time to look about you. You 'll not fail me, then?"

"No, sir, I 'll not fail."

Lafferty felt sick and faint as he resolutely faced the storm. He was glad to be alone. His first sensation was of bewilderment, — he had received a hard blow, a shock; he was stunned and confused. Something had happened. What? All the dimly-defined impressions which had been troubling him for two weeks past seemed to gather into an aggregation which still took no distinct shape, nor could he find a name in all his consciousness for this revelation of a feeling which was yet somehow strangely familiar, — as if all the years he had lived had tended to this, and to nothing else.

The years he had lived! They passed before him in quick review. He was only forty. He might live to be twice as old. . . . How long had it been since he parted from Richardson? An hour? No longer? How many hours in forty years? He began mechanically to calculate, then stopped, confused. How could he ever wear out all that time!

This flood of fancies surged through his mind all day, as he distributed the contents of his cart from place to place. Now, the occupation held a suggestion that was loathsome. He wondered what was *his* occupation — the man he had seen with her. As he thought bitterly of the other's white hands and well tailored person, his Celtic blood at last asserted itself, flushing his cheeks purple and tightening his fingers upon what they grasped, while he despised himself at the same time for his miserable jealousy! These latter thoughts predominated toward evening, when the storm redoubled in violence. The clouds no longer took visible shape, — they settled into leaden uniformity, and the rain descended from the misty blank like a cataract. He noted this in a dull sort of fashion, as he plodded on in the twilight, drenched to the skin, taking a sort of savage delight in his physical discomfort, while at the same time the sense of it entered largely into the protest against everything which possessed him.

As he neared the house, a vision of mockery rose before him, — the tasteful interior, Helen's graceful dress, the warmth and comfort and happiness there. What had he done that his lot should differ so from that of the man in there! He was driving past the stile when a sound from within arrested his atten-

tion; he drew up to listen. Above the roar of the elements swelled the clear vibrant tones of a fresh soprano voice, thrilling through the air in well-defined melody. He waited until the song ceased. The form of the singer which his fancy conjured up accentuated the immeasurable distance between them.

"Holy Mother!" he muttered, half aloud, as he passed his hand over his forehead. "What's come over me, th' loikes uv me to be thinkin' uv her at all, and her the swatest craychure God ever made! I 've been ready to kill 'um to-night, and her singin' loike an angel. Th' saints pairdin me." He listened for her voice again, but all was still. "God bless her!" and he passed on.

An hour afterward Mrs. Richardson entered the parlor. "What a singular noise the rain makes," she exclaimed. "Don't you hear it? I've been trying to read, but the continued sound made me so nervous I thought I'd come in here."

"Where is James?"

"Fast asleep; he rises so early, you know. But just listen."

There was a subtle change in the atmosphere; the air had grown cooler. Philip Spalding raised the window facing the west. A strong gust poured in. "The wind has shifted," he said, "and," looking upward, "it is clear; see, the stars are out."

It was true; half heaven was studded with stars; the fugitive clouds skurried panic-stricken eastward before the west wind. Above its shrill whistle could be heard a hoarse continuous roar. They looked in each other's faces, the same thought occurring to all. Just then the door burst open; it was the German gardener; he made a significant backward gesture: "Der wasser eet iss almost to de house; coom, madame, loo-ok, oh, coom right avay."

"I'll call James; go and see, you two," to the young people.

They hurried out the back door toward the kitchen, outside of which they found assembled a motley crowd, blacks and whites, most of them farm laborers and their wives.

All eyes were directed below, toward what had been the meadow, now an angry torrent. By the starlight they could discern dark floating objects, hurrying down the waters in quick succession. The only response to their eager questions was tearful ejaculations, gaping stupidity, or utter bewilderment. Agitated whispers of dire import began to be circulated, and to these they listened. "Hit may git hup yere." "Hit could n't git hup t' hill." "Dunno 'bout thet; whar's t' trees on t' river sho'? Look thar, putty nigh kivered." They pushed their way to the front. "Where *are* the trees?" asked Helen.

"Thar's what's left on 'em," replied a man pointing across the flood to a dark rippling fringe, beyond which raved a madder stream.

"Gregg's mill 's bound ter go." This sentence drifted back through the crowd like a receding wave, and then with gathered force swept forward again. "Gregg's mill? Some 'un seen hit go by!" "Hit's a lie; 't ain't light 'nuff fur ter see."

Helen broke from her lover and caught the arm of the last speaker; he carried a lantern.

"Tell me!" she cried; then as he turned, and she recognized him, "Henry, did *any* of you see anything like a house go by?"

"Some on um says so," began he, — "but I cain't" —

"Henry Cubbidge," interposed an angry voice from the darkness, "ye 'd better kape yer mouth shut, uv yer can't spake the thruth. Miss Helen, ye 'd best come into the kitchen, miss, from the crowd; ye 'll find th' squire there, and your sister too."

Standing around the kitchen fire, they received a coherent account of the flood

from the Irishman. After he put his horse away he had not felt like eating supper. "I 'd a bit of a headache, an' I thought a little fresh air might do me good," he said. The rain was over; the wind had already shifted. He walked along by the barn. He could see the corn in the meadow waving in the wind, and the swollen river beyond. The inundation had been very sudden. As he stood looking below, all at once there was a mighty rushing sound. The water rose like a wall against the opposite cliff, then fell in the recoil with a noise like thunder, and the fields were covered in a moment. "I know," said Mr. Richardson, "the narrow gorge just above is at right angles with the opposite shore. Of course the water could make no headway rising against a mountain. So it spread over my meadow."

"Yes, sir, that 's it. I knew when I saw it Gregg's mill was bound to go, but though I watched for it, nothin' like it went by that I could make out."

"It may have been dashed to pieces."

"Yes, ma'am, it may be so, but it 's hairdly loikely such a big thing should be broken to pieces in such a short time."

"No," said the squire. "It 's *not* likely, and until we hear it 's gone we must hope for the best."

This hope was speedily dashed to the ground, as a wild-eyed mountaineer entered, gasping, —

"Hit 's gone! both on 'em 's gone!"

"How do you know?"

"I jist come from thar; hed ter run fur hit. Jim Gregg's house is bust ter pieces, clean gone; thar 's nuthin but water thar now. You can yere hit rippin' an' tarin' fur half a mile. O Lord!" shivering, "I might er gone too. Yer see," he said, more composedly, "I wuz stoppin' ter Jim Gregg's all night. I jist stepped out fur a minnit t' see arter my horse, an' w'en I come from t' stable t' house wuz gone."

"Mrs. Gregg, and the little baby?" asked Helen.

"Gone down, all on 'em."

She stared at him in horror, then burst into tears.

"Come, Nellie, don't give way," said her brother. "We want all our courage now. You go into the house with your sister; there 's no use in your sitting up all night. We *may* find those poor souls in the morning, and we will need your help then. We will let you know if anything happens. Take them in, Spalding." And so by dint of alternate coaxing and exercise of authority he managed to induce them to return to the house, and the night wore away somehow. Fires were built on the hill; but nothing human had been discerned among the floating masses in the meadow.

With the day came later tidings. A lot of plank, uprooted trees, and other *débris* had accumulated in the tree-tops which skirted the original river-bank. Lodged on this drift were three or four people. Through the field-glass their faces could be plainly distinguished. Gregg, the mill-owner, his brother, and an old man with a white beard, — his father. There was besides a still, prostrate form, evidently a woman. Was she alive? As a glittering segment of the sun appeared above the hills, the woman moved, and then rose. She held something in her arms, something which she presently extended far forward. At that instant a child's shrill scream came cutting through the morning air.

"My God!" said James Richardson, looking through the glass again. "It 's Mrs. Gregg and the child!" A pause, and then he turned abruptly. "Is there a boat on the place?"

After a moment's silence, Henry Cubbidge said deprecatingly, "Thar 's t' ole boat in t' loft; but she 's got 'er big hole in t' bottom."

"Get her down right away, and let me see what can be done with her. All hands to work. I am going out to those people by noon."

"Let *me* go, Richardson," said Spalding. "I'm — I'm not married. I've no family."

"No; I understand the river better. There's less danger for me. If I tire after a trip or two, you can take my place. Come, men, I'm in earnest; don't stand gaping, like a lot of fools. To the barn with you, — every last man of you."

The sound of hammering was soon heard from the barn, the ladies busying themselves with provisions for the comfort of the workers. James Richardson and Philip Spalding alone rested. They were reserving their strength, each mentally resolving that he was the better man for the hazardous undertaking. Joe Lafferty stood apart near the house, looking out toward the drift, a short, half-filled pipe between his teeth; in his hand a piece of twine, which he twisted into knots, tying and untying them. If any one had taken the trouble to observe, he would have seen that the pipe had gone out long ago. What was he thinking of? In the bustle of preparation every one was too busy to notice his preoccupation. None could guess what a battle of emotions was being fought in his mind, the evil warring with the good. Tempting suggestions, mocking possibilities, they assaulted his better nature again and yet again. Spalding knew very little about managing a boat; he had said as much; if he was to make the attempt and go down, what then? What then? The bitter thoughts of yesterday, which last night had "gone out" of him, now returned in seven-fold strength.

By twelve o'clock the boat was ready and borne to the water's edge. An altercation then ensued between Richardson and Spalding, each asserting that he intended to go. In the midst of the discussion Lafferty, came forward; he had thrown aside his coat, and wore now a knitted cardigan jacket. "Gintlemen," he said quietly, "I'm th' mon to take this trip, an' it's takin' it I'm goin' to do. I was brought up on th' water, and I know as much about a boat as iny one. I reckon I can make ut safe an' sound, — and if I should n't — well, I'm a lone mon — th' ould people are gone long ago — and I've none depindin' on me."

The others began to protest.

"No. I'm goin'," he replied resolutely. "I've made up me moind, and it's no use tryin' to kape me."

"It's a dangerous business, Lafferty."

"Yes, squire, I know ut very well, but it must be clear to you, sir, that if there's danger I'm th' best mon to go, and it's goin' I am." He spoke with a decision which overbore remonstrance. "There's no time to lose; I'd best be stairtin'."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir, all ready."

He stepped into the boat, which half a dozen men were steadying.

"Do you want anything more?" asked Richardson.

"No, sir, there's food, brandy, and blankets."

"All right, then. Good-by, good luck to you. Give her a good shove out, boys."

"Good-by."

He began his work slowly and carefully. The current was so rapid that the boat constantly drifted downward. This he had to fight against all the time, as well as to avoid collision with the floating masses of timber, constantly impelled down the stream. It was awful to think how much depended on that little rocking skiff! The poor creatures on the drift, the crowd on the shore, how they watched it as it crept on in its errand of mercy! Sometimes the current sweeps it downward for ten yards or more. Slowly it nears the drift; it touches some distance below, then begins a vigorous propelling up stream until it reaches the waiting group. Lafferty throws the rope fastened to the chain, the men seize it, and make fast the boat;

he then disembarks and waits for half an hour, "to rest," explains Mr. Richardson, looking through the glass. After a while there is a stir on the drift; the men between them place the woman and child on board. Lafferty follows, and the homeward journey begins. Long before they can hope to reach the shore, an eager crowd is assembled at the landing-place to welcome and assist them. Even more slowly than before, for it carries double weight, the boat gradually approaches the shore, and the poor half-sodden woman and her little one are brought safe to land.

She, poor soul, is concerned for her husband. "He don't git on tell t' las'," she explains, as they bear her into the house. "Bob is so delikit, Jim is 'fraid fur him ter stay out thar long, an' daddy 's ole an' weak; they 'll leave Jim tell t' las'."

The men carried Lafferty on their shoulders to the barn, where he waited awhile. It took nearly two hours to make the trip, short as was the distance. It is just two o'clock when he embarks again. This time he understands his peculiar difficulties better, and the younger Gregg is landed at a little after three.

Another and a longer rest; nor does Lafferty disdain to take a good pull at the brandy bottle, for the strain is beginning to tell on him. Another successful battle with the waters, and at six there remains but one man to be rescued; but the sun is just dipping behind the mountains.

"Don't try it again to-night, Lafferty," urged the squire. "Jim Gregg is a strong, healthy fellow; he can manage to stay there until to-morrow; by that time the river 'll begin to fall some and there 'll be less danger."

"No, sir, there 'll be more; when the river starts to fall, I take it, she 'll come down pretty quick. The only chance is from a boat, an' by this toime to-morrer there may n't be water enough to float one; he won't be able to cross th' meader through th' mud and water for a week, and by that toime he 'd stairve. I 'll go out to 'um with food and blankets, — he 's got brandy a plenty, — and we 'll pass th' night on th' drift, and cross fust thing in th' mornin'."

There was the usual amount of objection and deliberation. Philip Spalding again offered, and insisted on taking Lafferty's place; but the latter adhered doggedly to his resolution, and the time was too valuable to be spent in argument.

There was a great deal of peril involved. The rough, jagged edges of the drift, with the rapidity of the current, made a dangerous combination in broad daylight. Twilight was closing in. If in the darkness the boat should strike against a protruding object, she would almost inevitably capsize and be swept down. Every one felt that a man was about to take his life in his own hands, although very few words were spoken. Some of the farm hands, indeed, talked apart, in whispers. Richardson and Spalding busied themselves about the boat while Lafferty sat in the kitchen, writing with a pencil in a small memorandum book. Presently everything was ready and he was summoned; he came at once. They all gathered together to see him start.

"You will have just about time to get there before dark," said the squire. "Try and make yourself comfortable; and, Lafferty, I 've put some matches and light-wood in this box. As soon as you get there, strike a light to let us know you 're all right. You 'd better make a little blaze every now and then through the night; some of us will sit up, and it will make all hands feel better."

"All right, sir, I 'll do ut. In that box, you say. Good-by, squire. Good-by, sir," to Spalding.

The two men grasped his hands in turn, and wrung them hard.

He then looked toward Helen, who

stood a little apart with her sister and Gregg's wife.

"Would you like to speak to me, Mr. Lafferty?" said she, coming forward.

"Yes, miss, ef ye plaze." He withdrew from the others, who fell back, leaving them together. He began at once. "It was only about some things that I 've got in the wurrld belongin' to me. 'T is n't so much I 've got to lave, to be sure; but ivery mon likes to lave his own to plaze himself. If inything should happin to me, miss, if you 'd be so koind to look in this book, I 've left wurrd how th' things is to go. Me relachuns in th' ould country are well-todo people; 't is n't much use they 'd be to thim; but I 've a cousin in Louisiana, a poor widow woman, as maybe they 'd be a help to. If — if inything should happin to me, miss, ye 'll plaze sind for th' praste from Jackson. I 've money a plenty at home fur th' funeral an' th' mass, — Father Kelly in Wheeling will see to th' mass. And ye 'll plaze tell th' praste from Jackson, Father Murphy, that I went to confession last week in Wheeling, and Father Kelly gave me absolution."

He spoke composedly enough so far; his next sentences were more broken. He twisted his hat in his hand, hesitated, and finally pulled out his large silver watch, attached to a handsome gold chain. "I know this will same a poor thing to th' loikes uv ye, miss," speaking in broad brogue, "but uv ye would n't be displazed wid me . . . I should be proud. Of course," deprecatingly, "I know it 's not a suitable thing fur a lady to wear. I on'y thought uv I *should* go down, and uv ye 'd be so koind to kape ut by ye, to put ye in moind uv Joe Lafferty, now and thin, it 's a proud mon ye 'd make me fur th' rest of me life."

Helen was inexpressibly touched; she could not speak at once. Lafferty, misunderstanding her silence, grew more confused. "Ye 'll pairdin me uv I 've been too bold, miss," he said constrainedly; "I meant no offense."

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried, "it was n't *that!* Give it to me; I shall be proud to have it, and if you should — if anything *should* happen, I will do my best to carry out your wishes; but you must n't talk so. You 'll come back. I hope so. I pray God you may. We can't spare you."

He gave a slight, mournful smile. "It 's few that 'll miss me, I 'm thinkin'," he said, simply, "but I shan't lose my life uv I can help ut. Good-by, Miss Helen."

"Good-by," she said; "you 're a noble man. God bless and protect you."

He bowed his head humbly. "Thank ye for that wurrd, Miss Nellie; I shall remember it, miss; but th' Lord above knows I 'm not th' good mon ye think me, may th' Holy Mother forgive me!" He turned to go, but came back and said with marked hesitation, "Ev inything else should be found about me, plaze let it be put away wid me."

"Yes," she replied, not quite understanding, and offering him her hand.

He took it, glancing at her betrothal ring as he did so, but he merely shook her hand, saying, "Good-by miss," and walked away.

As he seated himself in the boat and took the paddle, Gregg's wife called to him from above, "Joe, bring Jim back to-morrer."

"I 'll thry, — I 'll do my best," he replied, and the little boat launched once more into the stream. They saw the gray speck travel slowly over the angry flood; by straining their eyes they could make out the silhouette of a man on the drift; they saw the moving speck approach him; then darkness shrouded them in gloom and there was nothing to be done except to wait for the signal-light.

That signal never came. All through the tardy hours of the night they wait-

ed, and hoped until at midnight hope left them, and pale patience kept her long vigil alone.

The poor wife sat by the fire in an upper room of the house, her child in her arms, her eyes looking vacantly forward into the blaze, listening mechanically to the words of cheer which Helen tried to whisper, herself cheerless. In the small hours she prevailed on Mrs. Gregg to lie down, placing the sleeping child beside her. After a while she sank into a heavy, exhausted slumber. Helen threw a coverlet over her, as the air was getting very chill, extinguished the lamp, and drew aside the curtain to admit the first faint gray glimmer. What news would the coming day have for them?

She was unable to sit still and think. Pacing noiselessly up and down, her lips framing inaudible prayers, in this way she passed nearly an hour. Then as the east began to glow, she dropped the curtain, that the sleeper might not be awakened, and descended the stairs.

The house below was deserted, except by the sleeping children. As she ran out a wild, ringing shout hastened her steps toward the edge of the plateau. The crowd was gathered there, her sister among them. As Helen touched her shoulder, Mrs. Richardson pointed across the water. The two figures were just stepping into the boat. Again and yet again the shout peals forth, the hills sending back the reverberation. On they come; the drift is left to itself; the little craft bears the last soul to safety. As she approaches they perceive that Lafferty is sitting in the head of the boat, which he propels stern foremost with a plank. As they learned afterward, he had lost his paddle, together with the materials for the signal agreed upon, by a collision with the drift. Suddenly there is a movement in the crowd. They give place to some one. It is Gregg's wife, who has been awakened by the noise. Pale and eager, her hair disordered, her eyes wild with excitement, she breaks from the hands that would restrain her, and rushes down the slope to the very water's edge. She stands there in breathless expectation, her feet almost in the water, her arms extended forward, as if to shorten the distance between her husband and her.

The shouts cease, as Gregg rises and stands erect upon the stern-seat. When within a few feet of the shore he makes a sudden spring, and lands in his wife's arms. At the same time there is a cry of horror from the crowd.

The tiny boat, unable to resist the impetus, is thrust back into the stream, just in the track of a huge tree which the waters are trundling down, its jagged limbs alternately appearing and disappearing as it comes. One of these giant arms is just descending, and before Lafferty can avoid it, he is caught in its deadly grasp, and borne under, and man and boat go down together.

It was late in the afternoon before they found him. The body had lodged among some driftwood on the neighboring place. He had been struck as the boat overturned, and was probably killed instantly. Slowly and reverently they bore him to the house, — the man who had died doing "his best."

That evening, as Helen sat with her lover beside her, Mr. Richardson entered.

"Nellie," he said, in a subdued voice, "I believe that splendid fellow gave you charge of his effects. We found this around his neck just now; it is nothing but a sealed envelope containing something which looks like withered flowers. Did he say anything to you about it? I thought may be, as he was a Catholic, it was a relic of some kind. Did he tell you?"

She took it, her tears dropping fast on the already soaked paper. They were the flowers she had given him, although she did not recognize them.

"Perhaps it is a relic," she said, in a low, broken tone; "he seems to have treasured it. Or he may have loved some one, — somehow I think he did, he was so grave sometimes."

Then she remembered his words, half understood the evening before. "Where is he?" she said, rising abruptly.

Richardson took her hand, without speaking, and led her into an adjoining room. Philip Spalding followed. They would have remained, but, obeying an undefinable impulse, she made a gesture of withdrawal and they left her alone with the dead.

She raised the face covering and stood still. He was unchanged, except for the deep black bruise on the left temple, and the awful dignity of death. The countenance was perfectly calm and peaceful, the mouth wearing a look of still, sweet gravity. He rested like one who had already heard the "Well done" of the Master.

She gazed with bated breath, her agitated features gathering calm as she looked at the quiet sleeper. Then, as footsteps approached and some one would have entered, she placed the withered flowers gently on his breast.

STORMS OF AUTUMN.

GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, BOOK I., VERSES 311–334.

(Quid tempestates autumni et sidera dicam, etc.)

But how of the autumn stars and storms to sing,
Or all the sleepless vigilance owed of men
When the great heats pass, and the days are shortening?
Or how of the deluge-laden springtime, when
Upon tender stalks, milk-full, and heads that sway
Light in the acre, falleth a swift dismay?
Yea, I have seen, when harvest days are early
And the first reapers the golden fields among,
Shredding from slender stems the ripened barley,
Shock as of all the winds together flung
In battle; then, the very stalks uptorn
By the furious hurricane aloft are borne,
And whirled into the blackness of the storm
The culms and the wingèd stubble. Or yet again,
Far over the deep, the clouds their squadrons form
And the mighty mass rolls inland foul with rain,
And, like a foe, the flood bursts out of the sky,
And the very æther topples from on high!
Lost now the happy labor of man and beast;
Nor seed nor furrow resists the whelming wave;
The dikes are full, and the running streams increast
Till they roar again; and panteth each ocean cave
And inlet, and by night the vivid lance
Of the lightning in the Father's hand doth glance.

Earth shakes as the bolt descends, wild creatures flee,
And slavish fear strikes into the heart of man.
But he, with his flaming sword, smites Rhodope
Or Athos, or the Acroceraunian
Peaks, while the rushing rainfall thicks the sky,
And the wood sighs loud in the gale, and the sea-sands cry.

H. W. Preston.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART III.

I SHOULD mention a very charming dinner-party at the hunting-seat of the Duke of S——, a gentleman who, although of very distinguished French family on the paternal side, was himself a German subject.

It so happened that on the same day there was to be a "missionary festival" in the duke's immediate neighborhood, and as B—— makes it a point to attend punctiliously all occasions of a religious character within her reach, we went early, in order to be present. What there was of a "festive" nature about the affair would be hard to say, but I was obliged to believe that *anything* which draws a dozen or two people together is called, in Germany, a *Fest.* The church, like all I saw in the "rural districts," was small, and rude to the last degree. It was closely packed with a congregation of peasantry, and the air, all windows being closed to avoid that bugbear of Germans, a draught, was positively suffocating. As a natural consequence, being in full dress, and *therefore* in possession of a fan (only used on full-dress occasions in this part of Germany), I began fanning myself vigorously, whereupon B—— leaned forward and begged me in a horrified whisper to cease. "We never fan ourselves *in church!*" she added.

I thought of an American church on a hot Sunday, with its numberless fluttering fans, and the minister himself fanning "between times"! I hid my dismay under a calm exterior, and turned my attention to the missionary. He had just returned from Africa, and had with him a specimen convert, a Kaffre black as Erebus, whom he was taking about the country with him. When the missionary had delivered himself, the Kaffre rose, and favored us with a long discourse in his native tongue, which was duly translated into German by his mentor. He confessed to having had *four wives,* at which a thrill of horror swept through the congregation. It was touching to see the tenderness with which the missionary enveloped his tropical *protégé* in shawls and mufflers, at the close of the service, and entertaining to observe the shrinking awe with which the humble worshipers deposited their contributions in his little box as they passed through the church door.

From this scene we were transported to the entrance of the park, where two of the duke's retainers stood at each side of the gate, in brilliant uniforms and impressive attitudes. Half a dozen resplendent flunkeys received us at the door. No ladies of the family being present, we were received by a smart French housekeeper and two equally smart maids, and shown into a suite of dressing and sleeping rooms, fitted up exquisitely in French style. At the

door of the grand *salon* the duke, a small, spare gentleman of the old school, received us, and presented to us many other guests. I was much exercised in my mind over the *non*-presentation of a magnificent young man, a handsome blonde fellow, who, in a rich dark green uniform almost covered with silvery embroidery and ornaments, threw all the other gentlemen present quite in the shade. While I was still wondering why this charming "young officer" hung about the door, with nothing to say to anybody, dinner was announced. Shades of my ancestors, what did I behold! That gorgeous creature in green and silver took his place behind the duke's chair! It was his highness's *Leibjäger*, a sort of body servant! Thus rudely are one's illusions dispelled in this much-uniformed and much-titled country.

The dinner was such a meal as divests eating of its grossness, saluting all the senses delightfully, refreshing, satisfying, even elevating. After the leisurely repast we enjoyed a drive until dark over the estate, — a possession to make one sigh, yet only one item in the duke's great wealth. He was exceedingly polite, and made many pretty speeches about America, which showed that *he*, at least, was well-posted in regard to our peculiar institutions.

When we came away he presented me with his own hand a basket of hot-house flowers, and another mysterious basket was handed up to our coachman. After we were on our way home, B—— informed me with *empressement* that the duke, having understood that Americans dote upon tomatoes, had sent a large basketful along for my delectation. As soon as we reached home I examined the basket, and found myself the happy possessor of about half a bushel of *green* tomatoes! I explained to B—— that we eat them in a ripe state. "What *shall* we do with them?" she answered, despondingly. "Pickles!" I replied; and "pickles" it was. The ducal tomatoes were sliced, mixed with a due proportion of pearl onions and mustard seed, and became pickles. I probably had the honor to be the first to introduce into the fatherland that palatable comestible known among us as tomato chow-chow.

The peasant life interested me much, but I found little opportunity for more than a casual and superficial glance, and on this account, and because restricted to one small place, my observations can have no great value. What I did see and hear saddened more than it surprised me.

Occasionally I would slip away from the Schloss, and following a little path which led behind the shrubbery, along the great blooming fields of rape and lupines, and at last through a shady lane into the village, I would seat myself under a hedge of wild roses and elder, and watch for an hour or two the village life before me.

The younger women, the children of an age to labor, and the few young men not in the army were generally absent in the fields. Only very aged persons and small children were consequently left for my studies. Although the horrible *Kauderwelsch* which they spoke and my own perhaps *too* carefully spoken German somewhat obscured our conversation, the language of *Pfennige* (the smallest coin in use) was fully understood, and under its spell the little towheads became familiar and the old people friendly and communicative. The babies and their feathered and bristled comrades of dung-heap and puddle appeared to have a language of their own, and to be on the best of terms. The old women tottered back and forth with fagots or huge bundles of grass, which, viewed from behind, left only their bare brown legs visible. The little boys climbed the poplar-trees which bordered the chaussée and stripped off the leaves, which are stored up for sheep fodder in winter. They find a use for everything.

One Sunday afternoon, — it was soon after my arrival, — I went to the village and found on the green a *Carroussel* in operation. I had seen a similar contrivance at German festivals in America. It corresponds, I think, to the "merry-go-round" of the English. This one was a cumbrous affair, consisting of four clumsy wooden effigies of the horse attached to a circular ring, which was made to turn by a crank in the hands of a grimy showman. For a Pfennig one was permitted to mount one of these foaming chargers, and revolve for five minutes to strains evolved by a disreputable-looking peasant woman from the inner consciousness of a fiendish organ. The people seemed to enjoy this exciting recreation, in a stolid sort of way. They were out *en masse*, and in their poor Sunday best. The attire of the men could hardly be called a "costume," but that of the women was rather picturesque, especially on the few young and comely girls I saw. The main features of this costume were the curiously arranged head-kerchiefs, one of white lawn, the other of black silk. The former is first bound about the head, covering the hair entirely, the two stiffly-starched corners standing out like wings behind the ears. Over this the black kerchief is tightly wound, and tied in a large bow, like the Alsatian, on the top of the head. Another mentionable feature is a superabundance of very full-gathered woolen skirts. To attain the number of fourteen, all worn at once, the longest beneath, that the edges of all may be *seen* and *counted*, is the desire which lies nearest every well-regulated peasant girl's heart.

The people looked miserable and degraded. From all I could learn, nothing like morality is expected of them. We hear much in America of the sober, honest, beer-drinking peasant of Germany. In the section where I spent those months of which I write, intemperance raged fearfully. They manufacture and consume great quantities of a fiery liquor distilled from potatoes. This, with coarse bread and *Quaak*, a kind of sour-milk cheese, forms their sustenance. Men, women, and children reek with the fumes of this direful liquor. Meat they seldom taste, and though they have many ducks, geese, etc., these are kept only for their feathers and eggs. I once asked B—— why no one endeavored to instruct and elevate them, or to introduce a better way of living. "Oh, my dear," was the answer, "they have *always* lived so. New ideas would disturb them and render them unhappy. They are contented so. Let them remain *in the condition where God has placed them*"!

Ah, if they only looked "contented"! But I seldom saw a cheerful adult face. They pass to and fro in the fields, silent and downcast, or conversing in harsh, discordant tones. They toil for a miserable pittance in summer, and grovel through the long winters breathing the miasma of unventilated dwellings, and drowning their misery in fiery draughts of potato brandy. It must be said in extenuation of the situation that the soil is mostly very poor and the number of laborers very large, which keeps the wages pitifully low, and is doubtless the chief cause of their degradation. At the close of the harvest the people celebrated the harvest home. They came in the morning in a noisy crowd, with huge wreaths and bouquets for the *Herrschaften*, and expecting from each member of the family the everlasting *Trinkgeld* which they of course received, and departed to spend the day in all manner of rough sports and such dissipation as the place afforded. In the evening they had a dance in a hall over the brewery, which is situated in the court. It is customary for the Herrschaften to attend this dance, and the ladies of the family are expected to accept the harvest-king as a partner. B—— absented herself on some diaphanous pretext or other, but I, accom-

panied by the governess and the lady's-maid, went to the scene of revelry. The low, dingy room was crowded; the air, what with the smoke of primitive oil-lamps and the fumes of liquor, absolutely suffocating. The women were mostly bare-legged, frightful creatures; the men disgusting. All were decorated with garlands, and in a festive mood. Two fiddles and a flageolet furnished music for their gambols. The harvest-king, a dirty wretch with a faded garland on his head and another about his body, came immediately up to our party, and invited me to dance. I was suffering from a slight lameness, and excused myself. He accepted my refusal with so surly an air that Fräulein D——, the governess, dared not decline, and with ill-concealed disgust surrendered herself to his greasy embrace, and waltzed with him twice about the hall. It was an amusing contrast. Her stylish blonde puffs towered above his garlanded head; her voluminous pink drapery almost enveloped him. It was a dreadful moment for her.

I would like to give a prettier picture of peasant life, but I am dealing solely with facts, and writing of a very small portion of Germany. Elsewhere I know, and am glad indeed to know, that the condition of the peasantry is much superior to that which came within my own observations.

Among the guests whose visits at Y—— deprived me of my precious siestas, and at the same time added to the pleasures of the summer, was the dear lady whose kind reception of me and mine in Berlin had left a lasting impress on my memory. She took possession of me absolutely and entirely immediately upon her arrival. She made me the companion of her daily walks; she appointed me her teacher in the English language, which she persisted in maltreating to an extent I have never heard surpassed; and it was besides my fate to support her each day through four-handed struggles with the old composers. She exercised over me a gentle but persistent tyranny, against which I never rebelled, but how I rued the day I ever learned "to play"! Dear, geuial-hearted creature though she was, those hours at the ill-fated instrument were hours of rack and thumb-screw torture. She informed me, innocently, that a young girl whom she had once engaged to play duets with her two hours a day had become a hopeless, raving maniac after a few months' experience. The old baroness ascribed her mental undoing to unrequited love, but I shall ever entertain a different opinion. All her own mistakes she ascribed to the luckless instrument, which she wrathfully belabored and loaded with opprobrious epithets. Being descended from a military stock and having married into "*les militaires*," the good creature's opportunities for acquiring a choice vocabulary of overwhelming and unflattering epithets had been unusual, and had *not* been unappreciated. I never realized the richness of the German tongue in this respect before. When I was quite convulsed with laughter, she would turn her eye-glasses upon me with a look of innocent amazement, and say in an irresistibly ludicrous manner, "You tink me foony, ya-as?"

Her character was in every way worthy of study. At one moment hurling fiery objurgations at republican principles, at the next you might have believed her the goriest of reds; at one moment uttering intense scorn of a misalliance, at the next she would declare love the only sovereign, indisputable and supreme. She loved children to excess, and went about armed with a *bonbonnière* of choicest *chocolat* wherewith to purchase the favor of the small tyrants. She was in fact a big-hearted, spoiled child herself, bubbling over with fun, and abounding in whims and pranks. One day, just as we had started together for a walk to the nearest vineyard, we were overtaken by the boys, who were

about to start for a drive in their donkey-wagon. The old baroness immediately insisted upon ousting the little fellows, and riding herself at least to the foot of the vineyard. I looked from her to the diminutive beast, and ventured a remonstrance, which was resented with much spirit. "Mein Gott!" she cried shrilly, "Is not von human mehr als von donkey?"

I felt that this particular "human" was more than *two* donkeys, but I did not venture on further remonstrance, and helped her ladyship into the little wagon, which settled down and creaked ominously beneath her. She not only *filled* it, but her azure drapery overflowed it on all sides. One of the boys urged on the poor beast, while the other and myself walked at either side and held the delicate frills away from the wheels. In this manner we toiled through the sand of the village, creating intense interest and excitement in its biped and quadruped inhabitants. We must have formed a spectacle for gods and men, but I could not see that the people found it funny. They simply looked gravely astonished. Perhaps, from force of habit, they never dream of laughing at the Herrschaften.

When we arrived at the foot of the vineyard, I extorted a promise from the baroness to return on foot, and we dismissed the equipage, to the rapture of our youthful escort. We walked slowly up the sunny hill-side, where the grapes were nearly ripe. There were many heavily loaded plum-trees, whose purple fruit women were gathering in barrows and wheeling off to the court, where it is slowly dried in great ovens, and sent to all parts of the world. One who knows these plums only in their mummified condition can have no conception of their wholesome, delicious qualities. On the top of the hill was a little hut of interwoven branches, for the accommodation of the night-watch. The vineyards, as well as the miles of road-side cherry and pear trees, must be protected against thieves during the ripening season.

Descending, we tasted the grapes, hardly ripe enough for eating then, but later proving most excellent. Wine is produced abundantly, and of a quality celebrated in the inexhaustible drinking-songs of the fatherland as *Dreimännerwein*, it being said to require three men for its consumption,—one to swallow it, a second to hold him during the process, and a third to pour it down. Of the justice of this cruel satire I leave those more competent than myself to judge.

During the summer I made several flying visits to cities not too far distant, —to Berlin, Dresden, etc.; but it is not my purpose to go over ground already familiar to reader and traveler. A visit of a few days to O——, the family seat of F——'s ancestors, offers, perhaps, a glimpse into a life and scenes of fresher interest.

We arrived at O—— early one summer evening. The stately castle and its picturesque surroundings lay in a sea of moonlight. The widow of F——'s brother resides here, holding the estate in trust for her two boys. She, together with other members of the family and several guests, was awaiting us at the door. This lady was of a striking figure, with quite a masculine voice and bearing. She seemed to me a woman of remarkable mental power, — what we should call a strong-minded woman of the highest type. She was said to bear her great responsibilities with astonishing ease, and to manage her affairs as administrator and guardian with manly shrewdness and energy. She leaves her duties as housewife in competent hands (although, one could see at a glance, still under her own supervision), and spends a large part of each day riding over her vast estate, looking after every detail with keen and observant eyes. She wore at such times a plain linen gown, broad-brimmed hat, and gloves. When

the hat was removed, you noticed at once, on each side of her face, a stripe of white, untanned skin, where the broad ribbons passed under her chin. At dinner she appeared in silk and lace, affable, witty, but always a little cold and haughty.

The estate comprises five villages within its bounds, whose inhabitants, excepting the smaller land-owners, derive their existence from their labors in its vast fields and vineyards. It seemed to me that everything of use or value which the earth produces was raised here. The wool, honey, and fruit are quite famous. The Schloss itself I found to be, as B—— had often assured me, a lordly mansion, although more imposing than beautiful. The outer walls are six feet thick, the inner at least three. About forty immense rooms are in present use, the whole of the upper story being given over to dust and silence. The rooms are frescoed and handsomely furnished with mingled modern and ancient furniture. Paintings, statues, busts, tapestry, china, carvings, are everywhere about, with no evident attempt at a "collection" or at any effective disposal. Still the eyes find at every point something agreeable or curious to rest upon. The establishment is kept up in grand style, the five daily meals sumptuously served by richly-liveried lackeys.

The grounds are extensive and beautiful, with parterres and beds of flowers, fountains and statuary, and what old, *old* trees in the park! They looked as if they had *always* been there, and as if they could never die. There were hot-houses for grapes, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, melons, peaches, and strawberries. Wandering about the garden, I came upon a spot which I recognized at once from a description given me in years gone by. It was a *chef d'œuvre* of the gardener, — the monogram of F——'s parents surmounted by a coronet, etc., laid out on a great scale, and planted in box. This was done perhaps forty years ago, on some festal occasion, and is to-day as green and fresh and carefully kept as in the first year, while its designer and those in whose honor it was planned, together with most of the children born to them, are long since dust.

On the second floor of the Schloss is an immense apartment, whose vaulted ceiling reaches to the roof. It is the *Rittersaal*, or hall of knights, and is used only upon very grand occasions, such as a wedding or a funeral. The ceiling is frescoed with scenes from the Nibelungen and surrounded by a broad cornice of gilded stucco. The first night of my visit the countess, followed by a maid with candles, escorted me to my room. The way led through this hall, and in the flickering candle-light the gods, warriors, dwarfs, nymphs, and valkyrias, struggling and bleeding on the painted dome, seemed endowed with motion. The effect was splendid, but not soothing. When left alone I found, to my dismay, that there were no fastenings on either of the doors of my apartment, the one leading into the chamber of horrors just left, the other into a great empty room with a few ghastly portraits on its walls, — a room which appeared to me eminently fitted to be haunted.

The room I occupied was immense. It was furnished as rooms for the occupancy of two persons are always furnished in Germany, namely, with every article in duplicate, from bed and wardrobe down to the minutest detail. In this case all that was wanting to make two separate rooms was a partition. The floor was covered with faded tapestry; the furniture dark with age and rich with carvings and inlaid work. The beds were dressed out in pillows and plumeaux of scarlet satin, and over these were thrown great spreads of richly embroidered yellow old lace. On retiring, I lay awake a long time before I could summon courage to extinguish the can-

dles, which lighted fitfully a small place around my bed, and left the distant corners full of lurking shadows; and after I *had* done so I lay awake a long time, listening with beating heart to strange echoes, sounds like deep-drawn sighs and rustling garments. Not until the closing of doors in some remote part of the castle and subsequent silence told me that all had retired did I succeed in sleeping, and then only to be followed by troubled visions. How foolish it all seemed when, on rising in the morning, I threw open the great casement looking out upon the park, and let in a flood of sweet air, sunshine, and song of bird!

In one of the walks which I took in company with the ladies of the family, we came to a wooden pavilion crowning a small but steep eminence beyond the village. While seated there enjoying a very pretty view, one of the young ladies told me the following story: The Schloss of O—— was built two hundred years before by a nobleman with an altogether unspellable and unpronounceable name. Tradition says he was a knight of the genuine feudal style, fierce, tyrannical, God-and-man defying. Some years previous to his death he caused to be built, upon the place where we were sitting, a pavilion, and beneath it a vault for the reception of his much-abused body when it could no longer serve him. Adjoining this vault he had excavated an apartment where, up to the time of his death at an advanced age, he held nightly revels with his godless comrades. He also made a will, in which he decreed that the peasantry should hold annual dances in the pavilion above his tomb. He died, and his body, attired in rich uniform, including boots with spurs of solid gold, was consigned to its destined place of rest; but the tomb was broken into by robbers, and the corpse despoiled of its rich ornaments. The boots containing the detached limbs of the wretched old sinner were found next day upon the highway. After that the body was inclosed in a stone coffin surrounded with a grating of iron, and moldered henceforth in peace. The annual dance was kept up until the estate passed into more pious hands. The pavilion has been constantly repaired on account of the fine view it offers.

The story, told as it was by a pair of rosy lips, amid my own exclamations of horror and much consequent laughter at my expense, threw a shadow over the beautiful, peaceful landscape around us. I went, with secret shrinkings, but under an impulse not to be conquered, down the rough stone steps to take a look at the vaulted hall of revelry. It was dark, moldy, and full of rubbish. A drunken peasant, with unconscious observance of the eternal fitness of things, was sleeping off his debauch upon a pile of straw in one corner. I peered through the rusty grating into the tomb, where, with not unpleasant thrills, I saw the dim outline of the great coffin and the faint gleam of a white crucifix upon its lid. After that, the blue sky and green trees and yellow wheat fields outside wore an added loveliness.

While at O—— I drove with the countess for several hours from one part of her domains to the other. The condition of the peasantry here is superior in all respects to that of the people at Y——, probably because, the soil being richer, wages are higher. Not an acre of the vast plain but was made to produce *something*. The countess seemed cognizant of everything transpiring throughout the whole estate. She stopped now and then on our route to hold brief conferences with inspectors, foresters, etc. She inquired after all diseased cattle and horses, weakly calves and lambs, and, in exactly the same tone, after the women in child-bed, disabled men, and sick babies of the different villages through which we passed. Her bearing towards all was that of a sovereign, though a benignant one. The people

conducted themselves in her presence with respect, not to say servility. I knew not at which to marvel most. This queen of a petty province was evidently troubled by no misgivings. It has always been so. It seems to her that it will always remain so. Will the little blue-eyed fellow who sat at our feet in the carriage, gravely observant of what passed before him, — will he, too, on reaching man's estate, rest equally secure?

THE FUTURE OF WEATHER FORETELLING.

In no other part of her wide realm has Science done so little for the good of man or her own fame as in the department of meteorology. In the solid earth her prophecies have long had a high value, in the far-off heavens her empire is affirmed, but in the unstable air between these two well-possessed provinces there is a region that is not yet subjugated. Around the border of the domain of meteorology some gains to the cause of law and order have indeed been made: we control the lightning, we are able to track a clearly defined storm for days on its path, and can help the sailor to knowledge that often enables him to escape its clutches when it assails him on the deep sea; but as for foretelling the weather in any proper sense, we have not yet attained to it. Is it attainable? Can we hope to compass the conditions of our days so that we may sow and reap, travel, feast, or make war in weather of our choice? This is, after all, perhaps the most interesting of the questions that the future history of science must determine. But though the perfect answer is not to be given at present, there are some things in the existing conditions of our science that make us hopeful that we are but at the beginning of the work of weather forecasting.

There have been two distinct scientific efforts at weather foretelling, as distinguished from the current survival of the modes of thought of ancient ages that are introduced in our ordinary weather prophecies, that undertaken by Admiral Fitzroy, in England, and that begun in this country by the United States Signal Corps, under the control of the late General Myer. Both of these have made their basis of the simple principle that weather always has a history; that it means conditions that pass from one region to another by certain laws of movement and at a certain rate. This general fact was long ago recognized by meteorologists, but it was not until the telegraph enabled knowledge to outstrip the storms that it was possible to make any use of it in foretelling the weather. By the admirable labors of the United States Signal Service this method of announcing the weather that is journeying towards any locality has been brought to a high point of perfection, but it has not to any extent helped us to foretell the creation of weather. When a weather area forms in the far West, it is now traced as clearly as the path of an army, until it passes away. Sometimes the state of the barometer will tell something about storms that have not yet gathered themselves for their eastward march, but beyond this there have as yet been no means of foreseeing. The weather bureau is of no more use than a ground-hog or a goose-bone for telling us whether our coming spring or summer is to be warm or cold, rainy or dry. Is this the end of our advance? Can we hope to do no more than take the storms we find afloat, and trace them on their courses; or can we

hope to look behind them to the conditions of their origin so clearly that we can foretell their time and place of working?

To take the measure of our hope we must ask ourselves some questions concerning the nature of weather. Though the most familiar thing in the world, weather is much the most complicated of all the familiar spectacles that the world affords. The phenomena of weather changes rest primarily on a few principal causes: these are, in brief, the extreme fluidity of the air, which permits slight changes in its weight to set it in motion; the irregular distribution of the sun's heat over the earth's surface, brought about by the curved outline of the planet; the ease with which the air takes up a part of the earth's water, and the many accidents that tend to cast this water back to earth again; the coming and going of the annual polar nights and days, giving alternate warmth and cold to the region about either end of the earth's axis. In these four classes of changeful conditions are locked up a variety of effects, that defy computation or statement. The particular conditions of sky and temperature on any morning are dependent on a practically infinite variety of factors. There are involved therein not only the great general causes (the supply of heat from the sun, the character of the great heat-distributing currents of air and sea, etc.), but a thousand smaller actions, that are so far beyond the reach of foresight that we must give up hope of being able to predict them. A thunder or hail storm here or there, the occurrence of any of those sudden meteoric changes that are no more predictable than the time when a leaf will fall from a bough or a sparrow's life end, may give a momentary set to the weather that will bring cloud or rain where else would have been fair sky.

But in the idea of weather we include not only the momentary accidents of the daily changes, but the longer and more general accidents of the seasons. We know that the seasonal changes of the weather are included in the limits of the predictable things. We know that summer brings warmth and winter cold, and in a less absolute way we know that spring and autumn have their proper kinds of weather. We know that March and November are seasons of wind, and even the forms of clouds in the several seasons are the subjects of law. Moreover, this is the sort of knowledge that human society needs. It is relatively of small importance for us to know the momentary chances of the daily weather, but it would be very greatly to our advantage to be able to extend the rough predictions we now are able to make concerning the several kinds of weather. On the variations in mass of the seasons, on their average heat and rain-fall, depends in the most absolute way the first interest of men, — their supply of food from the soil. We know, for instance, that in this country a cold, snowy winter and a summer of average heat and moisture mean an abundant crop of wheat, and that an open winter, with a following summer that shall be very wet or very dry, will be unfavorable to a good crop. In India the crop depends entirely on a supply of a certain amount of water in certain months. Even in the present state of the earth's peoples any contribution to our knowledge of what the kind of weather six months or a year hence is likely to be would be a gift to man beside which cheap electric light would be a bauble. And with the rapid increase of population that now marks the peoples of all lands this sort of knowledge becomes yearly more important. The very fact that the seasons are in a general way predictable seems to be a fair basis for hope that science may succeed in extending the grounds of affirmation, and not only enable us to say that next summer will be warm, but enable us further to predict what sort

of a season it will be, in a general way, — whether the rain-fall will be large or small, etc. We observe, at the outset, that science has made its greatest successes in extending the limits of the known rather than in opening altogether new fields of knowledge. Whenever men have been able reasonably to assert anything by crude popular knowledge, scientific methods have generally been able to increase the certainty to a very wide extent. So the fact that the seasons are in a certain way predictable gives a fair basis for hope that scientific methods of inquiry may take this crude knowledge and make it more certain in its details.

A study of the nature of the seasonal differences adds to the reasons that lead us to believe that we may in time be able to forecast their character pretty accurately. The momentary accidents that make it impossible to prophesy the precise conditions of any given day or days half a year hence are swallowed up in the more general phenomena of the seasonal divisions of the weather. The conditions that are to determine the particular variety of weather for the next Fourth of July can hardly be said to exist, but the conditions which fix the fact that the month of July will be warmer than the month of March are, we may say, in existence, and the only difficulty is to find and weigh them. Speaking generally, the seasonal conditions that determine the weather of any district are not very complicated, though they are hard to compute. The first condition is that of the heat brought into the given area. This heat, though primarily all from the sun and the fixed stars, comes to each region in several different ways. In the first place, about one half of it is derived from the fixed stars, or other slightly luminous celestial bodies. This portion of heat comes to the earth in every direction, so that each square foot of its surface receives an equal share. Then we have the heat of the sun, which gives the other half of the heat that the earth receives. This, unlike the heat of the stars, falls with great inequality on the different parts of the earth. The star heat, though not far from one half of the earth's whole share, is only enough to lift the temperature of the earth's surface from about five hundred below zero of Fahrenheit to about two hundred below zero. So it is the sun that does the effective work of heating on the earth's surface, the star heat only serving partly to fill the abyss of cold that wraps the world about. Now, if the sun's heat stayed where it fell, the regions beyond the parallels of forty degrees would be deserts of cold, the intertropical regions would be uninhabitable on account of their heat, and the belt between would fare badly from the war between the fierce conditions that lie on either side. But as soon as the sun's heat falls upon the earth it is seized by a great machinery that serves to transport it from the regions where it is in excess to other regions where it is deficient in quantity. These conditions are very simple, but singularly perfect even for this well-ordered world. They are briefly as follows: the overheated air of the surface line at the equator rises, and to replace it the winds come down from the polar regions. The upper air at the equator in turn runs off to the poles, where it settles and regains the surface. The activity of these winds depends upon the difference between the circumpolar and the intertropical temperature. The old view was that these winds bring about the distribution of heat over the earth's surface, but the truth is that the winds are not worth much as heat carriers, for they can only do much of this work by virtue of the water they carry, and a very little cooling takes out the greater part of their moisture. They practically do their work at second hand through the ocean currents they set in motion. The trade-winds sweeping down from the pole make strong westward-running

streams in the great oceans beneath the equator. These great rivers of the sea, heated to a high temperature by the rays of a vertical sun, are turned out of their westward course by the shores of the continents that lie across their paths, and flow back toward the poles whence they came, bearing with them a vast store of heat, which they give to the cooler regions in the high north. The effect of this tide of heat upon the ultra-tropical regions of Europe and America is very great. It is not too much to say that the springs of all the life of Northern Europe flow out of the Florida seas in the waters of the Gulf Stream. Were it to cease its northward journey, the life of the region north of the Alps would practically cease to be. Mr. James Croll, whose luminous contributions to the study of climatal phenomena have thrown a flood of light upon this class of questions, has clearly shown that the region within the arctic circle receives about as much heat from the waters of the Gulf Stream as comes to it in the direct rays of the sun. We do not know with equal certainty how much of the heat of Northern Europe is derived from this source, but there can be no doubt that the Gulf Stream is the most important factor in its climate. In the North Pacific there is a similar ocean stream, only grander in its dimensions, the waters of which bear their warmth to the northwestern shore of our continent, and redeem a thousand miles of it from the arctic cold that would otherwise possess it.

Although the winds are incompetent to carry the surplus equatorial heat from the tropics to high latitudes, on account of the ease with which they are stripped of moisture, they are able to do the more limited duty of bearing the heat from the point where the ocean currents discharge it against the shores into the interior of the neighboring lands, and as fast as these warm waters saturate the air they touch with their moisture, it flows off on to the lands to discharge its burdens of heat and water. If the sun's heat remained absolutely steadfast in its amount, and these currents always carried equal shares of heat from the tropics toward the poles, the conditions of our climate would not be subject to variations from this source; but there is reason to believe that, from several causes, the volume of these oceanic streams varies a good deal from time to time, and that from year to year, or from series of years to series of years, their volume, or their heat, or both, is subject to changes. Now a change in any year in the heat-carrying power of the Gulf Stream by as much as five per cent. of its total effective heat would certainly have a sensible influence upon the climate of Northern Europe, and even less considerable changes might give important results. Observations made by the venerable and distinguished Sir Edward Sabine, I believe as yet unpublished, led him to the conclusion that there was a manifest relation between the winter climate of Great Britain and the temperature of the Atlantic waters; so that it might be possible to make some general forecasts of the weather in the winter season on these islands by a study of the warm temperature to the westward. Now if this effect really exists, — and all we know of the conditions leads us to believe that it does, — then it may be possible to determine what the average temperature of the waters off the coast of Great Britain will be some months in advance. The water now flowing westward under the equator to the Central Atlantic will arrive off the west coast of Europe in from eight to twelve months from to-day. So if we knew that the equatorial current was warm and strong beyond the average of its conditions, then we could say that as far as the Gulf Stream could effect it the north of Europe would have conditions favorable for a warm and humid winter in

1880–81. Observations upon the temperature and the volume and rate of movement of this stream are not beyond the limits of inquiry. We know that about one half of the stream passes through the Straits of Florida, and there it can be measured with almost the accuracy we could give to the measurement of an ordinary river. The part that passes outside of the Caribbean to the east of the Lesser Antilles is probably also determinable by observations not too costly for possible use.

In the present state of our means of observation of marine movements there is no way of ascertaining the facts except by vessels cruising in the waters which it is proposed to examine; but there is no reason to doubt the possibility of making a buoy-shaped float, which should be anchored in the ocean currents, and which should, by telegraphic connections with the land, give us the means of determining the speed and temperature of the water that passes by the place where it is fixed. There is no doubt that the placing of such a buoy in the far seas, with telegraphic land connection, would be a matter of large expense, and it is conceivable that it would be better to accomplish the result at remote points by relays of government ships, which might as well be employed in this work as in any of the duties that are now assigned to them in time of peace. But most of the points where observations need be made are near the land, and could probably be observed by a system of buoys such as suggested above. For the Gulf Stream a set of observations in the straits between the Windward Islands and another in the Straits of Florida would be sufficient to afford a test for the value of such observations. A small steamer, with a reserve of a second vessel in case of accidents, would answer for each of these points. The simple observation could be made with great accuracy practically, with but little addition to the expense of the governments which undertook the work. All modern navies abound in dispatch boats and other hardy steam craft fitted for such duty. They likewise abound in scientific men capable of such work and willing to do it. So that it cannot be said that the expense would be a startling feature of the plan.

It is desirable that the work should be supplemented by a set of studies of the extra Gulf Stream, — that little-known division of it that passes outside of the West Indian Archipelago. This could only be accomplished by an untried system of buoys, as before suggested, or by steamers cruising in those waters. This system of observations should occupy as many vessels as could be afforded for a few years; in a decade it should be possible to learn the laws of flow of the Gulf Stream in the Antillan and Floridian region so well that thenceforth three cruising steamers would probably accomplish all the result sought for. It might be found useful to extend the observations by a system of studies on the course of the Gulf Stream north of the Straits of Florida; but while these inquiries would have a general scientific interest, and would serve to supplement the excellent observations made by the United States Coast Survey, it is not likely that they would throw much additional light upon the climatal problem we are now considering. It is probable that the rate of flow and volume of the Gulf Stream when it passes the Straits of Florida, with the observations on the varying force and direction of the winds of the North Atlantic, — which latter point could be determined by the logs of the transatlantic steamers, — would suffice for determining the volume and heat-carrying power of this current.

The effects of the Gulf Stream are greatly intermingled with that of the Japan current, its twin stream in the Pacific Ocean. It is certain that the Japan current has much less influence on the temperature of the lands about

the boreal pole than the Gulf Stream has, yet the effects it has cannot be neglected if we would get an adequate idea of the possibilities of predicting the seasons in the northern parts of Europe and America. The study of this stream would be far more perplexing than that of the Gulf Stream. We know as yet much less of its general structure than we do of its Atlantic equivalent, and the acquisition of this knowledge will be a more difficult task. At no point does the Japan stream pass through such a gate-like channel as the Gulf Stream when it traverses the Straits of Florida. Its history must be sought in the open regions of the western part of the Pacific Ocean, where it finds its devious way among the coral islands of the great archipelagoes that strew that sea. It would probably require at least four times as many observers to trace the movements of the Pacific stream as we should need for the Atlantic current, and it would be necessary to have a careful system of weather reports from Oregon and the coast to the northward as far as Behring's Straits. We should also need current observations on Behring's Straits, to determine the amount of Pacific water that enters the Polar Sea through that gate-way, if any part whatever passes that gate.

It is likely that next after the action of these ocean currents the most powerful agentof climatal change is to be found in the relative amount of solar heat received on the earth during different years. It now seems probable that the sun's heat does vary in its power from one series of years to another. The actual value of this element of solar radiation would have been much better known were it not for the fact that our meteorological stations have been very badly placed for observations on this matter. Almost all our stations where observations on the radiant power of the sun are made are accumulated in the regions where frequent clouds and a great variation in the heat-transmitting power of the atmosphere have made it impossible to obtain very accurate results. We need a number of stations chosen solely for measurement of the sun's radiant energy, and placed in those regions where the most perfectly cloudless skies could be found. There are several regions where the skies are practically without clouds for from three to six months each year, and by comparing the observations of several station, together we could probably get a close reckoning of the value of the sun's heat for each day in the year.

With such a system of observation we could hope to have the basis for approximately predicting the heat and rain-fall of the lands around the North Atlantic Ocean. It would doubtless require some years of careful study before the relations between the facts observed and the subsequent climatal conditions could be clearly discerned, but as soon as the matter was well in hand we could hope for forecasts of a very valuable nature concerning the economic weather that the growing season would be likely to bring to the several lands. Predictions of this sort, even if fulfilled only in general terms, would have a very great value. In all our husbandry there is more or less choice between several crops which suit different sorts of weather. A farmer may make sure of a crop of oats in just such weather as that in which he would lose his crop of maize, and forage plants do well in conditions that are much against wheat. There can be no doubt that as a whole such predictions would be more generally profitable than any extension of the present system of brief forecasts of weather can be.

To carry out such a scheme would require great continuity of labor, and probably a degree of patience under failure that is hardly to be expected from any one government. It seems to me that the risk could be better taken and the work better done by a commission that

should be appointed by several maritime states of the Atlantic. The United States, England, France, and Germany could divide the cost of such a work without feeling the burden, and a board of experts could be easily chosen from among their scientific men, who would direct the researches. Supposing that the half dozen or so steamers could be loaned and maintained by the several governments from their naval forces, the total cost of the inquiry, including a sufficiency of stations to observe the Gulf Stream, the Pacific currents, and the solar radiation, should not exceed half a million of dollars, — less, indeed, than is required to maintain a regiment in the field or a war ship on the seas.

Even if the results of this inquiry should be to show that the unobserved and at present unobservable forces that enter into the making of our several climates so far perturb the action of these great factors which it is proposed to study that we could not use them for forecasts, still the inquiry would not be in vain. We should have gained in a few years, and with a completeness we could secure in no other way, a knowledge of the facts concerning some of the most momentous phenomena of climate, and would have a better chance for making effective our further inquiries into its problems. It is not reasonable to suppose, however, that the inquiry would meet with a complete check; there can be no tenable doubt of a certain measure of success; and, as in all great inquiries, the elements of failure will themselves be the germs of successes by pointing the way to supplementary inquiries which will narrow the limits of the unknown. In connection with this scheme an international commission could doubtless do very much to extend our general knowledge of thalassography, or the physical geography of the sea, by recommending to their several governments a system of observations at sea, to be made by their merchant marines.

The United States have already won an enviable prominence for their surveys of the wild countries that fall to their lot. They are, moreover, peculiarly well placed for this inquiry, as they constitute the only state that lies upon the two great climate-making seas of the earth. There seems a certain fitness in their undertaking to lead in this inquiry. The work could best be done as a joint work, but if the other states which should feel a peculiar interest in this task should neglect it, it would be fit that our own government should itself take up the burden. It is surely many times more promising of results to science and to the more immediate interests of humanity than all the schemes for attaining the north and south poles that now vex the spirit of adventurous peoples. Our government made the first adequate beginnings in the work of forecasting the weather, and it did the first good work that was done in the study of the marine currents. It can well afford to follow up these lines of inquiry, which are clearly adapted to the genius of its people.

N. S. Shaler.

A SLEEPING CITY.

Two hours past midnight — how the city sleeps!
  But how heaven marches! When I last lay down
No star I knew was in the azure deeps;
  Blank was the vault as this vast silent town.

Look now! Look there! The obverse now upwhirled!
Bossy and spiked with fires from th' underworld,
With great Orion's mailèd arm and heel,
The Bull's horns tipped with suns, the hosts of steel
A serried stream, upon the mighty Way!
At what command? Whence is it all this sweeps?
Adown what drifting void, what black abyss?
Who knows? Sleep, then, not struggle, sting, and hiss!
Sleep close! sleep well! all Life that Nature steeps
And wakes but to remand to sleep, mold, growth, decay!

E. H. Clement.

PHILOSOPHY AND APPLES.

A loiterer who approached Concord during the progress of the summer school there reported the woods full of enthusiastic persons, some of whom smothered their mental fervor in linen dusters, inquiring for the shortest way to the new oracle. One of them, who got nearer than the rest to the shrine, paused at a little distance, startled by the sound of a resonant and pathetic voice from within the Hillside Chapel. The words which this voice bore to his ear were these: "Living is flying — living is flying . . . wings . . . Paradise." And instantly he flew — *away* from the chapel, to seek his Paradise elsewhere.

But this, I fear, is a frivolous anecdote. It is the custom of the world to laugh at devout pilgrims who set out avowedly to search for truth. Yet I sometimes fancy that when the world does this, imagining that it has a right to pity the folly or innocent faith of such a quest, it is unconsciously laughing at its own expense, — jeering at its own doubting and disheartened state.

However this may be, it is always amazingly interested in that which it so affects to look down upon. So when, a year and a half ago, a small body of men and women proposed to discuss philosophy in a certain old brown house standing in a roadside orchard of Concord, the lesser in size, but greater in history, the scoffers became active at once. This year they were more respectful, and some even came to a session or two; but no one could fairly pronounce on the school from such a test. It was necessary to attend one or two courses, and listen to the conversation — often the more profitable exercise — which followed each monologue. And after one had done that, — what then? If his impression proved favorable, how should he convey the reasons thereof to the outer world? Clearly, this cannot be done by formal proof. What I have got by a process of infiltration from the speech of a number of men and women I can give out again only in the same gradual way that it entered, unless I could set down, word for word, the whole utterance, with an account of all the original conditions and associations.

But it is not every one living on a rural highway who can boast of so illustrious a neighbor as a school of philosophy; and, despite the obstacles to a good understanding, the writer of this may be pardoned for wishing to fulfill the duties of such neighborhood by trying in a few words to describe what took place beyond some spruces and larches, a few

rods from the spot where these lines are penned.

Not much can be shown in the form of concrete results, perhaps. The benefit got from the school was, for most of us, one of healthy stimulation and nutriment, rather than external accumulation. One can tell, nevertheless, how the process went on. Not only the cold, larger world, but also the village itself, was skeptical at first. For the Concord average does not differ greatly from the averages of other New England towns, except in greater keenness of a general practical intelligence, and a livelier talent for enjoying life in its wonted pastimes, or through the forms of art and literature. Yet it was natural that a scheme of this sort should originate in Concord, because the place has had in it so much more than the merely average. High thinking is as native to the soil as thrifty shrewdness. Next to Mr. Alcott's Orchard House stands the house of one of the best farmers in Massachusetts, whose land also skirts the highway opposite. Hens from the farm-land, seeking, perhaps, a grain of heavenly mustard-seed, sometimes invaded the apple-bowered slope on which the school rested; but the owner of the hens never came. And rightly enough; for he had his own business to attend to, and the thinkers had theirs. They kept apart in obedience to the same law which appointed that on one side of the turnpike should grow asparagus and prize-roses, and on the other pitch-pines and philosophy.

But this summer, when in spring a little edifice of butter-colored boards was seen growing up into peak and porch, on the site of an old arbor on the grassy terrace, and expressly designed with reference to being bedecked by a grapevine that grew there, the derisive tone had somewhat subsided. This was not because the discussions of the previous summer had convinced the doubters, nor were they overawed by the modest building; but it was known that the school was a success, that it had doubled its membership, and that every boarding-place in the village had more applications than it could satisfy. Indeed, many of the inhabitants, who preferred privacy, admitted hospitably the perplexed pilgrims who could not find lodging; and it is perhaps an evidence of American adaptability and good-nature that in this relation some pleasant acquaintances were formed. At all events, the community worked willingly, now, to increase the success of the thriving experiment; although nearly every one, both in and out of the school, indulged in some good-humored laughter at sundry amusing things connected with it. Perhaps the most unremittingly serious person of all concerned was the proprietor of the hack-line which conveyed the students to and from the meeting-place, and did a thriving business. Mingled with all the sincerity and keen interest which others felt was more or less of the holiday picnic mood.

Small was the audience at the opening session, and consisted mainly of women. They came very simply, in prints and ginghams, — unaffected and womanly women; seated themselves on the unpainted, hard-backed chairs that were ranged about the half-finished interior; and listened with quiet rapture to the first strains of enthusiasm and eloquence. By and by, as the attendance swelled, the number of men increased, and the dress of the ladies took on a gayer and haughtier aspect. The fresh water-lilies that stood sometimes on the lecturer's desk were responded to by the artificial ones that bloomed upon a young girl's bonnet. Even a few diamonds sparkled in the chilly light of pure reason; and when the day arrived for a discourse by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe on Modern Society, an almost worldly air of fashion pervaded the unpretentious room. Contrary to the canons of the scoffer, these

ladies were not lean nor unprepossessing, nor in the technical sense strong-minded. Some were young and pretty; others, robust matrons; a few, far advanced in years; and some looked worn and thin from too much care. Among them were teachers and clerks, the wives of professional or business men, or ladies of leisure. The male listeners embraced general students, recent college graduates, journalists, and teachers. One or two had read philosophy in the remote West or South, and came for scholarly companionship; and now and then a serene-faced man of business would drop in on occasion of some literary theme, for relaxation. Of wild-eyed or shaggy theorists, looking permanently disconcerted at something they had discovered about life, there were infrequent examples. The school reserves for a future of larger prosperity, if ever, the creation of a special long-haired department, where these can dilate without harm. But one day there came a poet, whose name and work are known on both sides of the Atlantic, and lavished generous praises on the budding academy.

"What is going on in that small building," he said, vehemently, as we walked away under the lindens behind Orchard House and the chapel, "is the most wonderful thing in the world at this moment, — especially that it should be going on in America. If it is well managed and lasts a few years, it ought to prove the germ of the greatest modern school of philosophy!"

A vigorous exaltation arose from the first gatherings, when all the congregated brains were unjaded, which made this prophecy seem not very extravagant, even if certain injudicious tendencies afterward displayed would, unless strictly pruned, make it unjustifiable. Should the school broaden into a field for wide discussion, where every philosophy worthy of the name could be properly set forth and courteously combated by those representing other systems, its uses would be as admirable as novel. In two days the auditors seemed to live a week, so crowded was that brief space with thoughts of infinitude, with large reasoning, noble sentiments, and vital suggestions. All events other than the present or the coming lecture shrank, for many, into a belittling perspective: the presidential campaign, the Eastern Question, and the rejoicings of the French republic over its birthday faded, when compared with the verities with which the school was busy. And when bundles of an evening paper, with daily accounts of the proceedings, were brought by a villager, who combines the occupations of antiquarian and newsdealer, — the past and the present, — and his hastening figure was seen retreating from our porch to the green slopes of the lower world, then, in truth, it was easy to fancy it the figure of Time himself, forced to withdraw, after being eliminated by that science of the mind which transcends all mundane seasons. This mood made it peculiarly fascinating to sit there and watch the misty light among the pine-tops without, or the upward sweep of the grassy hill close by the northern windows; and to look out on other sides at the graceful drooping of apple-boughs loaded with small green fruit, and the leaves of grape-vines that spread larger, week by week; while words of inspiration blended with an occasional creaking call from the blue-jays in the woods, or the random note of a robin. The evening sessions, also, had an attractiveness of their own. The kerosene had been forgotten, the first night, and for a few moments it seemed possible, as the twilight deepened, that spiritual illumination would be the sole dependence. But, after that, the lamps of the wise virgins could not have outshone those in the chapel fixtures. With a cool breeze streaming in at open windows, where fine netting repelled the attacks of the

pessimistic mosquito, the audience sat with ears intent and hungry note-books. Then, on breaking up, they passed out, under lanterns hung by the door or from a fruit-tree close by, into the star-dark, carrying with them fragments enough for discussion all the way on the mile-long stretch of grass-bordered sidewalk to the village centre.

From an outline of speculative philosophy to a close scrutiny of Platonic doctrines; from these to a discussion of Shakespeare's "content," or, as some called it, "rationalizing Shakespeare," or to a rambling, lamp-lit disquisition on one of the mystics, — these were some of the transitions and choices afforded. Then, again, the philosophy of history, the personality of God, literary art, Hawthorne and Thoreau, were among the themes; and one lecturer showed that the sublime and beautiful might be as full of bones as a shad. The intellectual fervor spread; large parties were held at private houses for conversation on a fixed subject. People met in companies, of afternoons between lectures, to read each other original poems and essays; to debate a tough point in Kant; to hear about Persian poetry, Margaret Fuller, and Primeval Man.

"The hot weather is a good discipline," one of the younger men had said at the beginning of the term. "It calls our patience into play and makes us receptive to thought."

But even he was obliged to descend from this sublimity of sacrifice. He acknowledged that there had not been enough of the discipline to last. Rumors also filled the air that where the philosophers were thickest in the boarding-houses they had begun to fall sick. For, in addition to the morning and evening sessions, each more than two hours long, and the miscellaneous meetings, they had taken dialectics three times a day, with their meals. What wonder that some of them sought relief in the characteristic water-parties of Concord, or even in the poor-children's picnics at Walden!

The lecturers themselves faltered, at times. Though acting harmoniously on a general theistic basis, in some cases they disagreed sharply, and the gallant amiability which they maintained must have undermined their strength. Then, too, there were hard-headed opponents among the auditors, to whom the spectacle of Herbert Spencer falling in ruins regularly, every forty-eight hours, was almost more than they could bear; and the surcharged electricity of their usually silent grief may have had an oppressive effect on the readers, who sometimes showed a slight subjective disinclination to answer questions satisfactorily. The mystics and the logicians were of course indirectly at war; but the logicians generally got the best of it. This was not much regretted, apparently; in particular after the chief of the mystics had made a speech, which, without any desire but that of accuracy in the recording, may be set down as very nearly like this: —

"We cannot think annihilation. When I think of myself as nothing, I prove that I am something. If I say I am, I am really *is*-ing. This is the power by which we *thing* things. I who am, or is-ing I, think this that other somewhat. The thing must be what I think or thing it. In other words, I think my thing, and that *things* things."

The Hegelian's reasoning — technical and abstruse, but delicately poised and running noiselessly, like those huge steam-engines which accomplish such stupendous motions with such smooth, limber might — produced no such confusing effect, even on uninstructed ears. To those who did not understand him, it was like watching a man who bends his head to listen to some interior or mysteriously hidden music, whence they could see that he caught a perfect harmony, even though they could not hear it. Those who did understand marveled

at the intricate workmanship of the vast cage of thought he had constructed, after once entering which there is no hope of escape except into the infinite and the belief in a personal God. Hegelianism, we are told by the young apostles of recentness, is already outgrown; but this may be like the idea of the little elated bird on a cathedral spire, that he is a good deal more important than the cathedral, because he can perch on it.

As for the rest, it seemed at times as if they were too much engaged in asking the old questions and leaving them unanswered, except by analogies and assumptions that ignored the necessity of proof. I know of at least one listener who strayed away from the hall of eloquence, to find a more soothing, if less positive response from the trees and the sky. On one occasion he watched a tame though uncaged squirrel, playing about the bole of an enormous elm and returning his gaze with beady eyes that defied all attempts to surprise the secret of his being. Finally the squirrel, tearing a leaf from a weed near by, ran with it up the elm, jumped from the tip of a topmost branch to another neighbor elm of equal size, and then came down the trunk of that to the lowest fork of the boughs, where he disappeared. Presently he was in sight again without the leaf, and stared impertinently at his human observer, as if to say, "Can you tell where I have hidden it? That's a riddle you can't answer, any more than the pundits over there can really solve the vital problems of the world!"

In truth, there were plaints on the part of some among the pilgrims at the extent to which abstractions were dealt in by the school. "I wish they would teach us how to live," said one of the most earnest, albeit not erudite, among them. "I wish they would talk more about something else than the eternal and the abstract. I don't mean to be irreverent, but really we have had God *hashed up* in so many forms, like the Chinese kittens, that I'm sick of it."

Yet, in any serious view, it cannot be doubted that the school did good. It inspired. It is no derogation from its dignity that women chiefly sustained it; for they are the true conservators of culture in this land of ours, where the great body of men live for barbaric ends of wealth and physical achievement. It is a good omen, too, that so sincere and self-sacrificing a person as Elizabeth Thompson should have furnished the financial sinews for its present activity. The five weeks of devout, and in the main candid, thinking which those of us who were present have to remember, form the only realization I ever met with of the proverbial "month of Sundays;" for every day of the term had something about it that rose above the secular. When it was all over, and the bond which had held such various elements together so long was dissolved, did not the fact that the thing had been at all, though now so intangible, prove the power and reality of ideas and of immortal aspirations? The words that had been said had faded away into the pale summer air, as if they were nothing; but though utterance passes away like the individual of a species, the idea, the influence, remains, like the universal type of the species. And the immediate effect or result is not all.

When the valedictory had been pronounced and the session adjourned for the last time, it was seen that some of the green apples in the orchard were already rosy-ripe and full of sustenance. Others, on other trees, were but faintly streaked with the morning-red of coming maturity. The more valuable and enduring fruit will ripen still later.

G. P. Lathrop.

A SEARCH FOR THE PLEIADES.

The newspapers describe a throng of tourists as passing through the White Mountains all summer long; but we forget that, when tried by the standard of Swiss or Scotch hill-country, ours is still unexplored and unopened. Even the laborious Appalachian Club has as yet barely called attention to a few of the wilder recesses. Half a mile to the right or left of many a much-traveled pathway lies the untamed and shaggy wilderness, traversed here and there, at intervals of years, by some hunter or trapper, but too high in air for the lumberman or trout-fisherman, and unseen by the tourist. It is the realm of the shy deer and bear, of the nocturnal *loup-cervier* and catamount; one may thread his way through it for many hours without coming upon the trace of a human being.

It was in such a region, on the side of Mount Moosilauke, that I went to seek for the Pleiades.

Few of the White Mountains have a summit so fine and characteristic in formation as is that of Moosilauke. After you ascend above the more luxuriant vegetation, and find yourself in a cooler zone, passing, as it were, from summer back to spring, — leaving, for instance, the ripe red raspberries below, and perceiving them still green above, — after you have come to interrupted groves and ever-dwindling trees, you step out at length upon a bare and narrow ridge. With one bold curve, it sweeps away in air, and leads the eye to a little summit half a mile beyond, on which the Tip-Top House, a low stone building, clings. There can be nothing finer than this curving crest, raised nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, and just wide enough to hold the rough wagon road built some years since to the top. As you traverse it, you seem to walk along the heights of heaven. Looking down, you see on one hand all the fertile valley of the Connecticut and the broad farms of Vermont; and on the other side there lie spread all Maine and New Hampshire. Within the embrace of this bending ridge, held as in its arm, there drops a precipitous gorge, densely wooded and utterly pathless, and it was in this wild depth, known locally as the Jobildunk Ravine, that the Pleiades were to be sought.

Little, the historian of Warren, describes this ravine as " wild and hideous," and estimates its depth at three thousand feet. Osgood's White Mountain Guide Book says that it is " one of the wildest places in the State, but is difficult to explore on account of its forests," and adds that " in its upper part are the woodland beauties of the Seven Cascades." At the two hotels, on the side of the mountain we found no very definite knowledge of these cascades, and they were confounded with certain other waterfalls on Baker's River, several miles away. At the last field meeting of the Appalachian Club, however, an interesting report had been presented by Rev. G. H. Scott, of Plymouth, N. H., who, with Rev. H. O. Ladd, of Hopkinton, had once spent the night on top of Moosilauke, and had descended into Jobildunk Ravine next day for fishing purposes, and had come upon these falls; after which they had followed Gorge Brook, as it is called, through the forest to Baker's River, and so on to the village of Warren. These two clerical explorers, it appeared, were so delighted with the beauty of the cascades as to feel moved to do all that could be done for them in recognition; so in due form, by what may be called a self-acting baptismal process, — since the brook itself furnished the font, — they christened the

sisterhood "the Pleiades." Such was the region we wished to visit.

The rule as to the inevitable exaggeration of the unseen — *omne ignotum pro mirifico* — applies only to the person nearest to the wonder, and for all others is reversed. The larger your estimate of the size of your unlanded trout, the more derisively small is the guess of your fellow-fishermen. As with unseen trout, so with waterfalls unvisited; and Mr. Scott soon found that he must inspect his newly-christened cascades again, and take with him witnesses. I went as one of these, having as our guide James Merrill, of the Breezy Point House, who had long hunted and trapped through all that region, and had, many years ago, passed by these falls, though he was now by no means sure of their precise position.

It was the hottest day of the summer; the breeziness of the hotel which was our rendezvous lay that day in its name only, and the mercury on the piazza stood at 85° Fahrenheit in the shade. As we had come from Plymouth, N. H., in the morning, we could not set off on our walk until a little before noon, and must stop presently to eat our lunch. When we resumed our march, it was still within that period of the day when, as the ancients fabled, the great god Pan sleeps, and must not be awakened, and when even wood-paths are apt to be unshaded; and as we climbed we found ourselves zigzagging from side to side, to make the most of every bit of shade, — beating up to shadowward, as it were, instead of to windward. Our guide walked on before us, erect and manly, wearing one of those broad canvas hats which are characteristic of this region, and furnish one of our few glimpses of picturesque costume. He had led for years the genuinely out-door life which belongs to our mountaineers. As a rule, farmers are far less rich in conversation than sea-side people, — sailors, pilots, fishermen; the rural lives are rather monotonous and uneventful; but when you come where the farms actually abut upon untamed forest, the art of conversation revives, and James Merrill was as good as Thoreau, so far as the habit of observation could carry him.

He showed us, in the occasional deposits of soft mud by the water bars on the mountain road, how to distinguish squirrel-tracks, sable-tracks, bear-tracks. A bear had passed, as he proved to us, within a few days, had weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was probably two years old. He pointed out to us where, in sandy places, the young partridges had nestled and fluttered like hens in the path, and where the hedgehogs had gnawed and torn the roots in the wood. He told us how these little "quill-pigs," as they are popularly called, defend themselves with their tails, thrashing them about till the nose of a dog or other animal is full of bristles; the dogs instinctively fear this, and seize the creature by the head, where the bristles turn the other way, and cannot hurt. The hedgehog is in winter the chief food of the "fisher-cat," and this in turn is trapped for its fur. This small quadruped is jet-black, with a few white hairs; is as large as a large cat, but is shaped like a mink, having short legs. The fisher-cat and sable — pronounced uniformly "saple" — climb trees like cats, in pursuit of squirrels, and will run from tree to tree as easily as the game they hunt, though unable to spring like them through the air. Both of these species are active and daring, venturing sometimes into the hunters' camps at night in search of food. The ordinary wild-cat, or "bob-cat," or "lucivee" (*loup-cervier*) is also found on Moosilauke, but not the larger "catamount," or that half-mythical beast known among Maine lumbermen as the "Indian devil." This bob-cat is often as large to the eye as a Newfoundland dog, but its fur is so deceptively thick that it really does not weigh more

than thirty pounds. Merrill was eloquent about its shriek at night. "When you hear it near you," he said, "it makes every hair stand up straight, and you feel about as big as your finger. I have heard it when it made me feel as if my hat was two feet from my head. It is as much bigger than the house-cat's noise as that is bigger than a canary's."

Of the larger animals, the deer is still hunted in this region, although the present laws, which protect these animals from January 1st to August 1st, have cut off the snow-hunting, which was the most profitable. Before this legislation, Merrill had once taken three deer alive in a single day, pursuing them in snow-shoes with a dog, when the slender hoofs cut through the crusted snow, and they could be overtaken. When thrown down in the snow the deer defend themselves actively with their hoofs, which are used very swiftly and cut like razors. The best way to quiet them is to hold their heads down by the ears, and after this has been done for fifteen or twenty minutes they will usually submit, and can afterwards be led along, although sometimes the old bucks will fight, from first to last, so furiously that the hunter, entangled in his snow-shoes, must kill his opponent in self-defense. Of bears not more than three or four are annually taken here, — a bounty of ten dollars being paid, — but a good many visit the region, keeping in the valley between Moosilauke and Carr's Mountain, and always attracted by ponds and sloughs, in which they wallow, and by berry-pastures, among which they feed. The foot-prints we saw — in which the claws, by the way, were to be clearly distinguished — were near a large patch of wild raspberries. Wolves are pretty well exterminated from this whole region. The last report of one was several years ago, when some unknown animal devastated the sheep-folds. A mighty hunter from beyond the mountain was offered forty dollars by the farmers, in addition to the legal bounty of half that sum, for the destruction of the wolf. He brought in the head, as by law required, and received the money; but avowed, a year or two later, that he had only exhibited the head of a harmless dog, peculiarly wolf-like in appearance, which he had bought for a dollar in a distant hamlet. However, the sheep-folds were thenceforth left unmolested, though the unseen enemy was never trapped.

Many of our guide's facts were before known to us, but some were wholly new, as when he told us that a deer, if forced into water too shallow for his long legs, will swim easily on his side, instead of wading. There is always pleasure in listening to the simplest woodcraft from those who habitually live by its pursuit, — those who know nothing of books, but supply observations for the book-makers. Such talk links us with the Rocky Mountains, and with Scott's novels and the great French forests in old days of royal hunting. All the "venerers, prickers, and verderers" of romance have now come down to a few plain incidents like these, but no matter; so long as there is a squirrel on a bough or a partridge in the woods, it will keep us in contact with that healthful out-door nature which is the background of all our civilization. Thus discoursing, at any rate, we toiled up the mountain beneath an increasing shade. It was pretty to observe the graceful effect of the increased elevation on the wild flowers. At the base, this being August 2d, I sought in vain among the wood-sorrel and dwarf-cornel leaves for a single blossom; when half-way up, we saw them beginning to spangle the green beds; and at the top they were in fullest bloom, amid the linnæa and mountain cranberry. It was strange also to see meadow plants, like the snake-head and American hellebore, growing abundantly in dry places at an elevation of four thousand feet; and even to find lingering blossoms of the latter, which we are ac-

customed to regard as an early spring flower. The longer one lives, the less rigid appear the rules and forms of external nature; she seems to bid her wild flowers bloom where she will, and almost when she will, and to delight in setting at naught the most careful assertions of the botanists. The time may come, perhaps, when one can pluck passion-flowers off a glacier without surprise, so fearless are nature's combinations.

All the party had climbed Moosilauke before, and there had been a good deal of debate as to whether, for our present purpose, we should leave the mountain path far down, and strike through the forest for the base of the cascades, or whether we should ascend nearly to the summit, and search downward for the uppermost falls. The latter counsel at length prevailed, and even the point of departure was fixed upon. There are on Moosilauke several springs of water, along its upper regions, — each kindly provided by some good Samaritan with sheets of birch bark, such as Samaria never saw, but such as the New Hampshire woodsman easily twists into a cup. At the highest of these springs — said popularly, but wrongly, to be the origin of the very brook in question — we left the carriage-road, and struck boldly downwards into the unbroken woods. In two minutes we seemed wholly beyond reach of the steep height we were leaving behind us, so sharp was the descent. It seemed as irretraceable as a plunge over Niagara, and all civilized and sheltered life was as absolutely withdrawn. Beneath us and around us was a craggy world of bowlders and broken rock, all united into one continuous and treacherous surface by an emerald garment of the softest moss. Our feet sank and slipped in it; it was a delicious cushion on which to leap from rock to rock; but the leaps were too dangerous, for none could tell by the eye whether there was any foot-hold. Meantime we were twisting and writhing our bodies among closely-set trees, never very large, since it was too high in air for that, but tough and firmly knit, their branches being stunted into a magnificent vigor. Their insecurity was in their foot-hold among those mossy rocks: in some cases they had so wrenched and griped their roots into the crevices as to seem a part of the mountain side, while other trees were scarcely more than poised upon the rocks, and were wholly unable to bear the weight of a man. The brook soon disappeared beneath the rocks, leaving only moisture enough for the beautiful slender spikes of the northern white orchis (*Platanthera dilatata*), which we afterwards found abundantly throughout the water-courses of the ravine. Still we descended; it seemed like slipping cautiously down the interminable steeple of a gigantic church, on which bowlders had somehow stayed themselves, and trees and moss had contrived to grow. The great danger was of going forward headlong, with a sudden insertion of one's feet in a sharp cleft of these beautiful, treacherous, moss-hidden rocks. It was a positive relief to tread occasionally upon some prostrate tree-trunk, green with ferns and half decayed, yet bristling with spiked branches, and giving a safe though difficult bridge, as it slanted down the hill-side. Meanwhile, we could see nothing overhead or outward, so dense were the trunks and boughs; and we had only an occasional glimpse of the broad hat of our guide, still descending without remorse. Once, when we had halted, and some one had expressed fervent gratitude that we had not to reascend that formidable ravine, Merrill looked round with a chuckle, and said, "It would be easier to go up there again than to go back the way you expect to go." We too looked round and up. The suggestion seemed like that of reclimbing the church steeple already mentioned, and holding on by the moss as we went up. Any distance, any form of descent, should be welcomed, we re-

solved, rather than attempt that "wild and hideous" climb.

During all this time we had listened vainly for the brook, which should be rippling somewhere below. If it was there, every step of our stumbling progress brought us nearer to it, but no one knew just where to find it, and there was a perpetual murmur in the trees, drowning all minor sounds. At length a softer plash, as of plunging waters, mingled in the strain, and almost before we knew it we stood in a green dell, where all the shaggy terrors of the precipitous ravine suddenly vanished, as if they had never been. We stood with level feet, at last, beside a little stream, on whose flat and mossy rocks it seemed as if nothing rougher than the moccasined foot of an Indian had ever rested. As far up and down as the woods disclosed them extended a series of dainty waterfalls, — never high or sweeping, like the Artists' Fall in North Conway, or the far bolder Llama Falls near Lake Dunmore in Vermont, but more like the graceful Chase Cascades in Brattleborough, as they were while yet unspoiled. As for the precise number of these cascades in Jobildunk Ravine, it was of no consequence; the brook dropped almost continuously from ledge to ledge, and there might be seven or seventeen, as one chose to count them for purposes of baptism. At any rate, our lost Pleiades were found.

When we had once reached them, instantaneous was the change in our condition. No longer slipping and staggering down the craggy ravine, amid tangled roots and trunks, seeking in vain for a footing, until, as in Lowell's description of old-time Cambridge mud, one's legs became mere corkscrews to extract one's boots, — no longer thus afflicted, we trod on smooth slabs of rock, cushioned with velvet moss, that would have invited repose but for the delicate rills of trickling water that preserved its emerald hue. What matter for these! — they cooled our feet; and very sweet was the forest chill that made an atmosphere about the stream. A lingering "Peabody-bird" welcomed us from the ravine, now silent with summer. Above and below us spread the cascades: some spanned by forest trunks, long since fallen, but still green with mosses; others open to the sky, and with only a suggestive rill of water; while others, again, held even this little stream invisible, murmuring beneath the rocks. We could not have asked for a sweeter rest after our descent, or for a lovelier bower of peace, than we found in the valley of the Seven Cascades.

There is nothing in nature so shy and virginal as a cascade in primeval woods; it seems alone with its own beauty, and unfit for any ruder contact than that of the deer which comes, timid and lonely as itself, to drink at its pure basin. On this particular day, it must be owned, we could have wished for our wood nymph an ampler garment of water. Still there was enough to adorn her beauty, and we could readily accept the apologies of our friend, the original explorer, who had seen her, so to speak, in full flow of drapery. But it is the beauty of a cascade, as of a lake, that it adapts itself easily to any margin; nor did the beauty of this scene of peace require for its full appreciation the severe prelude of fatigue through which we had passed.

The immediate question before us was that which the English poet Faber long since set to music, "Up a stream or down?" We had struck the cascades, it was guessed, about half-way up their course; and they were, at any rate, so much nearer the top of the ravine than the bottom that it was a question which route to pursue. We could follow them up and reach the summit, thence descending the mountain by the ordinary road; or we could follow the stream itself down, an easier but perhaps longer route, especially with a guide not thoroughly

familiar with the way. It was already half past four, and, being on the eastern or shadowy slope of Moosilauke, we could not safely count on more than two hours of time. Deciding, at last, to ascend, we pressed on in the path of the brook, our feet treading

> "On the stubs of living rock
> Ages ago it crenelled,"

as Browning has it. A few turns of the stream brought us to the most beautiful cascade of all. Looking upward, we saw a green cave or grotto, built with the regularity of art, and arching towards us over the little pool into which its waters fell. The cascade came from an overhanging ledge, precisely as if the arch which surmounted the cave had lost its key-stone, and the water passed through between two mossy slabs. The fall was of eight or ten feet only, but the hollow cave which received it — a grotto all emerald with glistening moss — gave it a beauty that nothing was needed to enhance except the solitary deer which should have been, but was not, drinking in that still place.

The brook soon left us, dwindling to a gurgle among the stones, and then vanishing, while we pushed on towards upper air, our guide marking the trees for future explorers, or for a possible pathway. We noted how skillfully he "spotted" with his axe, — the word "blaze" is rarely used, in this sense, in New England, — not cutting deeply in, as a novice would have done, but simply scarring the bark, and thus leaving a more unmistakable mark for future years than if the wood itself were indented. The wall we were climbing grew rapidly steeper, until it was the counterpart of that we had descended; and though the fatigue of the ascent was doubtless greater, we yet knew better what we were doing, and the risk of broken limbs was less. At intervals we had glimpses of the ridge above us, still seeming incredibly far away, and gradually swathed in such a dimness that we knew, although we could not see, that the vapors must be gathering in the air. Still we toiled on, up mossy dells, palisaded with the shy white orchis, until suddenly a shout from some one above caused me to look round, and I saw a sight of exquisite beauty. An opening in the woods showed the ravine behind us, dark, almost black, with shadow; but beyond this the sunlight was so poured on the eastern slope of Mount Washington and his companions as to make them glisten in double prominence, and it was almost impossible to believe that they were not snow-covered, — I do not mean coated with continuous and dazzling snow, like Mont Blanc, but rather clad in that scattered and sprinkled whiteness which clings upon the terrible peak of the Matterhorn. As we went a step farther, the trees hid this fair sight, and we entered a domain of utter shadow, fitly preparing us for the change that was presently to come, in the drama of the day.

Climbing a few steps higher, I saw clearly — for we were now getting above the trees — the meaning of the deepening blackness and the weird light. A storm was upon us, — such a storm as explained the superstitions of Indians about these mountain summits, and their refusal to climb them. The sky was all obscured, — not densely black, as with a thunder-cloud, but lighter than the already dark ravine; yet there were flashes of lightning in it, and murmurings of thunder. Its chief terror appeared to lie not in darkness, but in motion. All immediately around us was absolutely still, yet on the side of the ravine toward the Tip-Top House there was in the woods a roar that I can only describe as ferocious; it seemed as if the force which made that sound could sweep from the ravine below us the whole forest that clothed it, and count the work a trifle. Meantime, upon the mountain-crest the mass of pale cloud was accumulating, and suddenly, as with

one word of command, it was unloosed. We saw a detached body of cloud, that seemed to obey an order of its own and have its own separate work to do, come sweeping down into the ravine beside us, — not toward us, — with a sense of power and direction that no wings of eagles could symbolize, and an effect of swiftness such as no swallow's flight, no rush of railway train, could represent. I knew that it was a filmy, bodiless thing, — that if it changed direction and came toward us we should know it but as rain and wind; yet as I watched it, the Oriental hymns to the storm-gods seemed too little for an invocation of its power, and one could fancy a great army of men halting and retreating before its awful majesty. "The charge of the six hundred!" called one of my companions. The clouds went first, the rain followed; we could see it pouring in great sheets between us and the side of the ravine, and yet we escaped for a time. At last it reached us.

It came with a discharge like that from a steam fire-engine, yet we were by this time so warm that we welcomed it for our bodies' sake; we were like men working at a great conflagration, who beseech the engines to play on them. Yet the instinct of self-protection for a moment prevailed; and the dwarf spruce-trees under which we could easily shelter ourselves made a dry defense. But what was the use? Every atom of vegetation must soon be saturated, and we were now where we must crawl through it, and under it, and over it, to reach the top. We were in the region known as "scrub," — above where trees could be trees, but where they were condensed into stiff bushes, gnarled spikes, holding in every twig the vigor of a limb. Vegetation driven to its alpine stronghold does its worst at last, before it vanishes and leaves you in free air. You must clamber above it, you must burrow through it; you cannot stop to find out whether it is branch or root on which you are treading, since they seem equally rugged. Sometimes, in creeping beneath a bough, I found myself trailing my wet breast over some exquisite bed of wood-sorrel and linnæa, the sweet pink flowers fading unseen where no eye had looked on their race before.

At last, as with magic, all obstruction vanished, and I stood in increasing darkness on the bare ridge, with thousands of feet of stormy vapor spreading and sinking on either hand.

So great was the sense of freedom — for there was now nothing before us but a descent of five miles by the rough carriage-road to Merrill's — that I remember no feeling except of exhilaration. I had nothing on but a thin tennis-shirt and trowsers, with shoes and stockings all saturated; but I recall a distinct savage enjoyment in the pelting of the cold rain, mixed with a slight hail, upon my shoulders. Fatigue seemed to vanish; we all felt as if at the beginning of our day's work. Nature presently responded to our mood; already the veil of cloud was thin over the western outlook, and soon it burst away into soft, rosy fragments. The vast valley of the Connecticut, with nearly all of Vermont, lay visible before us; lakes glistened, grain fields spread, glimpses of rivers showed themselves. It was like a vast battle-field in the multiplicity of little vapors that hung like smokes over detached points; and on distant hills lay level bars of absolutely golden light. The Green Mountains and the far Adirondacks and the curious Notch in which lies Willoughby Lake were all closely shrouded with these gorgeous splendors; and, as we looked down from above, it was as if the sunset itself lay in state. Yet glittering raindrops were still falling on us, and we were glad to speed rapidly downward, away from this bright scene, to the mountain's foot, there to seek dry clothing, made up from many wardrobes, at the Breezy Point House, and to take our way by the mountain

wagon to the railway station. The next day we felt a certain triumph amidst our bruises. We were not exactly like Keats's

> "watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken,"

but we had at least re-discovered the Pleiades.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VIII.

THE TYLER ADMINISTRATION, 1843-1845.

The Tyler administration became odious to the whigs, while the democrats despised it. Mr. Tyler had succeeded in having every vestige of the whig legislation enacted at the extra session of 1841 swept from the statute-book, yet the democrats continued to stand aloof from his administration, until, as a last resort, he advocated the admission of Texas as a State. He was urged to take this step by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, his favorite adviser, and by the numerous holders of Texas bonds and war-scrip in Washington.

Before the victims on the Princeton were shrouded, Mr. Wise called upon Mr. McDuffie, then a member of the senate, who represented Mr. Calhoun's interests at Washington, and informed him that the distinguished South Carolinian would be appointed secretary of state. He urged him to write to Mr. Calhoun at once, begging him not to decline the position should he be nominated and confirmed. Mr. McDuffie did not ask Mr. Wise if he spoke by Mr. Tyler's authority, but evidently believed that he was authorized to make the request, and promised to write to Mr. Calhoun by that afternoon's mail.

Mr. Wise then went to the Executive Mansion, where he found Mr. Tyler in the breakfast-room, much affected as he read the account of the awful catastrophe of the day previous, which he had found in that morning's National Intelligencer. Mr. Wise told him rather abruptly that it was no time for grief, as there were vacancies in the cabinet to be filled, that urgent matters then under his control might be disposed of. "What is to be done?" asked President Tyler. Mr. Wise had an answer ready: "Your most important work is the annexation of Texas, and the man for that work is John C. Calhoun as secretary of state. Send for him at once."

"No, sir!" replied the president, rather coldly. "The annexation of Texas is important, but Mr. Calhoun is not the man of my choice." The ladies of the family just then came in, and all sat down to breakfast.

This was rather a damper on the programme of Mr. Wise, as he feared that Mr. McDuffie's letter would reach Mr. Calhoun about the time some one else was nominated as secretary of state. He sat through a long breakfast, patiently listening to the president's prolix account of what had taken place on the Princeton, and finally determined to follow Hoyle's advice to whist-players holding the third hand, and "play high." When the party at last rose from the table, and the ladies left the room, he took his hat, and going to where the president was standing said, in his most impressive manner, "Sir! In saying good-morning to you now, I may be taking a lasting farewell. I have unselfishly tried to be your friend for many years, and especially since you have been

president. Prompted by friendship for you, I have to-day prevailed upon Mr. McDuffie to write to Mr. Calhoun, and ask him to accept the place of secretary of state from you. If you do not sanction this unauthorized act of mine for your own sake, — not mine, — you will place me where you would be loath to place a foe, much less a friend."

The president looked surprised for a moment, and then, lifting both hands, said, "Wise! you are the most extraordinary man I ever saw, the most willful and wayward, the most incorrigible, and I see there is nothing for me to do but yield. No other man would have done what you have done, but you have done it, and I now authorize you to take the office and tender it to Mr. Calhoun."

But Mr. Wise did not wish to tender it, as he feared that Mr. Calhoun would not accept it. So he insisted, and the president finally consented, that the nomination should be sent to the senate at once. It was accordingly sent, and confirmed without opposition. Mr. Calhoun came to Washington immediately, and was soon installed as secretary of state, with able associates in the other executive departments.

Mr. Calhoun's course on the annexation of Texas had not been consistent. In 1819, when a member of President Monroe's cabinet, he had concurred in virtually giving Texas away, to conciliate the antislavery sentiment of New England, by preventing the increase of slave-holding States at the Southwest. But in 1836 he had advocated immediate annexation as calculated to injure the presidential prospects of Mr. Van Buren, and he was prompt in completing the negotiations carried on by Mr. Upshur, his predecessor in the department of state, with Messrs. Van Zandt and Henderson, the envoys sent to place the "lone star" in the azure field of the ensign of the republic. It took Mr. Calhoun only from February 28th to April 12th to conclude the negotiations. The treaty of annexation was signed and sent to the senate for ratification, but after a protracted discussion it was rejected by a vote of sixteen yeas against thirty-five nays.

General Jackson had been enlisted in the annexation of Texas, and as an acknowledgment of his services the friends of the measure in Congress passed a law refunding a fine of one thousand dollars which had been imposed on him by Judge Hall, at New Orleans, twenty-five years before. It was for a contempt of court, in refusing to produce, in obedience to a writ of *habeas corpus*, a citizen arrested by his orders under the martial law which he had proclaimed.

Stephen A. Douglas, who had just entered Congress as one of the seven representatives from Illinois, was prominent in procuring the passage of the bill refunding the fine, and when he afterward visited the Hermitage he received General Jackson's earnest thanks. "I felt certain in my own mind," said the general, "that I was not guilty of violating the constitution. But I could never make out a legal justification of my course, nor has it ever been done, sir, until you, on the floor of Congress, established it beyond the possibility of doubt. I thank you, sir, for that speech."

This was the first move made by Mr. Douglas in his canvass for the presidency, but he was soon prominent in that class of candidates of whom Senator William Allen, of Ohio, said, "Sir! they are going about the country like dry-goods drummers, exhibiting samples of their wares." Always on the alert to make new friends and to retain old ones, he was not only a vigorous handshaker, but he would throw his arms fondly around a man, as if he possessed the first place in his heart. No statement was too chary of truth in its composition, no partisan manœuvre was too openly dishonest, no political pathway

was too dangerous, if an opportunity was afforded for making a point for Douglas. He was industrious and sagacious, clothing his brilliant ideas in energetic and emphatic language, and standing like a lion at bay when opposed.

Mr. Douglas had a herculean frame, with the exception of his lower limbs, which were short and small, dwarfing what otherwise would have been a conspicuous figure, and he was popularly known as "the Little Giant." His large round head surmounted a massive neck, and his features were symmetrical, although his small nose deprived them of dignity. His dark eyes, peering from beneath projecting brows, gleamed with energy, mixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity, and his full lips were generally stained at the corners of his mouth with tobacco-juice. His voice was neither musical nor soft, and his gestures were not graceful. But he would speak for hours in clear, well-enunciated tones, and the sharp Illinois attorney soon developed into the statesman at Washington.

The debates in the senate on the treaty with Texas, providing for its annexation, were very acrimonious. Mr. Benton, while he denounced the scheme for the admission of Texas as the work of speculators in scrip and lands, and of political intriguers, showed that disunion was at the bottom of the machination. Under the pretext of getting Texas into the Union, the scheme was to get the South out of it, and to establish a Southern confederacy.

Mr. James Buchanan had always, since he had been a member of Congress, acted with the Southerners, and he sustained the treaty, as did Mr. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, and Mr. Robert J. Walker, a Pennsylvanian by birth, who was at that time a senator from Mississippi. Messrs. Buchanan and Woodbury were ponderous speakers, who always displayed such an unhesitating air of being irrefragably in the right as they proceeded with their elaborate arguments that every word they uttered sounded like the pronouncement of an oracle. Mr. Walker was small, active, ready in retort, and always prepared to produce an array of statistics in support of his position which no one in the senate could contradict.

In the house of representatives, the venerable ex-president, John Quincy Adams, headed the opposition to Texas, while he maintained his defiant attitude on the right of petition. This so exasperated the Southerners that several of them openly indulged in hostile threats towards him; and one day, when the house was in session, a Virginian named Sangster had "the old man eloquent" called out into the lobby by a page. When Sangster saw Mr. Adams, he said, "You are wrong, — I'll kick you," and made an attempt to seize him, which the old gentleman endeavored to prevent by grasping the wrists of his assailant. Sangster, disengaging one of his hands, then tried to slap Mr. Adams's face, but was prevented by the somewhat tardy interference of the by-standers, and later in the day he was arrested, but not punished. Mr. Adams, nothing daunted by these brutal demonstrations, persevered in his demonstrations against Southern despotism, displaying the traits which Thackeray has told us were possessed by Fielding: "He has an admirable love of truth, and the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective, — it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern."

Joshua R. Giddings was one of the first who came to the aid of Mr. Adams in the house, and he soon attracted attention as a stalwart opponent of slavery. He had succeeded Elisha Whittlesey, with whom he had studied law in Ohio, and during the excitement attendant on the proposition to annex Texas he became so outspoken that a resolution

was passed declaring his conduct "altogether unwarranted and unwarrantable, and deserving the severest condemnation of the country and of the house." Mr. Giddings eloquently protested against the passage of this resolution of censure without giving him an opportunity to be heard, saying that he would accept of no other privilege and would ask no other courtesy. The house refused to permit him to speak, and passed the resolution by a vote of two to one, whereupon Mr. Giddings resigned. Returning to Ohio, he announced himself a candidate for reëlection, and he was sent back to Washington by a majority of over three thousand, many democrats voting for him. In a few weeks after he had been censured he was again in his seat, indorsed by his constituents, and a more defiant opponent of the slave-power than he was before the attempt to discipline him. He was taunted, rebuked, insulted, and threatened with chastisement, but he never faltered or turned from what he believed to be his path of duty.

The house of representatives, at that period, could boast of more ability than the senate. Among the most prominent members were the accomplished Robert C. Winthrop, who so well sustained the reputation of his distinguished ancestors; Hamilton Fish, the representative Knickerbocker from the city of New York; Alexander Ramsey, a worthy descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen; the loquacious Garrett Davis, of Kentucky; the emaciated Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, who had not apparently a month to live, yet who rivaled Talleyrand in political intrigue; John Wentworth, a tall son of New Hampshire, transplanted to the prairies of Illinois; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a born demagogue and self-constituted champion of the people; the courteous Thomas H. Seymour, of Hartford, and John Slidell, of New Orleans; Robert Dale Owen, the visionary communist from Indiana; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who were then laying the foundations for the Southern Confederacy, "with slavery as its corner-stone;" the portly Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, who was so large that he could not occupy the arm-chairs at the Capitol, and had to have wider ones made for his use; the brilliant Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio; and the genial Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, who softened the asperities of debate by many pleasant comments in an under-tone, not recorded by the reporters.

President Tyler had great faith in the power of the newspaper press, and secured, by a lavish distribution of the advertising patronage of the executive departments, an "organ" in nearly every State. The journals thus recompensed for their support of the administration were without political influence, but Mr. Tyler prized their support, and personally looked after their interests. Alluding to them in a letter to a friend, he said, "Their motives may be selfish; but if I reject them for that, who among the great mass of office-holders can be trusted? They give me all the aid in their power, and I do not stop to inquire into motives." In another letter he complains of an official at New Orleans, saying, "I have felt no little surprise at the fact that he should have thrown into the Bee [a most abusive paper] advertisements of great value, and refused to hand them to the Republican, a paper zealous and able in the cause of the administration."

The Washington Globe, after Amos Kendall retired from its editorial chair to amass a fortune as one of the proprietors of the Morse telegraph patent, had been conducted by Francis P. Blair. He was aided by Edmund Burke, then a representative from New Hampshire, whose placid countenance was entirely at variance with his aggressive articles; by Jesse E. Dow, poet, orator, and paragraphist; and by John C. Rives, his

partner and business manager. Mr. Rives was one of the kindest-hearted and shrewdest of men, gigantic in person, rough in his manners, with coarse features, and a shock of sandy hair. He indulged in a rather savage style of writing, and if he did not adorn everything that he touched, he had the gift of Midas in turning printing-ink and paper into gold.

"Blair of the Globe," as he was generally called, was about five feet ten inches in height, with an emaciated form and positively ugly features, light hair, and clear, unflinching blue eyes. He wore a broad-brimmed black hat, and his clothes were somewhat of the Quaker cut. He was a trenchant, waspish writer, who apparently sought rather than avoided personal controversies. Although he was almost a skeleton, he once unblushingly called Judge White in an editorial "Calvin Edson," — the name of a man who was then being exhibited to prove that a human being could survive after losing nearly all his flesh. In another article he applied to Senator Poindexter — who was a spare man — the sobriquet of "the devil's darning needle;" indeed, he never appeared to realize, when writing one of his ferocious editorial attacks, that he might be assailed for any of his severe strictures.

He was the disciplinarian of the democratic party, and he had no mercy for those who refused to work in partisan harness. Once, when he was about attacking a man whom he respected personally, but disliked politically, he said to his partner, "Rives, it gives me pain to attack that man, but he is restive and kicking in the traces, and complaining that the collar is too small for him and chafes him. We must whip him in or whip him out at once, before he gets a little crowd to go with him." Mr. Blair was devoted to Van Buren, as he had been to Jackson, and worked hard to secure his nomination by the democrats in 1844, as an opponent of the annexation of Texas.

The New York Tribune was first published during the Tyler administration by Horace Greeley, who had edited with great success a political newspaper during the preceding presidential campaign, called The Log Cabin. The Tribune, like the New York Herald and Sun, was then sold at one cent a copy, and was necessarily little more than a brief summary of the news of the day. But it was the germ of what its editor lived to see it, — a great newspaper, — and it soon had a circulation at Washington, where the eminently respectable National Intelligencer and the ponderous Globe failed to satisfy the wants of the reading community. A daily penny paper, called The Capitol, was established at Washington, but it was short-lived.

The Congressional Library was then a respectable collection of books, many of which had belonged to the library of Thomas Jefferson, who had sold them to Congress after the burning of the Capitol by the British. Senator Choate and Representative Burke were at the head of the joint congressional committee which selected the books purchased with the small annual appropriation, and the library was the favorite lounging place of the beaux and belles. The genial librarian, Mr. John S. Mehan, was a Washington journalist, who had supported General Jackson, and had received his position in return, displacing Mr. George Watterson, who had been a prominent writer for the anti-democratic press, and had lampooned Mrs. Jackson without mercy. General Cass was at that time the most omnivorous reader, ordering to his room large collections of books of travel and novels. Senator Benton was another industrious reader, and always consulted all available encyclopædias before he made one of his ponderous and exhaustive speeches.

The electric telegraph was then being

made available by Mr. S. B. Morse, who obtained, with great difficulty, an appropriation of $30,000 to aid in its construction. To some members of Congress, who ridiculed the telegraph, it was a chimera, a visionary dream like mesmerism, rather a matter of merriment than to be seriously entertained. The appropriation was passed in the house only by the close vote of eighty-nine yeas against eighty-three nays, so that a change of three votes would have consigned the invention to oblivion. The first wires, between Washington and Baltimore, were encased in leaden tubes, which were buried under ground, but this mode proved a failure, and the present plan of extending the wires on poles was adopted.

Another prominent inventor at Washington, during the Tyler administration, was Mr., or as he was generally called, Colonel, Samuel Colt. He was a man of fine presence, lavish in his expenditures of time and of money to accomplish any desired results, and of indomitable perseverance. His "six-shooters" had been practically tested in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida, but a company formed for their manufacture at Patterson, New Jersey, became bankrupt, after having sunk a capital of $300,000, without any beneficial results, except those gained in the further simplifying the mechanism of the arms, which were improvements on many chambered guns and pistols manufactured in Europe a century before. Disappointed, but not discouraged, Colonel Colt temporarily turned his attention to sub-marine batteries, which he exhibited before the president and a large concourse of officials. A large vessel was started under full sail down the Eastern Branch, opposite the navy yard. As she moved steadily on, the officer and men on board suddenly left her, and in a few moments there was an explosion which threw the doomed ship up on a hillock of water, as it were, until her keel was for an instant in view. Then, the enormous bubble upon which she rested burst, and her spars and rigging were hurled into fragments, while the remaining portion of the hull pitched heavily forward, and settled slowly to the bottom. "Colt's sub-marine battery" was a decided success.

Mr. Edward K. Collins, a wealthy New York ship-owner, established and run successfully for some years what was known as the "Dramatic Line" of sailing packets between that city and Liverpool. The vessels of this line, named the Roscius, Garrick, Sheridan, Siddons, and Shakespeare, were the largest merchant packets afloat, and they were well patronized until 1840, when Mr. Samuel Cunard established the line of transatlantic steamers which bears his name. Mr. Collins's pride and patriotism were touched by this eclipse of his "Dramatic Line," and he conceived the idea of building an American line of steamships, to be fitted up in the most expensive manner, and supplied with the choicest fare. To do this, it was necessary to have a subsidy from government; and to obtain this, adroit agents, of both sexes, began long in advance to secure promises of congressional support, by promises of free passages or money. It was the initiation of the lobby-work in behalf of the subsidies voted by Congress to aid railroads and lines of steamships, which have left behind them so many wrecked reputations.

General Scott, after he became commander of the army, established his head-quarters at Washington. He had married, when a subaltern, Miss Maria Mayo, of Richmond, at that time the acknowledged reigning belle of the Old Dominion. Each possessed a commanding presence, intelligent features, and great conversational powers, while their only child, Miss Virginia, had inherited the personal and mental charms of her parents.

General Gaines, familiarly known as "the Hero of Fort Erie," was not pleased when General Scott was promoted, although he was then upwards of eighty years of age, and unfit for military duty. Tall, spare, and erect, with snow-white hair and keen eyes, he presented a striking contrast to his small, vivacious, and energetic wife, who was at that time commencing one of the most celebrated of the *causes célèbres* of the United States. Amiable, courteous, and affectionate, Mrs. Gaines became a heroic litigant, and went from court to court, seeking to establish her rights as the lawful heir of her father, Daniel Clark. Mr. Clark was in his day one of the most ambitious young men of New Orleans, who divided the confidence and respect of the people with Governor Claiborne. He was a high-spirited, ambitious young Irishman, full of energy, and wealthy. Embarking in politics, he was elected the first delegate to Congress from Louisiana, when he forgot his vows to his wife, who had not, at the time of his marriage to her, been divorced from her first husband, a confectioner named De Grange. Their child was Myra Clark, subsequently Mrs. Gaines. At Washington, he became infatuated with the beautiful Miss Caton, of Baltimore, and he returned to New Orleans, determined to have his marriage with Madame De Grange pronounced illegal, that he might wed Miss Caton. Pecuniary embarrassments fortunately arrested this resolve, and induced a fatal sickness, during which he repented, and sought to make reparation to Myra by making a will in her favor, in which he acknowledged her as his legitimate daughter. When, shortly afterward, he died, this will could not be found, but a previous one was produced which contained no recognition of Myra. Under this will his real estate in the city of New Orleans was administered on and sold. Nor did his daughter Myra, then a child, know anything about her parentage and history, until she had grown up, and become the wife of Mr. Whitney. She at once commenced the prosecution of her claim to be recognized as the legitimate daughter and heiress of Daniel Clark. This she continued, and when, after the death of Mr. Whitney, General Gaines addressed her, she consented to become his wife only after he had promised to second her litigation. The great number of persons interested to defeat her and their large means rendered the contest apparently a most unequal one. But what has been wanting in means, influence, and array of great legal talent has been made up by the singular heroism, pertinacity, patience, and indomitable will of this remarkable little lady.

The Russian Legation at Georgetown became, after old Baron Bodisco's marriage to the young and beautiful Miss Williams, the scene of brilliant weekly entertainments, given, it was asserted, by the especial direction of the Emperor Nicholas, who had a special allowance made for table-money. At these entertainments there was dancing, an excellent supper, and a room devoted to whist. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Scott, and several of the diplomatic corps were invariably to be seen handling "fifty-two pieces of printed pasteboard," while the old baron, who was not a good player, used, as the host of the evening, to take a hand. One night, when he had thus sat down to play with those better acquainted with the game than he was, he lost over a thousand dollars, and at the supper-table he made the following announcement, in a sad tone: "Ladies and gentlemens! It is my disagree-able duty to make the announce that these receptions must have an end, and to declare them at an end for the present, because why? The fund for their expend, ladies and gentlemens, is exhaust, and they must discontinue."

Ole Bull, then in the pride of manhood, gave a concert at Washington,

which was largely and fashionably attended. In the midst of one of the most exquisite pieces, while every breath was suspended, and every ear attentive to catch the sounds of that magical instrument, the silence was suddenly broken and the harmony harshly interrupted by the well-known voice of Felix Grundy McConnell, a representative from Alabama, shouting, "None of your highfalutin, but give us Hail Columbia, and bear hard on the treble!" "Turn him out!" was shouted from every part of the house, and the police force in attendance undertook to remove him from the hall. "Mac," as he was called, was not only one of the handsomest men in Congress, but one of the most athletic, and it was a difficult task for the policemen, although they used their clubs, to overpower him. As he was carried from the hall, some of his congressional friends interfered, and secured his release.

Father Mathew, the Irish apostle of temperance, undertook to persuade a number of bibulous congressmen to take the total-abstinence pledge, but he was unsuccessful. He accompanied President Tyler and the Archbishop to the annual exhibition at the Convent Academy at Georgetown, under the direction of the Ladies of the Visitation. The exercises took place in the Odeon, which has since given way to a more pretentious hall, but which was admirably calculated for a favorable display of the musical and other accomplishments of the fair pupils. President Tyler awarded the premium crowns, medals, and books, and he, with his daughter, appeared delighted whenever an honor was conferred on a Virginian.

The congressional "messes" continued to be a feature of Washington society. A party of senators or representatives, or both, generally entertaining the same political views, that confidential matters might always be freely discussed, used to occupy the same boarding-house, into which no other guests were admitted without their consent. Some of the mess-tables were supplied with the choicest cheer and the rarest wines, and occasionally a dinner or a dancing party would be given, that hospitalities received from residents might be reciprocated. One of these parties was given at Mr. King's, on F Street, by the only boarders there, Messrs. James Buchanan and William R. King, the bachelor senators known as the Siamese Twins. Mesdames Linn and Gaines matronized the party, and Senator Crittenden led off a contra-dance to the tune of Money-Musk, with the beautiful Miss Dawson, of Louisiana, as his partner.

Daniel Webster continued to pass his winters at Washington after he left the department of state, attending to his large practice before the supreme court. He had been coldly received on his return to Massachusetts, after having been the recognized premier of John Tyler's administration, and he spoke to a friend with some bitterness of some of "the solid men of Boston" as "sixty-day fellows, with their three days' grace." In his mind's eye he doubtless saw some of them wondering whether certain promissory notes upon which they had put their names would be paid by him or by them. Nor would he admit that, because of the pecuniary aid given him, he was modestly to retire into the rear rank, and let a wealthy cotton-spinner stand foremost among the whigs of Massachusetts.

The most important case conducted by Mr. Webster was an action brought by the heirs of Stephen Girard, to recover his bequest for the establishment and maintenance of a college. Mr. Webster took the broad ground that the plan of education at the Girard College was derogatory to the Christian religion, contrary to sound morals, and subversive of law. He spoke for three days, but he could not answer the arguments of Messrs. Binney and Sergeant, the ablest

lawyers of Philadelphia, who defended the bequest and gained the suit. Mr. Justice Story, in delivering the opinion of the court, said that the case had been "argued with great learning and ability."

Mr. Webster entertained a great many visitors, and his demeanor in his own house was delightful. Naturally generous and hospitable, he welcomed his guests "like a fine old English gentleman," and had for each a pleasant word, or a reminiscence of the past. Sitting at the head of his table, Mr. Webster always carved the principal dishes with the dexterity of an anatomist, seasoning the repast with witticisms, anecdotes, and quotations.

Henry Clay, when he had found it impossible to save the measures of the whig party from the iconoclasm of John Tyler, formally resigned his seat in the United States senate, and commenced his canvass for election to the presidency in 1844. This was acceptable news to the staunch democrats, who regarded him as a man — every inch of him — worth fighting and worth beating. They knew that he would not, like the available Harrison, sail under false colors, but that he would nail to the mast the old whig flag, inscribed, "A national bank, a protective tariff, and the distribution of the surplus revenue from the sale of the public lands." The whig party was jubilant when their chosen leader again took the field, and the truants flocked back to the standard which they had temporarily deserted to support John Tyler. Harmony prevailed among the recognized leaders and in the ranks, and the whig party was again in good working order.

Martin Van Buren, meanwhile, was industriously seeking the democratic nomination. Although he had only received, in 1840, sixty electoral votes, against the two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes given for General Harrison, he believed that the people had been deceived by the whig politicians, and that their "sober second thought" would secure his election in 1844. This result he demonstrated as a mathematician solves his problem, rather than by any calculation based on the popularity of the principles advocated by the opposing parties, and he demanded democratic support. His friends did not entertain a shadow of a doubt that he would be nominated, and his opponents in the democratic ranks had almost lost all hope of defeating him in the convention, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Calhoun, he was adroitly questioned on the annexation of Texas, in a letter written to him by Mr. Hamett, a representative from Mississippi. Mr. Van Buren was too old and sagacious a politician not to discover the pit thus dug for him to fall into, and he replied with great caution, avowing himself in favor of the annexation of Texas, when it could be brought about peacefully and honorably, but against it at that time, when it would be followed by a war with Mexico. This was what the Southern conspirators wanted, and their subsequent action was thus narrated in a letter written a few years afterwards by John Tyler, which has never been published.

"Texas," wrote Mr. Tyler, "was the great theme that occupied me. The delegates to the democratic convention, or a very large majority of them, had been elected under implied pledges to sustain Van Buren. After his letter repudiating annexation, a revulsion had become obvious, but how far it was to operate it was not possible to say. A majority of the delegates at least were believed still to remain in his favor. If he was nominated, the game to be played for Texas was all as one over. What was to be done?"

"My friends," Mr. Tyler went on to say, "advised me to remain at rest, and take my chances in the democratic convention. It was impossible to do so. If I suffered my name to be used in that

convention, then I became bound to sustain the nomination, even if Mr. Van Buren was the nominee. This could not be. I chose to run no hazard, but to raise the banner of Texas, and convoke my friends to sustain it. This was but a few weeks before the meeting of the convention. To my surprise, the notice which was thus issued brought together a thousand delegates, and from every State in the Union. Many called on me on their way to Baltimore to receive my views. My instructions were, 'Go to Baltimore, make your nomination, and then go home, and leave the thing to work its own results.' I said no more, and was obeyed. The democratic convention felt the move. A Texan man or defeat was the choice left, — and they took a Texan man. My withdrawal at a suitable time took place, and the result was soon before the world. I acted to insure the success of a great measure, and I acted not altogether without effect. In so doing I kept my own secrets; to have divulged my purposes would have been to have defeated them."

Meanwhile the national whig convention assembled at Baltimore, and never was a nominating assembly animated with greater enthusiasm or brighter expectations. When ex-Senator B. Watkins Leigh rose to offer a resolution declaring that Henry Clay was the nominee of the convention, he was interrupted by an acclaim which those who were present afterwards confessed their inability to describe. The veterans of the whig party, crowned with gray hairs, stood upon their chairs and waved their hats as they shouted, until they were hoarse, and then sat down, while younger voices continued the acclamations. At the first pause, the presiding officer called upon Mr. Leigh to read the conclusion of the resolution, but it was again interrupted by cheers; and when it had at last been presented to the convention, and accepted, a scene of jubilant tumult ensued, only arrested by the settling of the floor of the hall, which occasioned a momentary panic. When order was restored, ex-Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was nominated as vice-president. The next day a hundred thousand whigs, from every section of the republic, met in mass convention at Baltimore, with music, banners, and badges, to ratify the ticket. Mr. Webster, with true magnanimity, was one of the speakers, and advocated the election of Clay and Frelinghuysen with all the strength of his eloquence.

Three weeks later, the national democratic convention was held at Baltimore, and remained in session three days. Mr. Van Buren had a majority of votes on the first ballot, but the two-thirds rule had been adopted, and there were half a dozen candidates. Stormy debates ensued as ballot after ballot was taken, and on the eighth ballot James K. Polk, of Tennessee, whose name was presented for the first time, received forty-four votes. The Virginia and New York delegations then retired for consultation, and on their return to the convention Mr. Polk was unanimously nominated.

Mr. Morse had just completed his magnetic telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington, and his Washington instrument was in a basement room in the northeastern corner of the Capitol. Here he received frequent dispatches from the convention, which he promptly read aloud from the window to a congregation of politicians assembled outside to learn the news. The tidings that Mr. Polk had been nominated created a sensation, and soon afterwards Senator Silas Wright received a telegraphic announcement that he had been nominated for vice-president. "Office, not greatness," said Mr. Benton, "was thrust upon him," but he telegraphed back a positive declination. The convention, however, refused to consider information thus conveyed as authentic, and adjourned until the next

day, that a committee might proceed to Washington by rail, and ascertain Mr. Wright's real views. The committee brought back a repetition of the declination received by wire, but did not inform the convention that Mr. Wright had said privately to its chairman that he did not propose to ride behind on the black [slavery] pony, at the funeral of his slaughtered friend, Mr. Van Buren. Mr. George M. Dallas was accordingly nominated.

The presidential campaign of 1844 was very exciting and bitter. The oligarchs of the South were resolved to extend the area of slavery, but their defeat was certain, until Mr. Clay was beguiled by them into writing a letter to his friend Mr. Stephen Miller, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in which he estranged thousands of his Northern supporters. Nearly twenty years before, a toast was given at a public dinner in Boston: "John Quincy Adams, — may he confound his enemies," to which Daniel Webster, who was present, added, "as he has his friends." Mr. Clay confounded many of his Northern friends — among them John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, and Henry Wilson — by sneering in his Miller letter at "the abolitionists," and by announcing that he should be glad to see Texas "annexed without dishonor, without war, with the common consent of the Union, and upon just and fair terms."

This letter fell like a wet blanket upon the whigs, and enabled the adroit democratic managers to deprive Mr. Clay of the vote of New York, by organizing the liberty party, which nominated James G. Birney, of Michigan, as president, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, as vice-president. This nomination received the support of the anti-slavery men, of many of the disappointed adherents of Mr. Van Buren, and of the anti-masonic and anti-rent factions of the whig party in the State of New York, which had been organized by William H. Seward. The consequence was that over sixty thousand votes were thrown away on Birney, nine tenths of them being drawn from the whig ranks.

Mr. Polk, who had been selected some months before his nomination by the Southern leaders, went into the canvass pledged to secure the annexation of Texas at all hazards, and to make the latitude "fifty-four forty" the boundary line between the United States and British Columbia. In the Southern States he was sustained as an advocate of comparative free trade; in Pennsylvania his supporters inscribed on their banners, "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of '42." The Evening Post, the most respectable democratic newspaper in New York, repudiated the issue of Texas and opposed annexation, while Silas Wright, who had opposed the Texan treaty in the senate, accepted the democratic nomination for governor of the State.

In addition to this duplicity and concealment of the opinions of Mr. Polk, extensive and systematic frauds were unquestionably practiced. In New York, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, some of the offenders were afterwards brought to justice, but the most notorious frauds were in Louisiana, where law was trampled under foot by judges and other officials. Several hundred New Orleans roughs, having voted early and often in that city, were conveyed in steamboats to the parish of Plaquemine, where they went the rounds of the precincts, voting at each polling-place. It was subsequently proven that, although the parish was legally entitled to less than five hundred votes, the number of ballots deposited was 1044, and of these only thirty-seven were for the whig ticket. It was by such frauds that Mr. Polk received a majority of 669 in the State of Louisiana, in a vote of 26,865. The friends of Henry Clay boldly asserted that he had received majorities of the legal votes in New York, in Pennsyl-

vania, in Georgia, and in Louisiana, in addition to the States reported for him, and that he was legally elected president by an electoral vote of one hundred and eighty-three against ninety-two. But as the returns reached Congress, James Knox Polk had received a majority, and he was declared elected.

At the "birth-night ball," on the 22d of February, 1845, President Tyler was accompanied by President-elect Polk, Mrs. Madison was present with Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and the members of the diplomatic corps wore their court uniforms. A few nights afterwards, President Tyler gave a "parting ball" at the White House, his young and handsome wife receiving the guests with great grace. Mr. Polk was prevented from attending by the indisposition of his wife, but the vice-president elect, Mr. Dallas, with his crown of white hair, towered above all other guests except General Scott and "Long John" Wentworth. There was dancing in the East Room, Mrs. Tyler leading off in the first set of quadrilles with Mr. Wilkins, the secretary of war, as her partner. This entertainment concluded the "Cavalier" reign within the White House, which was soon ruled with "Puritan" austerity by Mrs. Polk.

Near the close of the session of Congress with which the administration of John Tyler terminated, a joint resolution legislating Texas into the Union was introduced. When it had been passed by the house after a determined resistance, it was discussed, amended, and passed by the senate. It reached the president on the 2d of March, received his immediate approval, and the next day a messenger was started for Texas, bearing that portion of it which had only to be accepted to secure annexation. Senator Benton and four other democrats declared that the passage of the joint resolution had been accomplished by a fraud, and Mr. Polk was very indignant that the work could not have been left for him. But President Tyler left the White House rejoicing that he had secured for his administration the coveted honor of annexing Texas, for which he had so earnestly worked. The "Pandora's Box" was again opened, and John Tyler returned with his family to his Virginia farm.

NORTH WIND IN AUTUMN.

I woke at midnight, when the moon was low
And every star shone strangely still and clear;
And my heart sank within me, love, to hear,
Over the breathless earth, that solemn, slow,
Mysterious, warm wind begin to blow.
Over vast plains it wanders, lifeless, sere,
Where no green thing remains; and to my ear
It is the wind of death. Some night, I know
That wind will be a voice of utter woe,
When I lie staring out upon the drear,
Dead waste of life, where you are not. But oh,
You shall not go alone, and leave me here!
Lay your dear hand in mine, my love, and so
Let us go forth *together* when we go.

Anna Head.

WHAT IS A FACT?

This is a noisy age. The dreamer can find no sacred silence in which to hide his fantasy. The thinker may double-lock his study door, but the winds of heaven will pilfer his thoughts from him through the window, and the birds of the air will carry the matter; if they do not, the world concludes that there was none to carry. The believer, too, is tremulous to the vibrations of the atmosphere. His mysticism and quietism come by the hardest. If he have a faith, he feels that he must believe aloud. On every hand the air is quick with clamors. The "advanced mind" shouts to the scientist. The theologian thunders at the infidel. The ecclesiastic menaces the liberal Christian. The philosopher sneers at each.

Representing none of these wise and urgent people, the writer of this fragment is moved to say a word concerning that considerable portion of humanity who walk outside the circle of this portentous amphitheatre, yet near enough to be alert to its contests, as well as deafened by its din. To these honest, quiet, and thoughtful people, who in all militant eras press nearest to the combatants, constituting at once their busiest critics and truest friends, and who to-day are possessed of all the refinements of sympathy and recoil characteristic of the age, it seems, if I mistake not, as if the main question in dispute were one uncommonly easy to ask and uncommonly hard to answer.

It seems a long time ago that our great-grandfathers were crossing lances over the doctrine of imputed sin, or the souls of infants condemned by predestination and foreknowledge absolute to an eternal hell. A damned baby at best was a theory. Nobody ever saw one.

This is not the age of theory; hence we long since took our babies to be blessed by One who thought it worth while to mention the fact that of such was the kingdom of heaven. Thus we care no more whether we are to be punished for the sin of Adam, having enough of our own to look to, to say nothing of the additional doubt whether Adam himself can be called a fact. This, we find, is the age of fact. No one asks to-day, What is your theory? but, Where is your fact?

So, at least, it seems to these good people of whom I speak, who compose what we call "the masses" of the church and the world. The young man of business, who sits under your preaching from Sunday to Sunday, reverend sir, watches you with a keen but yet with a slightly saddened eye. Whether this be an age for the encouragement of faith or the preservation of doctrine he is not sure. Whether he has fallen upon an era of inductive or deductive reasoning he does not know; it is probable that he does not care. But that forces which he does not understand are threatening faiths that he reveres, he does know; and for this, in a downright, manly fashion, he does care very much indeed.

The thoughtful woman at the head of the crowded Bible class which has given such celebrity to your Sunday-school is puzzled, too. She no longer finds Barnes's Notes adequate to the religious difficulties of her observant, critical, restless pupils; she no longer teaches, either, that the world was made in six days, or that the majority of the human race are doomed by a loving Father to an eternal struggle with a lake of material fire. She has heard the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel and even the original authorship of the Golden Rule called in question. She has a general impression that Darwin is to blame, and

that geology is at the bottom of the trouble. She finds this, however, less satisfactory as an argument than might be, when her pet convert, nineteen wise years of age, announces that he will immediately become a free-thinker, on the ground that, next to immorality, there is nothing he so much prays to be delivered from as superstition. Perhaps she learns, as some of us have, to assume in general the marked uselessness of discussion with the initial moods of "emancipated minds."

So, perhaps, our friend, the young pew-owner, feeling himself unable to hold his ground with the fellows at the club, yet all the fonder of the faith which he cannot defend, as the father is of the child whom he sees surrendering to a stealthy disease, saddens a little more and more, but joins himself to the great rank and file of the silent believers, who try to be good fellows, and hope the Lord will clear things up some day. He thinks it would be natural to be able to give good reasons for believing anything so important as the Christian religion, — good business reasons, that were clear as the code of ethics on 'change, and as much to be respected, whether to be obeyed or not, — but finds no such reasons causing such respect, and gradually ceases to look for any.

Is it not safe to say that a part of the difficulties which our friends meet would be relieved, if they could more distinctly, or at least more clearly, define in their own minds some starting-point? — without agreement upon which it is impossible to debate differences of either judgment or feeling, and for lack of which so many of our religious discussions are as wasted as the powder and blood of Malvern Hill.

The average religious argument of to-day takes, perhaps, some such form as this, — the disputants, we may suppose, not having reached that stage of familiarity with each other's views at which controversy is tacitly and mutually conceded to be no accretion either to friendship or to faith.

The believer — we use this term and its opposite as, on the whole, less objectionable and more precise than any others which existing religious conflict has popularized — the believer begins by timidly expressing a hope that the unbeliever has "found Christ," or "is a Christian," or "is a man of faith." The unbeliever promptly and not at all timidly expresses his complete dissent from every point of conviction involved in these phrases. He may do this arrogantly or sadly, honestly or shrewdly, earnestly or flippantly, gently or maliciously, but he does it with decision. He speaks of the scientific paradoxes in the "poem of Genesis," of the morals of the Old Testament saints, of the physical impossibility of miracles, of the discoveries of geology, of personal imperfections in the character of Jesus, of the superior nature of Socrates, of the howling dervish, the negro revivals, and the damnation of children, — an article of faith which he asserts is generally wrought into the creeds of Christian churches of the present day, and secretly disavowed by kind-hearted but hypocritical people, who have not the courage openly to combat so monstrous a doctrine.

At this point, the believer strikes in rather warmly, and if he does not reply that such ignorance on any other vital point of contemporary difference would condemn his opponent to the strongest criticism of intelligent people, is tempted to do so, and feels a little out of temper and a little penitent, and suggests that the Bible is an inspired book, written by God for men and through men, and that we must expect to find difficulties in it, and earnestly and pointedly asks, Where will you find, on the whole, a better book for the guidance of human weakness?

The unbeliever replies that there is much fine poetry in the Bible, but more bad argument, Oriental superstition, and

confused metaphor; that many men are inspired; that Goethe was a divine man; and that Browning's Paracelsus is as much a work of inspiration as the Song of Solomon, and far more moral. He adds that it is impossible to reconcile God's sovereignty with man's freedom in any such make-shift manner as that adopted by the theologians, and that God either created sin, or he did not; that if he did he was not benevolent, and if he did not he was not omnipotent; and that we are made to cultivate our manhood, express our individuality, and study the secrets of nature.

The believer suggests that it may be possible we do not, as finite beings, understand all the mysteries in the nature of an infinite God; that it is not to be wondered at if we must leave some points unexplained; that this is perhaps a part of the discipline necessary to fit us for the eternal life.

The unbeliever hastens to say that of the eternal life we know absolutely nothing, — we cannot conceive of either beginning or end; that we are here and know it, but further than this we have no right to infer. We may cherish immortality only as a "solemn hope" (the believer's eyes fill, and he mentally ejaculates, "Poor fellow!"), or we may expect to be as the beasts that perish, and live on in the forces of nature, and the resurrection of the seasons, and the memories of unborn generations, and so on, but that geology is making every hour discoveries which are to revolutionize belief; that hope, faith, love, and the energies of imagination are beautiful fancies, but rocks are facts, and therefore (as nearly as the believer can understand) he urges that we cling to the rocks.

The believer suggests that rocks are cold comfort; to the bereaved, for instance, or the remorseful.

The unbeliever replies, vaguely, that he is not sure, either, that we comprehend the difference between infinite or finite — Finite? Infinite? He is not certain that there is any infinite, or that he himself — in short — is finite — but that science — And so on, and so on.

Now, all this is firing wild. There is no gold in the target. There shows no target in the mist. If we set our aim in a fog-bank, who is to decide whether we have hit?

The believer may seek to "save" the unbeliever in this fashion till "the eve of the day of the Last Awaking," — he will only irritate. The doubting may try to "reason" with the trusting on this wise, till his tongue returns to the dust that he claims his kin to, — he can only depress. The disputants have swerved from the most elementary of the principles of logic. They have discovered no major premise in common. They must agree upon something before they can disagree intelligently about anything. There can be no dispute without a basis of harmony. "We may never, perhaps," as Hamilton says, "arrive at truth, but we can always avoid self-contradiction."

Let us now suppose, as it is the object of this paper to suggest, that these two equally earnest people ask of each other, at the outset of all sincere and serious discussion, one simple question: *What is a Fact?*

The believer, we will assume, happens to put the query. The unbeliever hesitates. Neither of the disputants are psychological scholars. Both are intelligently educated. The unbeliever is the more accustomed of the two, probably, to sophistries of discussion. He perceives the importance of the point, and hesitates. It is one of the maxims of civil law that definitions are hazardous. After a thoughtful pause, he replies, with the blunt courage of common sense, which is quite as apt to hit the truth as the sharply refined point of the artist in philosophical language, that he should say a fact was a thing that could be verified.

To this the believer, without hesitation, agrees. All he claims, he adds, is that religion is a matter of fact as well as science. Grant this, he urges, and we can pursue our discussion. Deny it, and the sooner we agree to disagree the better. The believer's own vision has begun to clarify, with this closer exactness of definition, and his method of expression intensifies.

The unbeliever replies, with animation, that it is impossible to put religion and science upon the same foot-hold. We have, he urges, reached the age of reason — at last. It is no longer practicable for intelligent men to bend their necks to the yoke of superstition. We deal no more with a realm of fancy. Jesus was a rhapsodist. Christianity was full of poetry. It appealed to the imaginative era. We have passed by the birth-time of great poets. Literature acknowledges it. We do not now write epics. We invent the phonograph. Machinery, discovery, action, have replaced reverie, credulity, and dreams. We no longer pray. We telegraph. We have no time to sing psalms. We are engaged in the artificial propagation of fish. Why should we attend church when we can observe the spontaneous generation of animalculæ in a bottle of boiled water?

At this point the listener smiles, and the speaker breaks off with some irritation. He sees nothing to smile at. He is very much in earnest. These are serious subjects which he has mentioned. He is indeed more logical than he had seemed, and abruptly turning upon his opponent says, —

You ask me for my facts. I find them in the investigation of nature. Observe them. They alone are worthy of confidence. We seek, we study, we combine, we infer. The human mind was created —

By whom? interrupts the believer.

Consistently, the unbeliever replies that he does not know. The powers of nature, formerly called God, have not yet fully revealed themselves to our ken. I believe nothing that I do not understand. I will not accept what I cannot prove. This is the first duty of the human reason. Man should receive only what he *knows.* I find myself a mysterious being in a mysterious condition. My business is to investigate my condition. Whether there be another world is none of my concern. No eye has seen it, no foot has returned from it, no voice has spoken from it; it is an absolutely unproved, and therefore unprovable, hypothesis. I find myself in the present world. I have occupation in the study of my limitations. There are mountains, the sea, the stars, the earth. There are geology, astronomy, the nautical sciences, the study of human diseases, the mysteries and *cultus* of the physical organization. I learn from the fossil and the scalpel. The telescope and the microscope, the chart and the battery, command my attention. These give me the undeniable. Exact investigation presents me with my facts. Beyond a fact I am not justified in going.

Where is God? Can you handle him? What is prayer? Go weigh it for me! An immortal soul? My microscope has never revealed it. A fact is a thing revealed or revealable to my senses. Science alone is knowledge. Religion is superstition. Superstition is bondage. I decline to be fettered. Christianity is slavery. I choose freedom. Exact thought is my master.[1] And thus, and thus, and thus.

As the discussion waxes, the believer is oppressed more and more with the hopelessness, but not the helplessness of his effort. In proportion as he learns

[1] "He could not accept Christianity," said Renan of Spinoza (I quote from memory), at the recent celebration in honor of that philosopher's memory. "He could not thus surrender his liberty. *Descartes was his master*"!

the difficulty of dissuading a man from views hardened as they are acquired by the friction of dissent from hereditary faiths, he gains nerve for his own processes of thought, and muscle for his own maturing belief. If nothing more comes out of the conversation, his faith at least is stouter for it. If he has not "converted" the free-thinker, he has himself become a better Christian.

He who believes much has always the advantage over him who believes little or nothing. Faith is the positive, as skepticism is a negation. He who affirms intelligently *and* earnestly carries by a sheer moral propulsion, as irresistible as the channel of Niagara, a power, not unlike the primal awe of nature, over him who denies.

Let us hope that our believer, enlightened in his own dimness by his contest with another's darkness, returns upon his antagonist a few ringing words, to which there can be no more convincing reply than the eternal and unassailable finality: I do not agree with you.

You seek, the believer says, the truth, — the whole and holy and invulnerable truth. I seek no other. You desire a religion of facts. I also wish the same. You demand that we construct belief from reason. I, too, prefer a reason for my conclusions. You claim that you alone possess a basis of fact, since you only restrict yourself to what is known. You claim that you find the known alone in physical manifestations, their formulæ and solutions. I deny your claim.

I deny your claim, because (you will pardon me) of what seems to me its *ignorance*. You forget, or you have never learned, that truth is no niggard, and that science is a broad and bounteous term. It is not alone in the hard bosom of the rock that the Eternal rests. It is not only in the fumes of the laboratory that the breath of the devout seeker exhales. There are trained intellects that are not occupied with the germ theory, or with the latest treatise on the parasites of an unfortunate plant. There are students, as there are scholars, of other than material knowledges. You forget that there are to be found other than the physical sciences. You forget that the history of these other sciences commemorates much of the highest order of intellect, the most precise training, the most generous culture, the most candid research, and the purest sacrifice of self in the investigation of truth that human life has known.

You forget, in short (or you have never learned), that the MENTAL SCIENCES EXIST. You have not remembered that there is a philosophy of *mind*, as there is of *matter;* that there is a philosophy of *soul*, as there is of *sense.*

One need not be a very learned person to recall the facts that the sciences of ethics, of intellectual philosophy (even of theology, though for the sake of controversial comfort we may waive that irritating illustration), have still respectable positions in the world of thought, quite in rank with mathematics or chemistry. It has slipped your mind, for the moment, that there is a study of *Metaphysics* as well as of *Physics.* You have not articulately understood that a sufficient culture overlooks neither the existence of these two forms of human knowledge, nor their relative importance and adjustment to each other.

And this leads me to say (once more I pray your courtesy) that I deny your claim because of what seems to me its *arrogance.*

One need not be very learned, I repeat, to understand something of the debt which the students of matter owe to the students of mind. You and I are not learned, only intelligent people, and the intelligent have heard something of Socrates, of Aristotle, of Bacon; of him who (humanly speaking), it might be said, created exact thought, of him who developed, of him who re-

constructed it. Mental science, as we know, was by centuries the elder born, and father of physical science, in any modern signification of the word; as the brain is the creator and guide of the movements of the hand or foot.[1]

To ignore the parental influence of metaphysical upon physical study is a species of filial ingratitude which it is impossible to describe by a smooth adjective. The very processes of thought by which you are trained to investigate the material fact, you owe to ancestral centuries of mental discipline and to apostles of mental science. You speak of conscious and sub-conscious cerebration. You deny the mental entity which you once called a human soul. What enables your prompt lip to utter the challenge? Whence comes your power to deny?

I do not express these things in philosophical language, for, as I have reminded you, we are neither of us learned people, but I desire to make you understand in a plain and direct fashion that which I desire to say. Is it becoming, I ask, is it the modesty of wisdom, for the instrument to ignore the influence? Shall the microscope and the retort say to the eye or the hand, "We have no need of thee"? Shall the probe say to the surgeon, "Go to! It is I who tear or torture, as it is I who heal and save"? Speaking of his scientific *confrères*, one of the most distinguished physicians whom this country has known said, "*They cannot account for the 'I.'*"

In short, it seems to me that when a man exalts the science of things which are seen and touched over the science of that which sees and touches; when he prefers to mistake a convolution in the brain for that by which the convolution becomes able to think, feel, and act, — nay, by which alone it is *enabled to make the mistake;* when he selects the less for the greater, the lower for the loftier, matter for mind, brain for soul, he exhibits the presumption of the servant, sent by his master to cash a check of important value, who struts as if the money were his own.

I object to your claim because, once more, I perceive it to be a *degrading* one. It is not necessary to be great ourselves to know that the great natures of the earth have been believing natures. Even you and I can remember that music, poetry, art, philosophy, literature, nay, physics itself, owe something to faith. It is not easy to forget that Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Milton, Dante, Wordsworth, Raphael and Michael Angelo, Plato and Immanuel Kant and Leibnitz, Goethe and Shakespeare, Kepler and Newton, were believers in the existence of God and the immaterial nature and immortal destiny of the human spirit. It might be comparatively easy to prove that you and I had no souls; to deny one to these people I have mentioned were to go as far as anything could, perhaps, to prove that you are right, and that we, at least, are destitute of any.

Degrading, I say, — degrading to the deeps below all that is truly fine, all that is delicately observant, all that is highly reverential, all that is nobly receptive, all that is capable of assimilating the ideal, the beautiful, the lofty, and the large in human history, — is that view of human mystery which your claim presents. It may be either the cause or the consequence of this view that you flippantly ignore the testimony of the great teachers of human life. You decline to sit at the feet of the prophets, priests, and kings of the world. You turn your back upon the heights; on art, on inspiration, on intuition, on imagination, on aspiration, on song, on

[1] Indeed, the believer might add, we are told by scholars that the father of modern intuitionalism was the father of modern mathematics as well. Descartes was the first of our scientists to study mind in the dissecting-room.

the sources of all that makes men clear and keen in brain, refined and pure in heart. For remember that if you seek to share these things they are no longer properly yours. They are not, they never were, they never can be, the products of a materialistic philosophy. If this is not clear to you, it seems to me that your location quite as well as your attitude puts a finely and simply outlined truth out of perspective to you. He who climbs, sees. "To him, as to Moses," says a French scholar, "secrets unknown to the rabble are revealed upon the mountain-top."

You sit, then, and adjust yourself to the valley. You burrow, you dig, you descend. Choosing the company of the lowest forms of manifestation, you will find that the influence of their atmosphere is upon you. If a human mind keeps the exclusive society of vegetables and insects and fossils, is it to be wondered at that it fails to see the transfigured cloud which veils, while defining, the motions of the eternal sun? If a man's corroding ambition is to be quoted as an "authority on potato-bugs," he *may* be a sensitive appreciator of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, or the "Excursion" of the Lake Poet, or the Gospel of John; but does it surprise us if he is not?

Pardon once more my plainness if I tell you that I cannot accept your claim, because it seems to me not unlike the scoff of the demonstrator in the dissecting-room. His business leads him to handle flesh. How, then, should God be a spirit?

I have somewhat, too, to affirm. You have called my attention to your facts; I should be glad to acquaint you with mine. Yours I accept; it is your conclusions which I refuse. I do not question the evolution of the species, or the zymotic theory of diseases, or the existence of the last comet, or the possibilities of the photophone, or the discoveries of psycho-physics as affecting the criminal or the insane. Physical science is welcome to do her best or her worst by helpless spectators like yourself or me. A fact is a fact, though it deal with the lowest phases of nature, and truth is holy, whether she hide in a stalactite or an epic, a jelly-fish or an oratorio, a vivisection or a prayer. I accept your facts, retaining the liberty to draw my own conclusions. I only ask that you (retaining, of course, the same liberty) accept my facts before we close or continue this discussion.

Of this, then, I would remind you. The manifestations of mind are at least as much to be respected as the manifestations of matter. He was a real philosopher who gave to his book the title, Man *in his Connection with* the Human Body. What we think and feel is as genuine as what we see and touch. If I handle a chair or table, my thought of them is as individual as the table or the chair. If I take a pen to write these words, that which creates the words is as real as the pen. "I am the soul of the music," said a musician, when his string snapped. "Though the strings are all broken, the *music is there.*" Let me add (for you will remind me that I do not touch the pulse of your difficulty) that my thought is as real as the brain-cells by whose activity I am empowered to think it.

Thus, if I listen to music which dissuades me from temptation, or lifts me from gloom, or leads me to despair, these emotions exist as much as the ivory of the piano keys, or the catgut of the violin, or the gray matter in the cerebrum which the piano, the violin, and the emotion set in agitation. I am at least as justified in assertion, as you in denial of these facts. Explain them as you will. I offer them as facts. As such — *until you can prove* that "thought is phosphorus and phosphorus is thought," *without the predominant action of your mind in making that hypothesis* — they ought to be by you respected.

There is a form of the mental life which we call spiritual. This is the highest, as it is the finest, phase of the mystery that we name existence. Coleridge expressed what I mean when he said that "faith is itself a higher reason, and corrects the errors of reason as reason corrects the errors of sense." As the physical life is revealed by its phenomena, as the mental life possesses its expression, so the spiritual life has its manifestation. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

As we depend upon the senses to make clear to us the presence of the sunrise, as we rely upon the reason to explain to us the nature of a thought, so we lean upon faith to reveal to us the nature of a spirit.

While the eye brings to us the color of the dawn, it can do no more; the optic nerve of an idiot, though it quiver in precise obedience to the laws of his physical organism, for threescore years and ten, will never reveal to him the rapture of the morning. Sense and reason must act together. So the reason, left to itself, informs us of the character of the thought or of the feeling which we have about the sunrise; then it comes, and there it must come, against its limitation. The intellect of a skeptic, though he cultivate it till he is in his grave, will never produce a prayer for the guidance, or endurance, or delight of the day that is about to be his. Reason and faith must work together. So, we might add, faith, as a disconnected faculty, cannot result in true devotion. Unless guided by reason, the devotee may become a howling dervish, or a hysteric nun. The sense, the mind, and the spirit must live together.

Like the life physical, like the life intellectual, the spiritual life, while yet confessing an interdependence upon these other forms of life, possesses, like them, an individual existence.

"My *soul* to me a kingdom is." In this kingdom there are laws: there is obedience or disobedience; there is anarchy or order; there is the separation of government; there is the history of growth or decline. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected.

A broken physical law involves its penalty. A denied intellectual law implies a punishment. A defied spiritual law presumes its retribution.

Leap into the ocean; no opposing law of salvation interfering, you will drown. Defraud the hours of rest for study or for dissipation; you lose the mental power of controlling natural sleep. Contest against that surrender of the soul to its Creator which we call the religious life; the religious life withdraws itself from you. Unbelief closes over the willing unbeliever, like the waves of the sea or the tides of insomnia. These are facts. As such they are to be respected.

Again: the great law of development is the law of action. Every natural power grows by exercise. Any school-boy knows that he can create the iron ball of muscle on his arm only by the use and training of the muscle. Any college girl understands that the various faculties of the brain, the mathematical skill of the accountant, the acquisitive power of the linguist, the obedient memory, or what is called the conservative power, of the historian, as well as the rhythmical facility of the poet, the manual dexterity of the musician, and the balanced imagination of both, become serviceable only through action, as they become through inaction inert. As with the brawn, as with the brain, so with the spirit.

To exercise spiritual power, is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress or extinguish it.

Now, then, I ask you to remember that we who believe, speak to you out of a condition whose government you have defied or ignored; and that we speak of a faculty whose exercise you have disused. If we mention the spir-

itual life, we mention that of which you are not a citizen, but an exile; whether by deliberate choice or chance misfortune is not to the immediate purpose, — you are exiled. You have not the citizen's right of judgment concerning our affairs. You are incompetent to criticise this life, because you are not in it. Thus, too, if we refer to spiritual power, we refer to that which you do not possess, because you do not train it; whether by accident or design is not at present to the point, — your spiritual faculties are uneducated. You are disqualified from apprehending truth by means of powers which you have atrophied by disuse. These are facts; as such they ought to be respected.

Within this spiritual life, by means of exercised spiritual faculties acting upon and acted upon by our reason, we who believe cherish certain spiritual facts. God is one of these facts. The immortality of human souls is another. The responsibility of conscience is yet a third. The hope of a happy life everlasting is to be counted. The reasonableness of Revelation we add. To the saneness and usefulness of prayer we have attested. To the power of the personal life of Jesus Christ we thrill to witness. To the facts of forgiven sin and comforted bereavement we bear testimony. Is not a penitent and christianized thief as demonstrable as a clam or a comet? Is not the ecstasy of a martyr as real as the fagots that burn him? Is not the resignation of the desolate mourner as much a matter of proof as the coffin or the marble sleeper over which he weeps?

And yet but once again. As the body has its senses, so has the soul. Burns speaks of "those senses of the mind" by which great religious truths are apprehended. Spiritual truth is received by spiritual powers. Spiritual fact is perceived by the spiritual eye, heard by a spiritual ear, handled by spiritual touch. "The true saint," says Dr. Holmes, "can be entirely apprehended only by saintly natures."

We share with you the experience of the exercised physical senses, by which you and we alike perceive the physical fact. You do not as yet share with us — and we lay no claim to what is called "saintship" in asserting this — the experience of the trained spiritual sense by which we receive the spiritual fact. To this extent and for this reason, are you as far qualified for making intelligent deductions from our premises as we for drawing such from yours?

In asking you to answer this, as an act of judicial fairness, we cannot refrain from adding that it would seem natural for a broad-minded and intelligent man to feel a certain discontent with the partial nature of his development. He who trains his body and exercises his brain, and *stops there*, is imperfect, unbalanced, crude. He who has not sought to develop his spiritual nature is a half-educated creature.

Spiritual power is the flower of the human growth. In spiritual character we find the highest, finest, and most complex form of the species. All other nature, whether physical or mental, is embryonic to spiritual nature. Spiritual culture is the culmination of human education.

We ask, therefore, evidences of this culture, as the first qualification in any man towards his becoming a critic of such nature, such power, such character, or their philosophy. Failing of this culture, your science should, we submit, grant to our science the respect of ignorance, if not the attention of the student.

We have known invalids, prisoners of their inert muscles during all the bloom and brilliance of life. Some late-found medical inspiration, some personal surrender of devotion on the part of a friend, some unexpected joy or unimagined grief, or even some electric alarm,

has allured, or shocked, or startled the sick man to his feet.

The power of motion was not dead, but slept. Late and loath though they be, the great flexile and extensor actions of the great muscles begin. Between the grave of his life and the grave of his death the man partakes of a resurrection.

Such a discovery of blessedness, we may suppose, comes to him who, after the sluggishness, or willfulness, or disease of unbelieving years, is led by the late cultivation of his spiritual faculties to the possession of spiritual truth.

Facts before which his intellect has been a blank illuminate his consciousness. Mysteries at which he sneered become shrines before which he kneels. Powers which he has not hitherto revealed magnify his nature. Hopes which he has never known irradiate his life. Contrition that he has not understood permeates his heart. Tenderness which he has never approached gives pathos, as it gives purity, to his past. A future of which he has never dreamed intensifies and glorifies his present. He learns the value of his own being, and experiences the friendship of God. In the closing days of his history, as in the final scenes of the apocalyptic vision, there are "new heavens and a new earth."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

LETTERS AND NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

I HAVE still somewhat more to tell my readers about England as it appears in the light of every day, and most of this will naturally arrange itself under distinct headings; but in the present number of The Atlantic, and perhaps in one other, I shall record memories of a miscellaneous character, some of which I shall present just as I find them in the letters that I wrote home while I was in England. These will at least have the value and possibly the interest which generally attaches to descriptions and relations written upon the spot.

LETTERS.

I walked from Twickenham to Hampton Court. J. H. went with me. We had walked a few miles, and were skirting a brick wall, which did not attract my attention by being unlike other brick walls that I had seen, when H. said suddenly, "Here we are!" and we turned into a gateway. What a sight! — a sight of trees such as I had never even imagined. I found myself in an avenue about two hundred yards broad, which stretched on before me for what proved to be a mile and an eighth. On either side were gigantic horse-chestnut trees, standing five deep at regular distances, which had given them ample room to spread. They looked as if they were a hundred feet high. Even as they stretched on before me into the distance I saw that every tree was higher than the roof of any dwelling-house in New York. And such majesty of foliage! There is nothing finer, nothing even so fine, I am told, even in this country of arboral avenues. The great avenue at Windsor Park is longer, but when an avenue is a mile and a furlong in length, what matter as to its effect at any one point how much longer it is or might be! This is the famous avenue of horse-chestnuts at Bushy Park. It is much praised for its beauty when the trees are in blossom; but I was glad that I found it clothed only in green. There is in rural nature hardly anything equal to, surely no other thing quite like, a lane

between two orchards of apple-trees in bloom. In tint, and in perfume, the concentrated expression of all the beauty, material and spiritual, that accompanies our idea of spring finds there its perfect and absolute embodiment. And there is about the apple-tree a homeliness and a home-keeping character which make it fit to don this daintily beautiful and somewhat womanish garb of welcome to the returning year. It is not too grand or too dignified to wear a chaplet of blossoms. But I have always felt that the horse-chestnut was far too lofty and elegant a creature to be beautified by floral decoration. It seems to me like sending bouquets to a big, bearded man. I should as soon think of crowning a statue of Washington or of Wellington with a chaplet of roses. Horse-chestnut trees must have blossoms, or there would be no chestnuts, and the trees would come to an end, — just as a man who marries must figure in the absurd position of bridegroom; but I would rather see Benedick a month or two after the wedding, and the horse-chestnut tree after it has cast its blossoms.

When this avenue has run its mile and its furlong it opens out suddenly into a circle more than a quarter of a mile in diameter, from which stretch avenues which are like transepts to a nave. In the midst of this circle is a vast basin with a fountain. Then come the lawns and the gardens around Hampton Court palace; the former of such closeness and fineness of turf that it seems as if it is the velvet carpet that should be likened to *them;* and all about such old, old yew-trees! The garden is made by formal beds cut out of the turf and filled with flowers and plants with richly colored leaves, which are arranged in patterns. The extent of all this is greater than you would imagine. There is a broad canal that stretches up from the Thames to a terrace in front of the palace. It was used in former days for barges that brought visitors from London. Its functions, but not its beauty, are now assumed by the railway. Old "Ego et Rex Meus" may have been a man of unbounded stomach, but beyond dispute he had fine taste in palaces; for you will remember that this noble seat was of Wolsey's planning and building. The first sight of the palace itself is very disappointing; for the principal front which it presents shows at a glance the hand of the architect of the cathedral of St. Paul's; but the part built by Wolsey is very fine, — old Tudor brick-work in excellent preservation. The roof of the great hall — open-work in wood — is beautiful both in outline and detail; but the stained windows seemed to me of dubious date, and to be lacking in richness of tone and simplicity of design.

The whole of the royal apartments have been turned into picture-galleries, which contain a mixture of the good work of great men with not a little rubbish. The Sir Peter Lelys, — portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s court, — about which there is so much talk, are poor, flimsy, meretricious things. Even the flesh tints, which are the best part of them, are weak and washy; and the drawing is very bad. The eyes are, I think, the worst that I ever saw in paintings of any pretension. The shape of the eye, which is exactly the same in all the beauties, is like that of an Assyrian statue; and the under lids would be costly if the lot were sold at a dollar a pound. All this is much modified and improved in the engravings by which these portraits are generally known. Notwithstanding the presence of the work of some greater men, I was chiefly impressed — no, not chiefly, but very greatly — by some heads by Bassano, which for strength and vitality surpassed any that I had ever seen, except some by Velasquez, and some of Titian; and Holbein's which I knew only through copies or engravings. Perhaps I was the more impressed by them because

the painter was new to me. A great surprise was the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Greuse, — an exquisite painting, with all the signs of being a good likeness. It is full of life and character. But to my surprise I found her fair, with bright blue eyes and a retreating chin, — a very manifest double chin too, although she is in the bloom of early womanhood. Her complexion is divinely fair, and her figure shows the perfection of womanly beauty. But I had always thought of the haughty, brilliant, scheming favorite of Louis XV. as a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired woman, with a round, firm chin and a face of great spirit: it was hard to accept in place of my ideal this soft, blue-eyed, simple, almost rustic-seeming beauty. It was only one more added to a thousand lessons from which I should have learned before the truth that Shakespeare makes the disappointed Duncan utter: —

> "There is no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face."

After we had spent a long morning in the palace and its grounds, we went to the Greyhound Inn, just outside the gates, for a little luncheon: some cold beef, of which a huge joint was set before us, the whole of which we might have eaten, if we had chosen, at the same price that we paid for our not very moderate inroads, and some beer, of which we each easily disposed of an imperial pint. We were punctiliously served by a waiter who did not look like a live waiter at all, but just as if John Leech had drawn him.

The walks in the country around Twickenham are idyls. On Sunday evening, as the west was reddening, H. and I went out, and walked three or four miles leisurely, returning just after sunset. It was like living Gray's Elegy. From the old church towers in the distance came the chimes of bells, soft, sweet, and irregular, making a gentle clamor. Everything is soft here; mellow and tender upon the surface, although it may be rich and strong within. We talked when we first set out; but gradually we gave ourselves up in silence to the enjoyment of a sense of harmony that stole alike through eye and ear, and which, like the enjoyment of all beauty of the higher kind, produced an almost sad, submissive feeling.

A few days afterward I took with the same companion a walk of some twenty one or two miles which led us through some of the Thames villages, Kew Gardens and the museums, Richmond and Richmond Park. We started at half past ten in the morning, were on our feet all the time except when we stopped at a little alehouse in Isleworth for a bite and a sup of beer, and we came in at such a pace that it was remarked, as we passed through Twickenham, and I was good for five miles more at the same pace; which, as Pepys said of his dancing, I did wonder to see myself do, particularly when I found that I was as fresh as ever the next morning. Now in the atmosphere of New York or New England neither my companion nor myself could have done that with such comfort and ease, — indeed, such pleasure; for we were both out of all training, not having walked five miles on any day within three years.

What we saw was greatly gratifying, chiefly owing to the Thames, which we skirted frequently and crossed three times.[1] Of the beauty of this river from

[1] One of these three crossings of the Thames was at Twickenham ferry; the ferry consisting merely of a little skiff and an oarsman. The embarkation, the passage, and the disembarkation occupied about one minute, and the fare was one penny; and yet it was so charming and picturesque an incident of that day's enjoyment that I shall never forget it. Only a day or two ago I happened to see at Schirmer's, for the first time, this song: —

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! who 's for the ferry?
(The briar 's in bud, and the sun 's going down.)
And I 'll row ye so quick, and I 'll row ye so steady,
And 't is but a penny to Twickenham town."
The ferry-man 's slim, and the ferry-man 's young,
And he 's just a soft twang at the end of his tongue,
And he 's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 't is but a penny to Twickenham town.

this distance above London to its upper water we have no type in any one of the United States with which I am acquainted. At Richmond it is hardly as wide as the Mohawk where travelers usually see it; but the land lies around it in such a way as to give it a certain graceful dignity. The banks do not so much slope as gently curve down to it, and everywhere they are covered with the soft, richly green turf which seems to be the natural clothing of this island. This is darkened here and there all along the banks by beautiful trees, singly, in clumps, and in rows, that are to my eye a never-ceasing surprise and delight. Nevertheless, the notion generally prevalent about trees in England is erroneous. I have seen larger oaks and elms in New England and in New Jersey than I saw in England. Except some shells of trunks, I saw no oak so great in girth as that noble tree lately cut down at Tory Corners, near Orange, in New Jersey, the first branches of which were like large trees, and which, although they were rather less horizontal than is common with the oak, had a spread of more than one hundred feet. Nor did I see anywhere in England elms with the massive trunks and domes of green that are to be found in not a few New England villages. It is the multitude of very large trees and the strong, rich, juicy green of their foliage that is so impressive. Oaks and elms with trunks four or five feet in diameter are common. They stand alone, or in ranks by the roadside; they nod to you over high brick walls; they gather together in great groups upon the meadows, where they do not push and crowd each other, but remain somewhat aloof with a becoming mutual respect. I soon gave over measuring their trunks; early in my walks a circumference of from sixteen to eighteen feet became too common to attract my special attention.

The view from Richmond Hill is of such a grand loveliness, like the beauty of some of Titian's women, that you wonder how nature could accidentally dispose forms and colors so as to give such delight to the eye and the mind of man; and the moist air, because of the light which it holds in solution, marks the distances by a distinct but very delicate gradation. But of this view I have spoken before. From it I went directly to Richmond Park. Everything of note that I have seen here, excepting Stratford-upon-Avon, I have found more beautiful than I expected to find it, but in many cases it has been smaller. Richmond Park, however, is not only more beautiful, but much larger, than I expected, — on a much grander scale. Compared with it, or indeed with any great park that I have seen, our so-called "Central Park" at New York, admirable as it is in many respects, is slight and fanciful. Olmsted is the ablest man in his profession that I know; but even he cannot contend suc-

"O hoi ye ho! ho ye ho! I'm for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And it's late as it is, and I have n't a penny;
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?"
She's a rose in her bonnet, and oh she looks sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry.
"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham town."

"O hoi ye ho! ho!" you're too late for the ferry.
(The briar's in bud, and the sun's going down.)
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady:
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town.
O hoi! and O ho! ye may call as ye will;
The moon is a-rising on Petersham hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in rowing to Twickenham town.

Now the existence of this ferry and of this song is highly characteristic of the difference between the two countries. For centuries, ever since there was a Twickenham, and probably longer, the Thames has been crossed at that spot in just the same way; and far be the day when it shall be crossed there in any other. Hence, and because of the beauty of the river there, this song is possible. I do not know in this country a ferry about which such a song could be written; not one which even the writer of Barclay of Ury and Barbara Frietchie could hope to make successfully the subject of a ballad song; nor can there ever be one.

cessfully with time and space and nature. I shall never forget the companies of great solemn oaks that I saw brooding over the earth in this park. I shall never forget seeing a gentleman and a lady come cantering out of a stretch of wood, that seemed more than half a mile off, right down upon us, until at about half their distance they turned at right angles, and we could hear them talking — his manly tones and her sweet, clear Englishwoman's voice — back and forth, but no sound of their horses' hoofs upon the turf; and they were so far away that they looked like toys. On that stretch of sward there might have been a tournament of giants.

Some requests which I have received, both in person and by letter, with regard to certain phases of life in England, cannot be better complied with than by the following extract from a letter, — a literal transcript except in the suppression of names: —

Now I will tell you a little — it can be but a little — about life in the "great houses," as they are called here. When you are asked to come to one, a train is suggested, and you are told that a carriage will be at the station to meet you. Somehow the footman manages to find you out. At ——, which is a little station at which few people get out, I had hardly left the train when a very respectable-looking person, not a footman, stepped up to me and said, "Lord ——'s carriage is waiting for you, sir." The carriage and the footman and coachman were of course on the other side of the building. My drive from the station to —— took quite as long a time as it took me to come down by rail from London, although we went at a grand trot. The country was beautiful, stretching off on both sides in broad fields and meadows, darkened in lines by hedges, and in spots by clumps of trees. The roads were very narrow, — they seemed rather like lanes, — and this effect was increased by the high walls and hedges on either side. Two carriages had hardly room to pass in some places, with careful driving. Being in Lord ——'s well-known carriage, I was quite in state, and the country folk, most of them, bowed to me as I went on; and of course I followed the apostolic injunction, and condescended unto men of low estate. And, by the way, yesterday afternoon (for a day has passed since I began this letter, and I am now at ——) Lady —— drove me through their park and off to ——, the dowager Lady ——'s jointure house, and I had the honor of acknowledging for her all the numerous bobs and ducks she received from the tenants and their children. So you see I shall be in good training when I come into *my* estate. When and where I entered the park, either here or at ——, I could not exactly make out. There were gates and gates, and the private ground seemed to shade off gradually into the public. I know that the park extended far beyond the lodge. —— is very ugly. It was built by Inigo Jones, and, never handsome, was altogether spoiled by tasteless alterations in the last century. The ugliness of English country houses built at that time is quite inexpressible.

I ought to have said that the ——s are in deep mourning, Lord —— having lost his father and his sister and another near relative within nine months; and it was very kind of them to invite me. I was met at the door by a dignified personage in black, who asked me if I would go up to Lady ——'s room. She welcomed me warmly, said that Lord —— had been called away for a few hours, and offered me tea from a tiny table at her side. And, by the way, you are usually asked to come at a time which brings you to five-o'clock tea, and submits you to feminine examination, before you are turned loose, — as you soon are. This also gives you an opportunity to rub off the rough edge of strangeness before you dress for dinner. Lady ——'s own room was large

and hung with tapestry, and yet it was cosy and home-like. The hall is large and square, and the walls are covered with old arms. The staircase is good, but not so grand as others that I have seen; that at ——, for instance, where there was an oriel window on the first landing. This one has no landing; it is of polished oak, but is carpeted. Lady —— is a very attractive and elegant woman, sensible, sensitive, and with a soft, gentle way of speech and action, which is all the more charming as she is tall. Her tea was good. She talked well, and we got on together very satisfactorily. Presently a nurse brought in her two little daughters. I thought she must have approved of her savage Yankee guest; for she encouraged them to come to me and sit upon my knees; and all mothers are shy about that. Soon in popped Lord ——, and gave me the heartiest welcome that I have received since I have been in England. He has altered somewhat since he was in New York; is grown a little stouter, and a very little graver; but is just the same frank, simple fellow as when you saw him. About seven o'clock I was asked if I would like to go up to my room. He went with me, — an attention which I found general; and "directly he had left me," according to the phrase here, a very fine-mannered person, in a dress coat and a white tie, appeared, and asked me for my keys. I apprehended the situation at once, and submitted to his ministrations. He did everything for me except actually to wash my face and hands and put on my clothes. He laid everything that I could need out "in a wow," like Lord Dundreary's night-shirts, opened and laid out my dressing-case, and actually turned my stockings. Dinner at eight. I take in Lady ——. Butler, a very solemn personage; but not stout or red-faced. I have seen no stout, red-faced butler since I have been in England. Dining-room large and handsome. Some good portraits. Gas in globes at the walls; candles on the table. Dinner very good, of course. *Menu* written in pencil on a porcelain card, with the formula in gilt and a coronet. Indeed, the earl's coronet and cipher was on the very cans that came up to my bedroom with hot water. I was inclined to scoff at this, at first, as ostentatious; but after all, as the things were to be marked, how could it be done better? After dinner, a very pleasant chat in the drawing-room until about eleven o' clock, when Lord —— sent Lady —— to bed. She shakes hands on bidding me good-night, and asks if half past nine o'clock is too early for breakfast for me. I was tempted to say that it was, and to ask if it could n't be postponed till ten; but I did n't. The drawing-room, by the way, although it was handsome and cheerful, was far inferior in its show to a thousand that might be found in New York, many of which, too, are quite equal to it in comfort and in tasteful adornment. Lord —— and I sit up awhile and chat about old times and the shooting on Long Island, and when I go to my room I find that, although I am to stay but two days, my trunk has been unpacked and all my clothes put into the wardrobe and the drawers, and most carefully arranged, as if I were going to stay a month. My morning dress has been taken away.[1]

In the morning the same servant comes, opens my window, draws my bed curtain, prepares my bath, again lays out everything that I need "in a wow," turns my stockings, and in fact does everything but actually bathe and dress me, and all with a very pleasant and cheerful attentiveness. At a quarter past nine the gong rings for prayers. These are generally read by the master of the household in the dining-room, with the breakfast-table laid; but here in a morning-room. After breakfast you are left very much to yourself.

[1] To be carefully brushed, examined, and, if it is found necessary, put in order otherwise. You are not consulted upon such trifling matters.

Business and household affairs are looked after by your host and hostess; and you go where you please and do what you like. On Sunday I of course went to church with the family; a charming old church; tower of the time of Edward III.; some fine old monuments. It was Harvest Thanksgiving day, a festival recently introduced in England, in imitation of that which has come down to us from our Puritan forefathers. There was a special service; and the church was very prettily dressed with oats, flowers, grass, and grapes, the last being substituted for hops, as it was too late for them. The offerings were for the Bulgarians; for everything now in England is tinged with the hue of "Turkish horrors." After church Lord —— took me to the chantry where the tombs of the family are. It was to show me a famous statue, that of a Lady —— and her baby, at the birth of which she died, it dying soon, too. The statue is very beautiful, and is the most purely and sweetly pathetic work in sculpture that I ever saw. It had a special interest for me because I remembered reading about it in my boyhood; but I had forgotten the name of the subject, and I had no thought of finding it here in a little country church. To go to church we merely walked through the park a distance of about the width of Washington Square, passed through a little door in the park wall, and there was the church just opposite.

And so it was at —— Place, or rather "The Place," as it is called simply, in the phrase of the country. I found there another ugly house, but the most beautiful park I had yet seen. The sweep of greensward before my bedroom window, the grand march of stalwart, high-crested trees, and the stately-terraced garden gave me great delight. In the middle of the house is a great square hall with a polished oak floor, and columns supporting a corridor which runs all around the hall on the next floor, and upon which some dozen or fifteen doors of bedroom suits open, all alike, — a perilous similitude. Floor of the corridor oak also, very rich in color; and this and the staircase and the hall below so polished that you could slide on them like a boy on ice. There are three drawing-rooms, one of which, that which is used as a sitting-room or parlor, has at one end an organ ten feet wide and six deep, showing nineteen pipes in front, of which six are large; and yet it does not look too large for the room, in which besides are a library table of the largest size, a grand piano-forte, a round table that might have served King Arthur and his knights, a divan that would seat a harem, and a dozen great chairs with welcoming arms, and "nary one alike," — but, by the way, no rocking-chair; at the absence of which pest you know I must rejoice. The organ was once the Duke of ——'s Lord ——'s uncle, who got tired of it and gave it to him. It must be pleasant to have uncles who get tired of organs. The great Oxford musician —— was down here, and played on it admirably; and on the piano-forte, too, very well. But English organ-playing seems always better to me than English piano-forte or violin playing. The latter is at best a little cold, tame, and precise. I have not, however, heard Arabella Goddard. The blue drawing-room, or West Room, has some fine pictures, among which are the best Canalettis — views in Florence — that I ever saw. In the dining-room is the finest Sir Joshua I have yet found anywhere, in public or in private. It is the portrait of a former Lady ——, and is the perfection of the expression of grace and elegance; sweet and silvery in color, and yet not pale. A very interesting and peculiar picture is on the staircase. It is a copy by Gainsborough of a half-length portrait by Vandyke of the Duke of ——, an ancestor of Lord ——. The subject, the original master, and the

copyist make it a very singular and valuable painting. Lord —— is very much interested in science, and has a laboratory and workshop in one wing of the house, where he and I spent some interesting hours; but this did not keep us from playing lawn tennis with the ladies.

This is the way life passes from day to day in these "great houses;" in which, by the way, except at dinner, and when you dress in the morning and in the evening for dinner, you rarely see a servant, unless you ring for one. There is a movement, which I am glad to see, to introduce the custom of having none but women servants *inside* the house. Lord —— mentioned it to me, and at —— I found it in practice. It seemed to work admirably. And certainly it was pleasant to see a comely sort of female butler and four tidy, comely maid-servants, in white gowns and blue ribbons, drawn up in row at the head of the table when we entered the dining-room; and it was far more agreeable to have them serve us than to have three or four great hulking he-creatures, in black coats and white chokers, attend to the little wants of the table, when they should have been doing man's work of some kind. At all these "great houses" my host has, at a hint from me, kindly taken me through all the offices, even to the laundry, etc., and has told me all about the management of such a household, which I wished to know by actual observation. I have managed to get the same information in the same way in regard to middle-class houses as well; and have thus seen the domestic economy of England, from that of the peasantry to that of the peer. I have seen nothing of such great establishments as the Duke of Omnium's at Gatherum Castle; but what I have seen is enough. In households such as those of which I have been speaking, there are between twenty-five and thirty servants *inside* the house; that is, exclusive of those in the stables, the gardens, and the grounds. And yet it was funny to hear both —— and ——, when I asked the functions of these servants, begin the list with, "There's the odd man." The place of each servant is very strictly defined, and they are all very punctilious about doing nothing that does not belong to their several places. This has caused the introduction, lately, of a functionary who is called the odd man, whose place is like John Wesley's parish, and who is about the most important person in the household. Tell —— that Du Maurier is right, and that ladies here *do* wear mob-caps at dinner.

NOTES.

Our British cousins twit us "Americans" (for they "lump" us all, Yankees, emigrants, and children of emigrants, together) with a liking for high-sounding names. On my walk from Twickenham to Hampton Court I passed "Devonshire House," "Bolton House," "Claremont Villa," and some other private residences with like names, which were written on their gate-posts. It might be reasonably supposed that these houses were at least pretty villa residences; but no, they were scrubby little roadside cottages, with a neglected patch of earth or grass before them by way of court-yard, — cottages that did not rise even to the height of the shabby genteel. And, for my particular benefit, I suppose, the worst of them, a wretched row, the eaves of which were not ten feet from the ground, was styled "American Buildings." Every English house which is not in a town has a name; and all over the country these names are either ambitious or sentimental to a degree that is somewhat absurd.

Mammon is worshiped in England quite as much as in the United States; but there are other gods there of nobler mien which we have not. One difference in this respect is worthy of remark. There is in society no talk, or very rarely any talk, about money or about busi-

ness, using the word in its trading sense. I was at the houses of men of business of various sorts, "city men" and others, where, among half a dozen or a dozen male guests, I was the only one not connected in some way with business; I was for some days at the country house of a London banker, where guests were coming and going, and we sat from eighteen to twenty-five at table; and not once, in the dining-room or in the drawing-room, did I hear between any of these men talk of pounds, shillings, and pence in the way of business, or as a topic of conversation, or any mention of stocks, or consols, or principal, or interest, or anything of the sort. I could not but think, at one of these informal entertainments, of the last dinner-party that I had attended in New York, where the company was supposed to be of the higher sort; and indeed we had at least a dozen very "prominent gentlemen" there, including two ex-cabinet ministers. And yet the fish was not removed before all around me the table buzzed with the sound of "dollars," "bonds," "five-twenties," "legal tender," "principal and interest." Before they reached the *pecus* they began to talk about *pecunia*. This subject with a slight admixture of party politics of the narrowest and most personal kind furnished the only topics of conversation. In England everybody that I met seemed to have something else to talk about; the very "city men" seemed to be able to leave the city behind them when they came home to their families and friends, and to be only too glad to do so. There seems to be, even for the trader, the manufacturer, and the artisan, a richer and more varied life in England than the same classes have in America. They love money there, perhaps even more than we do here; but they do not seem, the great mass of them, to love money-making so much for its own sake. At any rate, they have interests beyond it, —I will not offend Wall Street and Mr. John Sherman by saying above it; and when you see two men chatting together in England over a chop, or an oyster, or a glass of ale, even if they are elderly men of business, you may in most cases be pretty sure that their talk is not of pounds, shillings, and pence, or any subject thereto pertaining. If social, moral, and literary topics fail them, or are beyond their ken, they have at least Ireland, and India, and Turkey, and Africa, and disestablishment, and burials, and ritualism, and game laws; and failing these, the Court Circular.

The careless confidence of people generally, in England, soon attracted my attention. There seemed to be no fear of thieves and robbers. I have already mentioned how common it is at hotels to leave the doors of bedrooms open, and how the housekeepers smiled incredulously when I suggested the danger of the custom. I saw many front doors in London and in smaller towns left open or ajar. A friend to whom I mentioned this said that I was quite right, and pointed out to me that the windows of the large and handsome houses in the suburban place through which we were walking were absolutely without shutter or blind. It was true. The windows of these houses, all the residences of wealthy merchants, were without such protection of any kind, inside or outside; and when I, with my friend, who lived in one of them, reached his house, we found his own front door ajar. And this in the country which produces the London cracksman, who is the terror of the police the world over.

At Rockfort, near Birkenhead, in Lancashire, I observed what seemed to me a remarkable manifestation of that determination to active resistance of wrong which is a distinguishing trait of English life. It seems that somehow, no one knew how, a report had got about that there was small-pox in Rockfort. Wherefore the authorities of the place had set up posters all about the neigh-

borhood, in which they formally and officially denied the truth of the report aforesaid; and not only so, but threatened the parties originating and circulating this slander with prosecution at the law. Such a poster here would not be thought of; if set up it would only excite laughter; but perhaps there is a question whether the determination and the ability to resist injurious misrepresentation have a moral and social aspect which is quite ridiculous.

As I was on the rail from Birmingham to Liverpool, I found myself in a carriage with a woman, the charm of whose presence I shall never forget. She was very handsome; a fair-skinned, dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty. She was approaching the maturity of woman's years, and her tall figure had ripened into a large and noble loveliness. A boy about ten years old called her "mamma;" and yet her sweet lips and her sweet face were fresh, — as fresh and sweet as her voice. She was one of those women who bestow a blessing upon the world every time they come forth into it. So far she might in all respects have been a Yankee. But horrors, the dress of her! It might be called heterogeneous; but that would imply that it was somewhat geneous. Her gown was of a great plaid of purple and gray; around her neck she had a silk kerchief of bronze and brown; over her plaid gown was a short embroidered velvet sacque; and all this she had surmounted with a blue velvet bonnet with a white feather!

One very remarkable and characteristic trait of England is the established differences in custom, in fashion, and even, it would seem, in natural objects, that distinguish places which are only a few miles apart. For example, observing, as I walked in Sussex, a peculiarity in the forms of the tops of some chimneys, the lines being more complex than usual, I remarked upon it to a Sussex gentleman who was with me, and he told me that all chimneys in Sussex were finished at the top in that way. I found that this was true. I saw no chimneys built otherwise in that county, and I saw none of this form in any other county. And yet more, I found that all the pigs in Sussex were black. Elsewhere I found them white. The huge swine that I saw the little boy drive triumphantly through the ancient gate of Warwick was as white as a conscientious pig could consistently be; but, great or small, the pigs in Sussex were as black as crows. That such peculiarities should be limited by the narrow boundaries of counties is very noteworthy evidence of stability, of individuality, and of self-assertion. It is difficult for us, whose local traditions go back little farther than two hundred years, and which have been disturbed and almost erased by the mobility of the whole civilized world within that period, to imagine how such peculiarities originated among people of the same blood living within a few miles of each other. They are, doubtless, of very remote origin; and their preservation is the consequence of the immobility of rural life in England. Clarendon records that Charles II. was very near being discovered on his flight from the defeat of Worcester, because it was remarked by a smith at an inn where he stopped that "his horse's four shoes had been made in four several counties." Think of a way of putting shoes on a horse peculiar to the farriers of one county, and noticeably unlike that of the farriers in counties on either side! The variety was limited only by the capacity of the beast. If Charles had traveled upon a centipede the English counties could have furnished him with peculiar shoes for every foot. We may laugh at this; but is it not better that a man should be himself, that a community should be itself, than that either should be a mere imitation, a duplicate, or, it may be, a centuplicate, of some other man or some other community? Better county fash-

ions in horse-shoes than shoes turned out in packages by machinery, *in usum totius mundi*, to say nothing of the possible service of the county fashion in preventing the escape of royal fugitives from justice.

In the climate of England I remarked the greater effect of the heat of the sun and the less of his light. I used to write most of my letters in bed before breakfast. In Essex, at the end of October, the sun would shine into my window so warm that, although the room was large, I more than once had to get up and pull down the shade. The rays which fell upon the bed did not hurt my eyes with glare, but I could not bear the heat; and yet it would afterwards rain almost all day. We never have the sun with us so hot in the middle of October that we cannot bear it through a window ten feet off. At first I thought that the climate was cooler than ours at the same season; but that was because there was a "cold snap;" only there was no snap at all in it, but a dismal, cheerless, uncheerable dankness. It is this ever-present moisture that makes a little heat oppressive. Its effect seems to be all pervading. Excepting champagne, nothing in England is ever quite dry, not even humor.

Richard Grant White.

MR. ALDRICH'S FICTION.

MR. ALDRICH's first essay in fiction, or the first that he has thought worth the remembrance of his readers, was strictly romantic in substance. It was that little story, which with difficulty keeps itself from rhyming, called Père Antoine's Date Palm, printed nearly twenty years ago in these pages. Hawthorne was then living, and he took the pains to find out the author, and then gave himself the pleasure of writing to the young poet in recognition of its charm. Its tragedy is of an airier sort than his own; it is rather allied to the pathos of Mr. Curtis in his Prue and I sketches; but the master of romance felt its exquisite art with sympathetic satisfaction. In fact, there are few passages in it which the critic now reperusing it would wish to change. Even these he might change for the worse.

When it appeared, Mr. Aldrich had already the reputation of a poet, whose verse was jeweled and tinted in the taste which we, who were younger then, all remember. A great many could do something like it; at its worst, it was very much like something better. But in due time it became evident that the substance which Mr. Aldrich was so painfully encrusting with colored pastes was real gold, of a fineness now incontestable; that he was himself better than what he had tried to do. His native grace, his feeling for form, his love of artistic purity, came to express themselves in a manner of his own, which characterizes certain lyrics destined to please while there is a responsive sense of these things.

His Père Antoine's Date Palm remained his sole attempt in fiction till he wrote, seven or eight years later, The Story of a Bad Boy. This again was an excursion in dreamland, for boyhood, realized with whatever conscientiousness, is in the region of romance. We do not suppose that Mr. Aldrich intended, even in the most autobiographical particulars, to study his own boyhood very minutely, and this left it everybody's boyhood. Even its extravagances and excesses added to its universal verisimilitude: we all fell into its humor, and

knew that those were the things which we would have liked to have happen to us when we were boys.

In his unique romance of Marjorie Daw he invented a new pleasure: a surprise so fine that it must remain unmatched, and contrived with such consummate skill that every reader, upon discovering that there never was any Marjorie Daw, felt a pang which qualified his sense of being hoaxed with a soft personal regret for the charming creation thus resolved into nothingness. It is not easy to trace to its source the charm of any piece of art, and to say confidently that it lies here or there; but we suspect that the charm of Marjorie Daw is largely in the comedy-like frame-work, the letters and telegrams in which the story is told performing the effect of dialogue; in the realism of certain particular touches within the general unreality. From the first we lend ourselves to its influence as to that of a play; we delight even in little conventionalities; people do not throw books at servants' heads, nowadays, but we like to have John Flemming do it.

The reader need not be reminded of Miss Mehetabel's Son and Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriskie, as other essays in this sort. They preceded, with some sketches and studies, Mr. Aldrich's first novel, Prudence Palfrey, whose merits and defects were those easily predicable of a novel by the author of those admirable short stories; it excelled in particular passages, which were so good that the general plan suffered in contrast. It was the old-fashioned scheme of a novel, — the novel of incident, in which inferior writers seem to succeed best. As often as he has adopted this scheme it seems to us that Mr. Aldrich has made a mistake; it is for him to deal with motive and character, and it does not matter if these be a little or even quite fantastic. After Marjorie Daw he has drawn no other girlish figure so good as that of the heroine in The Queen of Sheba. That story is more poetically imagined than any other that he has done, and it is the most shapely and best wrought. Nothing that is not acceptably painful is felt in her temporary hallucination, and all that is bizarre and amusingly tricksy and whimsical in it is enjoyed. The elfishness which casts its spell upon the young man is made a fascination for the reader; but it is wisely managed that when the hero meets her again, and falls in love with her anew, there should be no trace of this wildness in her, but only a sweet and natural girlishness. Here, once more, is the poet's, the romancer's, effect, rather than the novelist's; it is produced from conscientiously ascertained fact, and is accompanied by studies of life full of humorous reality; but the lasting impression from the story is the poetic interest of a man's heart attaching itself to that from which a return of love is impossible, and the transformation of the alien creature to human consciousness. It is a conception which gains from the realistic setting, and from the humor that plays through it and naturalizes its fanciful spirit to our own world.

In The Stillwater Tragedy Mr. Aldrich writes a novel which is not at all a romance. It is the story of a strike in a New England manufacturing town, of a murder, of circumstantial evidence, of love and marriage. The reader knows it, and need not be reminded of the plot, which is unfolded from the end rather than the beginning, — a method which has its advantages and its disadvantages. Tourguénief has among recent writers used it with peculiar force in Spring-Floods, and Mr. Aldrich has managed it with such characteristic *finesse* that we venture to say no reader was in possession of any secret of it till the author chose to impart it. We confess to have been ourselves entirely surprised when it was Durgin, and not Torrini, who turned out to be the murderer; and we

read the story from month to month with unflagging interest, and with a pleasure in certain passages which others must have shared with us. There are few finer effects of comedy than that scene in which Richard Shackford, going magnanimously to reconcile himself to his cousin Lemuel, comes away smacking his fists in the ecstasy of his unfulfilled desire to knock his kinsman down. In fact, the comedy is what strikes one most in this tragedy, which need not be the less a tragedy on that account. The whimsical discomfitures distributed with an impartial hand, to Richard when his eloquence has precipitated the dramatic opening of the strike, and to the detective when he fails to fix the murder upon Richard, and all the chorusing (if we may so call it) of the action by the village magnates in one room and the operatives in another, at Snelling's tavern, are very amusingly and freshly conceived. The description of the strike is a contribution to our knowledge of such matters: it is a vivid spectacle left to its own forcibleness for its impression. But in his presentation of the village life Mr. Aldrich does not escape the conventionality which we have before noted in similar work of his. Outside of Slocum's Yard — where all is new and real — it is the New England village and its interests and its characters which we know from literature. Like that other delightful writer whom we have named, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Aldrich seems to have a preference for looking at life through literature, and for giving not so much the likeness of what he might see if he rejected this medium as the likeness of something that has pleased him in books. He cannot deny himself the suggestion of traits endeared by literary association, as he cannot deny himself the pleasure of making witty and humorous remarks upon his action and people. This is English usage, sanctioned by all the great novelists, and yet we cannot help thinking it a vice. We are not sure that a novelist does not weaken his work by every good thing that he says in his own person; and Mr. Aldrich, unhappily, has his head full of good things! He must say them; we are charmed, instructed, amused, but the illusion suffers. In a romance, the author's position is different. There the illusion exists by the explicit and continual assent of the reader, who says, "All this could never have happened; but let us say that it did." So long as the author is true to the motive and the characters, nothing can be amiss; he may be as directly witty and wise as he likes, and as literary as he will.

We find ourselves making much the same strictures upon The Stillwater Tragedy that we made upon Prudence Palfrey, to which it is allied in method and material. It is a more interesting story, and the plot is less vulnerable; it is in fact a very good plot, of strong and close texture, through which the author's intention does not escape till he chooses. But both books are in the field of the novel, while Mr. Aldrich's other work is rather in the region of romance. They have in common a certain consciousness in the development of character, and that vice, if it is a vice, of confidential comment. The persons are characterized by the author rather than by themselves; but in compensation we have innumerable flashes of humorous description, of droll observation, which break irrepressibly from him, and which we should be stupid if we refused to enjoy. When Mr. Aldrich tells us that his Chinese laundry-man had no more facial expression than an orange, the stroke is as deliciously true as if some person of the story had said it; only, it would have been better for some person of the story to say it.

Mr. Aldrich, in fine, works in the novel with the instinct of the romancer. He is essentially a poet, of that order of imagination, gay and bright, which is even

rarer than the gloomier cast, and we can fancy him occupied with some theme of pure romance, in which his poetic art would have free play, and which would remain a perfect delight. The novelist's trade, — that any one may learn, more or less well; but romance requires gift, and he is of the few who have gift. In Père Antoine's Date Palm, Marjorie Daw, and The Queen of Sheba, he has developed a species of romance in which we shall hope to see his hand again, — that kind which bases fanciful superstructure upon a solid foundation of realism. Poe does this in some of his dismal tales; but it remained for Mr. Aldrich to show us that the same principle could lend itself even more effectively to a cheerful purpose and a more delicate intention. He has accomplished this so lightly, so easily, that he has made the kind his own, and has become our debtor in a more considerable experiment than he has yet made, — an experiment which we would prefer in thoroughly modern material; but if not, then in something out of our American past. There is the life of the old Creole New Orleans, of his feeling for which he has given us hints; or there are matters in New England annals not wholly sombre. In the Scarlet Letter, the fearfulness of the Puritan conscience is embodied, once for all; but the later life which sprang up from the very heart of Puritanism, and rebelled against it, still waits to be portrayed in romance. We think it waits for Mr. Aldrich.

RECENT POETRY.

In the tender, retrospective poem with which Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard ushers us into the presence of his collected poems[1] (now so worthily arrayed in a volume luxuriously printed and bound), he speaks of himself as content, now that he has "done with them," to believe

> "I may do well enough to win at last
> The laurel I have missed so many years."

We are not so sure that he has missed it: rather, it has been set so unobtrusively in place, leaf by leaf, that he has not observed the process. Mr. Stoddard's fame has expanded quietly, but it is something about which there is no doubt; and he is recognized by many readers and not a few of his fellow-writers as a poet of deep heart and exquisite feeling, who refines his thought with workmanship often very beautiful. There is a good deal in this volume which, so far as permanent claim upon the reader is concerned, it will occur to some critics might better have been omitted; but on the other hand it is well that the gathering-in should be as nearly complete as the writer himself will allow, both in justice to him and as a concession to the interest which lovers of Mr. Stoddard's verse may naturally feel in observing its full compass, and comparing the work of different years. It is a peculiarity, however, with which one is struck in looking over his pages, that the poet has no "periods." He seems to have found his natural key at the beginning, and to have held steadily to it, striking now a louder chord or a longer strain, but always in the same reflective, measured spirit and with a prevailing gravity of mood.

In the first division of the book, devoted to early poems, there is more of elaborate effort and ornamental compo-

[1] *The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.* Complete Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

sition than in the maturer and most recent contributions; exemplified in the Hymn to Flora, the old-fashioned typical poems on Spring and Autumn, The Witch's Whelp, the Arcadian Idyl, the Hymn to the Beautiful, a Choric Hymn, and an isolated second book from a blank-verse epic on The Search for Persephone, with an academical Christmas ode, Dies Natalis Christi. These classic fragments and the youthful Castle in the Air abound in sculptural beauty and are carefully wrought; but their author's reputation rests on his songs, his Horatian ode upon Abraham Lincoln, and his tales, noble in sentiment, which are related with such masterly composure and in rhymed couplets of extraordinary dignity; as, The Children's Prayer, The King's Bell, and Wratislaw. In those three brief stanzas, The Flight of Youth, which stand at the head of the Songs of Summer, —

> "There are gains for all our losses,
> There are balms for all our pain:
> But when youth, the dream, departs,
> It takes something from our hearts,
> And it never comes again," —

there is an exquisite beauty, a pensiveness married to delicate harmony of sound, which characterizes many of the short pieces in the book. Over and over, too, the poet recurs to this sentiment of regret for youth, in many forms and with great ingenuity of imagination. He is perhaps more distinctively the elegist of lost youth than anything else; and his latest expressions in this character, Two Kings, and The Flown Bird, with the beautiful pathos of its refrain, —

> "I have forgotten to forget," —

increase, instead of falling off, in power and melancholy charm. Yet Mr. Stoddard is too large in his tendency, too full of artistic sympathy, to harp monotonously on this string. His briefer poems, songs, conceits, ballads, and "dramatic lyrics," touch us at a number of different points; they are rife with color, fancy, and nimble feeling. The scattered stanzas given us from the Persian, Arabic, and Chinese, in the Book of the East, are the least satisfactory among these to the general reader; yet they have their peculiar merit. They resemble the separate petals of a flower, blown on the wind and caught at random. The poet has breathed upon the paper, and we discern that beauty has formed there under his breathing, but it is as intangible as hoar-frost; take it up and it vanishes. One of the songs as a whole may contain the delicate presence; but it is not strongly pervasive enough for analysis, and the individual lines scarcely reveal it when considered alone. To effect results so subtile as this, a minuteness of sensibility is necessary which is doomed to fail of popular appreciation. It may seem a contradiction, but is rather a direct consequence of this sensibility, that when Mr. Stoddard essays something in a more popular vein, as, for instance, The Ballad of Valley Forge, Without and Within, or On the Town, he stumbles almost into prose; for his genius is not suited to that vein, although it is true that in The Two Anchors he hits the mark very happily. The Children of Isis (a remarkable piece of construction in verse, gracefully carried out) and the lines, "Why stand ye gazing into heaven?" turn towards us the author's mystical and religious side; and the last-mentioned of these is a nobly earnest, spontaneous utterance, buoyed up on majestic and perfectly varied verse, albeit the conclusion at which it arrives is too vague, and unsatisfactory in its pantheism. Elsewhere we find him saying, —

> "The bread and wine of quiet thought
> Is sacrament enough for me;
> Enough the temple of the world,
> The sky, the land, the sea."

In the same place where these words occur (the Carmen Triumphale) there are some sonorous passages illustrating eloquently the higher pantheism, combined with a creed of love, — a generous faith which declares that

"The road to heaven is broader than the world
And deeper than the kingdoms of the dead."

These and similar strains, the diapason of which cannot be reproduced in fragmentary citation, excite a reverence for Mr. Stoddard's profounder moods and his own faithfulness to them, which he may justly suppose establish his claim to consideration as one of the sincerest and most eloquent of our poets. He writes of nature with, it is true, the generality of a man chiefly accustomed to cities, but with a pure fervor richer than that of Bryant, whom it strikes us he imitates in the final Hymn to the Sea, by no means to his own advantage. When from these phases we turn back to polished gems like "The sky is a drinking cup," or Under the Rose, or the gay and brilliant Wedding under the Directory, we begin to get an adequate view of the writer's breadth and versatility, as well as art.

It is possibly to be regretted that Mr. Stoddard has not allied himself more, in his work, with American thought and American events; for his search after the remotely picturesque in Lapland, Sicily, the East, and that private mediæval world which he has made for himself in The King's Bell has conspired with the Herrick-like turn of his minor effusions, to make him seem more distant from the day than he really is. The solemn stanzas on Lincoln, though modeled on Marvell's ode to Cromwell, have a strength inherent in the poet and his theme, and remind us how deeply he could respond to a strong national feeling and to a character peculiarly native to this country: —

"One of the people! Born to be
Their curious epitome:
To share yet rise above
Their shifting hate and love.

"Common his mind (it seemed so then),
His thoughts the thoughts of other men.
Plain were his words and poor,
But now they will endure!

"No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, cautious, pliant still;
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.

. . . .

"Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both:
Was not, like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

"No hero this of Roman mold,
Not like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the state!

"O honest face, which all men knew;
O tender heart, but known to few!
O wonder of the age,
Cut off by tragic rage!"

Nobler lines have never been written about any American, nor any truer or worthier of their theme. They will last as long as the fame of Lincoln, partially by association with his name, but also because of their fitness, for association without that would be little.

Here and there in Mr. Stoddard's volume we find echoes of older poets, and even phrases borrowed from them. Whether the author uses these unconsciously or on a theory that the use justifies the loan, the fact none the less casts a blur upon an impression of originality, otherwise clear, which his poems produce.

There is a point to consider, in the case of inferior verse-makers, and that is whether the pleasure of hearing themselves sing is sufficient justification for adding another to the unhealthily enormous list of American books of verse. Dr. F. O. Ticknor's posthumous collection,[1] however, is due to the wish of surviving friends to save his spark of genius from total literary extinction. Dr. Ticknor was a Georgian, of New Jersey parentage and Connecticut ancestry; a busy physician, with a taste for writing, who died six years ago at the age of fifty-two, unknown to fame. There is one vigorous, pathetic, masterly poem in the slender memorial volume, the only one worth preserving, — Little Giffen, — which tells the story of a brave Southern

[1] *Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M. D.* Edited by K. M. R. With an Introductory Notice of the author by Paul H. Hayne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

lad wounded near to death in the war, yet refusing to die inactive, and going forth once more to battle, where he finds the eternal silence.

Another Southern verse-maker, of greater copiousness, is Father Ryan, who has been induced — as his redundantly apologetic preface declares — to throw together his productions,[1] "written at random" and "always in a hurry." They are placed before us with the confiding title, Father Ryan's Poems. We confess to some ignorance (not a very disturbing thing, however) as to who Father Ryan is; we had been under the impression that there was more than one father of that name. The most noticeable things in the book, besides the steel engraving of the author and another of the "conquered banner," are several rebel war songs and peace songs, "published in this volume not for harm-sake nor for hate-sake, but simply because the author wrote them." One stanza is interesting for its frank statement of the insincerity of certain professions by certain Southerners, which we are sorry to see: —

> "But still till time's last day,
> Whatever lips may plight,
> The Blue is Blue, but Gray is Gray,
> Wrong never accords with right."

A genuine Confederate drama,[2] is also among the new productions with which the world has been favored. It is called, agreeably to the Southern taste for high-sounding diction, The Maid of Northumberland; but Confederate Bonds would have been an apter title, since the point of the whole structure, blank verse and prose alike (a euphemistic distinction), seems to be that the happy lovers receive in dowry one half the heroine's father's long-date bonds,

> 'Stamped with imprimature of liberty
> And with Confederate sovereign ensigns sealed."

There appears to be a satirical intention in this, and in the sketch of one of the personages, "Caleb Jones, a financier;" but if the author has a joke, he has so adroitly set upon it the seal of privacy that no one will be likely to intrude upon it.

Carlotta,[3] a tragedy founded on the French invasion of Mexico, is even bolder in its realism than Mr. Lucas's hermetic play. Napoleon III., — who, by the way, says *A revoir, messieurs,* — Juarez, Maximilian, Bazaine, and various other recent or still living persons are introduced, who speak an extraordinary half-rhythmical style, as Juarez shall witness. "What means this sluggish song?" he says. "In vain it seeks to fascinate my soul with fervent words, which once my heart enchained." A subtle fragment of dialogue between two of Maximilian's servants may suffice for a final taste of the author's quality: —

"*Gardener.* I cannot see what food can have to do with character.

"*Fritz.* More than thou dream'st. Go to the States of North America, where everybody gets his full square meal, and there is spunk and lively enterprise, while the poor Mexican remains in lethargy. And pulque they drink, made of agave juice."

The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk[4] is a heroic idyl in several parts, Tennysonian in manner, reproducing in verse the tragedy of Axel Tordsen and Valborg, for the most part sonorous and excellent, if deficient in those musical changes and flexible variations of movement that belong only to the masters of that most difficult form, the unrhymed pentameter. Appreciation of its difficulties and its resources is slack among the novices who nowadays so eagerly plunge into it; but Mr. Houghton succeeds at least in handling it with force, and his whole poem

[1] *Father Ryan's Poems.* Mobile: John L. Rapier & Co. 1879.

[2] *The Maid of Northumberland.* A Dramatic Poem. By Daniel Bedinger Lucas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

[3] *Carlotta.* A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Robert Roskoten, M. D. Peoria, Illinois. 1880.

[4] *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk.* By George Houghton, Author of Christmas Booklet, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1880.

is plastic, spirited, and, after its echoing fashion, genuine.

Mr. Robert Morris is a writer of wider reputation, but his loose-strung dithyrambic chants, gathered into one under the name of The Ode of Life,[1] are quite unworthy of that reputation, and cannot for a moment be compared, either as to substance or execution, with Mr. Houghton's modest work. Here are four lines from the Ode of Evil: —

> "The victories of right
> Are born of strife.
> There were no day were there no night,
> Nor, without dying, life."

The man who can cover a hundred and fifty pages with mere vacancy, barren sententiousness, like this, — devoid of music, of imagery, and of originality, — yet who can still conceive that he has written a mature poem, must be the victim of a deplorable delusion.

That Mr. John Addington Symonds possessed some of the capabilities of poetic expression was evident from those volumes on art and Italy and Greek poetry which have won such high favor. He now definitely assumes the singing-robes, in a volume lately reprinted in this country;[2] albeit in the stanzas called An Undertone he speaks of his own verse as a "little earthly music, faint yet clear," and denies himself any place among the laureled crowd. The book is a noticeable one, and contains some delicate and delicious things, with traces on every page of a refined sense of form and an eager eye for beauty. Those pieces which have Greek themes are suffused with the clear yet soft light of the land and the literature that suggested them; and in particular we may cite a fragment called The Sacrifice. A number of the poems betray a purely literary origin, or are translations in part and sometimes in whole. An allusion to "sweet Ionian vowels" in one place, and to a cry that leaped forth "fledged with Greek word-wings" in another, gives perhaps too strong a hint of the grammarian. But in his two narrative poems, The Love Tale of Odatis and Prince Zariadres and Imelda Lambertazzi, Mr. Symonds, if he inevitably falls somewhat under the shadow of William Morris, also reveals skill in story and an abundant sense of color. Of the reflective pieces, with some exceptions, the effect is not so good. The author has taken his personal woes on the usual Continental tour, and keeps with valetudinarian care a rhymed note-book of their condition at divers points. Making all abatements, however, we find here a collection marked by indubitable intellectual value. With the intellectual strain is blended one of sensuous enjoyment that is half pain, and, savoring of the affectations of the new English school, finds imitative expression in lines like these: —

> "She leans with yearning from the enamored tree,
> While passionate petals, shaken by her strain,
> From the frail boughs around her whiteness rain,
> Pearling with shells of rose the dewy lea."

It would be hard to say which predominates in Mr. Symonds, the intellectual or the sensuous, for as we turn his pages they change like the two sides of a willow tree, olive-green and silver, in a ruffling wind.

Edward King's Echoes from the Orient[3] is one of those little books which make the reader wonder whether they would ever have been written had inborn gift and the inspiration of native scenes been the author's sole dependence. The Sorrow of Manol, which takes up one half of the book, is merely an old Roumanian legend set in verse, but skillfully and sympathetically. The Danubian Gypsy's Song, is really novel

[1] *The Ode of Life.* By the Author of The Epic of Hades and Gwen. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

[2] *Old and New.* A Volume of Verse. By John Addington Symonds. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

[3] *Echoes from the Orient.* With Miscellaneous Poems. By Edward King. London: C. Kegan Paul. 1880.

as well as melodious, and comes to us like a rich blossom blown on some tropic gale of stifled passion. For the most part, his diction is somewhat barren, and many of the lines suffer in structure from having been apparently tossed off in the intervals of newspaper work. We suspect that the author has not done full justice to the best that is in him.

In Mr. DeKay, on the contrary, we have a singer of the Western world, as the title of his first book of verse[1] expressly intimates, and one who has apparently taken pains to do justice to himself. It cannot be said that the result of his labors is other than disappointing. The volume is cobwebbed with affectations, which appear hopelessly to entangle the author's talent; and, worse than this, it is in great part heavy and spiritless, with some incredible instances of the *banal.* Hesperus is indeed a poem of great natural grandeur, with a march in the lines worthy of their theme, — the westward instinct of mankind. This instinct the poet, connecting it with the sunset, traces agreeably to scientific theory in its growth through many generations. In it, too, he finds at last a hint of Providence; and finds also a similitude for the passage from real to ideal. But in the other long pieces, Indian Clove, The Seer, and The Two Giants, — the last an elephantine piece of fancy play carried on with the map of North and South America, — there is little to redeem their lack of interest, either human or divine; for they are both unpleasant and unmelodious. Mr. DeKay has a surprising ingenuity in discovering the disagreeable. In Nef in Ireland he tells the hideous story of an old chieftain of the eighth century, who discovers his wife's amours by the circumstance of her lover's having left the mark of his tooth on her lip, in kissing her. Nef himself then takes vengeance upon her by biting her throat open. Again, in a little performance called Goats, after heaping abusive epithets on the goat, Mr. DeKay observes that he might have been the sweetest lamb, so far as his skeleton is concerned. This may be true, but it certainly is not poetry. There is very little of human life, either, in the volume; and when the author does introduce it we are not led to wish that he would do it again. Men, women, youth, beauty, love, all appear to show him their least attractive side; and we are inclined to think him more a cynic than poet. Even nature is presented by him in mysteriously morbid aspects; though here it should be said that the Invocation, beginning,

"Scent of the rose! . . .
Breath of the new-ploughed field and verdurous sigh
From copses budding!"

and the poem called Arcana Sylvarum show an exquisite touch, and contain a singular beauty derived from no secondary source.

Poetry obscures as well as reveals the personality of those who write it; and in the case of unknown authors, like the three Southern women who have produced Three Friends' Fancies,[2] speculation as to the lives hidden behind the lines forms the chief interest of a book to the general reader. There is an air of genuineness about many of these artless verses, which is agreeable. E. W. B., J. C., and E. A. G. C., as the authors are designated, were evidently very earnest in their poetizing; and that is a thing not to be despised. But the meed of success we can grant to only two lines in their joint work. They are these, in which J. C., whose fatherland is Scotland, speaking to that country of what she imagines its twilights, says, —

"Thy light as tenderly and softly dies
As laughter in a fair child's sleepy eyes."

[1] *Hesperus and Other Poems.* By CHARLES DEKAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

[2] *Three Friends' Fancies.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

It is a long step from these shy blossoms of the South to the large-papered and luxurious volume in which the poems of Sir Samuel Ferguson have been issued at Dublin;[1] and it is also an uncommon event to receive a book of poems from Dublin at all. Sir Samuel is known, in spite of some very eccentric rhymes, as one of the foremost among Irish poets of the century; and although the present publication contains a number of pieces on miscellaneous subjects, — including one on the sinking of the monitor, — it is to those which deal with passages from Irish heroic legends that one looks for the chief merit of his activity as a poet. These are Mesgedra, The Twins of Macha, The Naming of Cuchullin Conary, and Deirdré. The last mentioned is a "monodrame," as the author describes it, founded on the same old tale which gave Dr. Joyce the suggestion for his epic romance bearing the same title. It must be said frankly that Sir Samuel by no means equals his countryman on our side of the Atlantic, either for power of poetic treatment or for insight into the spirit of the early period of which he writes. The following reflection, put into the mouth of Deirdré, is better suited to a gentleman of historic tastes in our day than to the heroine of that rude age: —

"Mark how the simple country-people deck
Each natural scene with graceful tales of love,
While the strong castles and the towns of men
Are by the poets and historians
Stuck full of tragedies and woes of war."

But in Conary, Sir Samuel Ferguson relates with impressive force and dignified simplicity, in blank verse which has unusual merits, a strong and affecting story of a king done to death by treachery and witchcraft. It is one of the few poems of this kind which will repay reading, and it deserves to be better known.

Latest among the new volumes of song come those which Mr. Longfellow[2] and Dr. Holmes[3] have made up from their occasional publications during the past year or two. Most of them have already become familiar to the public, and it is not necessary to speak of them at much length here. But it is not superfluous to dwell for a moment on the art, the feeling, the exquisite modulations of sound and choice of word, which in these verses, as in so many others from the same hands, recall one to the virtues of a full-orbed and healthy art. It is not to be denied that some of the younger generation conceive themselves able to detect inadequacies in the method of the older masters; and for each generation, no doubt, something of its own method is desirable and a benefit. But the belief in new methods must be qualified by the observation that Longfellow, for example, in Ultima Thule, appeals directly to the heart with means as unforced as ever, and with skill hardly touched by age or use, while Swinburne's charm has already passed. When the children of a busy American city present to a poet a chair made from a tree which he once celebrated, we have proof of his hold on his time; and there are few of Mr. Longfellow's strains more tender and beautiful than those, in the new volume, with which he answered their gift. The same peace and simplicity that breathe through these lines inform the other contributions to the book; among which the brief elegy on Bayard Taylor and the noble sonnet on Richard Dana stand prominent for their grace and mellowness. Among the "folk-songs" is one called The Windmill, which might aptly be supposed the translation of a child's thought, so *naïf* and unaffected is it. But throughout the too brief collection it is

[1] *Poems.* By Sir Samuel Ferguson. Dublin: William McGee. London: George Bell and Sons. 1880.

[2] *Ultima Thule.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

[3] *The Iron Gate and Other Poems.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

this utmost refinement of simplicity which impresses the reader as the natural and ripe result of a genius that has never allowed itself to be forced from the path of nature. In Dr. Holmes's volume, too, there is simplicity; but it is simplicity nerved and winged by a restless wit that sees the different sides, the contradictions, and cannot forbear to flash upon the eye all the various angles of the truth, while never ceasing to take the view of the poet, who knows the angles can be resolved into a circle, and the circle made the circumference of a sphere. Here, as always of old, it appears how often Dr. Holmes's ready word is in demand at festivals; for all but two or three of the poems are occasional. Indeed, The Iron Gate, which gives the book its title, would never have been but for the occasion of all occasions which marked his seventieth birthday. Never were the writer's qualities more admirably lent to verse than in this poem. The pathos, the wit, the imagination, which have made him famous, are all present in it, fused in the emotion of the hour. What music and what feeling in those stanzas where he says of old age, —

"Yes, long indeed I've known him at a distance,
And now my lifted door-latch shows him here;
I take his shrivelled hand without resistance,
And find him smiling as his step draws near.

. . . .

Altars once flaming, still with incense fragrant,
Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less vagrant,
Life's flow less noisy, but the stream how deep!"

Everywhere a picture, a thought, a melodious or witty line; these are the things that make Dr. Holmes's poetry still youthful, and worth writing about as well as reading. Would that the same could be said of much other verse that comes to us!

MAHAFFY'S GREEK LITERATURE.

Of Mr. Mahaffy's two volumes,[1] the first is devoted to the poets, and the second to the prose writers. In spite of the title which he has chosen, the author in his preface seems to disclaim any intention of writing a History of Greek Literature; this "has become almost too great a task for any single man to accomplish adequately." The book is a "conspectus of Greek literature as a whole" for younger students. This being so, it is surprising that Mr. Mahaffy should take for granted in his readers a sufficient knowledge of the "character and genius of the race," and of "the peculiar features of the language," to dispense with a chapter on these matters. To begin with generalities, he says, is "unpractical;" because, to understand generalities, "the reader should be intimate with the details, which are postponed to a later part of the book." He therefore "will not attempt any broad survey of the subject in a work devoted to the discussion of details, except in immediate connection with these details." But sufficient knowledge of details is possessed by "younger students," who have read their Greek authors "in accidental and irregular order," to make a general sketch of the Greek language and its dialects in their relation to the progress of the literature quite intelligible; and yet this is nowhere given. Furthermore, no clear and connected statement of the general plan of the book is anywhere made.

[1] *A History of Greek Literature.* By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow and Professor of Ancient History, Trinity College, Dublin; author of Social Life in Greece, Prolegomena to Ancient History, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

Even the table of contents gives no clew, for the titles to the chapters most frequently suggest detached magazine articles, for instance, The Rise of Personal Poetry among the Greeks, The Public Lyric Poetry of the Greeks. Dates are very sparingly given, almost always in Olympiads, and no table of authors, arranged according to chronological sequence, is inserted. In all these particulars this book is far inferior to the much less pretentious work by Mr. Jebb, which has been published under the title of a Primer of Greek Literature.

Turning to the volume on the poets, we find in the chapters on Homer that only the controversy as to the authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey is treated in detail. But this subject is well treated, and the summary is a very good statement of the positive results of this endless controversy. Still the whole question is so involved and confused that we turn from it with a lurking sympathy for the undergraduate who, when questioned about the authorship of the poems, answered: "The poems commonly attributed to Homer were not written by Homer, but by another man of the same name." Of the Iliad and the Odyssey as literature Mr. Mahaffy has little or nothing to say; sixteen lines and a reference to his own Social Life in Greece are given to the Iliad, and this is his excuse: "It would be idle to rehearse again the centuries of praise which this immortal poem has received from all lovers of real poetry." Surely there are many literary characteristics to be pointed out in the Iliad which no historian of Greek literature can fairly leave unnoticed. Of the Odyssey more is said, but the criticism covers only a page, whereas the controversy about the authorship occupies more than thirty-two pages.

The absence of any extended examination of the merits of the Homeric poems as literature might lead the reader to expect a similar neglect of the literary side of the great tragedians. But such fears are groundless, since Mr. Mahaffy has much that is new to say about the comparative merits of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and gives a detailed criticism of each of their plays. Perhaps it will be most interesting to begin by examining the general theory of the nature of tragedy, which leads our critic to think Sophocles unworthy of the praise which almost all critics have bestowed upon him: "In Aeschylus' conception — the deepest conception — of a tragedy, the actors were, so to speak, subordinated to the progress of a great catastrophe, which carried them along in its fatal course. . . . In the tragedy of Sophocles . . . the power of human will is the predominant feature, and the real conflict of moral and social forces is thrown into the background." According to this view, the Oedipus Tyrannus ought to be commended, and it is disappointing to find that Mr. Mahaffy says of the hero of that play, "After all, Oedipus is but the plaything of an awful destiny; he suffers without adequate evil desert; and the lesson in the play is not that of confidence in the final result of a great moral struggle, but rather of awe and despair at the possible cruelties of an arbitrary and irresponsible fate." But in another place the author, remembering his theory, says that Antigone, "as she consciously faces death *for an idea*, may rather be enrolled among the noble army of martyrs, who suffer in the daylight of clear conviction, than among the far nobler few who, in doubt and darkness, have striven to feel out a great mystery, and in their very failure have 'purified the terror and the pity' of awe-struck humanity. . . . The Antigone is therefore not a very great tragedy, though it is a most brilliant and beautiful dramatic poem."

According to Mr. Mahaffy, then, Aeschylus is deeper than Sophocles, because his (Aeschylus') characters are "carried along in the fatal course of a catastro-

phe," and yet Sophocles' Oedipus is "but the plaything of an awful destiny"! And why is not Antigone to Mr. Mahaffy's taste? Because "she faces death *for an idea;*" and "the fatal effects of the ancestral curse on the house of Oedipus, though often alluded to, are no moving force in the drama"! It is plain that Sophocles would find it hard to please this critic, who complains that Oedipus is not portrayed as Antigone is, and yet insists that the Antigone is no tragedy, because it has not the defects of the Oedipus. After this it is no surprise to learn that Mr. Mahaffy thinks the *lost* works of Sophocles bad. In fact, the great point of superiority which he possesses over all other writers upon Greek literature is a familiarity with the lost plays both of Sophocles and of Euripides. Of the seven plays by Sophocles which all know he speaks lightly as "scanty remains," and yet declares that they are the best. For Sophocles' most grievous offenses we are referred to the plays by him which no longer exist, while for those admirable qualities of Euripides, which have left no traces in the seventeen plays which have been preserved, we are referred to works which have perished. But when it comes to specifying instances, our thirst for this hidden knowledge is not quenched, and we are put off with such statements as this: "It may fairly be doubted whether Sophocles' Polyxena was superior or even equal to Euripides' heroine," — Polyxena in the Hecuba. And again, after saying that "Euripides seems to have disliked, or to have been unable, to draw strong or splendid male characters," Mr. Mahaffy adds, "This may be the misfortune of our extant selection of plays, for the Odysseus of his Philoctetes seems to have been an ideal Periclean Greek."

It would be unjust, after pointing out these contradictions and absurdities, not to add that in the detailed criticism of the plays of Euripides and Aeschylus Mr. Mahaffy is often very suggestive. This is especially true of his criticism of the Medea of Euripides, though he goes too far in preferring the Medea of Legouvé. In dealing with comedy, the thesis which is maintained is that Middle and New Comedy did not grow out of the Old Comedy of Aristophanes and his contemporaries, for Old Comedy was "a temporary outburst of political writing in the feverish climax of Athenian democracy," and Middle Comedy "was no new development, but a survival of the older and more general type, which came again into the foreground when no longer obscured by a brilliant innovation." Here again Mr. Mahaffy is beyond criticism, for he is conversant with a school of comedy at Athens which, though it is new to other students of Greek literature, he assures us is older than Old Comedy itself. No doubt it is right to say of "the grammarians, and the modern historians who follow them," that "they have drawn their lines too sharply" in distinguishing between Old, Middle, and New Comedy. But by no means *all* of the modern historians have followed the grammarians here. Schlegel's view is that the Middle Comedy is no distinct type, but merely a transition stage from the Old to the New Comedy. This theory is far more reasonable than Mr. Mahaffy's. For after reminding us that "Aristophanes, towards the close of his life, produced works of a complexion approaching what is called by the grammarians the Middle and New Comedy," he refers back to his former statement that Middle Comedy was a revival of the *oldest* comedy, and no development from Old Comedy.

It is plain that in his treatment of the Greek poets Mr. Mahaffy has signally failed to show the impartiality and the broadness of view which alone could have justified him in publishing a book for the guidance of young students. Has he done better in the second volume, where he treats of Greek prose authors?

Certainly he has not. His treatment of Thucydides and Herodotus is the best proof of this. Just as he cannot admire Euripides without constantly attacking Sophocles, so he is not content to praise and to dwell upon the beauties of Herodotus, but he must sacrifice Thucydides to his favorite. "Had Herodotus," our author exclaims, "been a cold and skeptical critic, a despiser of all the domestic and personal features in great men or in dominant nationalities, a Periclean Athenian, whose exclusiveness raised the pettiest Greek quarrel above the largest revolutions among barbarians, he might no doubt have sifted such [his ?] materials with greater acumen; but he certainly would have had neither the desire to possess them nor the temper and the patience to collect them." But, for all that, the "cold Periclean" does find some grace in the eyes of our critic, who writes, "In acuteness of observation, in intellectual force and breadth, in calmness of judgment, in dignity of language, there has never been a historian greater than Thucydides." With what is said in detail of the merits of Herodotus there is no reason to quarrel, but much of the fault-finding in the criticism of Thucydides is as groundless as are the strictures upon Sophocles in the first volume. One flagrant instance of this must be noticed. The great point which Mr. Mahaffy is never tired of insisting upon, in attacking the trustworthiness of Thucydides, is that his early Sicilian history is "copied from Dionysius of Syracuse, a λογοποιός of the stamp of the forerunners of Herodotus. . . . Hence," the author argues, "the whole tradition requires careful reconsideration. But this would lead us too far from our subject." Here we are referred to Appendix B in the first volume. On opening this appendix we read, "I hope to show more fully in Hermathena that Dionysius probably (*sic*) composed his history for the purpose of glorifying his native Syracuse." And the next page (524), "Starting, I believe, from this *a priori* determination, Antiochus seems (*sic*) to have reversed the natural history of Greek colonization in the West, for the sake of glorifying Syracuse." No reason, except that the original historian was a native of Syracuse, is given for Mr. Mahaffy's extraordinary belief; and we are left in hopeless confusion of mind, for the Dionysius twice mentioned has suddenly turned into Antiochus. Does Mr. Mahaffy mean Antiochus or Dionysius of Syracuse? Antiochus of Syracuse he must mean, since, fortunately for our peace of mind, no λογοποιός called Dionysius of Syracuse ever was heard of. Even the promised article in Hermathena can hardly be expected to induce the thoughtful readers of these volumes to trust Thucydides' estimate of Antiochus of Syracuse less than Mr. Mahaffy's, or to reject Thucydides' account of the colonization of Sicily in order to make room for this ridiculous substitute. "Other legends tell of Archias helping the founder of Corcyra; they tell of his helping, on his way to Sicily, the Greek settlers in Southern Italy. Surely this indicates what really happened. Greek settlers first occupied Corcyra, then they pushed on to Italy. . . . Thence they found their way to Sicily. I do not believe that this latter island was colonized till after 700 B. C., and that [?] the whole Sicilian chronology found in all our Greek histories rests on the imaginary basis laid down by Antiochus." At last we have Mr. Mahaffy's reasons, and they are more than enough to make even a "cold Periclean" warm with indignation. Turning to the orators, we notice that Antiphon is happily characterized as "a sort of Athenian Baron Stockmar, who made excursions from education, or perhaps still more a Richard Wagner, who made excursions from art into politics." Here assiduous readers of Mr. Mahaffy's works cannot fail to recollect that in one of his books he has characterized the Homeric Pallas

Athene as "Antiphon in petticoats." Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, and we are confronted by Richard Wagner and Baron Stockmar in petticoats making excursions, — but this is a digression.

The account of Plato is exceptionally good, and the influence of the drama upon Athenian prose writing in general is most clearly brought out; but to Aristotle the author is by no means just, and can only confuse any one who goes to his chapters for information.

Not far from the end of the volume is found Mr. Mahaffy's brief summary of the character of Hypereides: "In character Hypereides is said to have been much under the influence of women, and fond of luxuries, especially of fish, but otherwise both respectable and very talented." The careless and hasty manner of writing which produced such a grotesque combination as this last not infrequently leads Mr. Mahaffy into bad English. Here are a few of his slips: "fuller materials *to* those extant" (vol. ii. p. 302); "Hypereides . . . characterizes him *to be* not inferior" (vol. ii. p. 367); and "narrates . . . in a very splendid narrative" (vol. i. p. 254). Mr. Mahaffy has nowhere, like his illustrious compatriot, smelt a rat, and proposed to nip it in the bud, but he does say that Demosthenes "stood forth to speak the mighty epitaph on the tomb of departed liberty" (vol. ii. p. 349). Again, our author seems to have invented the word *Hellenedom*, which he uses six times at least. In three places (vol. ii. pp. 349 and 226, and i. page 147) it has the meaning of Hellas; but in the other three places (vol. ii. pp. 420, 297, and 218) it is equivalent to Hellenism. Surely if we are to adopt this word it ought to be used as strictly as its prototype "Christendom," which is never confused in sense with "Christianity." But there is no demand for such a cumbrous polysyllable as *Hellenedom*. Finally, without some explanation of his terms this sentence is extremely vague: "We know certainly that Aristotle's *Hellenism* . . . was distinctly opposed to the *Hellenicism* of the great king."

Little has here been said in praise of this book, and yet there is often a stimulating influence in Mr. Mahaffy's aggressive and bold way of stating his views. This has been praised in his Rambles and Studies in Greece and in his Social Life in Greece. But the countless contradictions in this book, and the carelessness and haste with which it certainly was compiled, make it most dangerous in the hands of those younger students for whom it was intended. Indeed, only those whose knowledge of the subject is sufficient to defend them from the evil effects of reckless statements, made without a shadow of proof, on all possible subjects connected with Greek literature, can enjoy with impunity the freshness and boldness with which Mr. Mahaffy defends his paradoxes.

SHAKESPEARE ET L'ANTIQUITÉ.

It is a vast subject that Mr. Paul Stapfer has chosen, and one that has already been discussed piecemeal by a great many writers, yet it is left practically inexhaustible. What can be more inspiring for a writer of literary criticism than the necessity of treating that form of expression which has been chosen by the greatest of writers, ancient and modern, and of comparing the methods of the most eminent of these authors? Stapfer is admirably fitted for undertak-

ing this task, for his previous work has shown the considerable extent of his acquirements and the catholicity of his taste. His volume on Sterne is doubtless the best book on that author that has been written in any language; and his two volumes of general literary criticism, Causeries Guernesiaises and Causeries Parisiennes, are full of acute and wise remarks. Here he tries a longer flight. In the first volume of Shakespeare et l'Antiquité [1] he throws light on many sides of the English poet; but it is with the second, in which he makes a comparison between the Greek tragedians and Shakespeare, that we have to do at present. It stands by itself as a separate division of the subject, and so may be treated without reference to the other volume.

In handling a subject like this, the obvious danger is that the writer will exaggerate the importance of such bits of resemblance as he may find, and that he will detect points of likeness that exist only in his imagination; in short, that he will be run away with by his hobby. Stapfer is not guilty of this mistake; he has no theory to prove; he merely studies the subject, and takes the reader with him while he examines the evidence, and it would be hard to find one who combines more agreeably the qualities of guide and companion. A subject of this kind demands that the writer should above all avoid anything like dogmatism; the process of finding analogies and points of difference can have no more important object than that of enabling the reader better to understand and enjoy both the ancient tragedians and Shakespeare. Even if we differ from our teacher's views on any one point, this difference of opinion is a healthy thing, for it forces us to fix our attention upon matters that we might otherwise pass by. In this way Stapfer's book is very suggestive. It is not necessary for us forever to combine Lady Macbeth and Clytemnestra in one category, or to keep them wholly separate; the main thing is that we do not neglect our opportunity to observe and study the method of the poets who have immortalized those characters.

At the beginning of his study Stapfer points out that the difference between Euripides and his two predecessors is apparently as great as that between Shakespeare and Euripides, — if indeed it be not greater. Euripides, that is to say, founded the romantic drama in Greece; and whereas Æschylus and Sophocles in their plays gave a religious representation of heroic and ideal actions, their successor substituted a picture of human life. Menander followed the same path, in which he was imitated by Plautus and Terence. "One quality," he says, "especially distinguishes the tragedies of Sophocles from those of Euripides, and that is the severe plastic beauty of the characters in the writings of the first-named, and the very general nature of the motives that inspire their actions. . . . The state, the family, and especially religion, are the grand actors of the ancient drama; the individual, as such, is lost under the greatness of his part. Antigone, for instance, is an admirable figure; admiration is so truly the feeling she inspires that no other epithet is needed to characterize her. To say that she is touching would be less precise; not that she fails to move our feelings when she bids farewell to life, but in the first place, and above everything, she commands our admiration by her nobility, by her pride, — I was going to say, her severity. This is because Sophocles did not want to give us a pathetic representation of reality; as a painter of the ideal, he put before us the sublime image of a young girl wholly

[1] *Shakespeare et l'Antiquité.* Par PAUL STAPFER, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Grenoble. Deuxième partie. Shakespeare et les Tragiques Grecs, suivie de Molière, Shakespeare, et la Critique Allemande. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

absorbed in the accomplishment of a religious duty, firm as a rock in her resolution, and inaccessible to anything that could change her. She has no marked individual characteristics; all her qualities are large and general. Antigone might be called 'piety towards the dead' or 'fraternal love.' There are no villains in the plays of Sophocles, if under that title we include beings affected by motives of base egotism who choose any means for the accomplishment of their ends. Creon does not persecute Antigone for the pleasure of doing ill; he represents the state, the severe laws of which forbid giving burial to the enemies of the country. . . . The passion of the ancient drama is always identified with some sacred duty or interest."

To this lucid account of the classic play he appends a description of the modern tragedy, in which, as in Hamlet, for example, the conflict lies in the mind of the hero. This change we see in the work of Euripides. Æschylus and Sophocles had represented Orestes as readily obeying the command of Apollo, while in Euripides we find him suspecting the oracle and torn by conflicting doubts. For this reason Stapfer calls the latest of the three great tragedians the father of the romanticism of antiquity. With the Renaissance came a great wave of admiration for the ancient plays, which begot an immense number of imitations, especially in French and Italian literature, while Shakespeare escaped this tendency. Plays of this sort Stapfer calls neo-classic. Shakespeare may be taken as, of course, easily the greatest of the romantic writers, and in the body of the book Stapfer points out some of the resemblances between him and the Greeks.

Many of these points of resemblance are merely external, and more curious than instructive. Some had already been pointed out by Mr. J. R. Lowell, in his Shakespeare Once More,[1] and they are certainly worth noticing. Besides giving many examples of possibly conscious imitation — for Mr. Lowell asks if it is at all unlikely that Shakespeare got hold of some Latin translation of the Greek tragedians, and with such poor wits as he had spelled out their plays — Stapfer goes on to more serious analogies. In this part of his book he makes, naturally, many generalizations; but while he does this, he bears in mind the fact that generalizations express only what is *generally* true. The reader will perhaps permit the brief condensation of a few of Stapfer's remarks, which may present, though in compressed form, some of his suggestions, and can hardly fail to show how acute a thinker he is and how fair-minded an observer.

Stapfer points out Shakespeare's impersonality, which is so much more marked than that of Calderon, Schiller, Goethe, Corneille, and Racine. "He is truly antique in this, and he is as objective, as impersonal, not only as Sophocles, a man of cultivation, but as Homer, *poëte naïf*. Then, too, he has the moral healthiness, the serenity, that distinguishes the ancients. He knows nothing of the melancholy which is the bane of our age. He began his career with a poem that was openly sensual and pagan, — still, Stapfer should not throw too much weight on this, for Shakespeare only as truly followed a fashion of his day as does any little poet of this year who turns off sonnets: think for a moment of Marlowe's Hero and Leander; Marston's Pygmalion; the translations of Ovid, etc., etc. He represented every human emotion, every form of good and evil, of crime and virtue, happiness and misfortune; sometimes letting the end of the plays satisfy our feeling of justice, at others, leaving us to look for compensation only beyond the grave; and with all this he simply holds the mirror up to nature, without giving us any definite information about his own feelings.

This is all familiar to readers of

[1] Among my Books, pages 191–5.

Shakespeare, though it can well endure repetition; but illustrated as it is by Stapfer, by comparisons from other modern poets, and corrected by examples of the melancholy of the ancients, we find in it the best work of the critic, which is not condemning the faulty or giving rewards to the good, but simply discussing, with all the light possible, what is best in literature. In doing this Stapfer acknowledges the great delicacy of literary truth, the difficulty of making absolute statements which may not be successfully contradicted within five minutes; and is careful not to insist upon this or that fact, so much as to look on all sides of what is one of the most interesting questions for students of letters. In speaking of Shakespeare's impersonality, for instance, Stapfer opens wide discussions. The mere blank statement is trite enough; but the way in which it is exemplified by showing the great poet's truth to nature, and his indifference to those questions of temporary interest that make up so much of our life, this is something that Stapfer has done with great skill. Many people have written to show that Shakespeare always introduced exact justice into his tragedies, while others have proved that he did nothing of the sort, and that this was a strange neglect of an obvious duty. Stapfer has no *parti pris* to defend; he is there to examine the evidence, not to arrange it, and he sets the matter very simply before the reader, who cannot help seeing the presumptuousness of trying to make Shakespeare over again. He lets the various advocates express their opinions, and with liberal quotations.

The full analyses that Stapfer gives of some of the plays are interesting. It is curious to see, once more, how poetical the good French prose translations of poetry can be, and on almost every page we find examples. Cymbeline is the subject of a long chapter, and Macbeth and Hamlet are also discussed at considerable length, and the reader cannot do better than compare what Stapfer has to say about Hamlet with Mr. Lowell's remarks in the essay mentioned above. What the French author gives us in addition is a very suggestive comparison between Hamlet and Orestes, which serves to illustrate very clearly the various points of contrast and resemblance that are to be observed in the works of the ancient tragedians and of Shakespeare. It is this comparative study of literature that cannot fail to benefit students. Instead of trusting to remembrance of what we read last year, we are enabled to observe the various objects of study presented before us at the same time, and when we have so intelligent a commentator as Stapfer, literature appears in its true light. His method is delightful; it consists in the absence of dogmatism, the study of the best authorities, and incessant illustration by means of pertinent quotations. The reader is nowhere buried under a load of authorities; he is aided in every way to form his own opinion, and to make that opinion a wise one.

In the last half of the book are several chapters devoted to Molière, in which Stapfer defends that great writer from some of the condemnation that has been poured upon him by foreign — principally German — critics. He does not maintain that Molière is in any way a rival of Shakespeare, but he does assert, and demonstrate, that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the wonderful writer of comedies. He does this without adding to the amount, and in the course of the discussion he makes a most admirable statement about the proper way of forming opinions concerning matters of taste. In showing the futility of some of the Teutonic methods of forming *a priori* notions of what comedies are or should be, the questions naturally arise: What sure ground have we in matters of this

sort? How can any one tell that anything is really good in literature? What lines must we go by?

This discussion is one of great importance, and the way in which Stapfer denounces dogmatism and pedantry, and shows how delicate a thing literary judgment is, forms a part of the book that every one should read. In defending Molière from some of the criticisms made against him, he points out the great charm of the comedies, giving the poet the position he rightly owns. From this he wanders into a discussion of humor, in which he makes a comparison between Shakespeare and Molière, and with this the book ends.

In this meagre notice no shadow of justice can be done to the fullness of the book in intelligence and acuteness. There is not a page in it that does not contain food for thought. Apparently, the text was written for a course of lectures, a style of composition that makes lucidity of great importance; and if we were called upon to mention any fault, we should be tempted to name the sometimes exaggerated care with which well-known things are explained. But this is the most pardonable, as well as the rarest, of sins in books of this kind. University education in France must be looking up again, when such courses as this one are given, — when the student can find abundant information and good judgment combined so gracefully.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S ENGLAND.

Nothing more surely indicates the state of flux or change in which the Old World to-day finds itself than the production of books now going on which have for their aim the depicting of European society and institutions, not only as they are but also with some reference to what they are likely to become. As an individual at a certain time of life begins to consult his looking-glass with novel sensations of curiosity, suspicion, or mild regret, on noticing distinctly the alterations that time is producing, these nations of the Eastern hemisphere — and in particular the English — no longer take themselves for granted with that ease and confidence which they once enjoyed. The process of the individual's reflection, however, is with them almost reversed: it is not so much the signs of age which they begin to note, as the traces of novelty. The Old World is rapidly becoming a new world, and is naturally much interested in the discovery. Recent English writers have come to recognize with increasing explicitness — sometimes in a tone of complaint, at other times with satisfaction, but no longer with any attempt at concealment or indifference — the influence of America upon Europe. To the stimulus of surprise is added the impulse toward scientific observation of man in his present condition and every-day activity. In the capacious volume prepared by Mr. Escott,[1] the author offers, in his review of modern English culture and literature, the not wholly novel suggestion that the habit of observation so industriously exercised in the study of nature for the last twenty or thirty years may in the next age be applied to the domain of morals. This extension of the scientific function has already begun. M. Taine's Notes on England and studies of Parisian life bear witness to the new method of study-

[1] *England: Her People, Polity, and Pursuits.* By T. H. S. Escott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

ing social phenomena, the traces of which are also constantly met with in other books and in a multitude of magazine articles; and the systematic registration of such phenomena leads directly to a similar study of morals. The concrete form of morals, indeed, makes one of the main objects of notice in a book like the one we have before us. Of the new class of sociological works on a large scale, the series of works for which Wallace's Russia may be said to have supplied the model, followed by Baker's Turkey and McCoan's Egypt, gives us the paramount examples; and to it has now been added Mr. Escott's England, which we praise highly when we say that it is worthy of its predecessors. It is, to use the author's words, "not an encyclopædia, but a survey;" yet Mr. Escott has collected an amount of statistics which makes it to some extent encyclopædic in character, and several of the chapters are contributed by other writers. That on Commercial and Financial England is by Mr. J. Scot Henderson; Mr. Arthur Griffiths contributes that on Criminal England, a task for which, as inspector of prisons, he has had special facilities; and two chapters, on the Law Courts and on Philosophy and Thought, are the work of a barrister of the Inner Temple and of a lecturer in New College, Oxford. Besides these auxiliaries, Mr. Escott cites a number of public men, chiefly Liberal members of Parliament, who have given him essential assistance.

The object of his undertaking is, primarily, to present to his countrymen a complete picture of themselves and their institutions; for, as he remarks with truth, although every one in England knows that that country has local self-government, few know how it is actually administered, and although much has been written learnedly concerning English laws and polity, these have been considered not so much in their mutual workings as in "the theory of their mechanism while at rest." But the scheme so well carried out gives a result equally interesting to observers of other nationalities, and in this country above all, Mr. Escott's panoramic view will be scrutinized with the utmost eagerness by thoughtful persons and competent publicists. The method of review adopted by the author in the case of institutions is applied to classes and occupations, to the condition and organization of commerce, to the social system, to art, religion, literature, and even amusements. The chapter on popular amusements, it may be said, though full of pertinent information, goes perhaps beyond the due boundaries of such a survey, when it discusses the possibilities of a Shakespearean revival; and elsewhere there are occasional slight lapses into diffuseness or what, strictly speaking, is irrelevant matter. But where the field to be traversed is so wide and the intelligence of the author so alert and sympathetic, these instances may easily be excused. Following the true inductive plan, Mr. Escott begins with the simpler elements of his theme, ascending to the more complex developments, and arriving at the general from the particular. After depicting an English village, he describes the estates of great landlords and their management, and rural and municipal government. Two vivid and forcible chapters are devoted to Towns of Business and Towns of Pleasure. The working classes, pauperism and thrift, coöperation, hotels, education, all come in for their share of careful consideration; and as we mount in the scale we are brought to what the author calls "the social revolution," which precedes his minute and curious account of the structure of English society, wherein details of precedence somewhat amusing are introduced. The relations of society and politics, of "crown and crowd," are discussed with a masterly grouping of facts, and in a philosophic way, yet with a vivacity that renders the pages devoted to them in-

tensely absorbing; and these are followed by dissertations on official England, Parliament, the government services, professional England.

In his opening pages, Mr. Escott makes some striking admissions and statements. In the light of our own struggle over the distribution and the centralization of political power, it is startling to read here that the Municipal Corporation Act of over fifty years ago, securing local self-government, has practically been overridden by the growth of great towns, and again by the supreme system of minute bureaucratic rule reaching out from London through the length and breadth of the kingdom. "The self-government of villages has almost disappeared;" but simultaneously with this concentration of power in the metropolis, the spread of democratic ideas is wide and active. Another trait of contemporary England which the author notes with a critical eye is the prevalent desire for expansion, for a large imperial policy; and this he attributes partly to an "imported idea of vastness" from America, partly to the practical desire to find room for careers, and in a measure also to the sentimental consideration of the army and the pride which the aristocracy or the increasing wealthy class takes in military achievements. But while he recognizes that England is in a transition stage, he brings to light in all the strata of society strong conservative forces, the outlining of which conveys an indescribable sense of the stability of the English order. His sketch of a typical village reads almost like a chapter from a novel. He takes in general an optimistic view of the status both of agricultural laborers and of operatives, and it must be confessed that nowhere in our republic, the paradise of workingmen, can there be found conditions apparently so favorable as those described as existing on the Duke of Northumberland's estates. In the workingmen's clubs in the towns and London, nevertheless, Mr. Escott intimates that democratic ideas and American influence are uppermost; although the "leavening process" — by which is meant the constant improvement going on in the condition of many people — is in several places mentioned by him as being guided not by democratic but by aristocratic influence. The British farmer is represented as seldom taking an enlightened view of his position, and the conception of citizenship and its duties "has yet to be quickened in all classes of the community." Municipal government enlists the coöperation of its subjects more heartily; but Mr. Escott has to make the usual admission, charged with a selfish solace to the American reader, that the confusion of local governments in London probably costs the metropolis over six million dollars more annually than it ought to spend. Everywhere this record shows an increase of luxury in the population, side by side with a relaxed condition of trade, which in the opinion of Mr. Henderson has a good deal to fear from competition in America and India, and in the excess to which adulteration has been practiced. Turning to the social side of the national life, we are told that since the Reform Bill of 1832 the structure of society has changed materially. A blending of plutocratic and aristocratic elements forms the one standard of "social position" to-day; the prestige of achievement supersedes that of factitious position. The Briton is losing his insularity and gaining in cosmopolitanism; French tastes are effecting powerful changes, even to the extent of increasing laxity in marital ties; women are becoming emancipated. This last fact the author regards hopefully, though he places but a low estimate on English feminine education as it is at present. Boys and young men, on the other hand, have made a great advance in taking responsible views of life early, and in the intelligent view of history

and current affairs which the custom of competitive examinations has fostered. It would be impossible even to summarize here the many points of interest touched by the England of Mr. Escott. The book is not without its faults and weaknesses. The chapter on Pauperism and Thrift is strangely deficient in statistics, being mainly a treatise on the best method of dealing with pauperism, better fitted for a magazine than for a survey of this kind. In discussing literature and art, too, the writer is less at home than with other themes, and is inevitably somewhat unsatisfactory. Still, we are indebted to him for a splendid series of essays, which, while they necessarily repeat much that we already know, are valuable in their unity and comprehensiveness. It would be hard to decide, from the perusal of them, what the predilections of the author and editor are, in disputed questions; and this is as it should be. He seems to be strongly persuaded that monarchy is the keystone of the British system, but admits that ultimately the democracy rule the country, and upholds the caucus idea. He quotes, also, the opinion of a distinguished statesman, expressed to him, that the progress of modern democracy may "gradually absorb the monarchy into a presidency, without cataclysm or even struggle." In conclusion, and with reference especially to the colonies, he affirms that the empire is politically in a state of potential disorganization, and suggests that England may be forced to choose between imperial federation and subsidence into a third-rate power. Such is the view of modern England by a modern Englishman, and — as probably the most nearly complete *résumé* of the subject within similar bounds, which has been produced — it must be looked at not merely as a book in the conventional sense, but also as an important fact.

A TRUE REPUBLIC.

Notwithstanding the proverbial devotion of Americans to politics, the study of political science cannot be said to absorb many of our citizens, and there is not only no noticeable interest here in the study of the science of government, but an actual lack of vigorous interest even in the concrete questions of public policy.

To the American citizen politics have come to mean elections, and elections mean periodical convulsions, occurring at very short intervals, when business is interrupted, the public press monopolized, and the whole community plunged into a furious canvass, first for the nomination, and then for the election of candidates for office. In such a state of things a thoughtful, impartial interest in public measures stands a poor chance of living and growing. These exciting contests absorb the attention, and the interest is in the struggle purely as as truggle. Generally there is no pretense of any issue of principles. The stated times for a party tussle having come, each party calls out its forces to the battle. There may not be much else to fight about, but there is always the office itself, and this is quite enough to arouse the ever-ready party hostility, and the fight does not lack fury, though it may lack purpose. There may, of course, be a crisis, for good men may preponderate on one side or the other; but the crisis, if there is one, comes because there is a contest, not the contest because there is a crisis.

And the party fury which rages during elections hardly subsides in the short intervals between. It is inevitably carried by the successful candidates into their official work, and the office is understood to get a large part of its value from the opportunity of party work which goes with it.

Every one who makes any observation upon the practical workings of our system of government observes this exaggerated prominence of party work. It has become not only the most absorbing, but well-nigh the only, occupation of our public men. It has overshadowed and obscured the real concerns of government, and has made irksome the laborious study of public questions and attention to details of legislative work. One looking calmly on this endless agitation, and observing how measures of real importance are hidden in the dust of incessant party manœuvring, is inclined to denounce the whole business of party organization as blinding, mischievous, and destructive.

It is in such a spirit of disgusted impatience that Mr. Stickney has written his book,[1] which is an attack upon party influence in politics; his principal and particular complaint being that parties have abused and corrupted the public offices, until good administrative work is almost impossible.

The great problem of government, our author says, is this: How shall we get the public work most efficiently done? And his answer is ready. The rules which should be followed are not doubtful. Experience has settled them in all private business, until they are accepted as axiomatic. We must choose men for fitness alone, and keep them as long as they do their work well. This is the homely maxim which, says Mr. Stickney, is the secret of statecraft as it is of success in every private enterprise. Who, in managing his farm or his merchandise, needs to be taught on this point? Who ever chooses his farm hands because they are active in town meeting, or shifts them in order to get rotation in office? Such matters need no discussion where men aim only at good business organization and success.

But in the public business the thing is turned upside down. We put men in office as a reward for political service, though their duties when in office should be as far as possible from political. We reward and promote them (consistently for that matter) for party service; we discharge them that we may use the office again as a reward for political work.

This vicious practice applied to all the subordinate offices is to-day keeping us in such a ferment of useless political worry that it is a wonder we submit to it so tamely. Nobody defends it, though many cling to it. We do not remember ever to have heard an argument seriously advanced in its favor. The evil is generally admitted, and the facts are so plain that we have got beyond the need of argument to the need of preaching. A reform in this particular is next, perhaps, to a settlement of the new and portentous question of electoral counts, the thing most imperatively needed in our system of government. But the reform lags, in spite of much progress during the present administration. This is much to the discredit of our popular sagacity and strength of purpose, and the cause is humiliating. We are thwarted by politicians who will not let go their hold upon the offices which are so substantial a part of their privilege.

Mr. Stickney's determined attack on party will, we hope, encourage us to cast off this bondage; and so far we approve and applaud his work. It is well and vigorously done. The story of party misdeeds is painted in dark colors, — selfishness, corruption, the sacrifice of public business, the confusion of true standards of merit, the exaggeration of

[1] *A True Republic.* By ALBERT STICKNEY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

petty partisan work, the fighting over false and the shirking of true issues, and so on through a black catalogue. At every page the common party practices appear less respectable.

The style is strong, virile, and terse even to abruptness. The facts are arranged in a telling way. It is the work of one who has seen and touched the abuses he is denouncing, and will no longer hold back his indignation and contempt.

We believe that such an attack must do good. It strikes at one, and just now a great, obstacle to reform, namely, our exaggerated notion of party discipline. Until this overstrained allegiance to party is loosened we cannot help ourselves, but shall continue to be gagged by the supposed paramount importance of party subordination. We need more freedom; we must stiffen the knees of the judicious "bolter" and "scratcher" if we are ever to muster courage to insist upon a change. Men with any instinct of loyalty shrink from doing anything to weaken their party in its struggle with its opponent, not considering that the struggles are generally so devoid of real importance that the sacrifice is made for very trivial results.

A book like Mr. Stickney's is a blow at such unquestioning devotion. The reader feels his party reverence loosen as he reads. He sees that our servant has become our master, and that we have, at great cost, been managing the state for parties, not parties for the state. Such wholesome service we believe Mr. Stickney's book can do, and we welcome it for that reason.

If, however, we regard it as a contribution to a philosophical study of politics, it is disappointing.

Such an out-and-out denunciation of party may be invigorating while there is so much false worship, but it takes no account of the real significance of parties. To treat political parties as a great absurdity, into which men have ignorantly or willfully fallen, and which they can summarily walk out of, is not philosophical. Parties are not accidental, nor are they wholly a contrivance of artful men. They are, in some measure at least, great manifestations of popular sentiment. They are born and grow, live and die, according to some laws of social life. They cannot be ridiculed away. Nor has experience yet worked out any method by which a free state can be managed without them. "When bad men combine," says Burke, in his famous defense of party, "the good must associate: else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle."

The really instructive thing for the student of politics is to search out the origin and growth of parties in the popular ideas which they exist to express, to treat their varying phases as symptoms in the diagnosis of the social condition, to recognize their benefits and define their mischief. Some change in their methods of action may be made. To consider what improvement is possible is of the greatest service. To propose to drop parties entirely, to treat them as purely arbitrary, external, and to be sloughed off at will, is unreasonable.

Mr. Stickney has not contented himself with criticism. He has, in the latter part of the book, gone on to construct that ideal true republic which his title leads us to expect. This is nothing more nor less than a republic built up on business rules, as its main foundation, — a sort of factory state.

The grand purpose of government being, says Mr. Stickney, to get the most efficient public work, and the practical rules of success in this particular being well known, to get your model state simply apply them. Nothing is plainer. Choose the most talented men, and keep them in office as long as they do well, — president, heads of departments, subordinates, members of Congress, judges, all on the life or good-be-

havior tenure of office. There you have party disposed of and the golden age returned.

To such a plan it is enough to say at the outset that, even if plausible, it is not, in such wholesale proportions, worth considering, because any scheme of reform which proposes for the first step the overturning of the structure of a great government stands self-condemned. The only suggestions ever worth making in such matters are practicable suggestions, and to propose such a plan, expecting any one to advocate it seriously, is out of the question. It would be a misfortune if it could get serious consideration, for it is no good sign when a people regards its government as a fit subject for radical experiment, or will listen to a suggestion of any but gradual and cautious change.

It would be hard to find a more radical innovation than this, which abolishes the regularly recurring appeal to the people, and sets up a tenure of legislative office unheard of in any representative system. Furthermore it is based upon a most inadequate idea of the state. The state is not a big counting-room. Good administrative work, efficient officers, and promotion for merit are not all that is needed, though we have suffered so much for the want of these things that we may sometimes be tempted to think so. The constant participation of the people in its government is the great political principle of the English-speaking race, and in spite of the disorder such interference works we cannot yet afford to abandon it to the extent Mr. Stickney advises. It is not by the judicious care of the best rulers, or the most efficient work of political bureaus, that our race has made its way, but by its self-helping, self-asserting, town-meeting habits. It will be a faint heart that is already driven, by the troubles and perplexities of our popular government, into surrendering itself outright to such permanent legislatures, where vacancies occur only through expulsion, death, or voluntary resignation.

It has been sententiously said that "what most commends party government is that it enables us to slander our rulers without sedition, and overthrow them without treason." We must have this chance to overthrow. It is our birthright.

The details of Mr. Stickney's plan it will not be worth while to discuss. They are corollaries from his simple rules of business economy, not much elaborated, and open, as it seems to us, to so much criticism that brief discussion is hardly possible. Those who like Utopian geography can study Mr. Stickney's map for themselves.

We regret that the author did not end his book with the telling criticism of party methods to which the first portion is devoted, or, better still, go on to make a pointed and definite application to the civil-service reforms which are now practicable and actually in demand. We fear that the latter part of the book may lessen the good effect of the former. The Anglo-Saxon people is everywhere indifferent to constitution-making, and has a wholesome prejudice against visionary schemes of government. It will be a pity if this condemnation falls upon the whole book, and destroys the effect of the strong array of facts, the trenchant strictures, and the righteous indignation of the earlier chapters.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the various reviews of the New Republic which I have read from time to time, I have seen no mention of certain errors of diction, although they are of so glaring a character that he who runs may read; but in a criticism which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly of August, 1878, the writer gives an indication of his having observed them, when he says, "This lessens the wonderment we might otherwise feel at the sort of English talked at times by these famous folk; insomuch that we are once forced to hear from the 'delicate, proud mouth' of Miss Merton herself, 'I *expect* that we are more introspective than men.'"

This reviewer, having cleverly criticised the characters and meaning of the book, has not taken pains to cite other faults in grammar and expression, but it would seem worth while, even at this late day, to call attention to these.

This misuse of the word *expect* occurs in two places beside the one mentioned. On page 184 Lawrence says, "Now I *expect*, Lady Ambrose, that, in its true sense, you know a good deal more history than you are aware of;" and on page 209, "For, in the first place, I *expect* it requires certain natural advantages of position to look at and overlook life in that sympathetic and yet self-possessed way which alone can give us a complete view of it."

But, bad as this is, the confusion and misplacement of tenses, which occurs so frequently, is much worse. For instance, on page 56, Lady Ambrose questions Lawrence as to the history of a certain set of salt-cellars, and adds, "*I wanted to have asked you* at the beginning of dinner." On page 82 we read, "*Leslie was going to have spoken;*" on page 226, "*Mr. Luke was going to have answered;*" and on page 286, "Lady Grace was just about *to have given* a sign for rising."

The identical idea is presented twice in the book, — that of Mr. Stockton's habit of "literally taking the bread out of Mr. Luke's mouth," — and in one case it is expressed correctly, and in the other incorrectly. On page 225 we read, "Not only was it repeating what he had said before, but it was anticipating, in a formless, undisciplined way, the very thing that he was going to say again;" and on page 318, "Mr. Stockton had again, in part at least, expressed the exact thing which, in other words, he *was going to have said* himself." Of course, this is merely a bad habit into which Mr. Mallock has fallen, and as he uses both modes of expression we may hope for the survival of the fittest.

There are two instances of another grammatical error, to which a man of Mr. Mallock's position and attainments ought certainly to be superior. On page 289 Mr. Storks is represented as saying, "Now, *those are the sort* of young fellows," etc.; and on page 317 Dr. Jenkinson is made to say, "*These sort of questions* ought never to be asked in that hard, abrupt way."

And, in conclusion, there are examples of incorrect expression which it is difficult to classify. The meaning is so involved that example is the only means of illustration. The first and most flagrant occurs on page 253, when Lady Ambrose is reported as saying, in response to a request that she will read aloud a certain poem, "Do you know, I really think I might manage this, although *I'm not in the least by way of being a reader out.*" And on page 323 the same character remarks, in reference to the unpublished memoir of her friend, that the latter "*is by way of wishing to have it published.*"

I have a fancy that these observations of Lady Ambrose's would sound less intolerable to English ears than to ours, as I have somehow got the impression that "by way of" used in this manner is a sort of English provincialism. However that may be, it certainly seems appallingly out of place in the prospectus of a new republic where "culture" is to reign supreme, and is very far from being the pure English we would expect to hear on the lips of the *crême de la crême*,—which Mr. Mallock, by the way, writes *crème de la crème.*

— In reading Mr. Leslie Stephen's Life of Pope, which Messrs. Harper have reprinted, I was struck more than ever with that quality of good sense which characterizes all he writes. Pope and Pope's poetry are matters about which great numbers of people have heated themselves for a hundred years and more, and they are matters of which every one had become very weary. But Mr. Stephen takes them up, and makes them new by reasoning dispassionately of them. In the clear, cool light of his good sense, the remarkable sinuosities of Pope's moral nature define themselves as never before; and the outlines of his genius assume truer proportions. Till now it seems hardly to have appeared what a very short-sighted and gratuitous liar he was, how cowardly and how base; but the biographer, who studies the poet with such novel effect in this direction, does not fail to show us how truthful and manly and great Pope could also be. The study is in fact very extraordinary for its carefulness and justice; and the result for our edification is another of those complex characters in which what is out of character is often most characteristic. Mr. Stephen's method is neither sympathetic nor antipathetic; it is not lenient, but it is very often compassionate; and it is incomparably refreshing and satisfactory. I am not sure that I greatly admire his style; I am not sure that he has a style, properly speaking; but I read whatever he writes with pleasure; and I always find it scrupulously true, serious, and humane. As I enjoy, I keep asking myself whether after a while literary art will not have made expression so natural and easy that at last we shall not think of style, but only of the good companionship of a just and wholesome mind, and whether Mr. Stephen has not anticipated in his work that not impossible period.

— A good deal has been said lately about the American girl. Different people have been describing her, and commenting upon her characteristic virtues and failings. For my own part, I should not know her from the descriptions given. I do not remember to have seen the young woman thus characterized, although, if she is *the* American girl, I must necessarily have met her. Here and there I recognize a trait which makes me think the critic has seen the girl I know; but then he goes on to mention something so unlike her that I find I am mistaken, and that he and I are thinking of different persons. One writer says that the American girl, though not at all introspective, is intensely self-conscious, and always feels the need of "justifying her position." Another denies this *in toto.* I should merely remark that some girls are self-conscious, and some are not; so far as my observation goes, the majority of them are not so, and the same with regard to their introspectiveness. The first writer declares that the American girl "would like to be judged by her intentions, not her conduct." It is true that the conduct of some girls is not always the key to their intentions, but when this is the case the discrepancy is generally to be explained by ignorance of convention rather than any wish to defy or even to change it. Daisy Miller *is* an exact type of certain unfortunate girls; I myself have known one who might have done almost everything that Daisy Miller did with a like ignorant

innocence. But we have plenty of others as unlike these simple daisies as any European girl could be. No country seems to me to furnish so great a variety of types of the young girl as our own, nor of types so admirable, on the whole. It is hardly possible to speak of the American girl, and to compare her either with the ideal young girl or with the girls of any other country, for the reason that the much greater freedom of development of our girls makes so much more diversity of character among them. We have frivolous girls, and serious, thoughtful ones, some whose manners are modest, refined, and soft, and some (though I think comparatively few) who have manners *prononcée* or fast. "There is as much difference in folks as in anybody," was the jocose phrase of an old gentleman I knew, and I should say that there is *more* difference in American girls than in anybody. One of the writers referred to remarks that a German wife is for him or her nearer the ideal wife than the average woman of any other country. I, on the contrary, could wish no harder fate for the American girl than to become such a wife as the German one. She is virtuous, indeed, domestic, — how utterly and wearisomely domestic! — but is she happy? May a wife not be both virtuous and happy? A German wife is literally and wholly the upper servant of the household, and is so regarded by her husband, for whom she toils faithfully, ironing his shirts, cooking his dinner, meekly bringing her accounts to him, ready to be rebuked if her household expenditure exceeds in the slightest the maximum he considers proper; and this she does without commendation or reward, — even the reward of his companionship. What is the use of her having been well educated, if her husband cares nothing for her society, and she has no leisure from household duties for reading? It is true that she is perfectly contented with her life, and despises the notion of a better one, — but what of that? Contentment with one's lot is no proof that the lot is a worthy or enviable one. Oysters, I suppose, are contented with their fate. The attitude of the Germans toward women measures their civilization, and by that standard they are half barbarous still.

— I have had a pamphlet sent to me entitled The Legal Prevention of Illiteracy. I dare say it is a very able pamphlet, but I have not read it; it is not illiteracy I want to prevent, but literacy! I long for some patent method of convincing every man, woman, and child, who is poor, unhappy, or wants pin-money, that they cannot rush into literature pell-mell, and make money at will. Above all, I should like a legal penalty imposed on every one who sends a "first effort" to me. It is an equal "effort" and by no means my "first" for me to read their poetry, and for them to write it. I say invariably, and I say it again here, that if the Angel Gabriel were to write a book, and ask me for my candid opinion of its merits, I would not give it to him. I am fast becoming a misanthrope from the amount of trash, garnished with neither sense, grammar, rhyme, nor metre, that my fellow creatures perpetrate with a view to fame and fortune. Will anything ever convince this crowd of imbeciles that to write even decently demands previous cultivation, information, and common sense; or that real genius is like any other diamond, and needs careful cutting and polishing? I suppose not!

— In reading the various papers on words, their derivations, uses, meanings, and general construction, which, under one form or another, are so frequent lately, I have often recalled a curious study in the construction of language afforded me once by a little child.

She was unusually backward in learning to talk, unable to say any words but "dada" and "mam" till she was nearly two years old. About that time she

learned to call her nurse and her aunt (whom she had hitherto called "mam-mam"), respectively, "Minny" and "Nan," but further adhered to sign language, except for one noun, "bood," meaning a bug, and applied first to a wasp; she discovered that a wasp was bad, and then everything she did not like was bood-dood: months after she learned to say "bap" for raspberry, and called every sort of fruit bap-ap; eggs becoming "biddy-bap-ap," or, being translated, hen-berry.

Some one called her baby sister a "dear little bird," after which everything small was "dea'-bird;" a little boy was a "dea'-bird papa," and a little girl a "dea'-bird mamma." She also learned to say "dap!" to the horses, instead of "get up," and to call a cow "ma;" and her favorite story being a sort of jingle her aunt sung to her, beginning, —

"Trip, trap, trot!
Coming out of the lot,
Daisy and Crummie, Dido and Fern,
Up the lane and round the turn,
All their living have got to earn,
Trip, trap, trot!
Coming out of the lot!"

she asked for it always as "dap-ma," or "get up, cow!" and every other story or song was a "dap-ma." By the same logical process her grandfather and grandmother on the paternal side were "dadda-dadda" and "dadda-mamma;" but on the other side, for the sake of perspicuity, they were "Nanna-dadda" and "Nanna-mamma," her only aunt being her mother's sister. Her language was not to be understood by any one not constantly with her; and, indeed, only one person — the aunt who had the care of her babyhood, and knew every corner of her nature — could interpret all she said.

When her lucent gray eyes began to dim with sleep, and she wanted to be drawn to the pillow she loved best, she would begin in this *patois* of her own invention: "Nan! dea'-bird han' in dea'-bird home, dap-ma me!" meaning, "Aunty, take my little hand to its little home and sing to me." Her nurse's daughter she did not like, and always called her "Ibby's bood-ood *bood-ood* dea'-bird mamma!"

This is but a specimen of the way in which she wrought out for herself a language. As she grew older she learned to speak the tongues of men, and to think the wild, speculative thoughts that torment a child of sensitive organization and too much brain-power for its age. One day, when she had been searching into some of the problems of the universe, her aunt said to her, "Fairy! don't worry your head about such things; they are not your affair at all; your Father up in the sky made the world, and knows how to take care of it. Do stop thinking, and go out-doors to play with Birdie." A strange wistfulness came into her clear eyes as she looked up and answered, "Nan, dear! I tan't stop finkin'; my bwains wiggles wound so in my mind!"

Often since, with tired head and heart, sitting down to write when her ideas seemed to be in an irresolvable chaos, "Nan, dear," has recalled that baby speech, and felt its meaning, as her own brains wriggled round in her mind so!

— What opposite opinions are expressed as to the world's judgment, which sometimes we hear stigmatized as cold, harsh, and superficial, and again, on the other hand, as the only authority whose common sense is unfailing! It is not the only subject about which there may be opinions that are opposite and yet not contradictory. I think both these notions with regard to the judgment of society, or the world, are true. The world's common sense seems an almost unerring instinct, like the brute instinct of self-preservation. The world's conventions are rules tacitly agreed on to preserve, if not the life, yet the decency and order of its existence. So far as it goes, the world's judgment is good, but it seldom goes far or deep enough to be

wholly trustworthy; it is deficient, and therefore apt to be mistaken. It does not take account of the whole fact, or of all the facts. It judges coarsely, in the lump, as it were, considering its own interests and the lawful supremacy of its own conventions, rather than the exceptional circumstances of any case and the interests, wishes, temptations, of any individual. The world's judgment, in a word, is like that of a man abounding in common sense, filled moderately full of the milk of human kindness, of a sound, clear, decisive intellect. But more than this goes to the forming of the absolutely true judgment, as any one knows who is given but a little to studying men and the ways of the world. There must be a knowledge of the subtler, under-the-surface motives that influence men, the complexities of thought and feeling that lead to action. Such knowledge comes only of sympathy with the object studied, and such sympathy it is of course vain to expect from the world, as we personify in one that aggregate of men who form the conventions of society. You must know something of a man in order to understand and judge him, but the world cannot thus know individuals. The only true judgment possible is of individuals by individuals. The world's conventions are valuable, but the world's judgments most commonly incomplete, and if given for complete, therefore untrue.

— The recent controversy between Mr. Francis Parkman and the Woman Suffragists has attracted wide attention, both by reason of the eminence of the parties concerned and the increasing interest which the world takes in the woman question.

It is unnecessary to state that the conservatives of Mr. Parkman's school advocate the domestic sphere for woman, to the almost total exclusion of any other. The radicals, on the other hand, advocate almost any career for her, in preference to the domestic, though they do not fail to make frequent and sentimental allusion to the somewhat obvious fact that without its mothers the race could not have existed.

To take any part in this controversy however, is not my present object. I wish merely to call attention to that social potentiality which is slowly slipping out of the hands of the educated women of our day, and transforming itself into an element of organized struggle against evils, rather than an atmosphere favorable to good. I fear that my readers will be aghast at the boldness which states that, in New England, society, in its old-time significance of hospitality and good fellowship, is dying out, — in a great many communities is in fact not only dead, but buried! And what potentate reigns in the old king's stead? The club!

We have art clubs, book clubs, dramatic clubs, pottery clubs. We have sewing circles, philanthropic associations, scientific, literary, religious, athletic, musical, and decorative art societies, political organizations without end. But society pure and simple, without any handle to its name, most of us have not. Those of us who have no accomplishment save the power of intelligent and sympathetic conversation are, in the English phrase, "out of it." There is no place now outside of home, however monotonous it be, for the "average" woman who has not a taste for any of the pursuits above mentioned. Society has become like a boiling spring, too troubled, too eager for the objective existence it has chosen, to have sympathetic reflections in its bosom for anybody. The charming association of men and women fifty years ago is slowly vanishing away, and taking with it, it is to be feared, the possibility of developing a national type of manners which may be recognized as distinctive and admirable everywhere. Men and women live either in the selfish seclusion of homes whose delights they refuse to share with others, or else

they segregate themselves into what I may term one-sex associations, in which neither influences the other. Many married men show an almost morbid fear that their wives may become too much interested in society, and thus neglect their homes. They seem not to realize that the gifts which make a woman a power in society are hers for a divinely appointed purpose.

We have women enough whose gifts and graces would make their hospitality a precious boon, to be eagerly grasped by all recipients. But our queens have no general sway. They shine under a roof, and not in a firmament. And those of them whose hearts and brains are too large to endure the narrowness and materialism of domestic life, as now understood, and nothing else, throw themselves into missions and "movements" and "questions."

I lately read an article on the Reform of Woman's Education, by Sir Alexander Grant, in which he says most aptly, "The law of joy and the law of energy are obviously laws of life." In New England we realize all too deeply the latter translated into the law of work. But who shall teach us the forgotten law of joy?

— I remember reading somewhere an ingenious plea for what used contemptuously to be called "newspaper poetry;" that rather unsuggestive and halting verse whose *raison d'être* had not hinted itself before to me. It appears from the authority cited that a large proportion of toiling men and women not cultured in art are soothed by a mediocre variety of poetry and music. Hosts to whom Tennyson and Browning babble an unknown tongue, who are perplexed by the allusions in Longfellow's lucid numbers, enjoy the strains which we regard as a travesty upon our ideas of the true and the beautiful. "Let us have the poor songs at which you groan, Mr. Editor," pleads "a tired woman." "For us, who lack time and talent to cultivate a higher standard, they are good enough, and vastly better than you think." If

> "The value of a thing
> Is just as much as it will bring"

to us, why is there not good sense in this honest speech? Were all of us as frank, I imagine our symphony concerts and Shakespeare classes would receive a sudden weeding out.

"An ordinary man; an ordinary woman!" Why does this sentence disgrace a human being? We play our part in an ordinary world, where our daily needs are for the most part trivial, if not ignoble. The hand which skillfully ministers to any household want, shading and softening the thorny details, lending its not too sensitive palm to the burdens and conflicts of life, may have no such cunning as that of the musician or artist, but it is of all others most comforting to overwrought souls.

Why have so many men of active genius and brilliant accomplishments taken to themselves an extreme contrast in the person of a quiet, possibly ugly-faced woman for wife? Have we not shrugged our shoulders with surprise and disgust at such a freak of fancy?

Nature is wiser than reason; she sees that the quivering nerves and the swift impulses of creative power need constant offset. Your hero would be most keenly appreciated by his peer in intellect or talent, but he is relaxed and soothed in an atmosphere of actual commonplace.

Let us not too much rejoice in our claim to superiority. If to our share falls the divining rod of genius; if to this fortune adds the means of wide attainment, still let us touch softly the question of lofty and lowly, of true and false means and aims, since before the still higher ordeal we are ourselves named as ordinary men and women.

— I fear that poets generally do not appreciate the vicious tendency of imperfect rhymes. So many such rhymes have been given to the world, and the world has borne even the most atrocious

ones with so little complaint, that the really bad effect of some of them is apt to be overlooked. My attention has been incidentally drawn anew to this matter by reading a recently published essay on certain faulty pronunciations which are common in America, at least; and it is absolutely disheartening to see how the poets are perpetuating these mispronunciations.

For instance, the writer just referred to says mournfully, "How large is the number who make the distinction between the unaccented *e* and the unaccented *o* in *mystery* and *history*, in *literal* and *littoral?* And yet in that and in like distinction lie the beauty and the elegance of cultivated speech. The slovenly speaker 'lumps' almost all such vowels into the obscure sound of *u*, saying *mystur-y, histur-y*." Now of course every one remembers this passage in Hood's Bridge of Sighs: —

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery
> Swift to be hurled."

I suppose every child learns this, and repeats it, or hears it repeated, scores of times before the end of his school life, and that one imperfect rhyme may make him an incurably "slovenly speaker." Perhaps it is for such crimes as this that Mr. Emerson excludes Hood from Parnassus, — a remarkable case of poetic justice. But Shelley is scarcely less guilty than Hood, as witness the following, from Lines: —

> "As music and *splendor*
> Survive not the lamp and the lute,
> The heart's echoes *render*
> No song when the spirit is mute."

How can we hope to secure "the beauty and the elegance of cultivated speech," if popular and highly esteemed poets continue to familiarize their readers with such misleading rhymes?

But even this danger is not the worst. There is another possibility, still more to be deplored, because if it ever becomes a reality it will be after the false rhymers and their contemporaries are all dead. Rhymes play a very important part in determining the pronunciation which obtained in any generation that has passed away without leaving a clear record of its speech; and when we remember how certain Chaucer scholars have fallen by the ears as to Chaucer's own pronunciation of the words he wrote, and how students of Elizabethan English fail to reach harmonious conclusions, we cannot look into the future without misgivings.

Fancy some critic of the twenty-second century expressing the opinion that *home* was often pronounced *hum* by the most cultivated Englishmen and Americans of the nineteenth century, and citing in proof such passages as this from Whittier's Vision of Echard: —

> "For the death in life of Nitria,
> For your Chartreuse ever *dumb*,
> What better is the neighbor,
> Or happier the *home?*"

and this from Shelley: —

> "From thy nest every rafter
> Will rot, and thine eagle *home*
> Leave thee naked to laughter
> When leaves fall and cold winds *come*."

Or suppose that the coming gazetteer, in giving the pronunciation of *Virginia*, calls attention to the fact that Pope makes the name rhyme with *guinea.*

The Tales of a Wayside Inn must share the burden of discredit, for, not to mention any other passages, there is this unfortunate one: —

> "That have made of Ak-Hissar
> A city of the *plague;*
> And the loud, exultant cry
> That echoes wide and far
> Is: 'Long live Scander*beg!*'"

Such a name as Scanderbeg has a wonderful power of impressing itself on the memory, and carrying its rhyme with it, so that wherever this passage goes it will spread the *plĕg.*

It is distressing enough to think that such rhymes as "pursuing . . . ruin" (in Shelley's Arethusa) and "standing . . . band in" (in Pope's imitation of Swift) may furnish material at some future day for a scholarly essay on The

Extent to which the Final *G* was Silent in the Speech of our Ancestors. But the misery of miseries will be experienced when some delving mole connects a rhyme like this, in Recollection, —

> "How calm it was! — the silence *there*
> By such a chain was bound,
> That even the busy woodpeck*er*
> Made stiller by her sound," etc., —

with "Punch in the presence of the passenjare"! How could we sleep in our graves?

— Prudence, as every smatterer in etymology knows, is but *providence* writ small. It is therefore foresight, forethought, perception of and regard for consequences. Jean Jacques Rousseau tersely speaks of it as the virtue that renders nearly all other virtues unnecessary. In other words, the really prudent man will not get into situations from which he can issue only by dint of extraordinary virtue of some kind or other. He will watch over the first approaches of temptation; he will avoid all needless and dangerous entanglements; he will be business-like and systematic in whatever he undertakes; he will seek to know the rules of every game into which he enters, and, knowing the rules, he will observe them; he will profit by the experience of others, letting fools take the smart of their punishment while he takes the benefit; and thus acting he will escape a vast amount of the trouble and worry and strain and stress that are thought by so many to be essential elements in every existence. No doubt such a life will appear to some to be destitute, not only of all grandeur, but of all interest. The prudent man, as we have sketched him, will seem to be one whose breast never throbs with a generous impulse, and whose sympathies with human kind must necessarily be weak. I fail, however, to see that such is the case. The first thing to consider is that the man who escapes trouble himself generally, if not always, saves some to his neighbor. The man, for example, who insists that a business transaction shall be placed upon such a basis as to leave no possible opening for misunderstanding renders no less a service to him with whom he is negotiating than to himself. So far as the act in question is concerned, he lays the basis of future harmonious relations with his neighbor; and both reap the benefit of a prudence that was perhaps entirely on one side. The prudent man, therefore, enjoying a large immunity from causes of personal disagreement, and having his mind free from the petty worries and misunderstandings which embitter so many lives, and more or less cloud and paralyze the energies of some men even of superior intellect, can afford to take and does take a disinterested view of things generally, and so can do more justice to his neighbors than some who pride themselves on the magnanimity of their impulses. The prudent man is really the man who does no harm to others, and who is therefore exempted from the sad necessity *odisse quos læserit*, — of hating those he has injured. He may not gush out in acts of ostentatious beneficence, but he has a careful and delicate regard to the *rights* of others which is infinitely better. We confess to some sympathy with the view that all unsolicited generosity partakes a little of the nature of impertinence. Let those who have been routed and unhorsed in the tourney of life crave quarter if they will; but no such request should come from one who can still carry himself against the foe. I may be weaker than my neighbor in some respects; but why should he suppose that such strength and resources as I have are not sufficient for the plan of life I have set before me? There is no poverty to those who know how to make ends meet; there is no sense of helplessness to one who does not aim at more than he can accomplish. The Apostle Paul is translated as saying that he has learned in whatever state of life he is

"therewith to be content;" but the word rendered content, αὐτάρκης, should perhaps rather be "self-sufficing." This is the lesson we should all learn, — the lesson that lies at the foundation of all happiness, — to be self-dependent, asking nothing from others but what we are prepared and able to render to them in return. Prudence goes naturally hand in hand with justice, while imprudence, affecting the society of generosity, is too often found in close connection with injustice. The first is the great economizer, the second the great spendthrift, of all human resources, not of money only, but of strength, patience, and temper.

Prudence has no more a necessary connection with selfishness than the exercise of any other special faculty which gives one man an advantage over another. It is, as I have said, simple prevision of results. Why should the man who foresees results be selfish? Why should he not see for others as well as for himself? In point of fact, the prudent man generally *does* want to see for others. He hates to see people going wrong, and will drop many a useful hint by the way, which others may profit by if they will. His instincts incline him to love peace and harmony, and he will do his best to cause these to prevail.

That prudence is of the highest moment in the battle of life, who can doubt? The question is how to be prudent. To this I venture the answer: Believe in law, always and everywhere. Nothing is more at war with prudence than trusting to luck or to occult influences of any kind. Safety lies in the steady pursuance of right methods in everything; but to pursue right methods we must first of all believe in methods, believe that there *are* methods. Some men willingly admit methods in the things they best understand, but ignore them in matters with which they are less familiar. A safe assumption to start with, however, is that all departments of human life have been more or less methodized, and that, if we do not understand the methods of any particular department, we should, before venturing anything in that region, consult those who do. The man who, without special preparation, should attempt to compound his own pills, or draft his own deeds and mortgages, would soon be brought to recognize his folly; yet in many matters we see men acting with an almost equal disregard of experience and skill which they might consult and guide themselves by if they chose. The prudent man suspects, nay believes in, the existence of law, even where he cannot trace it; and he seeks everywhere to guide himself upon general principles, to follow some line of action laid down by nature itself. He has no faith in shuffling through the world on his purely individual responsibility; he asks nature to guide him; her lead he is never ashamed to follow. The conception of the universality of law is gaining ground every day, but there is vast room yet for it to occupy in the minds of men and women. To prepare a youth of either sex for a career of usefulness and happiness in this world, nothing is of such importance as to imbue him or her with the belief — which we should render, as far as possible, instinctive — that everything happens by virtue of some general principle, and should be referred to its appropriate cause; and therefore that if we wish to accomplish specific results we should take the broad road that leads to those results, and not try any gallops across country. The broad road may be long, but at least it follows a determinate direction, and the patient traveler will win his goal. Let us see a Divinity in everything, — not one who arbitrarily punishes or rewards, but one who continually admonishes us of the consequences of acts, who speaks the language of law, and invites us all to be prudent, to be faithful, and to be happy.

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LIBEL AND ITS LEGAL REMEDY.

The subject of libel and its restraint by legal penalty is one of immense difficulty both in England and the United States, owing to the *rôle* which has been assigned in both countries to public opinion as represented by, or embodied in, the newspaper press. Restriction on the free expression of opinion through the press and on the criticism in writing of public officers is associated in all the best political traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race with attempts to establish or maintain arbitrary government. As a consequence of this it has been the policy of legislation, ever since the triumph of what may be called liberalism, — that is, in this country ever since the Revolution, and in England ever since 1815, — to encourage the press not to be afraid; to speak its mind freely about persons and things, and indeed, one may almost say, to take great risks in the matter of libeling, both as a sign and guarantee of freedom. An enumeration of the changes made in the law in both countries within the last century, in the direction of protecting and even stimulating newspaper boldness, would make it appear clearly enough that the press is not solely to blame for its own faults in the matter of excess. The tendency to excess has been fostered, and the proper legal treatment of libel made more difficult, in other ways also. As the influence of authority, whether in the form of religious belief or of high social or official station, has grown weaker, we have come more and more to rely, for the sanction of our social morality, on the strong concentration of public opinion. This concentration of opinion against violators of received social morality is wrought mainly by the newspapers, and in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, consists largely in what is familiarly known as "newspaper attacks." Thousands, if not millions, of good men sleep more comfortably because they think the newspapers are looking after the bad men, or at all events after the men they themselves do not like. Then, too, the newspaper press is placed, in democratic countries which have adopted the system of frequent elections and short terms of office, in a position of great responsibility. It has been charged in these countries with that function of inspection and investigation towards public servants which seems to be called for under all governments at the hands of some person, or body of persons, outside the regular administrative machine. Under the old monarchical *régime*, the sovereign discharged, or was supposed to discharge, the duty of seeing that "none but good men got into office," to use a now familiar phrase, and that men in office did

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their duty. This task, which is probably as important as any that a civilized society is called on to provide for, has in this country and in England been turned over to the newspaper editors, who are, in reality, a body of volunteer inspectors, who have to earn their bread by what we may call outside work, while serving the public. That is to say, they have to live by collecting and selling news, while devoting a large part of their time to watching and reporting on the character and conduct of public officers, from legislators to policemen. The contrivance is undoubtedly a clumsy one, and the work only indifferently done, but it is done under great difficulties, and no other mode of doing it has yet been thought of.

The only really efficient examination of the character of candidates for office is made by the press, and the most powerful check, though not by any means the only one, in official misconduct is the inquisitiveness and railing of the newspapers. This is perhaps not an admirable system of inspection, much less an ideal one, but it is the only one as yet devised, and it may be said that without it popular government by frequent election would hardly be possible in our time. Newspapers, however, could not, or would not, do this work if kept under close legal restraint. As a matter of fact, they are virtually exempt by law or opinion from all check in the matter of criticism of official persons. The public virtually says to them, "Say everything that comes into your head about men in office; some of it, at least, will probably be true, and our interest will be served by having the truth come out in any shape."

So that, for one reason or another, there is probably no legal line more difficult to draw than the line between what we call the freedom and the license of the press. A timid press would be useless as an exposer of abuses; a licentious press, on the other hand, causes great individual suffering. Three generations of lawyers and statesmen, here and in England, have been trying to make up their minds which of the two they prefer, and in what manner they can best secure the object of their choice, but without much success.

We have talked thus far as if all libeling were done by newspapers. For the purposes of this paper, at all events, we will assume this to be true. Slander, or spoken defamation, contains in the eye of the law the same ingredients as a libel, but to become a libel it has to be written or printed and put in circulation. It once figured prominently in the law reports, but is now very seldom the subject of legal pursuit. People care comparatively little what evil is said of them, as long as "it does not get into the papers," as the phrase is.

So much of whatever libeling is done in our time is done in the newspapers, and it is so necessary, to make a libel effective, that it should appear in the newspapers, that, although, strictly speaking, it may appear in a book, pamphlet, placard, or picture, the word *libel* conveys to most minds the idea of an attack on somebody in a newspaper, and nothing else. Some, indeed, whose antipathy to the press is unusually strong, often think of newspapers as simply instruments for the dissemination of libel, and of editors as persons who make their living by concocting libels. In fact, when we consider the enormous increase in the number of newspapers which has taken place within the last half century, and the extent to which vast communities now rely on them for nearly all they know or wish to know of what goes on in the world outside private houses, one is forced to admit that to no art has the progress of invention and the growth of population made such additions as to the art of holding persons up to public odium or contempt. Down to the beginning of this century, the power of any one person over any other person's reputation

or feelings, through what he might say or write about him, was very trifling. It could be exercised over only a very small area and within hearing of a very small number, and as a matter of fact a man could readily get rid of a damaged reputation by moving away a short distance.

Now what is a libel?

A libel, the books say, is a censorious or ridiculing writing, picture, or sign. It is a malicious writing, printing, or sign, intended to blacken the memory of the dead, or expose the living to hatred, contempt, or ridicule. It is a publication which *has a tendency* to injure a man's reputation, or disgrace or degrade him in society, or lower him in the esteem and opinion of the world; to hold him up to scorn, or make him infamous or odious; to deprive him of the benefits of public confidence and social intercourse, or impeach his honesty, virtue, or integrity, or publish his natural defects. In fact, if we were to infer the amount of protection against libel afforded by the law from the comprehensiveness and liberality of the legal definitions of libel, we should conclude that this protection was complete, and that no one was ever libeled with impunity. In truth, however, there is probably no injury to which man is exposed in civilized society from which the law does so little to protect him. There are two ways known to American and English jurisprudence of punishing a libel: you may either procure the indictment of the libeler on a criminal charge, or you may sue him in a civil action for damages. The theory on which the law grants you your remedy in either of these courses is very instructive. If you resort to the criminal charge, the law punishes the libeler not on the theory that his crime consisted in hurting your feelings and lowering you in the estimation of your neighbors, but on the theory that he provoked you in a manner which might have led you to commit a breach of the peace, that is, to assault him or challenge him to fight. In other words, the proceeding is *in principle* simply a means of preventing a brawl.

This was undoubtedly an advance on the earlier view, which did not regard slander as a fit subject for judicial cognizance at all, but left the slandered person to punish it by personal chastisement, and which still lingers as a curious survival of barbarism in nearly every civilized country, except England and the Northern States of the Union. At the South there is to-day a strong feeling that there is something unmanly or discreditable in seeking redress for libel in the courts, instead of challenging the offender to single combat. In France a similar sentiment prevails. In fact, failure to punish a libel by combat seems, with a large portion of French society, to do a man more damage than any libel, however malignant. Mr. Hamerton, the well-known author and painter, describes, in a recent number of Macmillan's Magazine, his experience in seeking redress for a libel on him, printed in a French newspaper, in the city near which he was residing. He called on "a wise old lawyer" about bringing an action for libel. Said the lawyer at once, "Nobody expects you to fight the editor; it would be doing him far too much honor; but you might, perhaps, challenge one of the highly respectable gentlemen who keep the paper agoing with their money, and pay the editor to do their dirty work. You might be able to get at one of them, I dare say, if it were agreeable to you." Mr. Hamerton thereupon observed that "dueling was not much in his line," and that "Englishmen did not generally fight duels." "This," he adds, "was frank but imprudent. The lawyer looked at me seriously and sadly. A gentleman who was not strongly disposed to fight a duel could scarcely, I perceived, expect to maintain a very high place in his esteem. . . . After a while he recovered from the shock, and said, 'Well, nobody expects you to

fight with that rascally editor, at all events.' "

That a man of good standing should wish to consult him about *legal* proceedings for libel did not, lawyer though he was, at first occur to him. Of course, the *theory* on which the indictment is formed makes little difference, as long as it is laid before a jury. In practice the jury deals with the offense as a simple injury, without considering, or being called on to consider, whether it was likely to have provoked a breach of the peace or not. But there is nevertheless a strong disinclination to punish libel as a criminal offense. Grand juries are reluctant, except in cases of great gravity and in which manifest and tangible injury has resulted, to find bills for libel. Libelers whom it is considered worth while to prosecute are often, in fact in most cases, persons with greater or less claims to social or political consideration, and the public is therefore somewhat shocked if they are sent to jail; and juries do not like to send them to jail. The punishment seems too great for the crime. In England, during the past year, one of the new class of newspapers called "society journals," which make a specialty of collecting social tittle-tattle and scandal, went so far as to make direct and very revolting attacks on two women of considerable prominence in the fashionable world, and the editor, who was an obscure adventurer, was promptly prosecuted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment with hard labor. The success of this proceeding caused forthwith a large crop of criminal prosecutions for libels of a comparatively trifling character. The consequence was a proposal — though I do not know whether any action has as yet been taken in the matter, or not — to make the approval on the part of the attorney-general necessary to the institution of criminal proceedings for libel. Here, where such proceedings are always in the hands of public prosecutors, and where grand juries take on themselves more responsibility in the matter of finding bills, this danger of abuse of criminal prosecution is not likely to arise. In fact, the tendency is in the other direction. It may be said, indeed, that criminal treatment of libel is unsuited to our manners. Criminal proceedings must, in every country in which the jury trial exists, owe their efficacy largely to popular sympathy with the victims of a wrong. Now the great difficulty in punishing assaults on reputation in all Anglo-Saxon countries, and more especially in this, is that sympathy with the victims of this particular wrong is very deficient. One would not infer this from the amount of denunciation of slander and the amount of lamentation over the license of the press one hears in every direction, and most people will doubtless, at first blush, be inclined to deny it. But a little close observation of some of the phenomena of libeling will put it beyond question. When a man in good standing — and he is the only man who feels disposed to punish libel — finds his character assailed in a newspaper, his pain and mortification, unless he has been long before the public and has been hardened by it, are apt to be intense. He often suffers more, in many cases vastly more, than if he had been robbed of property. He fancies that everybody who knows him has read the libel, and has been deeply impressed by it. As he walks down the street he thinks that every eye is turned on him as the person who has been shown up by the Argus or the Cerberus. He hates to have his family see the article. He winces terribly when he meets anybody who refers to it. As a matter of fact, however, his friends care little or nothing about it. If the attack is very vituperative, they are amused by it. Unless it is supported by something in the way of documentary proof, their opinion of him is not affected by it. With the general public, who do not know him, it has sim-

ply had the effect of making the paper in which it appeared seem "spicy." It will very likely lower him in their estimation in some degree, but it makes nobody feel sorry for him. Those whom he consults as to whether he ought to take any notice of it are generally unanimous in advising him not to do so.

Finally, let me say, — and this is a suggestive fact, — some of the most prominent newspapers in the country have laid the foundation of enormous commercial success by wholesale indulgence in libel; they have found, in other words, steady and persistent attacks on the reputation of individuals to be the best mode of gaining the ear of the public and extending their circulation. There could not be a more striking illustration of the feebleness of the support which the judicial machinery for the punishment of libel receives from public opinion. So that libel may be said to be the one wrong to which an individual is exposed in civilized life in which keenness of suffering does not count, either in the eye of the law or of the public, as an aggravation of the offense, and does not diffuse a vivid sense of common danger. Anglo-Saxon law, as well as Anglo-Saxon politics, has never taken much account of sentimental grievances; that is, of injury to the feelings. It cares for property greatly, and attacks on property move an Anglo-Saxon community to any needful extreme of severity in repression. It feels the deepest sympathy with the man who loses it, but it is unwilling to concern itself much about any man's mental suffering, unless he can show that he is out of pocket by it. It requires that if he is hurt, even in the deepest recesses of his nature, he shall appraise his loss in dollars and cents before the law will bestir itself in his behalf. This appears very markedly in the other remedy for libel, the civil action. If a libel attacks a man in his professional or official capacity, the law presumes that he suffers pecuniary damage from it. If it accuses a doctor of want of skill, the law assumes that he will lose patients by it. If it imputes ignorance to a lawyer, the law assumes that he will lose clients by it. If it impeaches the integrity or capacity of a public officer, the law assumes that he will suffer in his authority or influence, or in his chance of reëlection or reappointment or promotion, and accordingly awards him pecuniary compensation, the amount of which it leaves the jury to fix; though for the reason I have already given public officers very seldom seek redress in this way.

Supposing, however, that the libel does not touch you at all in any professional capacity, or injure you in your business, but simply assails your character as a man or woman, and yet does not charge you with an indictable offense, — that is, if it simply goes to make you ridiculous or odious, or make you "the town talk," in a way which is not likely to have any direct effect on your success in your calling, or on your authority or efficiency in some public station, — the law calls on you for proof of what is called "special damage." It asks you how much, if anything, you have lost in consequence of the libel, and holds that if you cannot show that you have suffered any pecuniary loss, or the equivalent of pecuniary loss, through the libel, you are entitled to no compensation, and the libeler deserves no penalty. The law reports and the text-books on slander and libel are full of the strongest assertions of the doctrine that the law protects property, not reputation. "Special damage," says one of the authorities (Townshend on Slander and Libel, § 198), "consists in the loss of marriage, loss of consortium of husband and wife, loss of emoluments, profits, customers, employment, or gratuitous hospitality, or being subjected to any other inconvenience or annoyance occasioning or involving an actual or constructive pecuniary loss." "All

the cases," said the judges in an action brought by a woman, "proceed on the assumption that the plaintiff has sustained some pecuniary loss in consequence of the slander. It is not sufficient that she has fallen into disgrace, contempt, and infamy, and lost her credit, reputation, and peace of mind, or the society or good opinion of her neighbors [as a consequence of the slander], unless she has been injured in her estate or property." (Woodbury *v.* Thompson, 3 N. H. 194.)

It has been held, too, that where a woman was shunned by her neighbors, and turned out of a moral reform society, she had no remedy, because she could show no "special damage." It has been held in another case, where a woman fell sick under a libel, that "as the law gives no remedy for outraged feelings or sentiments, a sickness induced by mental distress in consequence of the language published, followed by inability to transact business, or expense for medical attendance, does not constitute special damage," and that for such a libel no action would lie. (Terwilliger *v.* Wands, 17 N. Y. 54.) I have said already that editors are in popular estimation the great libelers of the day. There is probably no class of the community so much libeled, — of course by brother editors, — but they seldom or never sue for it. Indeed, an editor would have very little chance before a jury, in an action against a newspaper, so deeply rooted is the popular belief that his proper remedy is to libel back. There is one case on record, however, in which an editor did try to get damages for having his paper called a "low, ignorant, and scurrilous journal." This language, one would think, must surely be actionable, as touching his professional standing, yet the court ruled otherwise. But it held also that to say that the circulation of his paper was small *was* actionable. So that it seems to be law that you do not harm an editor by saying that he publishes a paper not worth reading, and which ought not to be read; but that if you say that very few people read it you have to pay something by way of compensation. (Heriot *v.* Stuart, 1 Esp. Cas. 457.) As if to make assurance doubly sure, the law also holds that the mere apprehension of special damage shall not entitle you to redress. It is not enough that the libel makes you *fear* that it may cause you damage, or that disinterested persons, like a jury, may consider your fear well founded. The damage must have actually occurred as the direct and *provable* consequence of the defamatory language of the libel.

It is to be said for this special-damage rule that it prevents the bringing of suits for trifling causes, and in the days before libel, when people sometimes brought each other into court for mere street abuse, it may have been very useful in saving the time of judges and juries from being wasted on trumpery quarrels. But the invention of the daily newspaper has introduced an aggravation of libel, or rather a new form of libel, for which the special-damage rule bars all remedy; I mean the aggravation which results from *repetition*. There are a thousand taunts, jeers, imputations, insinuations, and epithets which, if only flung out against a man *once* in the columns of the newspapers, will cause him, if a man of sense, little concern, and will attract but little notice, but which, if repeated day after day, or even very frequently, will occasion him and his family the acutest suffering, and end by making him a conspicuous object of public ridicule or odium. Almost every reader must have known of such cases. I knew of one, a few years ago, in which a citizen of high character and standing was tortured in this way for weeks, and had finally to beg for *mercy* from the editor through the intervention of a common friend. The thing said of him was too trifling for notice, had it been said

once, but when reproduced every second or third day it became persecution of the most intolerable kind; and yet, as the law now stands, it would not have supported a civil suit for damages, and would have seemed absurd if made the basis of an indictment. It would be easy to illustrate much more fully this branch of the power over individual comfort possessed by the press, and which it can and does exercise without bringing itself within the operation of the law of libel; but every reader of the newspapers can do it for himself. In fact, we see every week cases in which private individuals are injured in their reputation, — to recur to the legal definitions of libel which I have already quoted, — or lowered in the esteem and opinion of the world, or made ridiculous by quickly repeated and widely circulated charges, or epithets, or imputations, of which the law, as it now stands, will take no notice, and which inflict no appreciable material damages. In Scotland, and I believe in every country whose jurisprudence is based on the civil law, the special-damage rule does not exist. There, to borrow Lord Kames's words, "scandal, or any imputation on a man's good name, may be prosecuted even when the scandal is of such a nature that it cannot be the occasion of any pecuniary loss. It is sufficient to say, 'I am hurt in my character.'" Another authority says that whatever causes "uneasiness of mind" is actionable in Scotland, and I think this is the rule all over the Continent; but on the Continent libel is almost exclusively dealt with as a public wrong, like an assault. On the Continent, the legal immunity believed to be enjoyed by the newspapers in this country excites surprise so great that a distinguished French publicist[1] has described the American press as "despotism tempered by assassination;" his belief being that the only real remedy against libel enjoyed by the American citizen lies in the murder of editors. He relates, in illustration of this, that it is not uncommon for American newspaper offices to have a memorial marble plate over the door, inscribed with the names of the editors who have fallen in fight under the weapons of persons whom they have slandered, together with the date of each tragedy. The state of things in France is not much better than he imagines it to be here; that is, the sword is still relied on there as the main defense, not only against attacks on character, but against persistent ridicule, or personal depreciation. That it is very effective in keeping down a mode of attack to which our newspapers resort much there is no question. A newspaper in France rarely ventures pertinaciously to plague or tease a man. Nevertheless, the law does afford powerful protection to those who are not disposed for single combat, and it contains some provisions which have a certain value for us in the way of suggestion. As a general rule, Continental European legislation concerning the press is not of much value to Americans or Englishmen, by way either of suggestion or comparison, for the simple reason that it is all based on, or has grown out of, the theory that the press is a necessary evil, and in practice has to be treated as a nuisance, which must be mitigated, but cannot be wholly abated. The American and English legal view of the press, on the contrary, is now based on, if it has not grown out of, the theory that the press is performing a useful public function, in which, however, it is apt to commit excesses and make slips, which have to be treated with a certain indulgence. But there is one feature of Continental jurisprudence which does supply matter for serious reflection, if it does not suggest a possible reform in our own law of libel. In our legal and political development, — if we may treat them as two different things, — we have displayed a con-

[1] Maurice Block.

stantly increasing respect for the person; that is, for the human body. We forbid, or try to avoid, even in inflicting punishment, everything which may bring shame or dishonor to it. When punishment is corporal, as most punishment has to be, we make it as little corporal — if we may use the expression — as possible.

There is probably no country in the world in which so much tenderness is shown towards physical peculiarities as in this; in which, in short, the person is so sacred. But it must also be said that respect has not increased for all that portion of the personality which is not physical or tangible, the tastes, habits, prejudices, sensitiveness, manners, relations with friends and family, and the like, about which the civilized man ordinarily dislikes to talk to strangers or have strangers talk, which are roughly described by the term "private life," and which, to every man who is worth much, make up by far the better part of his whole life. Nay, there are many reasons for thinking that it has within the last half century greatly diminished, and that the press is now in a fair way to make it a thing of which the coming generation will know but little. On this point something is undoubtedly to be learned from French jurisprudence, which puts it in every man's power to prevent utterly those explorations of his private life which have lately become the fashion with a certain portion of our press, and which, especially in cases of bereavement or misfortune, give so much pain, — often as exquisite pain as mortals know. The French law forbids in any periodical the publication of anything relating to a man's private life which is not actually before the courts in a criminal proceeding; but the law is set in motion only at the instance of the person interested, and no proof of the truth of the statement made is permitted, or any discussion of the facts. All the complainant has to show is that the newspaper spoke of matters in his private life. This has been so strictly construed by the courts that an editor was found guilty for announcing the names of certain persons who had gone on a religious pilgrimage. The penalty is a fine, and also damages to the party aggrieved, in the discretion of the court.

We have got so far away, in our newspaper ethics, from the point of view on which this legislation rests that there are but few newspapers which do not, on the slightest pretext, publish everything that they can learn of all that portion of a man's sphere to which he least likes to admit the world outside; and the practice grows. It ministers to a popular taste which is as old as civil society. There never was a time when people did not enjoy hearing about their neighbor the things which they knew he would not like to tell them. But as long as our law has a policy, as long as legislation aims to favor particular manners or customs from a regard to the general good, we must admit that nothing is better worthy of legal protection than private life, or, in other words, the right of every man to keep his affairs to himself, and to decide for himself to what extent they shall be the subject of public observation and discussion.

There is another and probably removable defect in the existing legal remedy for libel, which is perhaps the most serious of any, and that is the slowness of the procedure. It may be said, in fact, that for libel no remedy is of any value at all which is not prompt. The law's delays are of course always partially destructive of the redress which the law offers for *any* kind of injury. But in the case of libel it may be said, in the larger number of cases, to be wholly destructive. This is certainly true of all those cases in which special damage cannot be shown. The injury of libel lies in the publicity. It is the publicity which causes all the pain. If a person libeled can bring the case speed-

ily before the court, while the matter is fresh in the public mind, the pain of the publication and the pain of the trial are merged; that is to say, the suffering of having to go over the subject in a trial in court, and thus make it still more public, will be no aggravation, or a comparatively slight aggravation, of the original suffering caused by the libel itself. The libel and the remedy, then, form one and the same transaction. Moreover, a prompt trial, and a prompt trial only, makes the remedy complete as regards the vindication of character. The public which reads the attack keeps it distinctly in its mind only a short time, and is disposed to watch its consequences only a short time. In a month, even, it will have ceased to remember much about it; but, unfortunately, it does remember *something* about it. It retains a vague impression that something unfavorable was said of So-and-So, and that it never saw any answer from So-and-So. It goes about its business with a dim, hazy conviction that there is something wrong about So-and-So. In other words, his reputation is slightly damaged, and remains damaged with thousands who know little about him beyond his name and calling. Supposing that So-and-So has done the only thing in his power to set himself right, by bringing an action against the libeler, and as is usual the case cannot be tried for many months, he is met with two cruel disadvantages. One is that, the public interest in him and his troubles having died out, the trial excites little attention, and the report of it does not catch the notice of one tenth of those who read the libel. The other is that, in seeking his remedy, after this long interval, he actually renews his wrong. He finds himself very much in the position of a man who, having brought an action for assault and battery, is compelled to submit to another assault and battery of the same nature before his case can go to the jury. He has to expose himself once more to that publicity in which the sting of the original libel lay, and may find it aggravated by additional ransacking of his affairs at the hands of the defendant's counsel. Thousands are deterred from ever seeking legal redress for attacks on character by this slowness of justice. A man can wait patiently for the recovery of property. It is hard to wait; if he wins his case, however, his remedy is as nearly complete as human justice can make it. But if he has to wait long for the legal rehabilitation of his character, the remedy assumes, to a certain extent, the nature of an aggravation of his injury. It has been suggested, as a mode of meeting this defect in the law, that libel cases should have precedence of all others on the court calendars. That this would in some degree meet it is undoubtedly true, but everybody who has had any experience of legal proceedings knows that some of the longest and worst of the law's delays occur before a case gets on the calendar at all. How these might be prevented, or whether they could be prevented, especially in cases in which the defendant undertakes to prove the truth of the allegations complained of, is something which could be discussed adequately by a professional man only, and on this point we shall not attempt to dwell.

They have in England a process for punishing libel which is what may be called the "swell" mode of doing it, and the one usually resorted to by persons who think they would be demeaned by going into a police court in quest of an indictment, or by bringing a civil action for damages, supposing the language complained of to be actionable. It consists in applying to the court of Queen's Bench for what is called a criminal information. This has to be done on affidavits, and into the affidavits the complainant can put what he pleases; in fact, his complete answer to the libel. The defendant either resists the appli-

cation, or withdraws his libel, by affidavit also. In this way the whole case gets before the court and the public at once, as far as it can be produced without hearing testimony, and while the matter is fresh in the public mind. This has undoubted advantages in the matter of speed, such as are not afforded by any other process either in this country or that.

It is open to any one to say that he thinks the present procedure is good enough, and that the evils of libel are not great enough to call for any change. With those who are of this way of thinking I do not argue. I am addressing those who think that the private character and individual peace of mind are things for which a civilized community is bound to provide, if need be, by extraordinary precautions, and that no adequate adaptation of the law to the greatly increased power over private character and individual peace of mind which has been lodged in the hands of newspaper editors and proprietors, by the growth of newspaper circulation, has as yet been made amongst us. Though such *adequate* adaptation may be very difficult, or indeed impossible, yet *something* in that direction *is* possible, and deserves far more attention, both from lawyers and legislators and from editors, than it has yet received. The press has no longer anything to fear from legal restriction of any kind, as regards its influence or material prosperity ; while the community has a good deal to fear from what may be called excessive publicity, or rather from the loss by individuals of the right of privacy.

But it would be unfair to close without venturing to assert that the power over the individual peace of mind and private character, lodged now in the hands of editors, is not on the whole abused to anything like the extent to which it might be abused, considering how little the law does to prevent its abuse, and how much the public curiosity in its lowest form tends to stimulate its abuse. On the contrary, I think no class of the community makes as remarkable a display of successful resistance to temptation as the editors of the daily papers, considering how much they hold in their hands and dispense of what their fellowmen both ardently desire and greatly fear, and considering the lack of sympathy, of which I have already spoken, which is usually felt by his friends or neighbors for the victim of newspaper attacks or explorations. I may add that deliberate assaults on character which have little or no foundation, and for which all redress in the shape of editorial correction is refused, are rare. No accurate estimate of them can be formed from the number of libel suits brought, because a very large number of these suits are brought by persons who have not the least intention of pushing them to trial; and this, not because they shrink from publicity, but because they know that judicial inquiry would leave them worse off than ever. The commencement of the suit is intended to produce the impression that there exists a complete answer to the charge, which the indignant plaintiff will lay before the public at the proper time, but he really does not anticipate that this proper time will ever arrive.

E. L. Godkin.

ALL SAINTS' EVE.

To-night, if true the legend tells,
All parted souls return:
When softly toll the midnight bells
And red the hearth-fires burn,
The wistful sprites come back again
From grassy grave and urn.

O legend sweet, come true to-night,
If never true before!
Bring back to me the eyes of light,
The lips that smiled of yore;
Bring back the fair and pallid face
I thought to see no more!

Thou liest in thy lonely grave
Among the silent hills;
The long gray grass thy woeful weed,
Thy requiem dropping rills.
My heart alone in all the earth
Thy tender memory thrills.

Without one parting look or word,
Not even by death distressed,
With tears unshed and cries unheard,
I saw thee seek thy rest;
Careless of all the love and grief
That round thy pillow pressed.

Behold! I light my sparkling fire,
The feast with flowers is spread;
Come, yield my heart its one desire,
Too long its depths have bled.
Come back for one forgiving kiss, —
Come back, my precious dead!

Still, still and sad the dark shuts down,
No fierce winds rock the tree;
Yet welcome night, and wind, and storm,
So I thy face might see.
What spell of power in earth or air
Shall bring it back to me?

By all the strength of kindred blood,
By vanished peace and pain,
By all we shared of ill or good,
I call thee back again!

Alas! thy sleep is still and deep,
My agony is vain.

In vain I watch, in vain I wait.
O God! what mortal spells
Can open that relentless gate
Where death's dread silence dwells?
Go out, my fire; be still, my heart;
Toll on, ye midnight bells!

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

VI.

Isabel Archer was a young person of many theories; her imagination was remarkably active. It had been her fortune to possess a finer mind than most of the persons among whom her lot was cast; to have a larger perception of surrounding facts, and to care for knowledge that was tinged with the unfamiliar. It is true that among her contemporaries she passed for a young woman of extraordinary profundity; for these excellent people never withheld their admiration from a reach of intellect of which they themselves were not conscious, and spoke of Isabel as a prodigy of learning, a young lady reputed to have read the classic authors — in translations. Her paternal aunt, Mrs. Varian, once spread the rumor that Isabel was writing a book, Mrs. Varian having a reverence for books, and averring that Isabel would distinguish herself in print. Mrs. Varian thought highly of literature, for which she entertained that esteem that is connected with a sense of privation. Her own large house, remarkable for its assortment of mosaic tables and decorated ceilings, was unfurnished with a library, and in the way of printed volumes contained nothing but half a dozen novels in paper, on a shelf in the apartment of one of the Miss Varians. Practically, Mrs. Varian's acquaintance with literature was confined to the New York Interviewer; as she very justly said, after you had read the Interviewer, you had no time for anything else. Her tendency, however, was rather to keep the Interviewer out of the way of her daughters; she was determined to bring them up seriously, and they read nothing at all. Her impression with regard to Isabel's labors was quite illusory; the girl never attempted to write a book, and had no desire to do so. She had no talent for expression, and had none of the consciousness of genius; she only had a general idea that people were right when they treated her as if she were rather superior. Whether or no she were superior, people were right in admiring her if they thought her so; for it seemed to her often that her mind moved more quickly than theirs, and this encouraged an impatience that might easily be confounded with superiority. It may be affirmed without delay that Isabel was probably very liable to the sin of self-esteem; she often surveyed with complacency the field of her own nature; she was in the habit of taking for granted, on scanty evidence, that she was right; impulsively, she often admired herself. Meanwhile her errors and delusions were frequently such as a biographer interested in preserving the

dignity of his heroine must shrink from specifying. Her head was full of premature convictions and unproportioned images, which had never been corrected by the judgment of people who seemed to her to speak with authority. Intellectually, morally, she had had her own way, and it had led her into a thousand ridiculous zigzags. Every now and then she found out she was wrong, and then she treated herself to a week of passionate humility. After this she held her head higher than ever again; for it was of no use, — she had an unquenchable desire to think well of herself. She had a theory that it was only on this condition that life was worth living; that one should be one of the best, should be conscious of a fine organization (she could not help knowing her organization was fine), should move in a realm of light, of natural wisdom, of happy impulse, of inspiration gracefully chronic. It was almost as unnecessary to cultivate doubt of one's self as to cultivate doubt of one's best friend; one should try to be one's own best friend, and to give one's self, in this manner, distinguished company. The girl had a certain nobleness of imagination which rendered her a good many services and played her a great many tricks. She spent half her time in thinking of beauty, and bravery, and magnanimity; she had a fixed determination to regard the world as a place of brightness, of free expansion, of irresistible action; she thought it would be detestable to be afraid or ashamed. She had an infinite hope that she should never do anything wrong. She had resented so strongly, after discovering them, her mere errors of feeling (the discovery always made her tremble, as if she had escaped from a trap which might have caught her and smothered her) that the chance of inflicting a sensible injury upon another person, presented only as a contingency, caused her at moments to hold her breath. That always seemed to her the worst thing that could happen to one. On the whole, reflectively, she was in no uncertainty about the things that were wrong. She had no taste for thinking of them, but whenever she looked at them fixedly she recognized them. It was wrong to be mean, to be jealous, to be false, to be cruel; she had seen very little of the evil of the world, but she had seen women who lied and who tried to hurt each other. Seeing such things had quickened her high spirit; it seemed right to scorn them. Of course the danger of a high spirit is the danger of inconsistency, — the danger of keeping up the flag after the place has surrendered; a sort of behavior so anomalous as to be almost a dishonor to the flag. But Isabel, who knew nothing of the forces that life might bring against her, flattered herself that such contradictions would never be observed in her own conduct. Her life should always be in harmony with the most pleasing impression she should produce. She would be what she appeared, and she would appear what she was. Sometimes she went so far as to wish that she should find herself some day in a difficult position, so that she might have the pleasure of being as largely heroic as the occasion demanded. Altogether, with her meagre knowledge, her inflated ideals, her confidence at once innocent and dogmatic, her temper at once exacting and indulgent, her mixture of curiosity and fastidiousness, of vivacity and indifference, her desire to look very well and to be, if possible, even better; her determination to see, to try, to know; her combination of the delicate, desultory, flame-like spirit and the eager and personal young girl, she would be an easy victim of scientific criticism, if she were not intended to awaken on the reader's part an impulse more tender and more purely expectant.

It was one of her theories that Isabel Archer was very fortunate in being independent, and that she ought to make

some very enlightened use of her independence. She never called it loneliness; she thought that weak; besides, her sister Lily constantly urged her to come and stay with her. She had a friend whose acquaintance she had made shortly before her father's death, who offered so laudable an example of useful activity that Isabel always thought of her as a model. Henrietta Stackpole had the advantage of a remarkable talent; she was thoroughly launched in journalism, and her letters to the Interviewer, from Washington, Newport, the White Mountains, and other places, were universally admired. Isabel did not accept them unrestrictedly, but she esteemed the courage, energy, and good-humor of her friend, who, without parents and without property, had adopted three of the children of an infirm and widowed sister, and was paying their school-bills out of the proceeds of her literary labor. Henrietta was a great radical, and had clear-cut views on most subjects; her cherished desire had long been to go to Europe and write a series of letters to the Interviewer from the radical point of view, an enterprise the less difficult as she knew perfectly in advance what her opinions would be, and to how many objections most European institutions lay open. When she heard that Isabel was going, she wished to start at once, thinking, naturally, that it would be delightful that they should travel together. She had been obliged, however, to postpone this undertaking. She thought Isabel a glorious creature, and had spoken of her, covertly, in some of her letters, though she never mentioned the fact to her friend, who would not have taken pleasure in it, and was not a regular reader of the Interviewer. Henrietta, for Isabel, was chiefly a proof that a woman might suffice to herself and be happy. Her resources were of the obvious kind; but even if one had not the journalistic talent and a genius for guessing, as Henrietta said, what the public was going to want, one was not therefore to conclude that one had no vocation, no beneficent aptitude of any sort, and resign one's self to being trivial and superficial. Isabel was resolutely determined not to be superficial. If one should wait expectantly and trustfully, one would find some happy work to his hand. Of course, among her theories, this young lady was not without a collection of opinions on the question of marriage. The first on the list was a conviction that it was very vulgar to think too much about it. From lapsing into a state of eagerness on this point, she earnestly prayed that she might be delivered; she held that a woman ought to be able to make up her life in singleness, and that it was perfectly possible to be happy without the society of a more or less coarse-minded person of another sex. The girl's prayer was very sufficiently answered; something pure and proud that there was in her — something cold and stiff, an unappreciated suitor with a taste for analysis might have called it — had hitherto kept her from any great vanity of conjecture on the subject of possible husbands. Few of the men she saw seemed worth an expenditure of imagination, and it made her smile to think that one of them should present himself as an incentive to hope and a reward of patience. Deep in her soul — it was the deepest thing there — lay a belief that if a certain impulse were stirred she could give herself completely; but this image, on the whole, was too formidable to be attractive. Isabel's thoughts hovered about it, but they seldom rested on it long; after a little it ended by frightening her. It often seemed to her that she thought too much about it herself; you could have made her blush, any day in the year, by telling her that she was selfish. She was always planning out her own development, desiring her own perfection, observing

her own progress. Her nature had for her own imagination a certain garden-like quality, a suggestion of perfume and murmuring boughs, of shady bowers and lengthening vistas, which made her feel that introspection was after all an exercise in the open air, and that a visit to the recesses of one's mind was harmless when one returned from it with a lapful of roses. But she was often reminded that there were other gardens in the world than those of her virginal soul, and that there were moreover a great many places that were not gardens at all, only dusky, pestiferous tracts, planted thick with ugliness and misery. In the current of that easy eagerness on which she had lately been floating, which had conveyed her to this beautiful old England and might carry her much further still, she often checked herself with the thought of the thousands of people who were less happy than herself, — a thought which for the moment made her absorbing happiness appear to her a kind of immodesty. What should one do with the misery of the world in a scheme of the agreeable for one's self? It must be confessed that this question never held her long. She was too young, too impatient to live, too unacquainted with pain. She always returned to her theory that a young woman whom, after all, every one thought clever should begin by getting a general impression of life. This was necessary to prevent mistakes, and after it should be secured, she might make the unfortunate condition of others an object of special attention.

England was a revelation to her, and she found herself as entertained as a child at a pantomime. In her infantine excursions to Europe she had seen only the Continent, and seen it from the nursery window; Paris, not London, was her father's Mecca. The impressions of that time, moreover, had become faint and remote, and the old-world quality in everything that she now saw had all the charm of strangeness. Her uncle's house seemed a picture made real; no refinement of the agreeable was lost upon Isabel; the rich perfection of Gardencourt appealed to her as a spectacle, and gratified her as a sensation. The large, low rooms, with brown ceilings and dusky corners, the deep embrasures and curious casements, the quiet light on dark, polished panels, the deep greenness outside, that seemed always peeping in, the sense of well-ordered privacy, in the centre of a "property," — a place where sounds were felicitously accidental, where the tread was muffled by the earth itself, and in the thick mild air all shrillness dropped out of conversation, — these things were much to the taste of our young lady, whose taste played a considerable part in her emotions. She formed a fast friendship with her uncle, and often sat by his chair when he had had it moved out to the lawn. He passed hours in the open air, sitting placidly with folded hands, like a good old man who had done his work and received his wages, and was trying to grow used to weeks and months made up only of off-days. Isabel amused him more than she suspected, — the effect she produced upon people was often different from what she supposed, — and he frequently gave himself the pleasure of making her chatter. It was by this term that he qualified her conversation, which had much of the vivacity observable in that of the young ladies of her country, to whom the ear of the world is more directly presented than to their sisters in other lands. Like the majority of American girls, Isabel had been encouraged to express herself; her remarks had been attended to; she had been expected to have emotions and opinions. Many of her opinions had doubtless but a slender value, many of her emotions passed away in the utterance; but they had left a trace in giving her the habit of seeming at least to feel and think, and in imparting moreover to her words,

when she was really moved, that maidenly eloquence which so many people had regarded as a sign of superiority. Mr. Touchett used to think that she reminded him of his wife when his wife was in her teens. It was because she was fresh and natural and quick to understand, to speak, — so many characteristics of her niece, — that he had fallen in love with Mrs. Touchett. He never expressed this analogy to the girl herself, however; for if Mrs. Touchett had once been like Isabel, Isabel was not at all like Mrs. Touchett. The old man was full of kindness for her; it was a long time, as he said, since they had had any young life in the house; and our rustling, quickly-moving, clear-voiced heroine was as agreeable to his sense as the sound of flowing water. He wished to do something for her, he wished she would ask something of him. But Isabel asked nothing but questions; it is true that of these she asked a great many. Her uncle had a great fund of answers, though interrogation sometimes came in forms that puzzled him. She questioned him immensely about England, about the British constitution, the English character, the state of politics, the manners and customs of the royal family, the peculiarities of the aristocracy, the way of living and thinking of his neighbors; and in asking to be enlightened on these points she usually inquired whether they corresponded with the descriptions in all the books. The old man always looked at her a little, with his fine dry smile, while he smoothed down the shawl that was spread across his legs.

"The books?" he once said; "well, I don't know much about the books. You must ask Ralph about that. I have always ascertained for myself — got my information in the natural form. I never asked many questions even; I just kept quiet and took notice. Of course, I have had very good opportunities, — better than what a young lady would naturally have. I am of an inquisitive disposition, though you might n't think it if you were to watch me; however much you might watch me, I should be watching you more. I have been watching these people for upwards of thirty-five years, and I don't hesitate to say that I have acquired considerable information. It 's a very fine country on the whole, — finer perhaps than what we give it credit for on the other side. There are several improvements that I should like to see introduced; but the necessity of them does n't seem to be generally felt as yet. When the necessity of a thing is generally felt, they usually manage to accomplish it; but they seem to feel pretty comfortable about waiting till then. I certainly feel more at home among them than I expected to when I first came over; I suppose it 's because I have had a considerable degree of success. When you are successful, you naturally feel more at home."

"Do you suppose that, if I am successful, I shall feel at home?" Isabel asked.

"I should think it very probable, and you certainly will be successful. They like American young ladies very much over here; they show them a great deal of kindness. But you must n't feel too much at home, you know."

"Oh, I am by no means sure I shall like it," said Isabel, somewhat judicially. "I like the place very much, but I am not sure I shall like the people."

"The people are very good people; especially if you like them."

"I have no doubt they are good," Isabel rejoined; "but are they pleasant in society? They won't rob me nor beat me; but will they make themselves agreeable to me? That 's what I like people to do. I don't hesitate to say so, because I always appreciate it. I don't believe they are very nice to girls; they are not nice to them in the novels."

"I don't know about the novels," said Mr. Touchett. "I believe the novels

have a great deal of ability, but I don't suppose they are very accurate. We once had a lady who wrote novels staying here; she was a friend of Ralph's, and he asked her down. She was very positive, very positive; but she was not the sort of person that you could depend on her testimony. Too much imagination, — I suppose that was it. She afterwards published a work of fiction in which she was understood to have given a representation — something in the nature of a caricature, as you might say — of my unworthy self. I did n't read it, but Ralph just handed me the book, with the principal passages marked. It was understood to be a description of my conversation; American peculiarities, nasal twang, Yankee notions, stars and stripes. Well, it was not at all accurate; she could n't have listened very attentively. I had no objection to her giving a report of my conversation, if she liked; but I did n't like the idea that she had n't taken the trouble to listen to it. Of course I talk like an American, — I can't talk like a Hottentot. However I talk, I have made them understand me pretty well over here. But I don't talk like the old gentleman in that lady's novel. He was n't an American; we would n't have him over there! I just mention that fact to show you that they are not always accurate. Of course, as I have no daughters, and as Mrs. Touchett resides in Florence, I have n't had much chance to notice about the young ladies. It sometimes appears as if the young women in the lower class were not very well treated; but I guess their position is better in the upper class."

"Dear me!" Isabel exclaimed; "how many classes have they? About fifty, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know as I ever counted them. I never took much notice of the classes. That's the advantage of being an American here; you don't belong to any class."

"I hope so," said Isabel. "Imagine one's belonging to an English class!"

"Well, I guess some of them are pretty comfortable, especially towards the top. But for me there are only two classes: the people I trust, and the people I don't. Of those two, my dear Isabel, you belong to the first."

"I am much obliged to you," said the young girl, quickly. Her way of taking compliments seemed sometimes rather dry; she got rid of them as rapidly as possible. But as regards this, she was sometimes misjudged; she was thought insensible to them, whereas in fact she was simply unwilling to show how infinitely they pleased her. To show that was to show too much. "I am sure the English are very conventional," she added.

"They have got everything pretty well fixed," Mr. Touchett admitted. "It's all settled beforehand; they don't leave it to the last moment."

"I don't like to have everything settled beforehand," said the girl. "I like more unexpectedness."

Her uncle seemed amused at her distinctness of preference. "Well, it's settled beforehand that you will have great success," he rejoined. "I suppose you will like that."

"I shall not have success if they are conventional. I am not in the least conventional. I am just the contrary. That's what they won't like."

"No, no, you are all wrong," said the old man. "You can't tell what they will like. They are very inconsistent; that's their principal interest."

"Ah, well," said Isabel, standing before her uncle with her hands clasping the belt of her black dress, and looking up and down the lawn, "that will suit me perfectly!"

VII.

The two amused themselves time and again with talking of the attitude of the

British public, as if the young lady had been in a position to appeal to it; but in fact the British public remained for the present profoundly indifferent to Miss Isabel Archer, whose fortune had dropped her, as her cousin said, into the dullest house in England. Her gouty uncle received very little company, and Mrs. Touchett, not having cultivated relations with her husband's neighbors, was not warranted in expecting visits from them. She had, however, a peculiar taste; she liked to receive cards. For what is usually called social intercourse she had very little relish; but nothing pleased her more than to find her hall-table whitened with oblong morsels of symbolic pasteboard. She flattered herself that she was a very just woman and had mastered the sovereign truth that nothing in this world is got for nothing. She had played no social part as mistress of Gardencourt, and it was not to be supposed that, in the surrounding country, a minute account should be kept of her comings and goings. But it is by no means certain that she did not feel it to be wrong that so little notice was taken of them, and that her failure (really very gratuitous) to make herself important in the neighborhood had not much to do with the acrimony of her allusions to her husband's adopted country. Isabel presently found herself in the singular situation of defending the British constitution against her aunt; Mrs. Touchett having formed the habit of sticking pins into this venerable instrument. Isabel always felt an impulse to remove the pins; not that she imagined they inflicted any damage on the tough old parchment, but because it seemed to her that her aunt might make better use of her sharpness. She was very critical herself, — it was incidental to her age, her sex, and her nationality; but she was very sentimental as well, and there was something in Mrs. Touchett's dryness that set her own moral fountains flowing.

"Now what is your point of view?" she asked of her aunt. "When you criticise everything here, you should have a point of view. Yours does n't seem to be American, — you thought everything over there so disagreeable. When I criticise, I have mine; it 's thoroughly American!"

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Touchett, "there are as many points of view in the world as there are people of sense. You may say that does n't make them very numerous! American? Never in the world; that 's shockingly narrow. My point of view, thank God, is personal!"

Isabel thought this a better answer than she admitted; it was a tolerable description of her own manner of judging, and it would not have sounded well for her to say it; on the lips of a person less advanced in life and less enlightened by experience than Mrs. Touchett, such a declaration would savor of immodesty, even of arrogance. She risked it, nevertheless, in talking with Ralph, with whom she talked a great deal, and with whom her conversation was of a sort that gave a large license to violent statements. Her cousin used, as the phrase is, to chaff her; he very soon established with her a reputation for treating everything as a joke, and he was not a man to neglect the privileges such a reputation conferred. She accused him of an odious want of seriousness, of laughing at all things, beginning with herself. Such slender faculty of reverence as he possessed centred wholly upon his father; for the rest, he exercised his wit indiscriminately upon himself, his weak lungs, his useless life, his anomalous mother, his friends (Lord Warburton in especial), his adopted and his native country, his charming new-found cousin. "I keep a band of music in my ante-room," he said once to her. "It has orders to play without stopping; it renders me two excellent services. It keeps the sounds of the world from reaching the

private apartments, and it makes the world think that dancing is going on within." It was dance-music indeed that you usually heard when you came within ear-shot of Ralph's band; the liveliest waltzes seemed to float upon the air. Isabel often found herself irritated by this barrier of sound; she would have liked to pass through the ante-room, as her cousin called it, and enter the private apartments. It mattered little that he had assured her that they were a very dismal place; she would have been glad to undertake to sweep them and set them in order. It was but half-hospitality to let her remain outside; to punish him for which, Isabel administered innumerable taps with the ferule of her straight young wit. It must be said that her wit was exercised to a large extent in self-defense, for her cousin amused himself with calling her "Columbia," and accusing her of a patriotism so fervid that it scorched. He drew a caricature of her, in which she was represented as a very pretty young woman, dressed, in the height of the prevailing fashion, in the folds of the national banner. Isabel's chief dread in life, at this period of her development, was that she should appear narrow-minded; what she feared next afterwards was that she should be so. But she nevertheless made no scruple of abounding in her cousin's sense, and pretending to sigh for the charms of her native land. She would be as American as it pleased him to regard her, and if he chose to laugh at her, she would give him plenty of occupation. She defended England against his mother, but when Ralph sang its praises, on purpose, as she said, to torment her, she found herself able to differ from him on a variety of points. In reality the quality of this small ripe country seemed as sweet to her as the taste of an October pear; and her satisfaction was at the root of the good spirits which enabled her to take her cousin's chaff and return it in kind. If her good humor flagged at moments, it was not because she thought herself ill-used, but because she suddenly felt sorry for Ralph. It seemed to her that he was talking as a blind, and had little heart in what he said.

"I don't know what is the matter with you," she said to him once, "but I suspect you are a great humbug."

"That 's your privilege," Ralph answered, who had not been used to being so crudely addressed.

"I don't know what you care for; I don't think you care for anything. You don't really care for England when you praise it; you don't care for America even when you pretend to abuse it."

"I care for nothing but you, dear cousin," said Ralph.

"If I could believe even that, I should be very glad."

"Ah, well, I should hope so!" the young man exclaimed.

Isabel might have believed it, and not have been far from the truth. He thought a great deal about her; she was constantly present to his mind. At a time when his thoughts had been a good deal of a burden to him, her sudden arrival, which had promised nothing and was an open-handed gift of fate, had refreshed and quickened them, given them wings and something to fly for. Poor Ralph for many weeks had been steeped in melancholy; his outlook, habitually sombre, lay under the shadow of a deeper cloud. He had grown anxious about his father, whose gout, hitherto confined to his legs, had begun to ascend into regions more perilous. The old man had been gravely ill in the spring, and the doctors had whispered to Ralph that another attack would be less easy to deal with. Just now he appeared tolerably comfortable, but Ralph could not rid himself of a suspicion that this was a subterfuge of the enemy, who was waiting to take him off his guard. If this manœuvre should succeed, there would be little hope of any great resist-

ance. Ralph had always taken for granted that his father would survive him, — that his own name would be the first called. The father and son had been close companions, and the idea of being left alone with the remnant of an alienated life on his hands was not gratifying to the young man, who had always and tacitly counted upon his elder's help in making the best of a poor business. At the prospect of losing his great motive, Ralph was indeed mightily disgusted. If they might die at the same time, it would be all very well; but without the encouragement of his father's society, he should barely have patience to await his own turn. He had not the incentive of feeling that he was absolutely indispensable to his mother; it was a rule with his mother to have no regrets. He bethought himself, of course, that it had been a small kindness to his father to wish that, of the two, the active, rather than the passive, party should know the pain of loss; he remembered that the old man had always treated his own forecast of an uncompleted career as a clever fallacy, which he should be delighted to discredit, so far as he might, by dying first. But of the two triumphs, that of refuting a sophistical son and that of holding on a while longer to a state of being which, with all abatements, he enjoyed, Ralph deemed it no sin to hope that the latter might be vouchsafed to Mr. Touchett.

These were nice questions, but Isabel's arrival put a stop to his puzzling over them. It even suggested that there might be a compensation for the intolerable *ennui* of surviving his genial sire. He wondered whether he were falling in love with this spontaneous young woman from Albany; but he decided that on the whole he was not. After he had known her for a week, he quite made up his mind to this, and every day he felt a little more sure. Lord Warburton had been right about her; she was a thoroughly interesting woman. Ralph wondered how Lord Warburton had found it out so soon; and then he said it was only another proof of his friend's high abilities, which he had always greatly admired. If his cousin were to be nothing more than an entertainment to him, Ralph was conscious that she was an entertainment of a high order. "A character like that," he said to himself, "is the finest thing in nature. It is finer than the finest work of art, — than a Greek bas-relief, than a great Titian, than a Gothic cathedral. It is very pleasant to be so well-treated where one least looked for it. I had never been more blue, more bored, than for a week before she came; I had never expected less that something agreeable would happen. Suddenly I receive a Titian, by the post, to hang on my wall, — a Greek bas-relief to stick over my chimney-piece. The key of a beautiful edifice is thrust into my hand, and I am told to walk in and admire. My poor boy, you have been sadly ungrateful, and now you had better keep very quiet, and never grumble again." The sentiment of these reflections was very just; but it was not exactly true that Ralph Touchett had had a key put into his hand. His cousin was a very brilliant girl, who would take, as he said, a good deal of knowing; but she needed the knowing, and his attitude with regard to her, though it was contemplative and critical, was not judicial. He surveyed the edifice from the outside, and admired it greatly; he looked in at the windows, and received an impression of proportions equally fair. But he felt that he saw it only by glimpses, and that he had not yet stood under the roof; the door was fastened, and though he had keys in his pocket, he had a conviction that none of them would fit. She was intelligent and generous; it was a fine free nature; but what was she going to do with herself? This question was irregular, for with most women one had no occasion to ask

it. Most women did with themselves nothing at all; they waited, in attitudes more or less gracefully passive, for a man to come along and furnish them with a destiny. Isabel's originality was that she gave one an impression of having intuitions of her own. "Whenever she executes them," said Ralph, "may I be there to see!"

It naturally devolved upon him to do the honors of the place. Mr. Touchett was confined to his chair, and his wife's position was that of a rather grim visitor; so that in the line of conduct that opened itself to Ralph, duty and inclination were harmoniously mingled. He was not a great walker, but he strolled about the grounds with his cousin, — a pastime for which the weather remained favorable with a persistency not allowed for in Isabel's somewhat lugubrious prevision of the climate; and in the long afternoons, of which the length was but the measure of her gratified eagerness, they took a boat on the river, the dear little river, as Isabel called it, when the opposite shore seemed still a part of the foreground of the landscape; or drove over the country in a phaeton, — a low, capacious, thick-wheeled phaeton, formerly much used by Mr. Touchett, but which he had now ceased to enjoy. Isabel enjoyed it largely, and, handling the reins in a manner which approved itself to the groom as "knowing," was never weary of driving her uncle's capital horses through winding lanes and byways full of the rural incidents she had confidently expected to find: past cottages thatched and timbered, past alehouses latticed and sanded, past patches of ancient common and glimpses of empty parks, between hedgerows made thick by midsummer. When they reached home, they usually found that tea had been served upon the lawn, and that Mrs. Touchett had not absolved herself from the obligation of handing her husband his cup. But the two for the most part sat silent; the old man with his head back and his eyes closed, his wife occupied with her knitting, and wearing that appearance of extraordinary meditation with which some ladies contemplate the movement of their needles.

One day, however, a visitor had arrived. The two young people, after spending an hour upon the river, strolled back to the house and perceived Lord Warburton sitting under the trees and engaged in conversation, of which even at a distance the desultory character was appreciable, with Mrs. Touchett. He had driven over from his own place with a portmanteau, and had asked, as the father and son had often invited him to do, for a dinner and a lodging. Isabel, seeing him for half an hour on the day of her arrival, had discovered in this brief space that she liked him; he had made indeed a tolerably vivid impression on her mind, and she had thought of him several times. She had hoped that she should see him again, — hoped too that she should see a few others. Gardencourt was not dull; the place itself was so delightful, her uncle was such a perfection of an uncle, and Ralph was so unlike any cousin she had ever encountered, — her view of cousins being rather monotonous. Then her impressions were still so fresh and so quickly renewed that there was as yet hardly a sense of vacancy in the prospect. But Isabel had need to remind herself that she was interested in human nature and that her foremost hope in coming abroad had been that she should see a great many people. When Ralph said to her, as he had done several times, "I wonder you find this endurable; you ought to see some of the neighbors and some of our friends, because we have really got a few, though you would never suppose it;" when he offered to invite what he called a "lot of people," and make the young girl acquainted with English society, she encouraged the hospitable impulse, and promised in advance to be delighted. Little, however, for

the present, had come of Ralph's offers, and it may be confided to the reader that, if the young man delayed to carry them out, it was because he found the labor of entertaining his cousin by no means so severe as to require extraneous help. Isabel had spoken to him very often about "specimens;" it was a word that played a considerable part in her vocabulary; she had given him to understand that she wished to see as many specimens as possible, and specimens of everything.

"Well, now, there's a specimen," he said to her, as they walked up from the river-side, and he recognized Lord Warburton.

"A specimen of what?" asked the girl.

"A specimen of an English gentleman."

"Do you mean they are all like him?"

"Oh, no, they are not all like him."

"He's a favorable specimen, then," said Isabel; "because I am sure he is good."

"Yes, he is very good. And he is very fortunate."

The fortunate Lord Warburton exchanged a hand-shake with our heroine, and hoped she was very well. "But I need n't ask that," he said, "since you have been handling the oars."

"I have been rowing a little," Isabel answered; "but how should you know it?"

"Oh, I know *he* does n't row; he's too lazy," said his lordship, indicating Ralph Touchett, with a laugh.

"He has a good excuse for his laziness," Isabel rejoined, lowering her voice a little.

"Ah, he has a good excuse for everything!" cried Lord Warburton, still with his deep, agreeable laugh.

"My excuse for not rowing is that my cousin rows so well," said Ralph. "She does everything well. She touches nothing that she does n't adorn!"

"It makes one want to be touched, Miss Archer," Lord Warburton declared.

"Be touched in the right sense, and you will never look the worse for it," said Isabel, who, if it pleased her to hear it said that her accomplishments were numerous, was happily able to reflect that such complacency was not the indication of a feeble mind, inasmuch as there were several things in which she excelled. Her desire to think well of herself always needed to be supported by proof; though it is possible that this fact is not the sign of a milder egotism.

Lord Warburton not only spent the night at Gardencourt, but he was persuaded to remain over the second day; and when the second day was ended, he determined to postpone his departure till the morrow. During this period he addressed much of his conversation to Isabel, who accepted this evidence of his esteem with a very good grace. She found herself liking him extremely; the first impression he had made upon her was pleasant, but at the end of an evening spent in his society she thought him quite one of the most laudable persons she had met. She retired to rest with a sense of good fortune, with a quickened consciousness of the pleasantness of life. "It's very nice to know two such charming people as those," she said, meaning by "those" her cousin and her cousin's friend. It must be added, moreover, that an incident had occurred which might have seemed to put her good humor to the test. Mr. Touchett went to bed at half past nine o'clock, but his wife remained in the drawing-room with the other members of the party. She prolonged her vigil for something less than an hour, and then, rising, she said to Isabel that it was time they should bid the gentlemen good-night. Isabel had as yet no desire to go to bed; the occasion wore, to her sense, a festive character, and feasts were not in the habit of terminating so early. So with-

out further thought she replied very simply, —

"Need I go, dear aunt? I will come up in half an hour."

"It 's impossible I should wait for you," Mrs. Touchett answered.

"Ah, you need n't wait! Ralph will light my candle," said Isabel, smiling.

"I will light your candle; do let me light your candle, Miss Archer!" Lord Warburton exclaimed. "Only, I beg it shall not be before midnight!"

Mrs. Touchett fixed her bright little eyes upon him for a moment, and then transferred them to her niece.

"You can't stay alone with the gentlemen. You are not — you are not at Albany, my dear!"

Isabel rose, blushing.

"I wish I were!" she said.

"Oh, I say, mother!" Ralph broke out.

"My dear Mrs. Touchett!" Lord Warburton murmured.

"I did n't make your country, my lord," Mrs. Touchett said majestically. "I must take it as I find it!"

"Can't I stay with my own cousin?" Isabel inquired.

"I am not aware that Lord Warburton is your cousin!"

"Perhaps I had better go to bed," this nobleman exclaimed. "That will arrange it."

Mrs. Touchett gave a little look of despair, and sat down again.

"Oh, if it 's necessary, I will stay up till midnight," she said.

Ralph meanwhile handed Isabel her candlestick. He had been watching her; it had seemed to him that her temper was stirred, an accident that might be interesting. But if he had expected an exhibition of temper, he was disappointed, for the girl simply laughed a little, nodded good-night, and withdrew, accompanied by her aunt. For himself he was annoyed at his mother, though he thought she was right. Above stairs, the two ladies separated at Mrs. Touchett's door. Isabel had said nothing on her way up.

"Of course you are displeased at my interfering with you," said Mrs. Touchett.

Isabel reflected a moment.

"I am not displeased, but I am surprised, and a good deal puzzled. Was it not proper I should remain in the drawing-room?"

"Not in the least. Young girls here don't sit alone with the gentlemen late at night."

"You were very right to tell me, then," said Isabel. "I don't understand it, but I am very glad to know it."

"I shall always tell you," her aunt answered, "whenever I see you taking what seems to be too much liberty."

"Pray do; but I don't say I shall always think your remonstrance just."

"Very likely not. You are too fond of your liberty."

"Yes, I think I am very fond of it. But I always want to know the things one should n't do."

"So as to do them?" asked her aunt.

"So as to choose," said Isabel.

VIII.

As she was much interested in the picturesque, Lord Warburton ventured to express a hope that she would come some day and see his house, which was a very curious old place. He extracted from Mrs. Touchett a promise that she would bring her niece to Lockleigh, and Ralph signified his willingness to attend upon the ladies if his father should be able to spare him. Lord Warburton assured our heroine that in the mean time his sisters would come and see her. She knew something about his sisters, having interrogated him, during the hours they spent together while he was at Gardencourt, on many points connected with his family. When Isabel was in-

terested, she asked a great many questions, and as her companion was a copious talker, she asked him on this occasion by no means in vain. He told her that he had four sisters and two brothers, and had lost both his parents. The brothers and sisters were very good people, — "not particularly clever, you know," he said, "but simple and respectable and trustworthy," and he was so good as to hope that Miss Archer should know them well. One of the brothers was in the church, settled in the parsonage at Lockleigh, which was rather a largeish parish, and was an excellent fellow in spite of his thinking differently from himself on every conceivable topic. And then Lord Warburton mentioned some of the opinions held by his brother, which were opinions that Isabel had often heard expressed, and that she supposed to be entertained by a considerable portion of the human family. Many of them, indeed, she supposed she had held herself, till he assured her that she was quite mistaken, and that it was really impossible; that she had doubtless imagined she entertained them, but that she might depend that, if she thought them over a little, she would find they were awful rubbish. When she answered that she had already thought several of them over very attentively, he declared that she was only another example of what he had often been struck with, — the fact that, of all the people in the world, the Americans were most plagued with misty superstitions. They were rank Tories and inquisitors, every one of them. There were no conservatives like American conservatives. Her uncle, there, and her cousin were both proof; nothing could be more mediæval than many of their views; they had ideas that people in England nowadays were ashamed to confess to; and they had the impudence, moreover, said his lordship, laughing, to pretend they know more about the needs and dangers of this poor, dear, stupid old England than he who was born in it, and owned a considerable part of it, — the more shame to him! From all of which Isabel gathered that Lord Warburton was a nobleman of the newest pattern, a reformer, a radical, a contemner of ancient ways. His other brother, who was in the army in India, was rather wild and pig-headed, and had not been of much use as yet but to make debts for Warburton to pay, — one of the most precious privileges of an elder brother. "I don't think I will pay any more," said Warburton; "he lives a monstrous deal better than I do, enjoys unheard-of luxuries, and thinks himself a much finer gentleman than I. As I am a consistent radical, I go in only for equality; I don't go in for the superiority of the younger brothers." Two of his four sisters, the second and fourth, were married, one of them having done very well, as they said, the other only so-so. The husband of the elder, Lord Haycock, was a very good fellow, but unfortunately a horrid Tory; and his wife, like all good English wives, was worse than her husband. The other had espoused a smallish squire in Norfolk, and, though she was married only the other day, had already five children. This information and much more Lord Warburton imparted to his young American listener, taking pains to make many things clear, and to lay bare to her apprehension the peculiarities of English life. Isabel was often amused at his explicitness and at the small allowance he seemed to make either for her own experience or for her imagination. "He thinks I am a barbarian," she said, "and that I have never seen forks and spoons;" and she used to ask him artless questions for the pleasure of hearing him answer seriously. Then, when he had fallen into the trap, "It 's a pity you can't see me in my war-paint and feathers," she remarked; "if I had known how kind you are to the poor savages, I would have brought over my national costume!"

Lord Warburton had traveled through the United States, and knew much more about them than Isabel; he was so good as to say that America was the most charming country in the world, but his recollections of it appeared to encourage the idea that Americans in England would need to have a great many things explained to them. "If I had only had you to explain things to me in America!" he said. "I was rather puzzled in your country; in fact I was quite bewildered, and the trouble was that the explanations only puzzled me more. You know I think they often gave me the wrong ones on purpose; they are rather clever about that over there. But when I explain, you can trust me; about what I tell you there is no mistake." There was no mistake at least about his being very intelligent and cultivated, and knowing almost everything in the world. Although he said the most interesting and entertaining things, Isabel perceived that he never said them to exhibit himself, and though he had a great good fortune, he was as far as possible from making a merit of it. He had enjoyed the best things of life, but they had not spoiled his sense of proportion. His composition was a mixture of good-humored manly force and a modesty that at times was almost boyish; the sweet and wholesome savor of which — it was as agreeable as something tasted — lost nothing from the addition of a tone of kindness which was not boyish, inasmuch as there was a good deal of reflection and of conscience in it.

"I like your specimen English gentleman very much," Isabel said to Ralph, after Lord Warburton had gone.

"I like him too, — I love him well," said Ralph. "But I pity him more."

Isabel stared.

"Why, that seems to me his only fault, — that one could n't pity him a little. He appears to have everything, to know everything, to be everything!"

"Oh, he 's in a bad way," Ralph insisted.

"I suppose you don't mean in health?"

"No, as to that, he is detestably robust. What I mean is that he is a man with a great position, who is playing all sorts of tricks with it. He does n't take himself seriously."

"Does he regard himself as a joke?"

"Much worse; he regards himself as an imposition — as an abuse."

"Well, perhaps he is," said Isabel.

"Perhaps he is, — though on the whole I don't think so. But in that case, what is more pitiable than a sentient, self-conscious abuse, planted by other hands, deeply rooted, but aching with a sense of its injustice? For me, I could take Lord Warburton very seriously; he occupies a position that appeals to my imagination. Great responsibilities, great opportunities, great consideration, great wealth, great power, a natural share in the public affairs of a great country. But he is all in a muddle about himself, his position, his power, and everything else. He is the victim of a critical age; he has ceased to believe in himself, and he does n't know what to believe in. When I attempt to tell him (because if I were he, I know very well what I should believe in), he calls me an old-fashioned and narrow-minded person. I believe he seriously thinks me an awful Philistine; he says I don't understand my time. I understand it certainly better than he, who can neither abolish himself as a nuisance nor maintain himself as an institution."

"He does n't look very wretched," Isabel observed.

"Possibly not; though, being a man of imagination, I think he often has uncomfortable hours. But what is it to say of a man of his opportunities that he is not miserable? I believe he is."

"I don't," said Isabel.

"Well," her cousin rejoined, "if he is not, he ought to be!"

In the afternoon she spent an hour with her uncle on the lawn, where the old man sat, as usual, with his shawl over his legs and his large cup of diluted tea in his hands. In the course of conversation he asked her what she thought of their late visitor.

"I think he is charming," Isabel answered.

"He 's a fine fellow," said Mr. Touchett, "but I don't recommend you to fall in love with him."

"I shall not do it then; I shall never fall in love but on your recommendation. Moreover," Isabel added, "my cousin gives me a rather sad account of Lord Warburton."

"Oh, indeed? I don't know what there may be to say, but you must remember that Ralph is rather fanciful."

"He thinks Lord Warburton is too radical, — or not radical enough! I don't quite understand which," said Isabel.

The old man shook his head slowly, smiled, and put down his cup.

"I don't know which, either. He goes very far, but it is quite possible he does n't go far enough. He seems to want to do away with a good many things, but he seems to want to remain himself. I suppose that is natural; but it is rather inconsistent."

"Oh, I hope he will remain himself," said Isabel. "If he were to be done away with, his friends would miss him sadly."

"Well," said the old man, "I guess he 'll stay and amuse his friends. I should certainly miss him very much, here at Gardencourt. He always amuses me when he comes over, and I think he amuses himself as well. There is a considerable number like him, round in society; they are very fashionable just now. I don't know what they are trying to do — whether they are trying to get up a revolution; I hope at any rate they will put it off till after I am gone. You see they want to disestablish everything; but I 'm a pretty big landowner here, and I don't want to be disestablished. I would n't have come over if I had thought they were going to behave like that," Mr. Touchett went on, with expanding hilarity. "I came over because I thought England was a safe country. I call it a regular fraud if they are going to introduce any considerable changes; there 'll be a large number disappointed in that case."

"Oh, I do hope they will make a revolution!" Isabel exclaimed. "I should delight in seeing a revolution!"

"Let me see," said her uncle, with a humorous intention; "I forget whether you are a liberal or a conservative. I have heard you take such opposite views."

"I am both. I think I am a little of everything. In a revolution — after it was well begun — I think I should be a conservative. One sympathizes more with them, and they have a chance to behave so picturesquely."

"I don't know that I understand what you mean by behaving picturesquely, but it seems to me that you do that always, my dear."

"Oh, you lovely man, if I could believe that!" the girl interrupted.

"I am afraid, after all, you won't have the pleasure of seeing a revolution here just now," Mr. Touchett went on. "If you want to see one, you must pay us a long visit. You see, when you come to the point, it would n't suit them to be taken at their word."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Well, I mean Lord Warburton and his friends, — the radicals of the upper class. Of course I only know the way it strikes me. They talk about changes, but I don't think they quite realize. You and I, you know, we know what it is to have lived under democratic institutions; I always thought them very comfortable, but I was used to them from the first. But then, I ain't a lord; you're a lady, my dear, but I ain't a

lord. Now, over here, I don't think it quite comes home to them. It 's a matter of every day and every hour, and I don't think many of them would find it as pleasant as what they 've got. Of course if they want to try, it 's their own business; but I expect they won't try very hard!"

"Don't you think they are sincere?" Isabel asked.

"Well, they are very conscientious," Mr. Touchett allowed; "but it seems as if they took it out in theories, mostly. Their radical views are a kind of amusement. They have got to have some amusement, and they might have coarser tastes than that. You see, they are very luxurious, and these progressive ideas are about their biggest luxury. They make them feel moral, and yet they don't affect their position. They think a great deal of their position; don't let one of them ever persuade you he does n't, for if you were to proceed on that basis, you would find that you had made a great mistake."

Isabel followed her uncle's argument, which he unfolded with his mild, reflective, optimistic accent, most attentively, and though she was unacquainted with the British aristocracy, she found it in harmony with her general impressions of human nature. But she felt moved to put in a protest on Lord Warburton's behalf.

"I don't believe Lord Warburton 's a humbug," she said. "I don't care what the others are. I should like to see Lord Warburton put to the test."

"Heaven deliver me from my friends!" Mr. Touchett answered. "Lord Warburton is a very amiable young man, — a very fine young man. He has a hundred thousand a year. He owns fifty thousand acres of the soil of this little island. He has half a dozen houses to live in. He has a seat in Parliament as I have one at my own dinner-table. He has very cultivated tastes; cares for literature, for art, for science, for charming young ladies. The most cultivated is his taste for the new views. It affords him a great deal of entertainment, more perhaps than anything else, except the young ladies. His old house over there — what does he call it, Lockleigh? — is very attractive; but I don't think it is as pleasant as this. That does n't matter, however, — he has got so many others. His views don't hurt any one, so far as I can see; they certainly don't hurt himself. And if there were to be a revolution, he would come off very easily; they would n't touch him, they would leave him as he is; he is too much liked."

"Ah, he could n't be a martyr even if he wished!" Isabel exclaimed. "That 's a very poor position!"

"He will never be a martyr unless you make him one," said the old man.

Isabel shook her head; there might have been something laughable in the fact that she did it with a touch of sadness.

"I shall never make a martyr!"

"You will never be one, I hope."

"I hope not. But you don't pity Lord Warburton, then, as Ralph does?"

Her uncle looked at her awhile, with genial acuteness.

"Yes, I do, after all."

IX.

The two Misses Molyneux, this nobleman's sisters, came presently to call upon her, and Isabel took a fancy to the young ladies, who appeared to her to have a very original stamp. It is true that, when she spoke of them to her cousin as original, he declared that no epithet could be less applicable than this to the two Misses Molyneux, for that there were fifty thousand young women in England who exactly resembled them. Deprived of this advantage, however, Isabel's visitors retained

that of an extreme sweetness and shyness of demeanor, and of having, as she thought, the kindest eyes in the world.

"They are not morbid, at any rate, whatever they are," our heroine said to herself; and she deemed this a great charm, for two or three of the friends of her girlhood had been regrettably open to the charge (they would have been so nice without it), to say nothing of Isabel's having occasionally suspected that it might become a fault of her own. The Misses Molyneux were not in their first youth, but they had bright, fresh complexions, and something of the smile of childhood. Their eyes, which Isabel admired so much, were quiet and contented, and their figures, of a generous roundness, were incased in sealskin jackets. Their friendliness was great, so great that they were almost embarrassed to show it; they seemed somewhat afraid of the young lady from the other side of the world, and rather looked than spoke their good wishes. But they made it clear to her that they hoped she would come to lunch at Lockleigh, where they lived with their brother, and then they might see her very, very often. They wondered whether she would n't come over some day and sleep; they were expecting some people on the 29th, and perhaps she would come while the people were there.

"I 'm afraid it is n't any one very remarkable," said the elder sister, "but I dare say you will take us as you find us."

"I shall find you delightful; I think you are enchanting just as you are," replied Isabel, who was often very liberal in her expressions of esteem.

Her visitors blushed, and her cousin told her, after they were gone, that, if she said such things to those poor girls, they would think she was quizzing them; he was sure it was the first time they had been called enchanting."

"I can't help it," Isabel answered. "I think it 's lovely to be so quiet, and reasonable, and satisfied. I should like to be like that."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Ralph, with ardor.

"I mean to try and imitate them," said Isabel. "I want very much to see them at home."

She had this pleasure a few days later, when, with Ralph and his mother, she drove over to Lockleigh. She found the Misses Molyneux sitting in a vast drawing-room (she perceived afterwards it was one of several), in a wilderness of faded chintz; they were dressed on this occasion in black velveteen. Isabel liked them even better at home than she had done at Gardencourt, and was more than ever struck with the fact that they were not morbid. It had seemed to her before that, if they had a fault, it was a want of vivacity; but she presently saw that they were capable of deep emotion. Before lunch she was alone with them, for some time, on one side of the room, while Lord Warburton, at a distance, talked to Mrs. Touchett.

"Is it true that your brother is such a great radical?" Isabel asked. She knew it was true, but we have seen that her interest in human nature was keen, and she had a desire to draw the Misses Molyneux out.

"Oh, dear, yes; he 's immensely advanced," said Mildred, the younger sister.

"At the same time, Warburton is very reasonable," Miss Molyneux observed.

Isabel watched him a moment, at the other side of the room; he was evidently trying hard to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Touchett. Ralph was playing with one of the dogs before the fire, which the temperature of an English August, in the ancient, spacious room, had not made an impertinence. "Do you suppose your brother is sincere?" Isabel inquired with a smile.

"Oh, he must be, you know!" Mil-

dred exclaimed, quickly; while the elder sister gazed at our heroine in silence.

"Do you think he would stand the test?"

"The test?"

"I mean, for instance, having to give up all this!"

"Having to give up Lockleigh?" said Miss Molyneux, finding her voice.

"Yes, and the other places; what are they called?"

The two sisters exchanged an almost frightened glance. "Do you mean — do you mean on account of the expense?" the younger one asked.

"I dare say he might let one or two of his houses," said the other.

"Let them for nothing?" Isabel inquired.

"I can't fancy his giving up his property!" said Miss Molyneux.

"Ah, I am afraid he is an impostor!" Isabel exclaimed. "Don't you think it's a false position?"

Her companions, evidently, were rapidly getting bewildered. "My brother's position?" Miss Molyneux inquired.

"It's thought a very good position," said the younger sister. "It's the first position in the county."

"I am afraid you think me very irreverent," Isabel took occasion to observe. "I suppose you revere your brother, and are rather afraid of him."

"Of course one looks up to one's brother," said Miss Molyneux, simply.

"If you do that, he must be very good; because you, evidently, are very good."

"He is most kind. It will never be known, the good he does."

"His ability is known," Mildred added; "every one thinks it's immense."

"Oh, I can see that," said Isabel. "But if I were he, I should wish to be a conservative. I should wish to keep everything."

"I think one ought to be liberal," Mildred argued, gently. "We have always been so, even from the earliest times."

"Ah, well," said Isabel, "you have made a great success of it; I don't wonder you like it. I see you are very fond of crewels."

When Lord Warburton showed her the house, after lunch, it seemed to her a matter of course that it should be a noble picture. Within, it had been a good deal modernized; some of its best points had lost their purity; but as they saw it from the gardens, a stout, gray pile, of the softest, deepest, most weather-fretted hue, rising from a broad, still moat, it seemed to Isabel a castle in a fairy tale. The day was cool and rather lustreless; the first note of autumn had been struck; and the watery sunshine rested on the walls in blurred and desultory gleams, washing them, as it were, in places tenderly chosen, where the ache of antiquity was keenest. Her host's brother, the vicar, had come to lunch, and Isabel had had five minutes' talk with him, — time enough to institute a search for theological characteristics and give it up as vain. The characteristics of the vicar of Lockleigh were a big, athletic figure, a candid, natural countenance, a capacious appetite, and a tendency to abundant laughter. Isabel learned afterwards from her cousin that, before taking orders, he had been a mighty wrestler, and that he was still, on occasion, — in the privacy of the family circle as it were, — quite capable of flooring his man. Isabel liked him; she was in the mood for liking everything; but her imagination was a good deal taxed to think of him as a source of spiritual aid. The whole party, on leaving lunch, went to walk in the grounds; but Lord Warburton exercised some ingenuity in engaging his youngest visitor in a stroll somewhat apart from the others.

"I wish you to see the place properly, seriously," he said. "You can't do so if your attention is distracted by irrel-

evant gossip." His own conversation (though he told Isabel a good deal about the house, which had a very curious history) was not purely archæological; he reverted at intervals to matters more personal, matters personal to the young lady as well as to himself. But at last, after a pause of some duration, returning for a moment to their ostensible theme, "Ah, well," he said, "I am very glad indeed you like the old house. I wish you could see more of it, — that you could stay here a while. My sisters have taken an immense fancy to you, — if that would be any inducement."

"There is no want of inducements," Isabel answered; "but I am afraid I can't make engagements. I am quite in my aunt's hands."

"Ah, excuse me if I say I don't exactly believe that. I am pretty sure you can do whatever you want."

"I am sorry if I make that impression on you; I don't think it 's a nice impression to make."

"It has the merit of permitting me to hope." And Lord Warburton paused a moment.

"To hope what?"

"That in future I may see you often."

"Ah," said Isabel, "to enjoy that pleasure, I need n't be so terribly emancipated!"

"Doubtless not; and yet at the same time I don't think your uncle likes me."

"You are very much mistaken. I have heard him speak very highly of you."

"I am glad you have talked about me," said Lord Warburton. "But all the same, I don't think he would like me to keep coming to Gardencourt."

"I can't answer for my uncle's tastes," the girl rejoined, "though I ought, as far as possible, to take them into account. But, for myself, I shall be very glad to see you."

"Now that 's what I like to hear you say! I am charmed when you say that."

"You are easily charmed, my lord," said Isabel.

"No, I am not easily charmed!" And then he stopped a moment. "But you have charmed me, Miss Archer," he added.

These words were uttered with an indefinable sound which startled the girl; it struck her as the prelude to something grave; she had heard the sound before, and she recognized it. She had no wish, however, that for the moment such a prelude should have a sequel, and she said, as gayly as possible and as quickly as an appreciable degree of agitation would allow her, "I am afraid there is no prospect of my being able to come here again."

"Never?" said Lord Warburton.

"I won't say 'never;' I should feel very melodramatic."

"May I come and see you, then, some day next week?"

"Most assuredly. What is there to prevent it?"

"Nothing tangible. But with you I never feel safe. I have a sort of sense that you are always judging people."

"You don't of necessity lose by that."

"It is very kind of you to say so; but even if I gain, stern justice is not what I most love. Is Mrs. Touchett going to take you abroad?"

"I hope so."

"Is England not good enough for you?"

"That's a very Machiavellian speech; it does n't deserve an answer. I want very much to see foreign lands as well."

"Then you will go on judging, I suppose."

"Enjoying, I hope, too."

"Yes, that 's what you enjoy most; I can't make out what you are up to," said Lord Warburton. "You strike me as having mysterious purposes — vast designs!"

"You are so good as to have a theory about me which I don't at all fill out. Is there anything mysterious in a pur-

pose entertained and executed every year, in the most public manner, by fifty thousand of my fellow-countrymen, — the purpose of improving one's mind by foreign travel?"

"You can't improve your mind, Miss Archer," her companion declared. "It 's already a most formidable instrument. It looks down on us all; it despises us."

"Despises you? You are making fun of me," said Isabel, seriously.

"Well, you think us picturesque, — that 's the same thing. I won't be thought picturesque, to begin with; I am not so in the least. I protest."

"That protest is one of the most picturesque things I have ever heard," Isabel answered, with a smile.

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "You judge only from the outside, — you don't care!" he said presently. "You only care to amuse yourself!" The note she had heard in his voice a moment before reappeared, and mixed with it now was an audible strain of bitterness, — a bitterness so abrupt and inconsequent that the girl felt a painful alarm. She had often heard that the English were a highly eccentric people; and she had even read in some ingenious author that they were, at bottom, the most romantic of races. Was Lord Warburton suddenly turning romantic, — was he going to make a scene, in his own house, only the third time they had met? She was reassured, quickly enough, by her sense of his great good manners, which was not impaired by the fact that he had already touched the furthest limit of good taste in expressing his admiration of a young lady who had confided in his hospitality. She was right in trusting to his good manners, for he presently went on, laughing a little, and without a trace of the accent that had discomposed her: "I don't mean, of course, that you amuse yourself with trifles. You select great materials; the foibles, the afflictions of human nature, the peculiarities of nations!"

"As regards that," said Isabel, "I should find in my own nation entertainment for a lifetime. But we have a long drive, and my aunt will soon wish to start." She turned back toward the others, and Lord Warburton walked beside her in silence. But before they reached the others, "I shall come and see you next week," he said.

She had received an appreciable shock, but as it died away, she felt that she could not pretend to herself that it was altogether a painful one. Nevertheless, she made answer to this declaration, coldly enough, "Just as you please." And her coldness was not coquetry, — a quality which she possessed in a much smaller degree than would have seemed probable to many critics; it came from a certain fear.

X.

The day after her visit to Lockleigh she received a note from her friend, Miss Stackpole, — a note of which the envelope, exhibiting in conjunction the postmark of Liverpool and the neat calligraphy of the quick-fingered Henrietta, caused her some liveliness of emotion. "Here I am, my lovely friend," Miss Stackpole wrote; "I managed to get off at last. I decided only the night before I left New York, — the Interviewer having come round to my figure. I put a few things into a bag, like a veteran journalist, and came down to the steamer in a street-car. Where are you, and where can we meet? I suppose you are visiting at some castle or other, and have already acquired the correct accent. Perhaps, even, you have married a lord; I almost hope you have, for I want some introductions to the first people, and shall count on you for a few. The Interviewer wants some light on the nobility. My first impressions (of the people at large) are not

rose-colored; but I wish to talk them over with you, and you know that whatever I am, at least I am not superficial. I have also something very particular to tell you. Do appoint a meeting as quickly as you can; come to London (I should like so much to visit the sights with you), or else let me come to you, *wherever you are.* I will do so with pleasure; for you know everything interests me, and I wish to see as much as possible of the inner life."

Isabel did not show this letter to her uncle; but she acquainted him with its purport, and, as she expected, he begged her instantly to assure Miss Stackpole, in his name, that he should be delighted to receive her at Gardencourt. "Though she is a literary lady," he said, "I suppose that, being an American, she won't reproduce me, as that other one did. She has seen others like me."

"She has seen no other so delightful!" Isabel answered; but she was not altogether at ease about Henrietta's reproductive instincts, which belonged to that side of her friend's character which she viewed with least complacency. She wrote to Miss Stackpole, however, that she would be very welcome under Mr. Touchett's roof; and this enterprising young woman lost no time in signifying her intention of arriving. She had gone up to London, and it was from the metropolis that she took the train for the station nearest to Gardencourt, where Isabel and Ralph were in waiting to receive the visitor.

"Shall I love her, or shall I hate her?" asked Ralph, while they stood on the platform, before the advent of the train.

"Whichever you do will matter very little to her," said Isabel. "She does n't care a straw what men think of her."

"As a man I am bound to dislike her, then. She must be a kind of monster. Is she very ugly?"

"No, she is decidedly pretty."

"A female interviewer, — a reporter in petticoats? I am very curious to see her," Ralph declared.

"It is very easy to laugh at her, but it is not easy to be as brave as she."

"I should think not; interviewing requires bravery. Do you suppose she will interview me?"

"Never in the world. She will not think you of enough importance."

"You will see," said Ralph. "She will send a description of us all, including Bunchie, to her newspaper."

"I shall ask her not to," Isabel answered.

"You think she is capable of it, then."

"Perfectly."

"And yet you have made her your bosom friend!"

"I have not made her my bosom friend; but I like her, in spite of her faults."

"Ah, well," said Ralph, "I am afraid I shall dislike her, in spite of her merits."

"You will probably fall in love with her at the end of three days."

"And have my love-letters published in the Interviewer? Never!" cried the young man.

The train presently arrived, and Miss Stackpole, promptly descending, proved to be, as Isabel had said, decidedly pretty. She was a fair, plump person, of medium stature, with a round face, a small mouth, a delicate complexion, a bunch of light brown ringlets at the back of her head, and a peculiarly open, surprised-looking eye. The most striking point in her appearance was the remarkable fixedness of this organ, which rested without impudence or defiance, but as if in conscientious exercise of a natural right, upon every object it happened to encounter. It rested in this manner upon Ralph himself, who was somewhat disconcerted by Miss Stackpole's gracious and comfortable aspect, which seemed to indicate that it would not be so easy as he had assumed to

disapprove of her. She was very well dressed, in fresh, dove-colored draperies, and Ralph saw at a glance that she was scrupulously, fastidiously neat. From top to toe she carried not an ink-stain. She spoke in a clear, high voice, — a voice not rich, but loud, though after she had taken her place, with her companions, in Mr. Touchett's carriage, she struck him, rather to his surprise, as not an abundant talker. She answered the inquiries made of her by Isabel, however, and in which the young man ventured to join, with a great deal of precision and distinctness; and later, in the library at Gardencourt, when she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Touchett (his wife not having thought it necessary to appear), did more to give the measure of her conversational powers.

"Well, I should like to know whether you consider yourselves American or English," she said. "If once I knew, I could talk to you accordingly."

"Talk to us anyhow, and we shall be thankful," Ralph answered, liberally.

She fixed her eyes upon him, and there was something in their character that reminded him of large, polished buttons; he seemed to see the reflection of surrounding objects upon the pupil. The expression of a button is not usually deemed human, but there was something in Miss Stackpole's gaze that made him, as he was a very modest man, feel vaguely embarrassed and uncomfortable. This sensation, it must be added, after he had spent a day or two in her company, sensibly diminished, though it never wholly disappeared. "I don't suppose that you are going to undertake to persuade me that *you* are an American," she said.

"To please you, I will be an Englishman, — I will be a Turk!"

"Well, if you can change about that way, you are very welcome," Miss Stackpole rejoined.

"I am sure you understand everything, and that differences of nationality are no barrier to you," Ralph went on.

Miss Stackpole gazed at him still. "Do you mean the foreign languages?"

"The languages are nothing. I mean the spirit — the genius."

"I am not sure that I understand *you*," said the correspondent of the Interviewer; "but I expect I shall before I leave."

"He is what is called a cosmopolitan," Isabel suggested.

"That means he 's a little of everything and not much of any! I must say I think patriotism is like charity, — it begins at home."

"Ah, but where does home begin, Miss Stackpole?" Ralph inquired.

"I don't know where it begins, but I know where it ends. It ended a long time before I got here."

"Don't you like it over here?" asked Mr. Touchett, with his mild, wise, aged, innocent voice.

"Well, sir, I have n't quite made up my mind what ground I shall take. I feel a good deal cramped. I felt it on the journey from Liverpool to London."

"Perhaps you were in a crowded carriage," Ralph suggested.

"Yes, but it was crowded with friends — a party of Americans whose acquaintance I had made upon the steamer; a most lovely group from Little Rock, Arkansas. In spite of that I felt cramped, — I felt something pressing upon me; I could n't tell what it was. I felt at the very commencement as if I were not going to sympathize with the atmosphere. But I suppose I shall make my own atmosphere. Your surroundings seem very attractive."

"Ah, we too are a lovely group!" said Ralph. "Wait a little and you will see."

Miss Stackpole showed every disposition to wait, and evidently was prepared to make a considerable stay at Gardencourt. She occupied herself in the

mornings with literary labor; but in spite of this Isabel spent many hours with her friend, who, once her daily task performed, was of an eminently social tendency. Isabel speedily found occasion to request her to desist from celebrating the charms of their common sojourn in print, having discovered on the second morning of Miss Stackpole's visit that she was engaged upon a letter to the Interviewer, of which the title, in her exquisitely neat and legible hand (exactly that of the copy-books which our heroine remembered at school), was "Americans and Tudors: Glimpses of Gardencourt." Miss Stackpole, with the best conscience in the world, offered to read her letter to Isabel, who immediately put in her protest.

"I don't think you ought to do that, — I don't think you ought to describe the place."

Henrietta gazed at her, as usual. "Why, it 's just what the people want, and it 's a lovely place."

"It 's too lovely to be put in the newspapers, and it 's not what my uncle wants."

"Don't you believe that!" cried Henrietta. "They are always delighted afterwards."

"My uncle won't be delighted — nor my cousin, either. They will consider it a breach of hospitality."

Miss Stackpole showed no sense of confusion; she simply wiped her pen, very neatly, upon an elegant little implement which she kept for the purpose, and put away her manuscript. "Of course if you don't approve, I won't do it; but I sacrifice a beautiful subject."

"There are plenty of other subjects, there are subjects all round you. We will take some drives, and I will show you some charming scenery."

"Scenery is not my department: I always need a human interest. You know I am deeply human, Isabel; I always was," Miss Stackpole rejoined. "I was going to bring in your cousin, — the alienated American. There is a great demand just now for the alienated American, and your cousin is a beautiful specimen. I should have handled him severely."

"He would have died of it!" Isabel exclaimed. "Not of the severity, but of the publicity."

"Well, I should have liked to kill him a little. And I should have delighted to do your uncle, who seems to me a much nobler type — the American faithful still. He is a grand old man; I don't see how he can object to my paying him honor."

Isabel looked at her companion in much wonderment; it appeared to her so strange that a nature in which she found so much to esteem should exhibit such extraordinary disparities. "My poor Henrietta," she said, "you have no sense of privacy."

Henrietta colored deeply, and for a moment her brilliant eyes were suffused; while Isabel marveled more than ever at her inconsistency. "You do me great injustice," said Miss Stackpole, with dignity. "I have never written a word about myself!"

"I am very sure of that; but it seems to me one should be modest for others also!"

"Ah, that is very good!" cried Henrietta, seizing her pen again. "Just let me make a note of it, and I will put it in a letter!" She was a thoroughly good-natured woman, and half an hour later she was in as cheerful a mood as should have been looked for in a newspaper correspondent in want of material. "I have promised to do the social side," she said to Isabel; "and how can I do it unless I get ideas? If I can't describe this place, don't you know some place I can describe?" Isabel promised she would bethink herself, and the next day, in conversation with her friend, she happened to mention her visit to Lord Warburton's ancient house. "Ah, you must take me there, — that is just the place

for me!" Miss Stackpole exclaimed. "I must get a glimpse of the nobility."

"I can't take you," said Isabel; "but Lord Warburton is coming here, and you will have a chance to see him and observe him. Only if you intend to repeat his conversation, I shall certainly give him warning."

"Don't do that!" her companion begged; "I want him to be natural."

"An Englishman is never so natural as when he is holding his tongue!" Isabel rejoined.

It was not apparent, at the end of three days, that her cousin had fallen in love with their visitor, though he had spent a good deal of time in her society. They strolled about the park together, and sat under the trees, and in the afternoon, when it was delightful to float along the Thames, Miss Stackpole occupied a place in the boat in which hitherto Ralph had had but a single companion. Her society had a less insoluble quality than Ralph had expected in the natural perturbation of his sense of the perfect adequacy of that of his cousin; for the correspondent of the Interviewer made him laugh a good deal, and he had long since decided that abundant laughter should be the embellishment of the remainder of his days. Henrietta, on her side, did not quite justify Isabel's declaration with regard to her indifference to masculine opinion; for poor Ralph appeared to have presented himself to her as an irritating problem, which it would be superficial on her part not to solve.

"What does he do for a living?" she asked of Isabel, the evening of her arrival. "Does he go round all day with his hands in his pockets?"

"He does nothing," said Isabel, smiling; "he's a gentleman of leisure."

"Well, I call that a shame — when I have to work like a cotton-mill," Miss Stackpole replied. "I should like to show him up."

"He is in wretched health; he is quite unfit for work," Isabel urged.

"Pshaw! don't you believe it. I work when I am sick," cried her friend. Later, when she stepped into the boat, on joining the water-party, she remarked to Ralph that she supposed he hated her, — he would like to drown her.

"Ah, no," said Ralph, "I keep my victims for a slower torture. And you would be such an interesting one!"

"Well, you do torture me, I may say that. But I shock all your prejudices; that's one comfort."

"My prejudices? I have n't a prejudice to bless myself with. There's intellectual poverty for you."

"The more shame to you! I have some delicious prejudices. Of course I spoil your flirtation, or whatever it is you call it, with your cousin; but I don't care for that, for I render your cousin the service of drawing you out. She will see how thin you are!"

"Ah, do draw me out!" Ralph exclaimed. "So few people will take the trouble."

Miss Stackpole, in this undertaking, appeared to shrink from no trouble, resorting largely, whenever the opportunity offered, to the natural expedient of interrogation. On the following day the weather was bad, and in the afternoon the young man, by way of providing in-door amusement, offered to show her the pictures. Henrietta strolled through the long gallery in his society, while he pointed out its principal ornaments and mentioned the painters and subjects. Miss Stackpole looked at the pictures in perfect silence, committing herself to no opinion, and Ralph was gratified by the fact that she delivered herself of none of the little ready-made ejaculations of delight of which the visitors to Gardencourt were so frequently lavish. This young lady indeed, to do her justice, was but little addicted to the use of conventional phrases; there was something earnest and inventive in her tone, which at

times, in its brilliant deliberation, suggested a person of high culture speaking a foreign language. Ralph Touchett subsequently learned that she had at one time officiated as art-critic to a transatlantic journal; but she appeared in spite of this fact to carry in her pocket none of the small change of admiration. Suddenly, just after he had called her attention to a charming Constable, she turned and looked at him as if he himself had been a picture.

"Do you always spend your time like this?" she demanded.

"I seldom spend it so agreeably," said Ralph.

"Well, you know what I mean, — without any regular occupation."

"Ah," said Ralph, "I am the idlest man living."

Miss Stackpole turned her gaze to the Constable again, and Ralph bespoke her attention for a small Watteau hanging near it, which represented a gentleman in a pink doublet and hose and a ruff, leaning against the pedestal of the statue of a nymph in a garden, and playing the guitar to two ladies seated on the grass.

"That's my ideal of a regular occupation," he said.

Miss Stackpole turned to him again, and though her eyes had rested upon the picture, he saw that she had not apprehended the subject. She was thinking of something much more serious.

"I don't see how you can reconcile it to your conscience," she said.

"My dear lady, I have no conscience!"

"Well, I advise you to cultivate one. You will need it the next time you go to America."

"I shall probably never go again."

"Are you ashamed to show yourself?"

Ralph meditated, with a gentle smile.

"I suppose that, if one has no conscience, one has no shame."

"Well, you have got plenty of assurance," Henrietta declared. "Do you consider it right to give up your country?"

"Ah, one does n't give up one's country, any more than one gives up one's grandmother. It's antecedent to choice."

"I suppose that means that you would give it up if you could. What do they think of you over here?"

"They delight in me."

"That's because you truckle to them."

"Ah, set it down a little to my natural charm!" Ralph urged.

"I don't know anything about your natural charm. If you have got any charm, it's quite unnatural; it's wholly acquired, — or at least you have tried hard to acquire it, living over here. I don't say you have succeeded! It's a charm that I don't appreciate, any way. Make yourself useful in some way, and then we will talk about it."

"Well, now, tell me what I shall do," said Ralph.

"Go right home, to begin with."

"Yes, I see. And then?"

"Take right hold of something."

"Well, now, what sort of thing?"

"Anything you please, so long as you take hold. Some new idea, some big work."

"Is it very difficult to take hold?" Ralph inquired.

"Not if you put your heart into it."

"Ah, my heart," said Ralph. "If it depends upon my heart" —

"Have n't you got any?"

"I had one a few days ago, but I have lost it since."

"You are not serious," Miss Stackpole remarked. "That's what's the matter with you." But for all this, in a day or two she again permitted him to occupy her mind, and on this occasion assigned a different cause to his mysterious perversity. "I know what's the matter with you, Mr. Touchett," she said. "You think you are too good to get married."

"I thought so till I knew you, Miss

Stackpole," Ralph answered; "and then I suddenly changed my mind."

"Oh, pshaw!" Henrietta exclaimed impatiently.

"Then it seemed to me," said Ralph, "that I was not good enough."

"It would improve you. Besides, it's your duty."

"Ah," cried the young man, "one has so many duties! Is that a duty too?"

"Of course it is. Did you never know that before? It's every one's duty to get married."

Ralph meditated a moment; he was disappointed. There was something in Miss Stackpole he had begun to like; it seemed to him that, if she was not a charming woman, she was at least a very good fellow. She was wanting in distinction, but, as Isabel had said, she was brave, and there is always something fine about that. He had not supposed her to be capable of vulgar arts; but these last words struck him as a false note. When a marriageable young woman urges matrimony upon an unencumbered young man, the most obvious explanation of her conduct is not the altruistic impulse.

"Ah, well, now, there is a good deal to be said about that," Ralph rejoined.

"There may be, but that is the principal thing. I must say I think it looks very exclusive, going round all alone, as if you thought no woman was good enough for you. Do you think you are better than any one else in the world? In America it's usual for people to marry."

"If it's my duty," Ralph asked, "is it not, by analogy, yours as well?"

Miss Stackpole's brilliant eyes expanded still further.

"Have you the fond hope of finding a flaw in my reasoning? Of course I have got as good a right to marry as any one else."

"Well, then," said Ralph, "I won't say it vexes me to see you single. It delights me, rather."

"You are not serious yet. You never will be."

"Shall you not believe me to be so on the day that I tell you I desire to give up the practice of going round alone?"

Miss Stackpole looked at him for a moment in a manner which seemed to announce a reply that might technically be called encouraging. But to his great surprise this expression suddenly resolved itself into an appearance of alarm, and even of resentment.

"No, not even then," she answered, dryly. After which she walked away.

"I have not fallen in love with your friend," Ralph said that evening to Isabel, "though we talked some time this morning about it."

"And you said something she did n't like," the girl replied.

Ralph stared. "Has she complained of me?"

"She told me she thinks there is something very low in the tone of Europeans towards women."

"Does she call me a European?"

"One of the worst. She told me you had said to her something that an American never would have said. But she did n't repeat it."

Ralph treated himself to a burst of resounding laughter.

"She is an extraordinary combination. Did she think I was making love to her?"

"No; I believe Americans do that. But she apparently thought you mistook the intention of something she had said, and put an unkind construction on it."

"I thought she was proposing marriage to me, and I accepted her. Was that unkind?"

Isabel smiled. "It was unkind to me. I don't want you to marry."

"My dear cousin, what is one to do among you all?" Ralph demanded. "Miss Stackpole tells me it's my bounden duty, and that it's hers to see I do mine!"

"She has a great sense of duty," said Isabel, gravely. "She has, indeed, and it 's the motive of everything she says. That 's what I like her for. She thinks it 's very frivolous for you to be single; that 's what she meant to express to you. If you thought she was trying to — to attract you, you were very wrong."

"It is true it was an odd way; but I did think she was trying to attract me. Excuse my superficiality."

"You are very conceited. She had no interested views, and never supposed you would think she had."

"One must be very modest, then, to talk with such women," Ralph said, humbly. "But it 's a very strange type. She is too personal, — considering that she expects other people not to be. She walks in without knocking at the door."

"Yes," Isabel admitted, "she does n't sufficiently recognize the existence of knockers; and indeed I am not sure that she does n't think them a rather pretentious ornament. She thinks one's door should stand ajar. But I persist in liking her."

"I persist in thinking her too familiar," Ralph rejoined, naturally somewhat uncomfortable under the sense of having been doubly deceived in Miss Stackpole.

"Well," said Isabel, smiling, "I am afraid it is because she is rather vulgar that I like her."

"She would be flattered by your reason!"

"If I should tell her, I would not express it in that way. I should say it is because there is something of the 'people' in her."

"What do you know about the people? and what does she, for that matter?"

"She knows a great deal, and I know enough to feel that she is a kind of emanation of the great democracy — of the continent, the country, the nation. I don't say that she sums it all up; that would be too much to ask of her. But she suggests it; she reminds me of it."

"You like her then for patriotic reasons. I am afraid it is on those very grounds that I object to her."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a kind of joyous sigh, "I like so many things! If a thing strikes me in a certain way, I like it. I don't want to boast, but I suppose I am rather versatile. I like people to be totally different from Henrietta, — in the style of Lord Warburton's sisters, for instance. So long as I look at the Misses Molyneux, they seem to me to answer a kind of ideal. Then Henrietta presents herself, and I am immensely struck with her; not so much for herself as what stands behind her."

"Ah, you mean the back view of her," Ralph suggested.

"What she says is true," his cousin answered; "you will never be serious. I like the great country stretching away beyond the rivers and across the prairies, blooming and smiling and spreading till it stops at the blue Pacific! A strong, sweet, fresh odor seems to rise from it, and Henrietta — excuse my simile — has something of that odor in her garments."

Isabel blushed a little as she concluded this speech, and the blush, together with the momentary ardor she had thrown into it, was so becoming to her that Ralph stood smiling at her for a moment after she had ceased speaking.

"I am not sure the Pacific is blue," he said; "but you are a woman of imagination. Henrietta, however, is fragrant — Henrietta is decidedly fragrant!"

Henry James, Jr.

THE LATER WRITINGS OF MR. MALLOCK.

There is no one of the more noteworthy authors of our day whose spiritual physiognomy it is so hard to make out from the sum of his writings as Mr. Mallock's. There was really some reason for the doubt occasionally expressed, even by astute readers of the New Republic, whether that extremely clever volume was intended for a satire, or merely a picture of a certain phase of high life in the emancipated portion of the English upper class. That it was a malicious picture was evident enough; that it was the picture of a would-be moralist seemed equally clear; but the dispassionate reader could hardly rid himself of the impression that the new censor appreciated with a zest somewhat too keen, for a reformer, the fascination of certain disguised immoralities at which he was perpetually and rather broadly hinting; and that some of his sharpest strictures savored of that specific bitterness which is due to a revulsion of personal feeling. The song of Dante's lost lovers, for example, — "*Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse,*" — though put into the mouth of a character for whom Mr. Mallock had not only shown no respect himself, but had shown superfluous reason why the reader should have none, was unfortunately good poetry. It was alive with feeling and skillfully versified. Either the vanity of the rhymer or the emotions of the man must have got the better of him when he was writing it to a degree which strangely nullified its presumed didactic purpose.

The impression produced by Positivism on an Island, if less incongruous, was hardly more satisfactory. There was no longer room for doubt that Mr. Mallock meant to express, in the fiercest manner of which he was capable, his hatred and fear of modern free-thinking, in all its phases, and to set in the most repulsive light possible its application to practical life. The trouble in this case was that his animosity seemed overdone. The one indispensable requisite for a satirist is self-command. If he have not this, even wit is useless to him. His nerves must be in such a condition that he can hold his subject at arm's-length, and that steadfastly. But Mr. Mallock is so beside himself with anger that he falls into unpardonable coarseness. The outraged child, who can no longer express his emotions save by kicking and howling upon the floor, we may regard with a certain amused tolerance, especially if we feel that he has just cause for indignation, but his behavior cannot be considered edifying. In the more frantic transports of Mr. Mallock's righteous wrath against "positivism" he is hardly quotable; but take a few specimens of his milder and more decent mode of mockery.

"'Let us prepare ourselves,' said Paul solemnly, as they sat down to dinner, 'for realizing to the full the essential dignity of humanity, — that *grand être* which has come, in the course of progress, to consist of you and me. Every condition of happiness that modern thinkers have dreamed of is now fulfilled. We have but to seek each the happiness of the other, and we shall both be in a solemn, a significant, and unspeakable state of rapture. See, — here is an exquisite leg of mutton. I,' said Paul, 'who like the fat best, will give up all the fat to you.'

"'And I,' said Virginia resignedly, 'will give up all the lean to you.'

"A few mouthfuls made Virginia feel sick. 'I confess,' said she, 'I can't get on with this fat.'

"'I confess,' the professor answered, 'I don't exactly like this lean.'

"'Then let us,' said Virginia, 'be like Jack Spratt and his wife!'

"'No,' said the professor meditatively, 'that is quite inadmissible. For in that case, we should be egotistic hedonists. However, for to-day it shall be as you say. I will think of something better to-morrow.'

"Next day he and Virginia had a chicken apiece, only Virginia's was put before Paul, and Paul's before Virginia, and they each walked round the table to supply each other with the slightest necessaries.

"'Ah,' said Paul, 'this is altruism indeed! I think already I can feel the sublimity beginning.'"

. . . "The two went out together. They stood on the smooth sands which glittered white and silvery in the dazzling moonlight. All was hushed. The gentle murmur of the trees and the soft splash of the sea seemed only to make silence audible. The professor paused close beside Virginia and took her hand. Virginia liked that, and thought that religion without theology was not, perhaps, so bad after all. Meanwhile Paul had fixed his eyes on the moon. Then, in a voice almost broken with emotion, he whispered, 'The prayer of the man of science, it has been said, must be, for the most part, of the silent sort. He who said that was wrong. It need not be silent; it need only be inarticulate. I have discovered an audible and a reasonable liturgy, which will give utterance, to the full, to the religion of exact thought. Let us join our voices and let us croon to the moon!'

"The professor at once began a long, low howling. Virginia joined him until she was out of breath.

"'Oh, Paul,' she said at last, 'is this more rational than the Lord's Prayer?'

"'Yes,' said the professor, 'for we can analyze and comprehend that; but true religious feeling, as Professor Tyndall tells us, we can neither analyze nor comprehend. See how big nature is, and how little — ah, how little! — we know about it. Is it not solemn and sublime and awful? Come, let us howl again!'

"The professor's devotional fervor grew every moment. At last he put his hand to his mouth, and began hooting like an owl, till it seemed that all the island echoed to him. The louder Paul hooted and howled, the nearer did he draw to Virginia.

"'Ah,' he said, as he put his arm about her waist, 'it is in solemn moments like this that the solidarity of mankind becomes most apparent.'"

All this is laughable certainly, and, to a degree, forcible, but the taste and temper of it are a little too bad.

Only the more striking and admirable, therefore, seemed Mr. Mallock's change of manner, when, dropping the rôle of satirist, which he had so sadly and often grotesquely overacted, he asked the attention of the thinking world to a wholly serious discussion of the themes on which his mind had been so long exercised. Whatever the reader may think of his answer to the question, Is Life Worth Living? or however he may rate the arguments that lead up to it, it is impossible to refuse to our author, speaking with so new and grave a dignity, our most intent and respectful attention.

The essays assembled under the rather startling title mentioned above[1] have, indeed, a collective force other and greater than was fully foreseen for them by those who first read them in their fragmentary form. The author says himself, at the close of the dedicatory letter to his revered Mr. Ruskin, by which they are prefaced, that there was so much to add, to omit, to rearrange, and to join together, that his volume is virtually new.

It is unquestionably a book of moment, and its greatest effect is not certain to be immediate. Mr. Mallock describes himself in its introduction as

[1] *Is Life Worth Living?* by WILLIAM HURREL MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

"an outsider in politics, literature, and theology," but now, at least, we know the haven where he would be. Not many, we fancy, of the literary idlers who had known this writer only by his books, and read him for his vogue, had realized, before the publication of this book, whither the steps of his convictions were tending, or dreamed that one so perfectly at home in all the genteelest heresies, a kind of connoisseur in the instruments of modern warfare, was really provisioning for a siege in the most ancient stronghold of orthodoxy. Both weaker and stronger souls than his had traveled the same way in numbers, but nobody would have suspected him of being either a disillusioned woman of either sex, or a solitary and consummate spiritual artist like Cardinal Newman.

For Mr. Mallock is, at least, no volatile Pilate, and to the grave inquiry propounded in his title he returns an unhesitating answer. Life is worth living to one, and to one only, who holds the Christian faith; and the only form of that faith now tenable is "the oldest, the most legitimate, the most coherent of all, the faith of the Church of Rome." He seems to say distinctly in his preface that he is not yet a Roman Catholic, but the claims of the Mother Church command the consent of his reason, and the arguments by which he finds them sustained he rehearses with no common fervor and force. There were, doubtless, honest readers of Mr. Mallock's book who felt as if he were "unmasked" therein, and for whom it will always be hard henceforth to listen to him patiently. There were others of us to whom it merely appeared that he was now fully explained, and his motives in some sort justified; and we were ready to hail his entire, if somewhat tardy ingenuousness, to respect his new concentration of spirit, and especially to admire the strength, the terseness, and the unaffected felicity which the approximate settling of his mind seemed to have imparted to his literary style. We shall attempt a rapid summary of the contents of the volume.

In his opening chapter on the new import of this old question concerning the worth of life, Mr. Mallock shows very strikingly that, in spite of certain seeming resemblances between the mental doubts and distresses of our own and some long bygone periods, as, for instance, the time of Lucretius, to whom certain of the moderns are so fond of appealing, an everlasting change has been wrought in the conditions of the problem by the revelation of Christianity. "It" (Christianity) "has done a work," he says, "and that work remains, and we all feel the effects of it, whether we will or no. Described in the most general way, that work has been this. The supernatural, in the ancient world, was something vague and indefinite; and the classical theologies, at any rate, though they were to some extent formal embodiments of it, could embody really but a very small part. Zeus and the Olympian hierarchies were dimly perceived to be encircled by some vaster mystery, which, to the popular mind, was altogether formless, and which even such men as Plato could only describe inadequately. The supernatural was like a dim and diffused light, brighter in some places and darker in others, but focalized and concentrated nowhere. Christianity has focalized it, united into one the scattered points of brightness, and collected other rays that before were altogether imperceptible. . . . And the practical result is this: when we, in these days, deny the supernatural, we are denying it in a way in which it was never denied before. Our denial is, beyond all comparison, more complete. The supernatural, for the ancient world, was like a perfume scenting life out of a hundred different vessels, of which only two or three were visible to the same men and nations. They therefore

might get rid of these, and yet the larger part of the scent would still remain to them. But for us, it is as though all the perfume had been collected into a single vessel, and if we get rid of this, we shall get rid of the scent altogether. Our air will be altogether odorless."

Now this more sweeping and unsparing denial the modern positivists (by whom, as he explains in a note, Mr. Mallock means not Comtists at all, but the whole body of the modern agnostics in the principles in which they agree) do actually assume to make. They deny the existence of a personal God, they reject the notion of individual immortality, they scorn all thought of supernatural sanctions for human well-doing, or divine compensations for human ills. Yet they profess — the more courageous and lusty of them — to find life well worth living for its own sake alone. The advancement of the human race as a whole, and the possible future improvement of its modes of living here below, they consider abundant substitutes for the personal hope of heaven; and goodness is to them, in all cases, its own sufficient *rationale* and reward. To the positivists, or agnostics, therefore, Mr. Mallock addresses himself, and his attack is both fiery and adroit. He takes their much vaunted enthusiasm for the general good of humanity where he finds what he considers its purest, and at the same time most impassioned, expression, namely, in the so-called hymn of George Eliot, beginning, —

> "Oh, may I join the choir invisible
> Of the immortal dead who live again
> In lives made better by their presence!" etc.

Analyzing what seems to him its true import, he finds it as hollow as it is high-sounding, — "a song of little meaning, though the words are strong;" its virtue, vanity; its vast rewards, a cheat; all its specious hope and ardor and sympathy, voices and nothing more. "How are these kindled?" he inquires, with vivacity, "and what are they all about? They must, as we have seen, be about something which the science of sociology will not discover for us. Nor can they last, if, like an empty stomach, they prey only upon themselves. They must have some solid content, and the great thing needful is to discover this. It is quite true that to suffer, or even to die, will often appear *dulce et decorum* to a man; but it will only seem so when the end he dies or suffers for is, in his estimation, a worthy one. A Christian might be gladly crucified if by so doing he could turn men from vice to virtue; but a connoisseur in wine would not be crucified that his best friend might prefer dry champagne to sweet. All the agony and the struggles, then, that the positivist saint suffers with such enthusiasm depend for their value and their possibility on the object that is supposed to cause them." But that object, Mr. Mallock reiterates, is not merely inadequate and unworthy, but unpresentable to the mind, and self-contradicted by the very terms in which it is expressed.

Again, in the chapters on Goodness as its own Reward, and Life as its own Reward, he argues with extreme impressiveness that both the reasonable bases of morality and all the high dignity and deep import of our being are bound up with the theism which modern thought is contemptuously spurning, and would perish if that were proved false. That greatest of all the arts, — the dramatic, — long languishing, as we know, will be struck with death in such a case, for from the days of the Greek tragedians onward its appeal and its mastery have been essentially moral and religious. "In Macbeth, for instance, the main incident, the coloring-matter of the drama, is the murder of Duncan. But in what aspect of this does the real tragedy lie? Not in the fact that Duncan is murdered, but that Macbeth is the murderer. What appals us, what purges our passions with pity and terror as we contemplate it, is not the external, the social effect of the

act, but the personal, the internal effect of it. As for Duncan, he is in his grave. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. What our minds are made to dwell upon is, not that Duncan shall sleep forever, but that Macbeth shall sleep no more. It is not the extinction of a dynasty, but the ruin of a character. . . . In Antigone its nature is yet more distinctly exhibited. We have for the central interest the same personal struggle after *right;* not after use or happiness; and one of the finest passages in that whole marvelous drama is a distinct statement by the heroine that this is so. The one rule, she says, that she is resolved to live by, and not live by only, but, if need be, to die for, is no human rule, no standard of man's devising, nor can it be modified to suit our changing needs, but it is —

"'The unwritten and enduring laws of God,
Which are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live from everlasting; and none breathes
Who knows them, whence begotten.'"

The chapter on Love as a Test of Goodness, in which Mr. Mallock undertakes to show how the central passion of human nature was ennobled by the coming of Christianity, and into what depths, unsounded by the unconscious pagan, it must sink with the extinction of that faith, is in many respects the most interesting of the book. It is disfigured here and there by slight traces of that other manner of the author's which we do not like; but naturally it makes a direct appeal, of one kind or another, to the experience of nearly all his readers; and it certainly sheds a new light on some of the most dubious and distasteful passages in his previous works, and serves, for the time being, fully to vindicate his own ideal of honor and purity. We are made more lenient even to the coarse despite with which he scathes his Mrs. Sinclair in the New Republic, if we may indeed regard it as the burning message of a prophet, impelled to convince the world of insidious danger and gracefully disguised sin. He contemns in unmeasured terms the type of love which he finds reflected in so many of the poems and romances of the period, — the conscious and cultivated sensualism, the vapid sentiment, and withal the unnatural and incurable coldness. He contrasts the gorgeous indecencies of Mademoiselle de Maupin with the chaste effusion and sacramental tenderness of the De la Feronnays, and the solemn and mysterious ecstasy just glimpsed in the last moments of their communion upon earth by Monica and St. Augustine, — he who had drunk deeply, in his day, of a far less limpid draught. Mr. Mallock consoles himself, however, with the belief that the monstrous ideal of the Gautiers and the Swinburnes is, as a matter of fact, seldom realized, and that practically human love yet retains a large measure of the sweetness and sacredness which the general acceptance of positivist principles and their logical application to life will, he thinks, if accomplished, inevitably destroy. "To return, then, to the subject of human love, we are now in a position to see that, as offered us at present by the positive school of moralists, it cannot, properly speaking, be called a positive pleasure at all, but that it is still, essentially, a religious one; and that when the religious element is eradicated, its entire nature will change. It may be, of course, contended that the religious element is ineradicable; but this is simply either to call positivism an impossibility or religion an incurable disease. Here, however, we touch upon a side issue. . . . My aim now is not to argue either that positivism can or cannot be accepted by humanity, but to show what, if accepted, it will have to offer us. I wish to point out the error, for instance, of such writers as George Eliot, who, whilst denying the existence of any sun-god in the heavens, are yet perpetually adoring the sunlight upon earth; who profess to extinguish all fire

upon principle, and then offer us boiling water to supply its place; or who, sending love to us as a Cassandra, continue to quote as Scripture the prophetess they have just discredited."

In the chapters on the Superstition of Positivism, and the Logic of Scientific Negation, Mr. Mallock confines himself strictly to the technical aspect of his discussion, claiming to meet the materialists on their own material ground, and to refute their imposing arguments, merely as arguments, by others more cogent yet. There is no need closely to follow him into a region where the interest of that general reader to whom, in the main, he addresses himself is sure to flag, and where the scientific reader with a *parti pris* is equally sure to find his ratiocination faulty and his conclusions null. The battle for the reality of happiness and the worth of life will never, it is safe to assert, be either lost or won in the regions of pure logic. Later, when our author begins plainly to indicate the gist of his message and the goal of his wanderings, when he strikes the flag of free-thought, so confidently carried by gallant spirits for three hundred years, surrenders the whole of Protestantism to those modern assailants of Christianity in whom he sees only the natural offspring of the errors of Protestantism, and records — soberly enough, indeed — his conviction that true religion must live or die with the unity and supremacy of the Roman church, he steps back upon ground where any intelligent man may meet him, and recovers the accent which appeals to the universal ear. A thousand resentful combatants will start up, full-armed, to resist him at this point, and to their prowess we may safely leave, for the present at least, the defense of the Reformation. It is curious, however, to observe in passing the strange similarity, almost identity, of Mr. Mallock's argument just here with that of his darling aversion, Mr. Matthew Arnold, in the essay, reprinted in his late volume, on Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism.

It is but fair to say that Mr. Mallock's tone in these last decisive pages of his book is remarkably — some good souls will say jesuitically — mild and free from dogmatism. We go too far, perhaps, even in calling them decisive. It is rather that he espies a hope of rescue from the horror of great darkness and gathering tempest, which he feels to be descending upon the world, than that he finds his feet already planted upon unyielding land. His own final word in Is Life Worth Living? is so subdued, for him, and so gently persuasive, that we prefer to close with it our hasty summary, the aim of which has been rather to bespeak justice for one of the most earnest and suggestive books of the past year, than to pronounce judgment upon it.

"Thinkers like Mr. Leslie Stephen say that these beliefs [of the Catholic Christian] belong to dream-land, and they are welcome, if they please, to keep their terminology. It has at least this merit, that it recognizes the dualism of the two orders of things it deals with. Let them keep their names, if they will, and in their language the case amounts to this, — that it is only for the sake of the dreams that visit it, that the world of reality has any certain value for us. Will not the dreams continue when the reality has passed away?"

There can hardly be a reader of Mr. Mallock's, who has followed him in good faith to the end of this, his incomparably noblest effort, but will bow to the appeal in its closing sentence, and join instinctively in the prayer to which that invites him. But all the meaning and efficacy of such a prayer must, of course, depend upon this, — that the phraseology which the writer wrests from his adversaries be indeed a fallacious one, and the dream be understood to be the reality, and the reality the dream. If that un-

speakable something whereof Monica and Augustine were aware for an instant at Ostia, and which the saint mystically calls the "first-fruits of the Spirit," were not a reality, it was no more sacred than an illusion born of hasheesh. If those "unwritten and enduring" and mysteriously begotten laws for which Antigone laid down her life were not realities, her death was a pitiful blunder. And of course the whole burden of Mr. Mallock's endeavor in Is Life Worth Living? — the whole aim of his elaborate discussion — is the illumination, the definition, the establishment of these things as realities. What shall we say, then, when this guide and philosopher, whom in his moments of unction we have submissively allowed to take with us almost the tone of a director, resumes, after a few months' silence, the subject over which he has labored so earnestly, but in a manner calculated both to confuse and to cheapen it? He throws these additional reflections of his into a dramatic form, flooding them with sentiment, and toying languidly and affectedly with the vital inquiry which he had before grasped in so serious and manly a fashion. We might have let this latest effusion pass, as a rather weak society sketch, embellished with some graceful bits of versification, if the author had not entitled it A Dialogue concerning Human Happiness, thereby challenging our scrutiny of the piece, as an appendix to his highest argument. And what do we find there? We find ourselves, first of all, taken back into those dubious marches of the *demi-monde* which appear alone to furnish the scenery of Mr. Mallock's predilection. We are introduced to a number of rather cleverly outlined characters, concerning whom we feel strongly with the most exemplary of them, Mrs. Fitzgerald, that "they may be very well at Nice," but would not answer for acquaintances at home. We are asked to pity and admire a heroine to whom a profligate father had given the baptismal name of a courtesan mentioned by Plato, and who is described by an early lover of hers, to a vulgar adventuress who is full of curiosity about the Lady Diotima, as a singularly exact translation, into the key of modern life, of her Grecian prototype. "She is the most fascinating of all classical characters to me," he says, speaking of the original Diotima; "I picture her to myself as a sort of George Sand of antiquity, half saint, half sinner, — the wise woman, at once, of prayer and pleasure, whom the wisest of the ancients [Socrates] found more wise than himself!"

"'As far as I can understand,' said Mrs. Crane, 'you are not giving your friend a very brilliant character.'

"'As far as what *we* mean by character goes,' said Marsham, 'I believe her to be without reproach.'"

At the time of the story, the new Diotima and her whilom lover have become, in their several ways, she a voluptuous coquette, and he a polished coxcomb of thirty odd, but the woman is a devout Roman Catholic, the man an unbeliever. It is but fair, therefore, to infer that she is the mouth-piece of Mr. Mallock's own opinions in the precious dialogue on human happiness which ensues when the two finally meet, and during the whole of which the attitude of the lady would be vulgarly described as that of throwing herself at her visitor's head. It is, to say the least, one of the most baffling and bewildering dialogues ever reported. All which can possibly be gathered from it in the way of definite doctrine is that man's only chance of happiness, and that a slender one, is to be early and often in love. It may be artistic to represent the interlocutors in such a case as rendered vague in thought and incessantly self-contradictory by the stress of insurgent emotion, but it is not helpful to a right understanding of their views. We make room for a few of their remarks and re-

joinders, at the point of the discussion where they are least discursive and ambiguous.

"You cannot by reason," says Philip, "cure love as a caprice; but the love which is a caprice only is not the love you speak of. And love as an absorbing and life-long devotion, which takes into itself a man's whole ambitions and emotions, — love like this reason assuredly can quench for those who have no faith to sustain them. Such love, you say, is the sun of the inner world. You are mistaken. It is not the sun, it is the moon. The moon is human affection, but the sun is divine faith. You who are a Catholic forget all this, for you know nothing of the loss from which others are suffering. But to offer love to those who have lost religion is to tell the poor to eat jam-tarts, when they cry to you that they have no bread."

"I forget nothing," she said angrily. "I am a Catholic, it is true, and I trust I value my religion properly. But religion has nothing to do with the present question. You are beginning the matter at the wrong end. If you want to be a religious man, you must first be a man; and you are not a man if you do not know how to love. How will you love God whom you have not seen, if you do not love your brother whom you have seen?"

"That does but mean," he replied, "that if the tree is healthy it will bear fruit; not that we can have fruit without having any tree to bear it. You are confounding two things. Love is either a sacrament or a self-indulgence. If it be the former, the very essence of it is that it points to something beyond itself, and its power in that case must die, if our belief in that something ceases. If it be the latter, it is a feeling only."

"A feeling only!" she exclaimed. "Yes, indeed, it is a feeling only, but a feeling so rapturous and so sacred that it needs nothing beyond itself except our thanks to the God who gave it, — God the giver who, at such times, willingly stands aside that his children may enjoy together this precious and most perfect gift."

"Surely," said Marsham, "this is a strange view for you, a Catholic. You profess a faith which teaches you that the one thing really worth our living for is the love, not of woman, but of God; and though human love is indeed recognized and blessed by it, yet for those who would be perfect, it points out a more excellent way."

"We cannot all be saints," she said. "It was not meant that we should be."

After all, it is of no use. A few hours of noonday dalliance under the mimosas in discourse like this, and then the faithless swain departs, and on the evening of the same day he is drifting along the purple Mediterranean with another siren, who sings to him in a world-renowned voice a boat-song of his own composing, conceived in a sub-Swinburnian spirit, and of a really delicate and haunting melody. The forsaken one hears the strain faintly from her balcony, — and retires into a chapel to pray.

Now if Mr. Mallock is indeed morally in earnest, as his most considerable work seems clearly to show, and as we ourselves believe him to be, the sooner he drops this sort of perfumed parable, this theory of instruction by sighs and innuendoes, the better. The faith which he now assumes to defend, he is in far more danger of betraying. It is strange that so discerning a mind should ever for a moment have fancied that a method like this could prove otherwise than perplexing, disheartening, and demoralizing. Mr. Mallock is very severe upon George Eliot for the "de-religionized morality, baseless, objectless," and impossible, which she professes and up-

holds. But a moral ideal which is too obviously attainable is not worth upholding at all, and the one great imagination among the positive writers of the day does certainly bring moral incentives to bear upon the consciences of her readers with a quite extraordinary power. She searches out the weaknesses and insincerities of the human heart with a terrible illumination. She convinces of sin. She incites to self-conquest. She strengthens for self-sacrifice. Others of her school do the like, in a lesser degree, and until the Christian and Catholic apologist can do as much, he had better leave preaching to the free-thinkers. The sole justification of preaching, in any case, is the chance of making men better.

But it is not true that the skeptics, even the high-minded skeptics of to-day, have a monopoly of moral tact and power. Mr. Mallock need go no farther than the great modern writers of that church to whose communion he aspires, to find advocates of Christianity who add to the utmost stringency of moral requirement the glow of the apostolic age and the buoyancy of an unalterable hope. Like these far-seeing men, Mr. Mallock believes that the drear and still-advancing inundation of infidelity before which the lights of life are going out, one by one, is fed by the self-same bitter springs which first broke barriers in the philosophism of the great Revolutionary time, but which took their rise long before, when the law of intellectual license was proclaimed by the Protestant Reformation. The end of these things no man can yet foresee; but during all the last century, while the church of the ages has been sustaining this latest and fiercest onslaught of unbelief, there has been an illustrious succession of warriors fighting inside her walls who have shown themselves consummate masters of the tactics of defense, and who have sold very dearly to their assailants their consecrated lives and powers. Mr. Mallock should learn of them. Let him study Joseph de Maistre on Voltaire, if he would know what are the most efficient weapons against atheism, and how wielded of a thoroughly loyal and chivalric Christian, a great scholar, a spotless gentleman, and a resolved and fiery adversary.

THE ROMANCE OF SUNRISE ROCK.

I.

What momentous morning arose with so resplendent a glory that it should have imprinted its indelible reflection on the face of this great Cumberland cliff; what eloquence of dawn so splendid that the dumb, insensate stone should catch its spirit and retain its expression forever and forever? A deep, narrow stream flowed around the base of the "paint-rock." Immense fissures separated it from its fellows. And charged with its subtler meaning it towered above them in isolated majesty. Moons waxed and waned; nations rose and fell; centuries came and went. And still it faced the east, and still, undimmed by storm and time, it reiterated the miracle and the prophecy of the rising sun.

"'T war painted by the Injuns,—that's what I hev always hearn tell. Them folks war mos'ly leagued with the Evil One. That's how it kem they war gin the grasp ter scuffle up that thar bluff, ez air four hunderd feet high an' ez sheer ez a wall; it ain't got foot-

hold fur a cockle-burr. I hev hearn tell that when they got ez high ez the pictur' they war 'lowed by the devil ter stand on air. An' I believes it. Else how 'd they make out ter do that thar job ? "

The hairy animal, whose jeans suit proclaimed him man, propounded this inquiry with a triumphant air. There was a sarcastic curve on the lips of his interlocutor. Clearly it was not worth his while to enlighten the mountaineer, — to talk of the unknown races whose work so long survives their names, to speculate upon the extent of their civilization and the mechanical contrivances that reached those dizzy heights, to confide his nebulous fancies clustering about the artist-poet who painted this grand, rude lyric upon the immortal rock. He turned from the strange picture, suspended between heaven and earth, and looked over the rickety palings into the dismal little graveyard of the mountaineers. Nowhere, he thought, was the mystery of life and death so gloomily suggested. Humanity seemed so small, so transitory a thing, expressed in these few mounds in the midst of the undying grandeur of the mountains. Material nature conquers ; man and mind are as naught. Only a reiteration of a well-conned lesson, for so far this fine young fellow of thirty had made a failure of life ; the material considerations with which he had wrestled had got the better of him, and a place within the palings seemed rather preferable to his place without.

It was still strange to John Cleaver that his lines should have fallen in this wilderness ; that the door of that house on the slope of the Backbone should be the only door upon earth open to him ; that such men as this mountaineer were his neighbors and associates. The fact seemed a grotesque libel on likelihood. As he rode away he was thinking of his costly education, the sacrifices his father had made to secure it, his dying conviction, which was such a comfort to him, that in it he had left his penniless son a better thing than wealth, — with such training and such abilities what might he not reach ? When John Cleaver returned from his medical studies in Paris to the Western city of his birth, to scores of charity patients, and to a fine social position by virtue of the prestige of a good family, there seemed only a little waiting needed. But the old physicians held on to life and the paying practice with the grip of the immortals. And he found it difficult to sustain existence while he waited.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself beaten and turned sheep-farmer. Here, among the mountains of East Tennessee, said the letter, he had bought a farm for a song ; the land was the poorest he ever saw, but served his purposes, and the house was a phenomenal structure for these parts, — a six-room brick, built fifty years ago by a city man with a bucolic craze and consumptive tendencies. The people were terribly poor ; still, if his friend would come he might manage to pick up something, for there was not a physician in a circuit of sixty miles.

So Cleaver had turned his face to the mountains. But unlike the sheep-farmer he did not meet his reverses lightly. The man was at bay. And like a savage thing he took his ill-fortune by the throat. Success had seemed so near that there was something like the pain of death in giving up the life to which he had looked forward with such certainty. He could not console himself with this comatose state, and call it life. He often told himself that there was nothing left but to think of what he might have done, and eat out his heart. His ambition died hard.

As his horse ambled along, a gruff voice broke his reverie. "'Light an'

hitch," called out the master of a wayside hovel.

A man of different temperament might have found in Cleaver's uncouth surroundings some points of palliation. His heart might have warmed to the ignorant mountaineers' high and tender virtue of hospitality. A responsive respect might have been induced by the contemplation of their pride, so intense that it recognizes no superior, so inordinate that one is tempted to cry out, Here are the true republicans! or, indeed, Here are the only aristocrats! The rough fellow was shambling out to stop him with cordial insistence. An old crone, leaning on a stick in the doorway, called after her son, "Tell him ter 'light an' hitch, Peter, an' eat his supper along of we-uns." A young girl sitting on the rude porch, reeling yarn, preparatory to weaving, glanced up, her sedate face suddenly illumined. Even the bare-footed, tow-headed children stood still in pleased expectation. Certainly John Cleaver's position in life was as false as it was painful. But the great human heart was here, untutored though it was, and roughly accoutred. And he himself had found that Greek and Latin do not altogether avail.

The little log-house was encompassed by the splendor of autumnal foliage. A purple haze clung to the distant mountains; every range and every remove had a new tone and a new delight. The gray crags, near at hand, stood out sharply against the crimson sky. And high above them all in its impressive isolation loomed Sunrise Rock, heedless of the transitory dying day and the ineffective coming night.

The girl's reel was still whirling; at regular intervals it ticked and told off another cut. Cleaver's eyes were fixed upon her as he declined Peter Teake's invitation. He had seen her often before, but he did not know as yet that that face would play a strange part in the little mental drama that was to lead to the making of his fortune. Her cheek was flushed; her delicate crimson lips were slightly parted; the live gold of the sunbeams touched the dead-yellow lustreless masses of her hair. Here and there the clustering tendrils separated, as they hung about her shoulders, and disclosed bright glimpses of a red cotton kerchief knotted around her throat; she wore a dark blue homespun dress, and despite the coarse texture of her attire there was something of the mingled brilliance and softness of the autumn tints in her humble presence. Her eyes reminded him of those deep, limpid mountain streams with golden-brown pebbles at the bottom. Scornful as he was, he was only a man — and a young man. With a sudden impulse he leaned forward and handed her a pretty cluster of ferns and berries which he had gathered in the forest.

The reel stopped, the thread broke; she looked up, as she received mechanically his woodland treasure, with so astonished a face that it induced in this man of the world a sense of embarrassment.

"Air they good yerbs fur somethin'?" she asked.

A quick comprehension of the ludicrous situation flashed through his mind. She evidently made no distinctions in the healing art as practiced by him and the "yerb-doctor," with whom he occasionally came into professional contact. And the presentation of the "yerbs" seemed a prescription instead of a compliment.

"No, — no," he said hastily, thinking of the possibility of a decoction. "They are not good for tea. They are of no use, — except to look at."

And he rode away, laughing softly.

Everything about the red brick house was disorganized and dilapidated; but the dining-room, which served the two young bachelors as a sitting-room also, was cheerful with the glow of a hickory fire and a kerosene lamp, and although

the floor was bare and the tiny-paned windows curtained only with cobwebs, there was a suggestively comfortable array of pipes on the mantel-piece, and a bottle of gracious aspect. Sitting in front of the fire, the light full on his tawny beard and close-clipped, blonde hair, was a man of splendid proportions, a fine, frank, intellectual face, and a manner and accent that proclaimed him as distinctly exotic as his friend. He too had reared the great scaffolding of an elaborate education that he might erect the colossal edifice of his future. His hands beat the empty air and he had no materials wherewith to build. But there was the scaffolding, a fine thing in itself, — wasted, perhaps. For the sheep-farmer did not need it.

"Well, old sinner!" he exclaimed smilingly, as Cleaver entered. "Did you tell Tom to put up your 'beastis'? He is so 'brigaty' that he might not stand."

Were the two friends sojourning in the Cumberland Mountains on a camp-hunt, these excerpts from the prevalent dialect might have seemed to Cleaver a pleasantry of exquisite flavor. But they were no sojourners; they were permanently established here. And he felt that every concession to the customs of the region was a descent toward the level of its inhabitants. He thought Trelawney was already degenerating in this disheveled life, — mentally, in manner, even in speech. For with a philologist's zest Trelawney chased verbal monstrosities to their lair, and afterward displayed them in his daily conversation with as much pride as a connoisseur feels in exhibiting odd old china. As these reflections intruded themselves, Cleaver silently swore a mighty oath — an oath he had often sworn before — that he would not go down with him, he would not deteriorate too, he would hold hard to the traditions of a higher sphere.

But sins against convention could not detract from the impressiveness of the man lounging before the fire. If Trelawney only had money, how he would adorn the state of a nabob!

"Brigaty!" he reiterated. "That's a funny word. It sounds as if it might be kin to the Italian *brigata*. Or, see here — *briga*? — eh? — *brigadar* — *brigadarsi*? I wonder how these people come by it."

A long pause ensued, broken only by the ticking of their watches: the waste of time asserted itself. All was silent without; no wind stirred; no leaf nor acorn fell; the mute mists pressed close to the window. Surely there were no other creatures in all the dreary world. And this, thought Cleaver, was what he had come to, after all his prestige, all his efforts!

"Trelawney," he said suddenly, "these are long evenings. Don't you think that with all this time on our hands — I don't know — but don't you think we might write something together?"

A frank surprise was in his friend's brown eyes. He replied doubtfully, "Write what?"

"I don't know," said the doctor despondently.

"And suppose we had the talent to project 'something' and the energy to complete it, who would publish it?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, more hopelessly still.

Another pause. The foxes were barking in the moonlight, in the red autumn woods. That a man should feel less lonely for the sound of a wild thing's voice!

"My dear fellow," said John Cleaver, a certain passion of despair welling up in his tones, — he leaned forward and laid his hand on his friend's knee, — "it won't do for us to spend our lives here. We must turn about and get back into the world of men and action. Don't think I'm ungrateful for this haven, — you are the only one who held out a hand, — but we must get back, and go

on with the rest. Help me, Trelawney, — help me think out some way. I 'm losing faith in myself alone. Let us help each other. Many a man has made his pen his strongest friend; they were only men at last, just such as we are. Many of them were poor; the *best* of them were poor. We can try nothing else, Fred, — so little chance is left to us."

Trelawney laid his warm strong hand upon the cold nervous hand trembling on his knee. "Jack," he said, "I have given it all up. I am through forever with those cursed alternations of hope and despair. I don't believe we could write anything that would do — do any good, I mean. I wore out all energy and afflatus — the best part of me — waiting for the clients who never came. And all the time my appropriate sphere, my sheep-farm, was waiting for me here. I have found contentment, the manna from heaven, while you are still sighing for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ambition has thrown me once; I sha'n't back the jade again. I am a shepherd, Jack, a shepherd.

'Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.'

That 's it, my dear old boy. Sing a slender song! We 've pitched our voices on too high a key for our style of vocalization. We must sing small, Jack, — sing a slender song!"

"I 'll be damned if I do!" cried Cleaver, impetuously, springing to his feet and pacing the room with a quick stride.

But his friend's words dogged him deep into the night. They would not let him sleep. He lay staring blankly at the darkness, his thoughts busy with his forlorn position and his forlorn prospects, and that sense of helplessness, so terrible to a man, pressing heavily upon his heart. In the midst of the memories of his hopes, his ambitions, and his failures he was like a worm in the fire. The vague presence of the majestic company of mountains without preyed upon him; they seemed stolid, unmoved witnesses of his despair. The only human creature who might have understood him would not understand him. He knew that if he were writhing in pain with a broken limb, or the sentimental spurious anguish of a broken heart, Trelawney would resolve himself into every gracious phase of healing sympathy. But a broken life! — his friend would not make an effort. Yet why should he crave support? Was it true that he had pitched his voice too high? In this day of over-education, when every man is fitted for any noble sphere of intellectual achievement and only inborn talent survives, might it not be that he had mistaken a cultivated aspiration for latent power? And if indeed his purposes had outstripped his abilities, the result was tragic — tragic. He was as dead as if he were six feet deep in the ground. A bitter throe of shame came with these reflections. There is something so ludicrously contemptible in a great personal ambition and a puny capacity. Ambition is the only grand passion that does not ennoble. We do not care that a low thing should lift its eyes. And if it does, we laugh.

There was a movement in the hall below. He had left Trelawney reading, but now his step was on the stairs, and with it rose the full mellow tones of his voice. He was singing of the springtime in the chilly autumn midnight. Poor Fred! It was always spring with him. He met his misfortunes with so cordial an outstretched hand that it might have seemed he disarmed them. It did not seem so to John Cleaver. He shifted his attitude with a groan. His friend's fatal apathy was an added pang to his own sorrows. And now the house was still, and he watched through all the long hours the western moonlight silently scale the gloomy pines, till on their plumy crests the yellow beams mingled with the red rays of the rising sun, and

the empty, lonely day broke in its useless, wasted splendor upon the empty loneliness of the splendid night.

II.

Cleaver took little note at this period of those who came and went in his life; and he took little note of how he came and went in the lives of others. He had no idea of those inexplicable circles of thought and being that touch at a single point, and jar, perhaps. One day, while the Indian summer was still red on the hills, — he had reason to remember this day, — while the purple haze hovered over the landscape and mellowed to artistic delicacy the bold bright colors of Sunrise Rock, he chanced to drive alone in his friend's rickety buggy along the road that passed on the opposite bank from the painted cliff and encircled the dreary little graveyard of the mountaineers. He became suddenly aware that there was a figure leaning against the palings; he recognized Selina Teake as he lifted his absorbed eyes. She held her sun-bonnet in her hand, and her yellow hair and fair face were unshaded; how little did he or she imagine what that face was to be to him afterward! He drew up his horse and spoke: "Well, this is the last place I should think you would want to come to."

She did not understand his dismal little joke at the graveyard. She silently fixed upon him those eyes, so suggestive of deep, clear waters in which some luminous planet has sunk a starry reflection.

"Did you intend to remain permanently?"

"I war restin' awhile," she softly replied.

He had a vague consciousness that she was the first of these proud mountaineers whom he had ever seen embarrassed or shy. She was indubitably blushing as he looked at her, and as she falteringly looked at him. How bright her eyes were, how red her delicate lips, what a faint fresh wild-rose was suddenly abloom on her cheek.

"Suppose you drive with me the remainder of the way," he suggested.

This was only the courtesy of the road in this region, and with her grave, decorous manner she stepped lightly into the vehicle, and they bowled away together. She was very mute and motionless as she sat beside him, her face eloquent with some untranslated emotion of mingled wonderment and pleasure and pain. Perhaps she drew in with the balsamic sunlit air the sweetest experience of her short life. He was silent too, his thoughts still hanging drearily about his blighted prospects and this fatal false step that had led him to the mountains; wondering whether he could have done better, whether he could have done otherwise at all, when it would end, — when, and how.

Trelawney was lounging against the rail fence in front of Teake's house, looking, in his negligent attire, like a prince in disguise, and talking to the mountaineers about a prospective deer-hunt. There was a surprised resentment on his face when Cleaver drove up, but the return of Selina with him made not a ripple among the Teakes. It would have been impossible to demonstrate to them that they stood on a lower social plane. Their standard of morality and respectability could not be questioned; there had never been a man or a woman of the humble name who had given the others cause for shame; they had lived in this house on their own land for a hundred years; they neither stole nor choused; they paid as they went, and asked no favors; they took no alms, — nay, they gave of their little! As to the artificial distinctions of money and education, what do the ignorant mountaineers care about money and education!

Selina stood for a moment upon the

cabin porch, her yellow hair gleaming like an aureola upon a background of crimson sumach leaves. A pet fawn came to the door and nibbled at her little sun-burned hands. As she turned to go in, Trelawney spoke to her. "Shall I bring you a fawn again? or will you have some venison from the hunt to-morrow?"

She fixed her luminous eyes upon him and laughed a little. There was no shyness in her face and manner now. Was Trelawney so accustomed an object in her life, Cleaver wondered.

"Ah, I see," said Fred, laughing too. "I'll bring you some venison."

He was grave enough as he and his friend drove homeward together, and Cleaver was roused to the perception that there was a certain unwonted coldness slipping insidiously between them. It was not until they were seated before the fire that Trelawney again spoke. "How did it happen that you and she were together?" Evidently he had thought of nothing else since. "Who? — the Lady Selina?" suggested Cleaver, mockingly. Trelawney's eyes warned him to forbear. "Oh, I met her walking, and I asked her to drive with me the rest of the way."

Nothing more was said for a time. Cleaver was thinking of the fawn which Fred had given her, of the patent fact that he was a familiar object at the Teake house. His question, and his long dwelling upon the subject before he asked it, seemed almost to indicate jealousy. Jealousy! Cleaver could hardly credit his own suspicion.

Trelawney broke the silence. "Education," he said abruptly, "what does education accomplish for women in our station of life? They learn to write a fashionable hand that nobody can decipher. They take a limited course of reading and remember nothing. Their study of foreign languages goes so far sometimes as to enable them to interject commonplace French phrases into their daily conversation, and render their prattle an affront to good taste as well as an insult to the understanding. They have converted the piano into an instrument of torture throughout the length and breadth of the land. Sometimes they are learned; then they are given over to 'making an impression,' and are prone to discuss, with a fatal tendency to misapply terms, what they call 'philosophy.' As to their experience in society, no one will maintain that their flirtations and husband-hunting tend greatly to foster delicacy and refinement. What would that girl," nodding toward the log-cabin near Sunrise Rock, "think of the girls of our world who pursue 'society' as a man pursues a profession, who shove and jostle each other and pull caps for the great matches, and 'put up' with the others when no better may be had? She is my ideal of a modest, delicate young girl, — and she is the only sincere woman I ever saw. Upon my soul, I think the primitive woman holds her own very finely in comparison with the resultant of feminine culture."

Cleaver listened in stunned dismay. Could Trelawney have really fallen in love with the little mountaineer? He had adapted himself so readily to the habits of these people. He was so far from the world; he was dropping its chains. Many men under such circumstances, under far happier circumstances, had fallen into the fatal error of a *més-alliance*. Positively he might marry the girl. Cleaver felt it an imperative duty to make an effort to avert this almost grotesque catastrophe. In its very inception, however, he was hopeless. Trelawney had always been so intolerant of control, so tenacious of impressions and emotions, so careless of results and the opinion of society. These seemed only originalities of character when he was the leader of a clique of men of his own social position. Was Cleaver a snob because they seemed to him, now that his

friend was brought low in the world, a bull-headed perversity, a ludicrous eccentricity, an unkempt republicanism, a raw incapacity to appreciate the right relations of things? In the delicately adjusted balance of life is that which is fine when a man is up, folly when a man is down?

"She is a pretty little thing," he said, slightingly, "and no doubt a good little thing. And, Trelawney, if I were in your place I would n't hang around her. Your feelings might become involved — she is so pretty — and she might fall in love with you, and" —

"You 've said enough!" exclaimed Trelawney, fiercely.

It was monstrous! Trelawney would marry her. And he was as helpless to prevent it as if Fred intended to hang himself.

"Your railing at the women of society in that shallow fashion suggests the idea to me that you are trying to justify yourself in some tremendous folly. Do you contemplate marrying her?"

"That is exactly what I propose to do," said Trelawney.

"And you are mad enough to think you are really in love with her?"

"Why should I not be? If she were differently placed in point of wealth and station would there be any incongruity? I don't want to say anything hard of you, Cleaver, but you would be ready to congratulate me."

"I admit," retorted Cleaver, sharply, "that if she were your equal in station and appropriately educated I should not have a word of objection to say."

"And after all, is it the accident of position and fortune, or the human creature, that a man takes to his heart?"

"But her ignorance, Fred" —

"Great God! does a man fall in love with a society girl for the sake of what she calls her 'education?' Whatever attracts him, it is not that. They are all ignorant; this girl's ignorance is only relative."

"Ah, — you know all that is bosh, Fred."

"In point of manner you yourself must concede that she is in many respects superior to them. She has a certain repose and gravity and dignity difficult to find among young ladies of high degree whose education has not proved an antidote for flippancy. I won't be hard enough on them to compare the loveliness of her face or her fine, unspoiled nature. You don't want her to be learned any more than you want an azalea to be learned. An azalea in a green-house becomes showy and flaunting and has no fragrance, while here in the woods its exquisite sweetness fills the air for miles."

"Trelawney, you are fit for Bedlam."

"I knew you would say so. I thought so too at first. I tried to stamp it out, and put it down, and for a long time I fought all that is best in me."

"Does she know anything about your feelings?"

"Not one word, as yet."

"Then I hope something — anything — may happen to put a stop to it before she does."

This hasty wish seemed cruel to him afterward, and he regretted it.

"It would break my heart," said Trelawney, with an extreme earnestness. "I know you think I am talking wildly, but I tell you it would break my heart."

Cleaver fell to meditating ruefully upon the future in store for his friend in this desolate place. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid are a triumph of ideal contrast, eminently fascinating in an ideal point of view. But real life presents prosaic corollaries, — the Teakes, for example, on the familiar footing of Trelawney's brothers-in-law; the old crone with her pipe, his wife's grandmother; that ignorant girl, his wife — oh, these sublunary considerations are too inexorable. In his sluggish content he would never make another effort; he would always live here; he would sink,

year by year, by virtue of his adaptability and uncouth associations nearer to the level of the mountaineers. This culminating folly seemed destined to complete the ruin of every prospect in a fine man's life.

Cleaver did not know what was to come, and he brooded upon these ideas.

III.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a fleeting glimpse, and are struck aghast for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand the waste of himself and his friend in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late dawns and marvel that the sun should rise in such effulgence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threnody, called life, here. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, forever facing and reflecting the dawn, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in his eyes upon that sun, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual cautery to all that was sensitive within him? Did he know how his world was to pass away? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he too wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

He did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get to something at which he could work. A terrible pang here. He cared nothing for money, — this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

It was an unusual occurrence, therefore, when Trelawney came in one day and found that Cleaver had been called out professionally. He sat down to dine alone, but before he had finished carving, his friend entered.

"Well, doctor," said Trelawney cheerily, "how is your patient?"

Cleaver was evidently out of sorts and preoccupied. "These people are as uncivilized as the foxes that they live among," he exclaimed irrelevantly. "A case of malignant diphtheria, a physician their nearest neighbor, and they don't let him know till nearly the last gasp. Then they all go frantic together, and swear they had no idea it was serious. I could have brained that fool, Peter Teake. But it is a hopeless thing now."

A premonition thrilled through Trelawney. "Who is ill at Teake's?"

Cleaver was stricken dumb. His professional indignation had canceled all realization of the impending crisis. He remembered Fred's foolish fancy an instant too late. His silence answered for him. And Trelawney, a sudden blight upon his handsome face, rose and walked out heavily into the splendors of the autumn sunset. Cleaver was bitter with self-reproach. Still he felt an impotent anger that Fred should have persuaded himself that he was in love with this girl, and laid himself liable to this sentimental pain.

"A heart!" thought Cleaver, scornfully. "That a heart should trouble a man in a place like this!"

And yet his own well-schooled heart was all athrob with a keen, undreamed-of anguish when once more he had come back from the cabin in the gorge. As

he entered, Trelawney, after one swift glance, turned his eyes away. He had learned from Cleaver's face all he feared to know. He might have learned more, a secret too subtly bitter for his friend to tell. King Cophetua was as naught to the beggar-maid. In her dying eyes John Cleaver had seen the fresh and pure affection that had followed him. In her tones he had heard it. Was she misled by that professional tenderness of manner which speaks so soothingly and touches so softly — as mechanical as the act of drawing off his gloves — that she should have been moved to cry out in her huskily pathetic voice, "How good, how good ye air!" and extend to him, amongst all her kindred who stood about, her little sun-burned hand?

And after that she was speechless, and when the little hand was unloosed it was cold.

She had loved him, and he had never known it until now. He felt like a traitor as he glanced at his friend's changed face, and he was crushed by a sense of the immense capacity of human nature for suffering. What a great heart-drama was this, with its incongruous and humble *dramatis personæ:* the little mountaineer, and these two poverty-stricken stragglers from the vast army of men of action, — deserters, even, it might seem. What chaotic sarcasm in this mysterious ordering of events, — Trelawney, with his grand sacrificial passion; the poor little girl, whose first fresh love had unsought followed another through these waste places; and he, all unconscious, absorbed in himself, his worldly considerations and the dying throes of his dear ambitions. And now, for him, who had felt least of all, was rising a great vicarious woe. If he had known this girl's heart-secret while she yet lived he might have thought scornfully of it, slightingly; who can say how? But now that she was dead it was as if he had been beloved by an angel, and was only too obtuse, too gross, too earthly-minded to hear the rustle of her wings. How pitiable was the thought of her misplaced affection; how hard it was for his friend; how hard it was for him that he had ever discovered it. Did she know that he cared nothing? Were the last days of her short life embittered with the pangs of a consciously unrequited love? Or did she tremble, and hope, and tremble again? Ah, poor, poor, pretty thing!

He had no name for a certain vague, mysterious thrill which quivered through every fibre whenever he thought of that humble, tender love that had followed him so long, unasked and unheeded. It began to hang about him now like a dimly-realized presence. Occasionally it occurred to him that his nerves were disordered, his health giving way, and he would commence a course of medicine to forget it in his preoccupation, and discontinue it almost as soon as begun. What happened afterward was a natural sequence enough, although at the time it seemed wonderful indeed.

One misty midnight, when these strong feelings were upon him, it so chanced that he was driving from a patient's house on the summit of the ridge, and his way lay beneath Sunrise Rock along the road which encircled the little graveyard of the mountaineers. The moon was bright; so bright that the wreaths of vapor, hanging motionless among the pines, glistened like etherealized silver; so bright that the mounds within the inclosure — Was it the mist? Was it the moonbeam? Was it the glimmer of yellow hair? Did he see, leaning against the palings, "restin' awhile," the graceful figure he remembered so? He was dreaming, surely; or were those deep, instarred eyes really fixed upon him with that wistful gaze which he had seen only twice before? — once here, where he had met her, and once when she died. She was approaching him; she was so close he might have touched her hand. Was it cold, he won-

dered; cold as it was when he held it last? He hardly knew, — but she was seated beside him, as in that crimson sunset-tide, and they were driving together at a frenzied speed through the broken shadows of the wintry woods. He did not turn his head, and yet he saw her face, drawn in lines of pallid light and eloquent with some untranslated emotion of mingled wonderment and pleasure and pain. Like the wind they sped together through the mist and the moonbeam, over the wild mountain road, through the flashing mountain waters, down, down the steep slope toward the red brick house, where a light still burned, and his friend was waiting. He did not know when she slipped from his side. He did not know when this mad pace was checked. He only regained his faculties after he had burst into the warm home atmosphere, a ghastly horror in his face and his frantic fright upon his lips.

Trelawney stood breathless.

"Oh, forgive me," cried Cleaver. "I have spoken sacrilege. It was only hallucination; I know it now."

Trelawney was shaken. "Hallucination?" he faltered, with quivering lips.

"I did not reflect," said Cleaver. "I would not have jarred your feelings. I am ill and nervous."

Trelawney was too broken to resent, to heed, or to answer. He sat cold and shivering, unconscious of the changed eyes watching him, unconscious of a new idea kindling there, — beginning to flicker, to burn, to blaze, — unconscious of the motive with which his friend after a time drew close to the table and fell to writing with furious energy, unconscious that in this moment Cleaver's fortune was made.

And thus he wrote on day after day. So cleverly did he analyze his own mental and nervous condition, so unsparing and insidious was this curious introversion, that when his treatise on the Derangement of the Nervous Functions was given to the world it was in no degree remarkable that it should have attracted the favorable attention of the medical profession; that the portion devoted to hallucinations should have met with high praise in high quarters; that the young physician's successful work should have brought him suddenly to the remembrance of many people who had almost forgotten poor John Cleaver. No one knew, no one ever knew, its romantic inspiration. No one ever knew the strange source whence he had this keen insight; how his imperious will had held his shaken, distraught nerves for the calm scrutiny of science; how his senses had played him false, and that stronger, subtler critical entity, his intellect, had marked the antics of its double self and noted them down.

Among the men to whom his treatise brought John Cleaver to sudden remembrance was a certain notable physician. He was growing infirm now, his health was failing, his heavy practice was too heavy for his weakening hands. He gave to the young fellow's work the meed of his rare approval, cleverly gauged the cleverness behind it, and wrote to Cleaver to come.

And so he returned to his accustomed and appropriate sphere. In his absence his world had flattened, narrowed, dulled strangely. People were sordid, and petty, and coarse-minded; and society — his little clique that he called society — possessed a painfully predominating element of snobs; men who had given him no notice before were pleased to be noticed now, and yet the lucky partnership was covertly commented upon as the freak of an old man in his dotage. He was suddenly successful, he had suddenly a certain prospect of wealth, he was suddenly bitter. He thought much in these days of his friend Trelawney and the independent, money-scorning aristocrats of the mountains, of the red hills of the Indian summer, and the towering splendors of Sunrise Rock.

That high air was perhaps too rare for his lungs, but he was sensible of the density of the denser medium.

As to that vague and tender mystery, the ghost that he saw, it had been exorcised by prosaic science. But it made his fortune, it crowned his life, it bestowed upon him all he craved. Perhaps if she could know the wonderful work she had wrought in his future, the mountain girl, who had given her heart unasked, might rest more easily in her grave than on that night when she had come from among the moonlit mounds beneath Sunrise Rock, and once more sat beside him as he drove through shadow and sheen. For whether it was the pallid mist, whether it was the silver moon, whether it was the fantasy of an overwrought brain, or whether that mysterious presence was of an essence more ethereal than any, who can know?

In these days he carried his friend's interest close to his heart. He opened a way in the crowd, but Trelawney held back from the hands stretched out. He had become wedded to the place. The years since have brought him a quiet, uneventful, not unhappy existence. After a time he grew more cheerful, but not less gentle, and none the less beloved of his simple neighbors. They feel vaguely sometimes that since he first came among them he is a saddened man, and are moved to ask with sympathetic solicitude concerning the news from his supposititious folks "down thar in the valley whar ye hails from." The fortune in sheep-farming still eludes his languid pursuit. The red brick house is disorganized and dilapidated as of yore; a sense of loneliness broods upon it, hardly less intense than the loneliness of the mighty encompassing forest. Deep in these solitudes he often strolls for hours, — most often in the crimson and purple eventides along the road that passes beneath Sunrise Rock and encircles the little graveyard of the mountaineers. Here Trelawney leans on the palings while the sun goes down, and looks with his sore heart bleeding anew upon one grassy mound till the shadows and the tears together blot it from his sight. Sometimes his heart is not sore, only sad. Sometimes it is tender and resigned, and he turns to the sunrise emblazoned on the rock and thinks of the rising Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. For the skepticism of his college days has fallen from him somehow, and his views have become primitive, like those of his primitive neighbors. There is a certain calm and strength in the old theories. With the dawn of a gentle and hopeful peace in his heart, very like the comfort of religion, he goes his way in the misty moon-rise.

And sometimes John Cleaver, so far away, as with a second sight becomes subtly aware of these things. He remembers how Trelawney is deceived, and a remorse falls on him in the still darkness, and tears and mangles him. And yet there are no words for confession, — there is nothing to confess. Would his conjecture, his unsupported conviction, avail aught; would it not be cruel to re-open old wounds with the sharp torture of a doubt? And the daybreak finds him with these questions unsolved, and his heart turning wistfully to that true and loyal friend, with his faithful, unrequited love still lingering about the grave of the girl who died with her love unrequited.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

CHILDREN'S LABOR: A PROBLEM.

Among the many excellent laws of Massachusetts there have stood for a number of years certain statutes to the effect that —

"No child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing, mechanical, or mercantile establishment in this commonwealth.

"No child under fourteen shall be so employed except during the vacations of the public schools, unless during the year next preceding such employment he has attended some public or private school at least twenty weeks; nor shall such employment continue unless such child shall attend school twenty weeks in each and every year following; and no child shall be so employed who does not present a certificate, made by or under the school committee, of his compliance with the requirements of this act.

"Every owner, superintendent, or overseer who employs or permits to be employed any child in violation of this act, and every parent or guardian who permits such employment, shall forfeit a sum of not less than twenty nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the public schools."

From these carefully worded statutes it would seem as if every precaution had been taken by the State of Massachusetts to prevent the overworking of children in the commonwealth and the neglect of their proper schooling. It is one thing, however, to make wise laws, and quite another to enforce them, as may be seen from the following statistics.

During the past year some hundred and sixty factories in the State that have been inspected give an average of only two per cent. where strict compliance was found with the enactments quoted above. In one factory the inspector was shown a file of certificates which gave the names of thirteen children employed in the mills, but no data of their ages. Singling out, at random, a bright little fellow busily at work as a "doffer," the inspector asked him his name and age.

"John Donnelly, sir, and I 'm goin' on twelve years," was the ready response.

"But how is this?" said the officer, running over the list of certificates he still held in his hand. "There 's no such name here as 'John Donnelly,' and — Well, who is that little girl tubing the machine by the window?"

"Oh, her 's Maggie Sweeney," said the little doffer, thrusting a huge square of tobacco into his mouth and hurrying back to his work, as if to avoid further questioning.

No Maggie Sweeney, either, was to be found among the names on the certificates, and the officer's suspicions being now fully aroused, he questioned a number of the little operatives, whereupon it appeared that *not one half* of the children employed in the factory were represented upon the certificates. Further investigation also proved that a large proportion of these children were under ten years of age, while amongst the balance were many who had been working a long time without the prescribed absence of five months for the legal amount of schooling.

In another factory, where the certificates seemed to show a compliance with the laws, a fine, well-developed girl of fourteen was found who could neither read nor write. "She had worked in the mills ever since she could remember, — had *never had no time* to go to school."

In still another factory, the very first child interviewed was under ten years of age; and a truant officer who visited

some thirty factories in and about Boston reports that he found in every one of them children kept at work in open violation of the law. Systematic investigation has shown that of the 13,000 children employed in various factories throughout the State in 1878 only 4575 received the legal amount of schooling; and that among the 282,485 children in Massachusetts between the ages of five and fifteen there are no less than 25,000 children who never have been present in either our public or private schools.

An overseer in one of the print works in the State says: "There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of parents to put their children to work before they are of the legal age, and to avoid sending them to school the length of time required by law. Scarcely a day passes but mothers come to the mills and beg us to use our influence in procuring employment for their children."

"We endeavor to comply with the school law," said a prominent mill owner to one of the inspectors, "but find it extremely difficult, as parents again and again give false statements regarding their children's ages. We always, however, discharge all those we find to be under the legal age. Did you notice the little fellow I just sent across the street?" he continued. "We do not need him here in the office, but I keep him to run errands and do chores, out of pity for his invalid mother, who depends upon the wages he can earn. She is a widow, and has three children younger than Harry, who, as you may have judged from his size, is only twelve years of age. We always send the boy out to take his 'twenty weeks' schooling,' but during those times the family would suffer from hunger did I not provide for them out of my own larder."

"Please, sir, could Denise have a permit to stay in the mills a month longer? It's time she was in school, I know, but the father is all drawn up with rheumatis', and they've took him to the 'ospital, and I don't know how ever in the world we're goin' to git along if Denise has to leave the mills!"

It was all said in one breath, and the superintendent of the schools, glancing up from his books, saw a woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, with a peculiar, dazed expression, and eyes as dull and faded as the old gray waterproof she was nervously twitching with one finger.

He answered, not unkindly, "We cannot give any such permit. Besides, you are liable to a fine of fifty dollars, if the child is kept out of school. How old did you say she was?"

"Eleven years, sir."

"How many children have you?"

"Four, with Denise."

"Is she the eldest?"

"No, sir. I have one fourteen year old, but she's nervous and daft-like. I keep her at home to mind the baby."

"So Denise is the only one at work. Has she ever been to school?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Tell the gentleman, Denise, what reader you were in last."

"'T was the First Reader, — the primer, you know," whispered the little girl, hanging down her head.

"A child of eleven years ought to be farther advanced than that!" remarked the superintendent.

"I suppose so," acknowledged the mother, with a sigh; "but I could n't spare her to go to school when she was a earnin' twenty cents a day."

"Has your husband been a drinking man?"

"Oh, no. Not but that he would take a glass, now and then, but it never got the better of him, — oh, no! He's always been a good husband, and we got along nicely the whilst he was well and a gittin' fair wages. Denise never worked a day in the mills, sir, till the rheumatis' took *him*. He was a shoemaker by trade, and I've been a takin' in sewing, off and on, as I could git it; but work

is scarce now, sir, and they say at the 'ospital as how he may never be able to use his hands agin, sir, and it's more nor I know what ever's a goin' to become of us!"

"Why don't you go and state your case to the mayor, or to the overseers of the poor?"

A hot flush came over the woman's face.

"I could n't do *that*," she answered quickly. "I'd be willin' to work my fingers off, but I'm not a pauper, — I can't go on the town! If Denise could only stay in the factory one month longer, the folks as I sews for will be home from the country, then, and" —

The superintendent shook his head. "I am really very sorry for you, madam, but according to the law your little girl must enter school to-morrow. Here is a paper she is to give the teacher; it certifies how long she has been in the factory, and authorizes her, after the twenty weeks are over, — but not one day before, — to return to her work in the mills."

With a look of utter discouragement, which was reflected in miniature upon the face of the little operative, the mother silently took the certificate and left the room.

My friend, who had happened in at the superintendent's office and heard the whole conversation, resolved to investigate the case. She found the woman's story true in every particular, and after giving her what assistance she could finally prevailed upon her to go to the overseers of the poor. Denise accompanied them, but when they came to the office the woman bade her little daughter wait outside, — a tender, motherly care that my friend fully appreciated when the door of the ante-room was thrown open. The long settees on either side were packed with old men shaking with palsy, little children almost nude, shrinking women with their old hoods drawn over to conceal their faces, strong men with desperation in their looks. It was like a picture of Doré's, or a page from Victor Hugo, suddenly animated with a breath of life!

"Are there not an unusual number of applicants to-day?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, no!" answered the officer in charge. "Sometimes there are twice as many." Here an abrupt pause and inquiring look reminded my friend of her errand, and the case of the woman and her little daughter was stated as clearly and briefly as possible.

The overseers listened attentively, scanned the applicant, and asked about her husband, children, place of residence, etc. The investigation was somewhat complicated, as the woman was a French Canadian, and had never resided in any one place the requisite five years.

"Still, we do not allow any one to suffer when we can help it," said the elder officer kindly, as he handed her an order upon a provision store. Then, turning to my friend, he said, "We are always especially glad to encourage any one who is trying to comply with the laws, but we have already helped the husband of this woman a number of times, and are now paying his expenses at the hospital. It often seems to us that the State is unconsciously encouraging pauperism by these last enactments of the school law. Heretofore we have been authorized to investigate each individual case, and to decide whether or no the child's labor was absolutely necessary for the family's support; now, however, the law controlling school attendance is compulsory in every instance, and much suffering in families is occasioned during the twenty weeks' schooling, when the children's wages are stopped."

My friend left the office in a brown study. "Can it be a normal state of things," she said to a certain political economist, "when children of eleven years are reckoned among the bread winners of a State?"

"Something must be wrong," he answered, "when an organic law of production is violated, as is the case in Massachusetts, where children between the ages of ten and fifteen constitute forty-four per cent. of the whole number of working people, and yet produce but twenty-four per cent. of the income!"

"But is it not possible for a strong, able-bodied man, if he is temperate and provident, to earn enough to support his family and keep his children in school till they are fifteen?"

"It certainly ought to be, but with the present relation of wages to cost of living in Massachusetts it seems that a laboring man with a family cannot keep out of debt with a yearly income of less than $600. Now, the fact is that the majority of workingmen earn considerable *less* than $600 a year. I know of one Irish family where both the father and eldest son, a child about twelve, work in the mills. Their combined earnings amount to $564, — an income which falls, you notice, below the *minimum* sum. The family numbers six, and one of the four children the parents have kept in school. They dress shabbily, occupy a tenement of four rooms in one of the most unhealthy localities in the city, and are in a wretched condition generally. Knowing that the family were constantly running in debt, I inquired into their items of expense, and found the yearly amount to be as follows: —

Rent	$78.00
Groceries	281.74
Meat	68.23
Fish	13.60
Milk	25.82
Boots and shoes	14.70
Clothing	26.80
Dry goods	18.00
Sundries	20.11

This total of $589 is a larger expenditure than is warranted by the income of $564. Subtract from this income the child's wages, which amount to $132, and you find the father's income to be only $432. What would be the financial condition of this family without the child's labor? I cannot tell how provident they are, but it is difficult to see where their expenses could be lessened, when, according to the statistics of labor, the yearly average expenditure for the food of a family is reckoned at $422.16, which is nearly the amount of the father's earnings.

"A shoemaker, an American, has done work for me, occasionally, whom I know to be economical in all his expenditures, and yet with his earnings last year of $552 he ran behind some $70, and was obliged to take money out of the savings-bank during the three months and a half when the shoe business was dull. He has four children, whom he has managed thus far to keep at home, and the two eldest are in school; but the father says that at the close of the next term he shall be obliged to put one of them at work. They occupy a comfortable tenement of six rooms in a pleasant neighborhood; their expenditure for clothing and dry goods averages only $28.50 per year, yet the children are always dressed neatly and tastefully. The family are constant attendants at church, and have an excellent standing in the community."

"You said he was an American; are not the Americans and Germans more thrifty, as a class, than the Irish?"

"Yes, in the majority of cases; but I know of one Irish mill-hand who, with an income of $736, is in very comfortable circumstances. The family numbers six; they rent a tenement of four rooms in a pleasant part of the town, the children are always well dressed, and they have, besides, a little money laid up for a rainy day."

"Does the father do all this without the assistance of his wife and children?"

"Oh, no; it would be impossible without the aid of his eldest son, who is fourteen years of age, and earns $238 of the

$736 that I mentioned as the family income."

"It would seem, then, that without children's assistance, other things remaining equal, the majority of workingmen's families in Massachusetts would be in poverty or in debt?"

"That would seem, indeed, to be the true statement of the case."

My friend was resolved to pursue her investigations, and, taking one of the child operatives as her guide, she visited a number of homes among the working people. As a rule, the tenements at convenient distances from the mills were rented at unreasonably high prices, although many of them were totally unfit for the occupancy of human beings. There were some pleasing exceptions, however, and not a few of the homes were brightened with house plants and other indications of "a desire for something better." As she had been informed, it was only in rare instances that the father's wages were sufficient to support the whole family; and yet it was a striking fact that *those families which contained the greatest number of child laborers were always found in the most crowded rooms and in the worst class of tenement houses.* In one instance, where the whole family, father, mother, and two children twelve and fourteen years of age, were at work in the mills and earning $1800, the home was found in a wretched state of filth and squalor.

In England, the over-working and under-schooling of minors is now subject to heavy penalties; but past generations of factory children have already given rise to an almost distinct class of English working people, — pale, sallow, and stunted both in physical and mental growth.

How long will it be before a deteriorated race like the Stockinger, Leicester, and Manchester spinners springs up on our New England soil?

Present legislative steps in England will in due course of time undoubtedly lead to the entire prohibition of child labor throughout Great Britain, and provide compulsorily for the education of minors; the same humanitarian, and we might add *politic*, movement is apparent in every European country.

In many of our manufacturing towns, it is true, mill schools, half-time and evening schools, are provided for the little unfortunates doomed to labor; but class schools of any description are mischievous to the best interests of a democracy. Doubtless any instantaneous elimination of child labor from a community would for a time increase the amount of suffering, — that suffering of which it really has been a primal cause. But let us consider what is the ultimate result of child labor upon the interests of the parent, and also upon the interests of the manufacturer.

We will suppose that the owner of a certain factory suddenly discovers that he may lessen the cost of production, and thereby gain advantage in trade, by employing young persons of fifteen or sixteen where he has heretofore employed adults. He can hire them for one half the sum he has been accustomed to pay his men, and more applicants are found than he can supply with work. Other manufacturers follow the example. The demand is increased for minors, who are willing to work for half the wages a laboring man with a family to support absolutely requires.

The competition increases; large numbers of adult workmen are thrown out of employment, and since they must have some means of subsistence they say to the manufacturers, "If you cannot give us twice as much as you give these boys, we will work for a little less than we have done; but surely our skilled labor is worth more to you than the work of mere children." So a compromise is made: part of the men are retained at lower wages, and they are comforted by the thought that their children's earnings will make up the

deficiency. But competition does not stop here: with improved machinery, younger hands, at still lower wages, can be employed, and a constant reduction follows throughout the mills and all other places where children's labor is countenanced.

Strikes ensue; the streets are filled with throngs of unemployed men; intemperance increases; and crimes of every description are multiplied. Who is to blame? *Without* child labor, ten per cent. of the laboring class, *with the present relation of wages to cost of living*, would be in a state of debt or pauperism; *with* child labor, competition is constantly on the increase and wages are still suffering reduction.

Emma E. Brown.

GIFFORD.

I.

The Closed Studio.

THIS was a magician's cell:
Beauty's self obeyed his spell!
When the air was gloom without,
Grace and Color played about
Yonder easel. Many a sprite,
Golden-winged with heaven's light,
Let the upper skies go drear,
Spreading his rare plumage here.

Skyward now, — alas the day! —
See the truant Ariels play!
Cloud and air with light they fill,
Wandering at idle will,
Nor (with half their tasks undone)
Stay to mourn the master gone.
Only in this hollow room,
Now, the stillness and the gloom.

II.

Of Winter Nights.

When the long nights return, and find us met
Where he was wont to meet us, and the flame
On the deep hearth-stone gladdens as of old,
And there is cheer, as ever in that place,
How shall our utmost nearing close the gap
Known, but till then scarce measured? Or what light
Of cheer for us, his gracious presence gone,

His speech delayed, till none shall fail to miss
That halting voice, yet sure, speaking, it seemed
The one apt word? For well the painter knew
Art's alchemy and law; her nobleness
Was in his soul, her wisdom in his speech,
And loyalty was housed in that true heart,
Gentle yet strong, and yielding not one whit
Of right or purpose. Now, not more afar
The light of last year's Yule-fire than the smile
Of Gifford, nor more irreclaimable
Its vapor mingled with the wintry air.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE ÆSTHETIC VALUE OF THE SENSE OF SMELL.

The olfactory nerve of man is known to be a mere relic of what, on the evolution theory, it must once have been. As use strengthens and disuse weakens an organ or tissue, and as in course of time civilized man has relied less and less on the sense of smell, it is no wonder that we now find many inferior beings in the possession of a much more acute faculty of scent than we ourselves enjoy. Some animals can detect the approach of a foe at an immense distance, and everybody is familiar with the illustration of the dog, that will track his master's footsteps through forest, field, and city. To the dog this world is perhaps not so much an aggregate of sights and sounds as of smells, to such an extent does he use his nose for purposes of recognition and discrimination; and Mr. Wallace has even advanced the theory that a dog taken away from home in a closed conveyance finds his way back by a remembered train of smells. Savages, also, who have to rely more on their senses than we do, often display remarkable powers of scent. It has been proved by repeated experiments that Indians and negroes can recognize persons in the dark by their odor, and tell what race they belong to. The case of Julia Brace, a deaf and blind mute in the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, shows that this power may be regained by the Caucasian, when it is needed. This girl "knew all her acquaintances by the odor of their hands. She was employed in assorting the clothes of the pupils after they came from the wash, and could distinguish those of each friend."

Now the question arises whether it is desirable that we all should have as delicate olfactory nerves as this girl, and be generally more sensitive to the odorous condition of the surrounding atmosphere than we now are. There is no special need of adding to the purely *physical* acuteness of the sense of smell, for, notwithstanding its present rudimentary condition, it is even now the most delicate of all our senses. Every school-boy knows that a single grain of musk is sufficient to perfume a room for years; and Bernstein says that "no chemical reaction can detect such minute particles of substances as those which we perceive by the sense of smell; and even spectrum analysis, which can recognize the fifteen millionth of a grain, is far surpassed in delicacy by our organ of smell." We know, moreover, that by increasing the physical acuteness of this sense we would not add to its practi-

cal utility in enabling us to avoid what is offensive and injurious to our organism. "The sense of smell is of extremely slight service, if any, even to the dark-colored races of men, in whom it is much more highly developed than in the white and civilized races. Nevertheless, it does not warn them of danger nor guide them to their food; nor does it prevent the Esquimaux from sleeping in the most fetid atmosphere, nor many savages from eating half-putrid meat."

Mr. Darwin, who points out these facts, does not attempt to account for them, as far as I am aware; and there is only one way of explaining them: although in these savages the physical acuteness of the sense is very high, the *æsthetic* sensibility is at the minimum, and accordingly they are indifferent to, or even enjoy, what otherwise must be highly repulsive to them. The savage loves the most glaring and discordant colors, the most hideous and unmusical sounds, for the same reason that he enjoys malodorous objects, — the want of æsthetic refinement of the senses in question. The average civilized man has learned to abhor discordant noises and inharmonious colors, but he has as yet no serious occasion for looking down on the savage for his indifference to noisome odors. A German writer says that the air towards morning in most modern bedrooms is no more fit to breathe than water in a cess-pool after a spring shower is fit to drink. In our parlors in winter the air is often little better. Of our school-houses it is stated by a competent authority that as a rule they are worse ventilated than the cotton and woolen factories. Great pains are taken to make the victuals which we eat three times a day in every respect acceptable to the palate, but few think of paying equal attention to the lung food, of which they consume about a pint with every breath. It is evident that if æsthetically refined noses were as common as good musical ears, these evils would be speedily remedied. Questions of taste are often more effective motives to action than hygienic considerations. Have it understood once that to live in a room filled with bad and malodorous air is *vulgar*, and a change in affairs will soon take place.

If there is any difficulty in realizing the full import of these views, it is because it is usually assumed that odors are entirely beyond the sphere of æsthetics. Psychologists and physiologists have so persistently and universally undervalued and misrepresented the sense of smell that men have come to feel almost ashamed of having it, and to regard it in very much the same light as the goats in Lessing's fable did their beards. Nevertheless, supported by an occasional hint from the poets, who in such matters are usually in advance of philosophers, owing to their closer communion with nature, I shall endeavor to point out the real rank and dignity of natural perfumes, first by showing the variety and extent of the odor world and eliminating the non-æsthetic part, and then considering in succession the sensuous, emotional, and intellectual value of the remaining part, — these being the three necessary factors of every æsthetic analysis.

The variety of odors on our planet is practically infinite, and scent supplies us, perhaps, with more distinct and peculiar data than even the sense of sight. Several years ago Dr. Jäger, of Stuttgart, after a long series of experiments and observations, came to the conclusion that there are characteristic and distinct odors for every class of living beings, for every order and family, for every species, race, and variety, and finally for every individual. This result must seem marvelous to those who know the boundless wealth of the animal world. To illustrate this doctrine, let us take one or two cases at random. No one can fail to recognize the differences of the effluvia

of fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals, or to distinguish ruminants from carnivora. Subdividing still further, the canine is found to differ markedly from the feline species, as those could judge who attended last winter's dog and cat shows. Moreover, a dog or horse fancier will tell you that it is easy enough to distinguish Bruno from Fido in the dark, or Bucephalus from Rosinante. That the same is true of human races and individuals we have already seen.

In the vegetable kingdom there seems at first sight to be less variety, because, according to Darwin, only those flowers have gay colors and fragrance which are fertilized, not by the wind, but by birds and insects. Where the flowers are devoid of fragrance the leaves, at least, crushed or dried, yield their peculiar odor. Many plants have a great variety of odors, — the root, bark, wood, leaves, flowers, fruits, seeds, and exudations being all distinguishable and *sui generis.* Whether an individual pansy or rose differs from other specimens of the same plant it will be impossible to say, until some one shall have invented an instrument that will do for the nose what the microscope does for the eye.

Inanimate objects, again, all have their characteristic simple or compound odors, although here the esoteric or organic individual differences disappear, leaving the class odors. One illustration will suffice. It is a curious fact, which I believe has never before been noticed, that newspapers and books differ in smell almost as widely as they do in style and contents. The New York Tribune, Times, Herald, World, and Graphic can be readily known in this way after a first trial, even by an ordinary nose. And those who are fond of paradoxes may reflect that many newspapers that are not in good odor are nevertheless quite fragrant. A little practice will enable a person to go to his library in the dark and pick out a certain book from a multitude of others on the same shelf. From a practical point of view, this is not a trifling matter. It is also comparatively easy to distinguish English and French from German books and newspapers. Printers may know why some books are remarkably fragrant, as, for instance, among those on my table, the 1864 edition of Gray's Structural and Systematic Botany; and I never neglect to have a sniff at the Fortnightly Review before dipping into its interesting contents. That the manifold associations which in course of time come to be connected with such literary odors give them a certain emotional or æsthetic value is self-evident.

According to Professor Bain, three things are necessary to make a sensation or feeling æsthetic: (*a*) it must have pleasure for its immediate end; (*b*) it must have no disagreeable accompaniments; (*c*) its enjoyment must not be restricted to one or a few persons at a time, nor must it be connected with any of the vital functions, such as eating and drinking. If we now apply these tests to the classes of odors just enumerated, we shall find that a great many will have to be eliminated, especially of those belonging to the animal kingdom. For although the smell of the cow is often called fresh and sweet, and many people seem to be fond of musk, yet most animal substances are either disagreeable, or have disagreeable accompaniments. The fragrant atmosphere of a candy manufactory, a German sausage shop, or a baker's shop is excluded by (*c*), because too closely connected with the stomach. For the same reason, the fragrance of fruits, such as melons, pears, oranges, is not purely æsthetic; it makes the mouth water, besides being monopolistic. Smoking is another interesting case for the application of the third test; for I suppose it will not be denied that the chief pleasure of smoking comes from the aroma of the weed affecting the nostrils. The verdict must be unfavorable,

because smoking is a pleasure which is seldom enjoyed by any one beside the smoker in each case. Usually it gives positive discomfort to all non-smokers in the same room; and in a German café you may often see even inveterate smokers so unpleasantly affected that they have to light a cigar of their own, for pure self-defense against the smoke of others. Another mode of using tobacco — snuff-taking — must seem to a refined nose little better than throwing pepper and salt in the eyes. The æsthetic nose of the future will abhor snuff as a delicate musical ear does the filing of a saw.

Although many inorganic chemical substances might be named which would pass a satisfactory muster, still in a large measure the æsthetic treasures of perfumery are confined within the limits of vegetable life. This result is, however, far from discouraging, for the number available, with their countless combinations, is still enormous. The variety of flowers which, in the struggle for life, have developed the most exquisite perfumes, in order to attract birds and insects for purposes of cross-fertilization, is immense. To these must be added the many leaves, spices, woods, roots, barks, seeds, gums, grasses, and ferns, which add fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere and delight our senses whenever we come under their influence. These odors stand the most rigid æsthetic test. They are not connected with any of the vital functions, but are sought for simply as pleasures; they are of all sense enjoyments least apt to lead to excesses; they are not monopolistic, but can be enjoyed by many at the same time; and they have no disagreeable accompaniments except when used in excess.

The kind of enjoyment which the fragrance of flowers yields is primarily purely sensuous, and hence many good people of mediæval habits of thought will feel disposed flatly to deny its claims to the name of æsthetic. But our delight in a glorious sunset or in the gorgeous instrumentation of a modern symphonic poem is in itself equally sensuous; nor is the color of a flower less sensuous than its fragrance. And yet who would deny the æsthetic claims of such colors and sounds? Those ascetic times are past, when it was considered sinful to listen to the sensuous notes of a nightingale in the forest, or of a female singer in church; and modern eyes and ears have been gradually trained by poet and artist to appreciate and value the many forms of sensuous beauty found everywhere in nature. At a time when even the austere Ruskin defends color against those who inveigh against it as being "purely sensuous," and replies that "all good color is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love color the most," we may feel safe in attaching great importance to the fact that of all simple sensations those given by the sense of smell are the most intensely delightful in themselves. No isolated color without form (which is an intellectual and not a sensuous element), no sound without melody or harmony, is in itself so keenly enjoyable as the fragrance of many flowers that could be named.

Under the head of emotional value an equally strong case can be made out for odors. Some time when you are in the country go into a flower garden on a summer night, when there is no obtrusive sound of living being in the air. The eye and the ear, which usually monopolize our attention, are here put at rest, and the nose is for once master of the situation. Being a person of delicate poetic sensibility, you will find, in slowly walking along the fragrant beds of verbenas, mignonettes, sweet-peas, and evening primroses, that the sentiments inspired by their odors are as distinct and marked as those which follow the sight of a modest pansy, a delicate phlox,

a grotesque larkspur, or a fanciful orchis. For such an experiment an unclouded, dewy night should be chosen, as moisture is known to be favorable to the development of odors. The fact that the atmosphere of the night and early morning in itself seems to be fragrant and health-giving must be connected with the influence of dew in developing the latent perfumes of flowers, trees, and soil.

Allusions to fragrant flowers are frequent in good verse, and a poet is apt to borrow from nature only what has an emotional value. Of all the poets, Shelley seems to have been the most sensible of the charms of sweet-smelling flowers; and in general it must be said that the poet who delights in walking through forest and field in spring, when bush and tree are in full bloom, owes much more of his emotional inspiration to the manifold exquisite odors floating along the currents of the air than he is usually aware of. The exhilaration which the air of a forest produces on a visitor is commonly ascribed to the greater amount of oxygen supposed to exist in forests than in cities. But Professor Max von Pettenkofer has recently proved that "vegetation exercises no perceptible influence on the composition of the atmosphere, in the open air," and that accordingly the proportion of oxygen is not noticeably greater in the country than in the city. From what we know, therefore, of the general action of odors in stimulating the nervous processes — their medicinal uses against mental disorders and fainting-fits, etc. — the inference is forced on us that the exhilaration in the forest is chiefly due to the semi-conscious influence, on the senses of the visitor, of the delicate odors which the shade and moisture of the locality have developed. Only thus can we explain why a pine forest, in its effect on the sentiments, is very different from an apple orchard in full bloom, a Southern orange grove, or a hay field covered with freshly mown, fragrant grass. In tropical countries, where the whole atmosphere is pervaded by ever-varying odors of myriads of plants,

> "And the wind that comes and goes
> Smells of every flower that blows,"

these effects must be still more marked and noticeable.

Something might be said here of the use of frankincense at ancient rites and in modern churches for producing among the members of the congregation an attitude of mind in harmony with the solemn surroundings; but we must pass on to what is the most important point in this connection, — the influence which odors exert upon our emotional life through their close connection with our associations and memories. Rousseau speaks of smell as the sense of the imagination, Schopenhauer calls it the sense of memory, and the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table deemed this subject so curious and important that he drew up and printed in italics the following formula: "*Memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel.*" And he goes on to say: "Perhaps the herb everlasting, the fragrant immortelle of our autumn fields, has the most suggestive odor to me of all those that set me dreaming. I can hardly describe the strange thoughts and emotions that come to me as I inhale the aroma of its pale, dry, rustling flowers." Other similar passages might be quoted from poetic writers, testifying to the intimate association of odors with our feelings and early experiences. Sometimes, indeed, long-forgotten scenes of early youth, with all their attendant pleasures and pains, are suddenly recalled by a flower or like object, in the most mysterious though delightful manner. Everybody is familiar with the curious fact that sometimes on opening a book such a crowd of thoughts will arise in the mind that it is impossible to fix the attention on its pages. In

many cases this may be due to various other causes, but I have no doubt that often it arises from the suggestive powers of the odor of the book.

The third or intellectual factor now remains to be considered. The question here is simply this: Can odors, like sounds and colors, be made to serve as the basis of an art? A sort of smell piano, or instrument for producing harmonies and contrasts of odors, has been more than once suggested in a humorous vein.

To such an instrument there are, however, various objections, two of which appear to be fatal. The first is that odors cannot be reduced to scales, like sounds, nor to a fundamental triad, like colors; and the second is that for such an instrument artificial perfumes would be required, and artificial perfumes are too inferior to those prepared in nature's workshop to be available for such a purpose. The prevalent opinion which condemns artificial perfumes as vulgar is not far from the truth, in spite of the fact that the ancient Hebrews, Egyptians, and even the æsthetic Greeks made such extensive use of them. A perfume in a room merely conceals the noxious vapors present in it, without making them less dangerous to health.

It is well, however, not to be too dogmatic in asserting the impossibility of an odor art. It took many centuries of experimenting before the youngest of the arts, music, became what it is now, and it might therefore be said that by the time as many great minds shall have devoted their lives to the building up of an odor art as have done so in the case of music, greater results might be obtained than are dreamt of in our present philosophy of art. If it were true that there is no ideal persistence of odors in the memory, as is usually imagined, this would of course prevent them from ever becoming material for the mental laboratory of genius. But it is not true. Shelley was right when he sang that

> "Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
> Live within the sense they quicken."

The power of recalling odors is of course not innate, and must be cultivated. After many trials it will be found that the fragrance of flowers can be recalled almost as vividly as their forms and colors, and that a corresponding amount of pure æsthetic enjoyment can be derived from such ideal odors.

Flower perfumes also derive a certain intellectual value from the fact that there are certain harmonies and discords among them, as is well known to those who have studied the art of bouquet-making. Nor is it at all improbable that future generations will discover some satisfactory classification of odors on an æsthetic basis. Take a dozen flowers at random, and it is not at all difficult to class them according to certain peculiarities, which are as marked as those which, for instance, distinguish the various shades of blue from those of red, or a violin from a viola. Thus, the lily, tuberose, hyacinth, and yellow evening primrose have a very heavy, sweetish odor, which is apt to become sickening if inhaled too long. The common red rose, violet, and phlox drummondii represent another class, which is known by an exquisite delicacy and ethereal (not heavy) sweetness. A third class is represented by the verbena, sweet-pea, and pink, being characterized by a peculiar richness, which never palls on the sense, and is in delicacy intermediate between the first and the second class. This list could be easily extended, but I merely wish to indicate the proper mode of procedure.

Henry T. Finck.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

IX.

THE POLK ADMINISTRATION, 1845–1849.

James Knox Polk was inaugurated as the eleventh president of the United States on the 4th of March, 1845, a rainy, unpleasant day. Had any method of contesting a presidential election been provided by the constitution or the laws, the fraudulent means by which his election was secured would have been brought forward to prevent his taking his seat. But the constitution had made no such provision, and Congress had not been disposed to interfere; so Mr. Polk was duly inaugurated, with great pomp, under the direction of the dominant party. A prominent place was assigned in the inaugural procession for the democratic associations of Washington and other cities, including the pugilistic Empire Club from New York, led by Captain Isaiah Rynders.

The chief marshal of the procession having issued an order that no carriages should enter the Capitol grounds, the diplomates were forced to alight at a side gate in the rain, and to walk through the mud to the senate entrance, damaging their feathered chapeaux and their embroidered uniforms, to their great displeasure. Conspicuous in the group around the president when Chief-Justice Taney administered the oath of office was Vice-President Dallas, tall, erect, and dignified, with long snow-white hair falling over his shoulders.

President Polk was nearly fifty years of age when he was inaugurated, and was no novice in public life, having served for fourteen consecutive years in Congress, and for two years as governor of the State of Tennessee. He was a spare man, of unpretending appearance and middle stature, with a rather small head, a full, angular brow, penetrating dark gray eyes, and a firm mouth. His hair, which he wore long and brushed back behind his ears, was touched with silver when he entered the White House, and gray when he left it. He was a worthy and well-qualified member of the fraternity of free-masons and a believer in the creed of the Methodists, although, out of deference to the religious opinions of his wife, he attended worship with her at the Rev. Mr. Sprole's Presbyterian Church. Calm, cold, and intrepid in his moral character, he was ignorant of the beauty of moral uprightness in the conduct of public affairs, — ambitious of power, and successful in the pursuit of it. He was very methodical and remarkably industrious, always finding time to listen patiently to the stories of those who came to him as petitioners of patronage and place. But his arduous labors impaired his health and shortened his life. Before his term of office had half expired, his friends were pained to witness his shortened and enfeebled step, and the air of languor and exhaustion which sat upon him.

Mrs. Polk was a strict Presbyterian, and she shunned what she regarded as "the vanities of the world" whenever it was possible for her to do so. She did not possess the queenly grace of Mrs. Madison, or the warm-hearted hospitality of Mrs. Tyler, but she presided over the White House with great dignity. She was of medium height and size, with very black hair, dark eyes and complexion, and formal yet graceful deportment. At the inauguration of her husband she wore a black silk dress, a long black velvet cloak with a deep cape, trimmed with fringe and tassels, and a purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon. She would not permit dancing at the White House, but she did all in her

power to render the administration of Mr. Polk popular. One morning a lady found her reading. "I have many books presented to me by the writers," said she, "and I try to read them all; at present this is not possible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the president, and I could not be so unkind as to appear wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift." At one of her evening receptions a gentleman remarked, "Madam, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night." "Sir," replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good humor, but very significantly, "I never have seen it otherwise."

John C. Calhoun had expected to remain in the cabinet as secretary of state, and he did not hesitate to say that he was sacrificed to appease the wrath of Mr. Van Buren. Accordingly James Buchanan became Mr. Polk's secretary of state, and Mr. Calhoun soon returned to the Capitol as a senator from South Carolina, to engineer the extension of slavery, free-trade, and state sovereignty. His appearance indicated that he was over threescore years of age. Bushy eyebrows overshadowed deep blue eyes, which gleamed like stars; his furrowed forehead and gaunt cheeks showed great mental activity and care, and his thin lips had the melancholy look seen in the portraits of Dante. His long, coarse hair had become gray, and he wore it brushed back in masses from his high forehead. One morning, as he was sitting for his portrait in the studio of Mr. Kellogg, he said to the writer of these reminiscences, "I have always endeavored to dress with a simplicity that would not attract notice, and I have succeeded, with the exception of my hair. When I wore it short the letter-writers used always to have something to say about it, and now that it is long I fear that it attracts equal attention." Speaking of autographs, he remarked that his original handwriting was round and clear, but that when he was at the Litchfield law school his haste in taking notes changed it. It was then as erratic and bold as were his movements in the days of nullification.

Mr. Buchanan was then in the prime of life, and his stalwart frame, fair complexion, light blue eyes, courtly manners, and scrupulously neat attire prompted an English visitor — Mrs. Maury — to say that he resembled a British nobleman of the past generation, when the grave and dignified bearing of men in power was regarded as an essential attribute of their office. Although a bachelor, he kept house on F Street, next to the abode of John Quincy Adams, where his accomplished niece presided at his hospitable board. He faithfully carried out the foreign policy of President Polk, but never let pass an opportunity for advancing his claims to the succession, with refreshing humility. In a heretofore unpublished letter, written to a friend, he alluded to a prediction that he would be the next president, and went on to say, "I or any other man may disappear from the political arena without producing a ripple upon the surface of the deep and strong current which is sweeping the country to its destiny. Nothing has prevented me from removing myself from the list of future candidates for the presidency, except the injury this might do to the democratic cause in Pennsylvania. On this subject I am resolved, and whenever it may be proper I shall make known my resolution. Nothing on earth could induce me again to accept a cabinet appointment." Yet never did a wily politician more industriously plot and plan to secure a nomination than Mr. Buchanan did, in his still-hunt for the presidency.

President Polk, anxious to placate his defeated rival, Mr. Van Buren, tendered the appointment of secretary of the treasury to Silas Wright, who declined it, having recently been elected governor of the State of New York, but recommended for the position Mr. A. C. Flagg.

Governor Marcy, who represented the anti-Van Buren faction of the New York democracy, objected to the appointment of Mr. Flagg, and then to the appointment of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian. Finally, Robert J. Walker, who had been a senator from Mississippi, and who was a believer in the British doctrine of free-trade, was made secretary of the treasury. Governor Marcy, a known friend of the South and a man of determined character, was appointed secretary of war. Mr. Bancroft was appointed secretary of the navy, and Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, postmaster-general. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, who had been the secretary of the navy in Tyler's cabinet, was retained by Polk as his attorney-general, having made earnest appeals that he might not be disturbed. He wrote to an influential friend at Washington that he desired to remain in office on account of his financial wants. "Imprudence amounting to infatuation," he went on to say, "while in Congress, embarrassed me, and I am barely recovering from it. The place is congenial to my feelings, and the salary will assist Virginia land and negroes in educating six daughters. Although I still own a large estate, and am perfectly temperate in my habits, I have felt that the folly of my conduct in another respect may have led to the report that I was a sot, — an unfounded rumor, which originated in a Richmond paper."

While President Polk endeavored to gratify each of the component factions of the democratic party in the composition of his cabinet, he ruthlessly deposed the veteran Francis P. Blair from the editorship of the Globe, to gratify the chivalry of South Carolina, who made it the only condition upon which he could receive the electoral vote of their State, then in the hands of the General Assembly, and controlled by the politicians. The Globe ceased to be the editorial organ of the administration, and "Father" Ritchie, who had for many years edited the Richmond Inquirer, was invited to Washington, where he established the Union, which became the mouth-piece of President Polk. "The Globe," says Colonel Benton, "was sold and was paid for: it was paid for out of public money, — the same fifty thousand dollars which were removed to the village bank at Middletown, in the interior of Pennsylvania." "Three annual installments made the payment, and the treasury did not reclaim the money for three years." Colonel Benton may certainly be regarded as excellent authority.

In the contest among the democrats for the federal offices, woman made her first appearance in the struggle for the spoils. The widow of Senator Linn, of Missouri, became an applicant for the St. Louis post-office, and she secured a large collection of autographic recommendations from democratic magnates. But Colonel Benton, whose home residence was at St. Louis, claimed that in accordance with the recognized usage he was entitled to name the postmaster there, and he preferred to have one of his political followers appointed. The voice of "Old Hickory," however, was more potential than that of "Old Bullion," and the personal intercession of General Jackson made "Young Hickory" appoint Mrs. Linn postmistress at St. Louis. Elated with her success, Mrs. Linn was thenceforth active in advancing the political interests of her friends, and among those for whom her persistent efforts secured places was the Rev. Mr. Milburn, who, nearly blind and very poor, was elected chaplain to the house of representatives.

Another gifted woman, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, secured the passage of an appropriation for the publication and purchase of her illustrious husband's papers, which she had carefully preserved in fifty-seven folio volumes. She was a daughter of General Schuyler, of

New York, whose gallant services during the war of the Revolution have become a part of our national honor. With a slight figure and apparently a feeble organization, she approached fourscore and ten years with an almost total exemption from disease, notwithstanding the severe misfortunes which had overcast her life in its prime. Her eldest son, Philip, and then her distinguished husband fell martyrs to the so-called code of honor, but her unshaken piety, her gentle courage, and her cheerfulness upheld by the forces of the mind the natural weakness of the body. She guarded her husband's memory with jealous care, and was always ready to purchase, at an exorbitant price, stray copies of his celebrated pamphlet, in which he avowed his infidelity to her rather than expose himself to a charge of official misconduct.

The Oregon question had been bequeathed to President Polk by his predecessor. He had been elected on the platform of "the whole of Oregon or none!" and "54.40 or fight" was the euphonious alliteration, the war-cry, of the democratic party in the contest which it had gained. Mr. Polk recommended an application of the Monroe doctrine to Oregon in his inaugural message, yet it is well known that he did not intend to act upon his own recommendation. He sent Mr. Louis McLane, of Maryland, to London to negotiate a treaty for the final settlement of the Oregon question; and that minister plenipotentiary stated on his return, at a public dinner at New York city, that the adoption of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude had always appeared to him to be a practicable basis for an honorable adjustment of existing difficulties. In negotiating a treaty on this basis, Mr. McLane went on to say, he felt that he was but representing the policy of his government, and faithfully promoting the intentions and the wishes of the president. The treaty thus negotiated was in due time ratified, and "54.40" was abandoned without the promised "fight."

It was a difficult task, however, to reconcile some of the democratic leaders from the Western States, — a vigorous section of the republic that felt the daring of battle and the confidence of victory over an ancient foe more than the commercial States on the Atlantic coast. which always fear the disastrous effect of war. In the debate in the senate, after it had been diplomatically intimated by the courteous Senator Haywood, of North Carolina, that the United States would fall back on the forty-ninth parallel, the most discontented speakers were Senators Benton, Allen, and Hannegan. Colonel Benton, whose egotism had grown with his years, imperiously denounced the partial abandonment of what he styled "the country of the Columbia." Mr. Allen, having vociferously undertaken to show that the Southern senators had acted in bad faith on the annexation of Texas, and were disposed to do so again on the Oregon question, was sharply answered by Calhoun and McDuffie. Mr. Hannegan, in a highly excited harangue, declared that "if the president should surrender the banner which was put into his hands by the Baltimore convention, he would prove himself recreant to his professions, recreant to the party, and recreant to the country. If it were true, the president would be doomed to an infamy so profound, a damnation so deep, that the trumpet call of the resurrection could never reach him."

The excitement produced by the threatened war with Great Britain on the Oregon question prepared the public mind for the hostilities with Mexico, another troublesome legacy inherited from John Tyler by the Polk administration. The first step was to send an "army of occupation" to the frontier, commanded by Brevet Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor. He was a Southerner

by birth and by education, — a planter who worked his own slaves, and a soldier who had never any fault to find with his profession except that promotion came slowly in times of peace. He refused to march into the enemy's country until positively ordered to do so, and was finally told that he "need not wait for directions from Washington to carry out what he might deem proper to be done." He obeyed orders, and soon demonstrated what he thought should be done on the bloody fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Had the government supported the gallant hero who thus fought two pitched battles and terminated a campaign, he would have continued his victorious march, and soon reached the halls of the Montezumas in triumph. But the people began to talk of General Taylor as worthy of the highest office in their gift, and President Polk began to cripple him; not successfully, however, until after he had forced the garrison of Monterey to capitulate, and had won his crowning victory at Buena Vista.

President Polk, who had meanwhile given "aid and comfort" to the enemy by permitting the return of General Santa Anna, withdrew the best troops from General Taylor's army, and placed them, with reinforcements, under the command of Major-General Scott, whose march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico won for him the applause of his countrymen and of the great generals of Europe. But Mr. Polk endeavored to degrade the men whose military skill and daring had almost miraculously saved the arms of their country from disgrace by persuading Congress to create the office of lieutenant-general. Had this been done, he would have commissioned Thomas Hart Benton, who would have outranked Major-Generals Scott and Taylor, who had been assailed in Congress by the president's right-hand supporters — Orlando B. Ficklin, of Illinois, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi — as unfit to conduct the war with advantage to the democratic party.

To the more intelligent portion of the United States the war with Mexico was repulsive, and the manner in which it was used for the advancement of democratic politicians was revolting; but very few forgot their allegiance to their country in the face of the enemy. Congress, repeatedly appealed to by the president, voted men and money without stint, to secure the national success and to maintain the national honor. Whig States which — like Massachusetts — had no sympathy for the war, contributed the bravest of their sons, but it was noticeable that the contracts for military supplies and the charter of vessels for transportation were almost invariably made with democrats. Indeed, some of them must have regretted the declaration of peace; nor was it many years before they again came to the front, as contractors, charterers of vessels, discounters of officers' pay-orders, quartermasters, commissaries, sutlers, and camp-followers. Many of those, at the North and at the South, who made small sums from their connection with the Mexican war amassed fortunes during the subsequent war of the rebellion.

The third important measure identified with the Polk administration was the repeal of the tariff act of 1842, and the enactment of another more decidedly in the interest of the British manufacturers. Although a majority of both houses were opposed to the bill, as was declared again and again in the prolonged debate which it occasioned, it was forced through Congress by the persistent efforts of President Polk, seconded by Mr. Robert J. Walker, his secretary of the treasury. They were aided by Mr. George Dwight, a Massachusetts whig, who was a bitter enemy of protection to home industry, and the reputed agent of the manufacturers and the exporters of Great Britain. He occupied a large parlor in one of the

leading hotels at Washington during the sessions of Congress under the Polk administration, where he dispensed a generous although by no means indiscriminate hospitality, and his position as the agent of the British manufacturing and mercantile interests was well understood.

There were great changes in the membership of the United States senate at the commencement of the Polk administration. Webster and Calhoun and Clayton returned to the chairs which they had previously occupied; Crittenden took the place of Clay; and Bright, Butler, Cass, Corwin, Douglas, Dix, Hale, Reverdy Johnson, Jefferson Davis, Houston, Hunter, Hamlin, and Mason were among the new senators. But Rufus Choate had returned to the practice of his profession, Silas Wright had been elected governor of the State of New York, Levi Woodbury had been placed upon the bench of the supreme court, James Buchanan and Robert J. Walker had been appointed members of the cabinet, and William R. King was minister to France. Archer, Berrien, Linn, Mangum, McDuffie, Rives, and Tallmadge had been retired to private life, and the walls of the senate chamber no longer echoed to their voices.

Mr. — or, as he was universally called, Tom — Corwin displayed great oratorical power in discussing the Mexican war. Calhoun, Hunter, Jefferson Davis, and Mason endeavored to silence him, but he good-naturedly turned the flank of one after the other. Taking up one of the quotations cited by Calhoun, — "The child follows the condition of the mother," — as a reason why slavery should be introduced into the territory acquired from Texas, he said, "I think not one man of our complexion, of the Caucasian race, could be found quite willing to appreciate this admirable, philosophical, rational, Christian maxim. In Europe the crown follows the father, but under our law the chain follows the mother." Mr. Corwin was at that time quite stout, and his clean-shaven swarthy cheeks hung flabbily in folds when his features were in repose. But when he spoke, every portion of his wonderful face was in expressive motion, from his forehead to his chin, inclusive. He possessed a rollicking, jovial voice, indicative of a large volume of vitality, and he never, for an instant, lost his temper in debate. The secret of his power consisted in the persistency with which he forced his convictions upon the senate. To his own mind those convictions were very clear, and to make others believe them he resorted to every fair and sometimes to unfair means. His humorous anecdotes were so many arguments, and the laugh they raised became a force in the direction he was leading the senate.

In the house of representatives were a number of able men, prominent among whom was the accomplished Robert C. Winthrop, who was elected speaker, and who was described as "the rising glory of the whigs." Massachusetts also had in her delegation John Quincy Adams, George Ashmun, Charles Hudson, Daniel P. King, and Horace Mann. Virginia had Thomas S. Bocock and William L. Goggin. Alabama had Henry W. Hilliard and George S. Houston. Connecticut had Truman Smith and James Dixon. New York had Horace Greeley, Washington Hunt, and William Duer. Pennsylvania had David Wilmot and the two Philadelphia Ingersolls. Ohio had Joshua R. Giddings, Robert C. Schenck, and Samuel F. Vinton. Mississippi had Jacob Thompson. Georgia had A. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, and Thomas Butler King. Indiana had Richard W. Thompson and Caleb B. Smith. Kentucky had Linn Boyd. Tennessee had Andrew Johnson and George W. Jones. Vermont had Jacob Collamer and George P. Marsh.

Among the Illinois delegation was

"long John" Wentworth, proud of his New Hampshire ancestry, and Abraham Lincoln, who made no mark as a legislator, but who established his reputation as a story-teller, and who was to be found every morning in the post-office of the house, charming a small audience with his quaint anecdotes. Among other incidents of his own life which he used to narrate was his military service in the Black Hawk war, when he was a captain of volunteers. He was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant of dragoons, stationed at Fort Dixon, which was near the present town of Dixon, Illinois, and was under the command of Colonel Zachary Taylor. Mr. Lincoln served only one term, and before its expiration he began to take steps for appointment as commissioner of the general land-office two years afterwards, should the whigs then come into power. A number of prominent whig senators and representatives indorsed his application, but he was not successful.

Jefferson Davis was a representative from Mississippi until he resigned to accept the command of a regiment of riflemen, with which he rendered gallant service at Buena Vista, under his father-in-law, General Taylor, with whom he was not at that time on speaking terms. In appearance, his erect bearing recalled his service as an officer of dragoons, while his square shoulders and muscular frame gave proof of a training at West Point. His high forehead was shaded by masses of dark hair, in which the silvery threads began to show; his eyes were a bluish-gray, his cheek-bones were prominent, his nose was aquiline, and he had a large, expressive mouth. He was an ardent supporter of state sovereignty and of Southern rights, and he was very severe on those congressmen from the slave-holding States who were advocates of the Union, especially Mr. A. H. Stephens, whom he denounced as "the little pale star from Georgia."

It was customary for the members of Congress to give what was called a Birth-Night Ball on the 22d of February, and each subscriber had the privilege of inviting two ladies to accompany him. The first one of these Birth-Night Balls attended by President Polk was graced by the presence of General Felix Grundy McConnell, who represented the Talladega district of Alabama, and who was arrayed in a blue swallow-tailed coat, light cassimere pantaloons, and a scarlet waistcoat. His female acquaintances at Washington not being very numerous, he had invited two good-looking French milliner girls, from a shop in the lower story of the house in which he boarded, to accompany him. The young women were dressed as near to the Parisian style of ball dress as their means would permit, and the trio attracted much attention as they promenaded the hall. When the president arrived, the general marched directly to him, and exclaimed, in his stentorian voice, "Mr. Polk, allow me the honor of introducing to you my beautiful young friend — Mamselle — Mamselle — Mamselle — parley vous Français — whose name I have forgotten!" Then turning to the other lady, he asked, "Will you introduce your friend?" The president, seeing General Mac's embarrassment, relieved him by shaking hands cordially with each of the young ladies, but he firmly declined joining them in a glass of champagne.

The reading of speeches in Congress, a custom which had been gradually introduced, became more general after Mr. Rives secured their publication, at the public expense, in the Congressional Globe. Almost every senator, representative, and delegate has since then felt himself called upon to rise, when any important question comes up, with the air of a Demosthenes, to take from his desk a pile of manuscript, which he had written or purchased, and to read it with great emphasis and with

an occasional gesture. Few listen to these speech-readers, as they flounder on through page after page, but though their words sink unheeded in the Capitol, they rise the next day in typographical glory.

Mr. Buchanan, in a letter written about this time, which has never appeared in print, said, "Congressional speeches have for some years past been gradually losing the character of debates, and assuming that of essays, — a most unfortunate change. They are losing all the freshness and power which the collision of able minds on important political questions never fails to produce, and degenerate into previously prepared lectures. Whoever will take up the reports of debates in the British Parliament, printed in the Times almost before the houses have adjourned, and compare them with our didactic essays, must be painfully struck with the contrast; and yet I firmly believe that we have better speaking talent in this country than they have in England. The public taste is becoming vitiated, and the senator or representative who carefully writes out a political harangue in his closet, and delivers it in debate, and has it circulated in pamphlet form, acquires very unjustly a great reputation as a debater."

The house exercised its "privilege" early in the Polk administration, and expelled Mr. William E. Robinson from the reporters' seats on the floor, because he had humorously described the midday lunch of Mr. Sawyer, a member from Ohio, upon a chunk of bread and a sausage, in a letter to the New York Tribune. Mr. Robinson, who was some years afterwards elected a representative from the Brooklyn district, retreated to the ladies' gallery, to which members had the privilege of introducing gentlemen, and the venerable John Quincy Adams repeatedly ascended the stone staircase to pass the obnoxious correspondent into the gallery. He continued to criticise the members from his exalted station until the close of the session, when he reviewed his contest with "Sausage" Sawyer and its consequences, and expressed his regret that "the last link" was "broken" that bound him to the house.

The "war correspondent," who has since performed important duties in every continent, was first found in the United States forces which conquered Mexico. It had previously been thought that war was the business of soldiers and of statesmen, and that the people had nothing to do with it except to shed their blood and to pay their taxes. But the United States army which invaded Mexico was accompanied by a corps of plucky and persevering correspondents, who kept those at home correctly posted about all that transpired. General Scott, jealous, irascible, and domineering, issued his celebrated "Order No. 349," but without avail. The correspondents not only continued to chronicle gallant acts, dashing off picturesque accounts of battles while the fighting was going on, but they criticised the conduct of manœuvring politicians at home and the petty tyrannies of officers in the field.

Mr. Robert Weir's picture representing the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Holland was completed and placed in the rotunda of the Capitol during the administration of President Polk. Originally driven from their English homes by religious persecution, they have embarked for the New World, seeking "freedom to worship God." The three most prominent figures on the deck of the Speedwell, waiting on a dark autumnal day for the turn of the tide to put out to sea, are Governor Carver, Elder Brewster, and Pastor Robinson; each one dressed in a Geneva suit of black, and each one having a bald head, a gray beard, and a pale face, as if the three were painted from the same model. Then there is Miles Standish, who

was, history informs us, a small man, but who is represented in the picture as a stalwart warrior, with tawny hair and scarlet hose, wearing his cuirass and carrying his sword, although there were no foes in that vicinity. A woman equally gigantic in size wears a fanciful green dress, while Dame White has a gown of striped satin, and Mistress Winslow stands on the verge of the ocean dressed like one of Rubens's portraits of his mistresses. In the background are other men and women gayly attired, like the supernumeraries in a melodrama, and the picture fails to give an idea of the sincere yet bigoted exiles for conscience' sake. The artist sacrificed historical truth that he might produce a picture full of strong effects. He received $10,000 for his work.

Mr. John Vanderlyn, who was commissioned to fill another of the then vacant panels of the rotunda, went immediately to Paris, where he spent several installments of his remuneration before he commenced his Landing of Columbus. He then employed a French artist, and hired the costumes worn in the opera of Ernani, so that the picture was finished "by the job." Indeed, it might be called "raising the wind," as any one will say who sees it, or the engraving of it which ornaments the reverse of the five-dollar notes now issued; for the three flags borne by three of the original group of filibusters are blown outward in three different directions. Those familiar with the real ability which characterized Vanderlyn's earlier works were sadly disappointed with his Landing of Columbus.

A third panel was filled with a picture — so called — of the Baptism of Pocahontas, by Mr. John G. Chapman. In catering to the pride of those who claimed to be descended from the first families of Virginia, Mr. Chapman had difficulties to contend with, probably more depressing than even the failing of inspiration which must attend the portrayal of an apocryphal ceremonial. The Baptism of Pocahontas is not only a libel on our respect, as a peòple, for historical truth, but its sole effect upon lovers of art is to excite ridicule.

Mr. Henry Inman, an artist of some reputation, received the commission to fill the fourth vacant panel, and went to Europe, where he was said to have made studies for his picture, and he had received three annual installments of $2000 each when he died. Mr. S. F. B. Morse, an impecunious artist, who afterwards became enriched by his connection with electric telegraphs, offered either to complete the work of Mr. Inman, or to paint a new picture, for the remaining $4000; but the offer was not accepted. In 1847, Congress, on the urgent solicitation of General Schenck, authorized the payment of this $4000, with $6000 more, to Mr. W. H. Powell, for a picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi; and when the work was completed he received a further appropriation of $2000. De Soto, who had been for months journeying through the wilderness from Florida, appears in gorgeous attire, and recalls the well-known figure of Henry IV. entering Paris. In the foreground a group urging forward a cannon reminds one of a similar artillery movement in the Siege of Saragossa, while some voluptuously formed maidens (surely not Indians) are very like the damsels who figure in Horace Vernet's Capture of the Smala, at Versailles. The whole picture, in short, is a plagiarized patchwork of generalities, absurd and incongruous, — badly drawn, gaudily colored, and as destitute of historic value as an act of Congress is of poetic feeling.

A group of statuary, by Luigi Persico (a *protégé* of Mr. Buchanan), placed on one of the two blockings on the sides of the steps leading up to the eastern portico of the Capitol, excited much attention. The original commission gave $12,000 for the group, but as much

more was subsequently voted. The subject chosen by the artist was Columbus explaining the mysteries of the globe to a naked and crouching Indian woman. A very clever letter was written by Colonel Seaton, and published in his National Intelligencer, purporting to have come from this nude savage maiden, who thus protested against her forced appearance before the public in an immodest attitude and without apparel. The commission for the companion group of statues was given to Horatio Greenough, who called his work The Rescue. It has been described as a gigantic Scotchman endeavoring to break the back of a big Indian, while a woman holds a child, and a large dog looks peacefully on.

A notable social event, towards the close of President Polk's administration, was the marriage of Colonel Benton's daughter Sarah to Mr. Jacob, of Louisville, Kentucky. The bridegroom's family was related to the Taylors and the Clays, so Henry Clay, who had been reëlected to the senate, was present, and escorted the bride to the supper-table. There was a large attendance of congressmen, diplomates, and officials, but the absence of officers of the army and navy, generally so prominent at a Washington entertainment, was noticeable. They were in Mexico.

Another interesting entertainment was given by Colonel Seaton, to the whig members of Congress, at his mansion on E Street. The first homage of nearly all, as they entered, was paid to John Quincy Adams, who sat upon a sofa, his form slightly bowed by time, his eyes weeping, and a calm seriousness in his expression. Daniel Webster was not present, having that day received intelligence of the death of his son Edward, major of the Massachusetts regiment, in Mexico, of camp fever, but Henry Clay was there, with kind words and pleasant smiles for all his friends. Crittenden, Corwin, and other whig senatorial paladins were present, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop — that perfect gentleman and able presiding officer — headed a host of talented representatives. Commodore Stockton and General Jones represented the army and navy, Erastus Brooks and Charles Lanman the press, Anson Burlingame the young political orators, Chester Harding and Healy the artists; and there, too, was Mr. Donahue, the "Tim Linkinwater" of Gales and Seaton, who for thirty years had kept their accounts. There was of course a sumptuous collation, with much drinking of healths and many pledges to the success of the whig cause.

This reunion at Colonel Seaton's was on Friday night, February 18, 1848. The following Sunday John Quincy Adams attended public worship at the Capitol, and on Monday, the 21st, he was, as usual, in his seat when the house was called to order. During the preliminary business he was engaged in copying a poetical invocation to the muse of history for one of the officials, and he appeared to be in ordinarily good health. A resolve of thanks to the generals of the Mexican war came up, and the clerk had read, "Resolved by the house that" — when he was arrested by the cry of "Look to Mr. Adams!" Mr. David Fisher, of Ohio, who occupied the desk on Mr. Adams's right, saw him rise, as if he intended to speak; then clutch his desk with a convulsive effort, and sink back into his chair. Mr. Fisher caught him in his arms, and in an instant Dr. Fries and Dr. Nes, both members, were at his side.

It was a solemn moment, for a cry went from more than one, "Mr. Adams is dying!" It was thought that, like Pitt, he would give up the ghost, "with harness on," on the spot which his eloquence had hallowed. "Stand back!" "Give him air!" "Remove him!" Every one seemed panic-struck except Mr. Speaker Winthrop, who quietly adjourned the house, and had his insensi-

ble colleague removed on a sofa, — first into the rotunda, and then into the speaker's room. Cupping, mustard poultices, and friction were resorted to, and about an hour after his attack Mr. Adams said, "This is the last of earth, but I am composed." He then fell into a slumber, from which he never awoke. Mrs. Adams and other relatives were with him, and among the visitors was Henry Clay, who stood for some time with the old patriarch's hand clasped in his, and gazed intently on the calm but vacant countenance, his eyes filled with tears. Mr. Adams lingered until the evening of the 23d of February, when he breathed his last. The funeral services were very imposing, and a committee of one from each State accompanied the remains to Boston, where they lay in state at Faneuil Hall, and were then taken to Quincy for interment. The committee returned to Washington enthusiastic over the hospitalities extended to them while they were in Massachusetts.

Meanwhile the war with Mexico had disappointed President Polk and his administration. "Instead of getting a peace through the restoration of Santa Anna," says Colonel Benton, "that formidable chieftain had to be vanquished and expelled before negotiations could be commenced. Taylor and Scott, whig generals, were making great military reputations, and when Messrs. Clifford and Sevier went to Mexico to negotiate a treaty, they found that one had been prepared and signed by Mr. N. P. Trist, a clerk in the department of state, who had been sent to ascertain how the land lay. Mr. Calhoun, availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the acquisition of new territory, undertook to establish the "peculiar institution" where it had never existed, and to make slavery national, not sectional.

When the national democratic convention met at Baltimore, in May, 1848, those delegates who did not indorse the doctrine advanced by Calhoun were not admitted. The result of this was the assembly of another convention at Buffalo, which nominated Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president, and adopted as a motto, "Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free Men."

Mr. Webster had magnanimously supported Mr. Clay in 1844, but as the presidential contest of 1848 approached he gave his friends to understand that he expected their support and that he expected to receive the nomination. When asked whether Mr. Clay would again be in the field, Mr. Webster replied that John Quincy Adams had remarked to him some years before that "Mr. Clay would be a candidate so long as he should receive a nomination from a majority of the people in the town of Lexington, Kentucky," — and he believed it would prove true. The mere pleasure of being talked of as a candidate, Mr. Webster went on to say, was a positive gratification, which became necessary to many men, and grew stronger with their age. "After all," said he, "what will Mr. Clay leave for future ages? His speeches contain nothing of permanent value, all relating to temporary topics, and never discussing fundamental principles. He is not an instructed statesman, and he has always kept the whig party subservient to his personal ambition."

Mr. Clay was equally severe in his remarks concerning Mr. Webster, and the respective friends of these great men became embittered as the time for the nominating convention approached; but they were all doomed to disappointment. The Northern delegates to the whig national convention might have nominated either Webster, Clay, Scott, or Corwin, as they had a majority of fifty-six over the delegates from the Southern States, and cast twenty-nine votes more than was necessary to choose a candidate. But they refused to unite on any one, and

on the fourth ballot sixty-nine of them voted with the Southern whigs, and secured the nomination of Zachary Taylor. He was elected by the "freesoilers" in the State of New York, who attracted enough votes from the democratic ticket to secure the triumph of the whigs, and Martin Van Buren, who had been defeated by the Southern democrats, had the satisfaction of effecting their defeat.

Mr. Calhoun, soured by his successive failures, but not instructed by them, sought revenge. "The last days of Mr. Polk's administration," says Colonel Benton, "were witness to an ominous movement, — nothing less than nightly meetings of large numbers of members from the slave States, to consider the state of things between the North and the South; to show the aggressions and encroachments (as they were called) of the former upon the latter; to show the incompatibility of their union; and to devise measures for the defense and protection of the South."

Mr. Webster did not share in the general apprehension produced by these plottings. He was not, he said to Mr. Raymond, of New York, disposed to sit down in perfect despair, as Mr. Calhoun had done, and say that he could see no future for his country. Even if the annexation of all Mexico should take place, and a dissolution of the Union should be the result, still, said he, "we of the North are on the safe side. We have the wealth, the numbers, the commerce, the enterprise. All the best elements of national power are on our side; we are the strongest portion, and in the event of dissolution we must still constitute the great nation of the continent."

General Taylor's progress to Washington, after his election, was that of a conqueror, greeted as he passed along with enthusiasm and with affection. The people flocked to gaze upon his service-bronzed features, with many manifestations of respect, and the politicians found that he could not be made a tool for intrigue and for sectional strife. He was courteously welcomed to the White House by President Polk, who left the city of Washington soon after the expiration of his official term, "an unhappy man, broken down in health" by incessant labors, cares, anxieties, and failures. He returned to his home at Nashville, where he died on the 15th of June, 1849.

GRAY, COLLINS, AND BEATTIE.[1]

It is not a purely arbitrary selection that puts together the names that stand at the head of this article, for it may be said of them that they were the three poets, outside of those belonging to the great literary revival at the end of the last century, who were most clearly possessed by what we feel to be the true poetic spirit. They groped toward, but never reached, a position of independence; they never fairly headed a reaction against the rigid rules of literary propriety which Pope illustrated and enforced, yet the forms of composition that they chose show their dissatisfaction with the influence that had pre-

[1] *The Poetical Works of Thomas Gray.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Poetical Works of William Collins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
The Poetical Works of James Beattie. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

vailed so long. They have, too, another claim upon our sympathy from the incompleteness of their life and work. Gray's poetic flame soon died out in an uncongenial air, and he devoted himself almost wholly to study; Collins went mad, and died young; while Beattie's one fine poem was left a fragment. Yet the work of all three has survived; that of Gray and Collins has taken a place in the classics of English literature; and two of them, Gray and Beattie, were at once greeted with enthusiasm by their contemporaries. Collins attained fame only at a later day.

Each of them chose a form of expression very different from that which Pope managed with so great skill, and it is interesting to observe the way in which English writers broke loose from the rigid fetters of heroic verse. The first great step was taken by Thomson in his Seasons (1726–30). In 1742, two years before Pope's death, Shenstone's Schoolmistress and Young's Night Thoughts appeared; the first written in the Spenserian stanza, and the other in more or less Miltonic blank verse. In 1744 appeared Akenside's Pleasures of the Imagination, but this, like Young's poem, was novel only in form. The latter, like Blair's Grave (1743), was but a collection of old-fashioned saws concerning the mortality of man, and Akenside's Imagination was but the cool and chastened imagination which Addison had written about in the Spectator; yet this poem was received with incomparably more applause than were Collins's Odes that appeared in 1747.

It was doubtless Addison's papers in the Spectator that gave this prominence to Milton's influence; and, more than this, temperate and remote from interest as these papers seem to us, they may be fairly said to have been of the greatest service in destroying the value of French models in the eyes of the Germans. The blank song, as Dr. Johnson called it, became one of the most admired forms of expression in the last century. The inversions of the Paradise Lost were easily imitated, but the transposition of the words in a sentence is not enough to make a writer's style Miltonic. The exquisite rhythm was never caught by the men who poured forth blank verse even in their comic poems: they could copy the form, but they could not render the charm of his lines; for, just as every great organ has a *vox humana* stop, that bears more or less resemblance to the human voice, Milton alone had in his majestic lines something that sounded like a great organ.

We see more successful imitations of Milton's musical lines and wonderful choice of language in the numerous odes of the last century. They were a sufficiently familiar species of composition. Dryden and Pope had each written these somewhat formal invocations, and it was as natural for Gray and Collins to adopt this method as it is for a young bard nowadays to write a handful of sonnets. But Gray's best work was his famous Elegy, and it may be safe to say that we read his odes more to satisfy a certain curiosity about the poet who wrote one piece of such beauty than from any warm feeling of admiration for his comparatively artificial verses. The Elegy is one of those immortal poems that is not seriously injured by constant repetition. It contains the material of as many poems as there are stanzas, and its simplicity and polished expression keep it a favorite with young and old alike. Its melancholy is of a sort that was not uncommon in the literature of the time when it was composed. Many of Gray's contemporaries resorted to grave-yards for the indulgence of their fancies. What with Blair's Grave and Young's Night Thoughts, there was but little joyousness in much of the current reading of the time. That this is a favorable condition for literature may well be doubted. An age that is full of life

and energy does not waste time in gazing into graves, or in writing poems about the certainty of death, and a general disposition to seek these mortuary subjects is a peculiarity of what may be called a dull season in literature. In Pope's day there had been sufficient satisfaction with life, and if there was a time that was free from morbidness it was when that writer was polishing his epigrams; but as the eighteenth century grew older people became more serious, and in this literature of the tombstone we may perhaps see how the public mind was preparing itself for the later outbreak of romanticism. Abundance of imagination we do not feel to have been one of the distinguishing marks of the last century, and in its absence the fact of the omnipresence of death assumed undue importance.

Extreme elegance and careful composition are more conspicuous in the Elegy than in most other English poems of equal length. The art is not forced upon the reader's attention, but it has doubtless preserved a poem in which it is commonly said that there is no other quality of exceptional greatness. Yet there is a sort of ungraciousness in that remark, inasmuch as it resembles the well-known criticism of the man who, when he first saw Hamlet acted, commented on the large number of familiar quotations that it contained; for the Elegy is so well known that it seems thereby somewhat trite and valueless. It seems so, that is to say, until we read it over again, when we cannot fail to enjoy its beauty. It was at once successful, and the imitations that it called forth were numberless. As a general thing, however, they bear as faint a likeness to the original as it does itself to Gay's Elegiac Epistle to a Friend, "written," as we are told, and can readily believe, "under a dejection of spirits." Gay's poem has been saved from total obscurity only by the assertion that it inspired Gray to write his Elegy. A few stanzas will show the likelihood of this supposition: —

"Full well I know in life's uncertain road
  The thorns of misery are profusely sown;
Full well I know in this low, vile abode
  Beneath the chastening rod what numbers groan.

"Born to a happier state, how many pine
  Beneath th' oppressor's power, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
  To the sad symptoms of a broken heart."

The imitations of the Elegy are more like this poem of Gay's. Some of the more important are Falconer's lines, written as a conclusion to his Shipwreck. James Græme tried his hand at similar elegies, and William Whitehead followed the beaten path, and wrote in his Elegy on the Mausoleum of Augustus, —

"What though no cypress shades in funeral rows,
  No sculptured urns, the last records of fate,
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,
  Or breathe in storied emblems of the great;

"Yet not with heedless eye will we survey
  The scene, though changed, nor negligently tread;
These variegated walks, however gay,
  Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

"In every shrub, in every floweret's bloom
  That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,
Some hero's ashes issue from the tomb,
  And live a vegetative life again.

"For matter dies not, as the sages say," etc.

John Scott wrote five elegies after the same model: —

"The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
  The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
  Than all the pomp imperial domes display."

And the list could easily be lengthened.

In fact, the popularity of Gray's poem is one of the things that make it so hard, when, were it not for these distracting circumstances, it would be so easy, to define exactly any past generation. One might be disposed to say that the last century did not care for the qualities we see in his Elegy, whereas the popularity of this poem proves the contrary. A great deal of nonsense of this kind has been talked, and perhaps as much

about the eighteenth century as about any other. There is current, for instance, a good deal of jealousy about the admiration that was felt for Shakespeare at that time. It is generally said that it is only within the last hundred years that Shakespeare has been at all properly appreciated, yet this seems to be a statement that needs to be examined before it is repeated. Examination tends to disprove it. Besides what Steele said in the Tatler and Addison in the Spectator, we have Pope's lines in the Imitations of Horace, Lib. II., Ep. I.: —

> "Not that I'd . . .
> . . . damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
> At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
> . . . .
> On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
> If I but ask if any weed can grow,
> One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
> . . . .
> How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
> And swear all shame is lost in George's age!"

There are continual references to Shakespeare in later writers, and almost without exception these are full of praise. Voltaire sneered at him, but Voltaire was not an Englishman, and it was not long before Ducis was adapting him for the French stage. To be sure, there is very little of Shakespeare in his plays except the names of the characters, but he sincerely admired the English poet. Dr. Johnson's Preface to his edition of Shakespeare is full of intelligent remarks. His severest blame is for Shakespeare's "quibbling." "A quibble is to Shakespeare what luminous vapors are to a traveler; he follows it at all adventures. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. . . . A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

Although Dr. Johnson illustrated in this last sentence the very fault he was condemning, many who read Shakespeare feel that he had grounds for what he says. And if we refuse to see any fault in Shakespeare it is hard to see how we are better off in our willful blindness than those who exercised their judgment and praised or blamed him according to their greater or less intelligence.

When Gray spoke of Shakespeare in his ode, he uttered no novel opinion; he but expressed what all agreed in thinking. One of the arguments against this view is the small number sold of Pope's edition, but the price, £6 12s., which is certainly equal to £13 nowadays, sufficiently explains this. It is to be remembered, on the other hand, that there were twenty-five editions in the last century. As well might some future writer sneer at the admiration now felt for Shakespeare, because the first Shakespeare society died of inanition, and the present one lives but from hand to mouth, with only a few subscribers.

Again, it is unjust to overlook the amount of attention that was given to Spenser in the last century. In No. 540 of the Spectator, Steele spoke of him most warmly, mentioning especially his freedom from "forced antitheses, or any of that low tribe," and many of the poets, Thomson in his Castle of Indolence, Shenstone in his Schoolmistress, Gilbert West, Lloyd, Mickle, and others, paid him the tribute of imitation, while Gray never wrote verse without preparing himself by first reading Spenser. Johnson, in No. 121 of the Rambler, bearing the date of May 14, 1751, denounced this disposition to admire and imitate Spenser, "which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age." He sums up by saying that "life is surely given us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten."

Thus we catch a glimpse of Milton behind the bad blank verse of the time, and of Spenser behind some of the

rhymed lines. Pope's influence in great part died with him. Under these circumstances, to sneer at our grandfathers for their indifference to what was best in English poetry savors of inaccuracy. To be sure, the imitations were in the main lifeless, but does the heaviness of Tennyson's historical plays prove that we do not enjoy the English dramatic literature?

The time was, taken broadly, an unpoetical one, and there was but little verse produced that had the magic fire; yet that real poetry was enjoyed cannot be doubted, and Gray's success simply shows that there were people ready to applaud the singers if they had only sung. The absence of poets proves nothing; the lack of later Homers and Shakespeares does not show that the world has been indifferent to those great men. The explanation of these sterile periods is hard to find. We can only record that at one time or another they exist, without understanding the cause. Any reason that we may assign is pretty sure to be disproved by some awkward facts. Indeed, who can distinguish effects from causes in these matters? The most inspiring thing seems to be a new form of expression, but it would be rash to affirm positively that this inspires writers, and to deny that it is the writers who make the new form. That this sterility can exist together with the enjoyment of what is good is sufficiently plain. Spenser and Milton were admired at a time when there was little poetry produced that has lived a hundred years, and Akenside, Thomson, Young, Blair, Cowper, and even Wordsworth wrote more or less Miltonic lines. Gray, small as was his offering, had a loftier flight than any other earlier poets. This is of course to be said only of his odes, which have a grandeur that is to be found elsewhere in Collins alone among his contemporaries, and in some few lines of the Seasons.

Gray's friends were pained that his odes were less liked than his Elegy, but time has only confirmed the first choice of the public. The odes naturally have not the elements of popularity, on account of their formal construction. Then, too, they are made somewhat obscure by compression; the matter is packed close; yet they are sufficiently clear to any one who reads them with attention, and it is strange that they were spoken of in the last century as nearly unintelligible. What we especially notice in Gray's odes is the frequent use of personification, yet this is required by the very construction of the ode. Thus Gray speaks of

"Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground."

Collins writes: —

"With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;"

and Keats, who even in this most formal of all methods of composition, avoids coldness: —

"She dwells with Beauty, — Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine."

In the Hymn to Adversity, in less than fifty lines, we find "Virtue, Jove's darling child;" "self-pleasing Folly's idle brood;" "wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy;" "vain Prosperity;" "Wisdom;" "Melancholy, silent maid;" "warm Charity, the general friend;" "Justice, to herself severe, and Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear;" "screaming Horror;" "Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty," while Adversity is addressed as "Daughter of Jove." These frigid bits of classicism, which depended for all their vitality on the adjective that should be applied to them, were but shadowy creations at the best. Too often they were but platitudes personified by a trick which any dabbler at poetry could

learn without difficulty, and many did learn. Odes were then a conventional form of poetry, and Gray's wide reading and careful use of language fitted him well for their composition. He helped himself freely from the work of others, and many people have amused themselves by tracing his numerous adaptations to their original dwelling-place.

Without making odious comparisons, it may be fair to say that Collins's odes are more liked than Gray's. They have less the air of artificiality, and they have less the form of a mosaic, which is naturally suggested to us by Gray's borrowing from his predecessors. Where there are traces of labored elegance in Gray, we have often in Collins the apparently swift choice of the right epithet, for he certainly conceals his art. Gray has many good lines in his formal writings, but, with the exception of the ode on the distant prospect of Eton College, and of course that on the Death of a Favorite Cat, there is a chilly academic stateliness about them as a whole. What has to be read with one eye on the text and another on the notes is not likely to fascinate us, and it is only a fine-sounding line that will carry the reader over knotty passages. One reads Lycidas, for instance, with but little attention to its difficulties. Who pauses to consider what is meant by

> "the great two-handed engine at the door
> Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more?"

Is it not a morbid conscientiousness that compels one to turn down the leaf, to take the heavy dictionary from the shelf, to look up *engine* in order to see exactly what it is that stands ready to smite? The imagination refuses to puzzle over every obscurity, just as one reads a delightful book without pausing to correct every slip in the grammar. In Gray's odes, we admire the ingenuity of the separate bits, rather than the impressiveness of the whole. They appear overwrought. Gray seems mastered by his learning, while Collins has a long breath and majestic language that faintly remind us at times of Keats's richness.

Collins's Ode to Evening is one of the few examples in English of unrhymed melody, and it would be remarkable as a *tour de force* even if its poetical merit did not make us forget the cleverness of its mechanical construction: —

> "If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
> May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
> Like thy own solemn springs, —
> Thy springs and dying gales."

It would be hard to find in the magnificent abundance of English literature lines with just the charm that he has put into the whole poem. For once, a poet of the last century attained that classic severity and refinement which many sought for in vain. The number of Pindaric odes produced at that time is something wonderful; strophe and antistrophe were worked over with as much pains as the most advanced poets nowadays bestow on their rondelets, and with very much the same results upon the reader. Collins, however, mastered his instrument, and his odes survive to show that, even in a dreary period of literary history, the man may arise who proves that the poetical tradition, though obscured, is not wholly lost. Yet his fate shows that a poet who lives in an uncongenial time has a sad lot. His contemporaries were, for the most part, insensible to the beauty of his poems, which have since found so many admirers. His "How sleep the brave that sink to rest" is familiar to every one, his Ode to the Passions is torn to tatters by school-children; but Goldsmith, in speaking of him, calls him the author of the Persian Eclogues, which are most wooden productions, and says nothing of his odes. Dr. Johnson, who went out of his way to be severe with Gray, had known Collins personally, and spoke of him with chastened disgust. "His diction," he said, "was often harsh, unskillfully labored, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when

it was not worthy of revival, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure." But certain of Dr. Johnson's criticisms of poetry make the reader regret that he and some of our contemporary bards could not be locked up together in a padded room for twenty-four hours.

For us, Gray and Collins have a special value as men who sought to replace exactness of form by beauty of form; and in a way they were successful. The very moderate quantity of their work diminished their influence, and mediocrity was too firmly established to be overwhelmed by such feeble antagonists; for, with the exception of the many pallid copies of the Elegy, they inspired but little work in others. When the great change came, readers went back to Collins, who had been long neglected. Dr. Johnson's condemnation of both him and Gray doubtless aroused opposition to them, and how great that critic's influence was may be seen by the discredit he succeeded in casting upon Milton. Collins described nature with real feeling, and no one can fail to look upon him as one who, if he had been born half a century later, would have accomplished more under the favorable circumstances of that time. As it is, his work is hardly more than a beautiful fragment. Neither he nor Gray was one of the greatest English poets, though the Elegy is one of the most popular of English poems; but both hold an honorable place.

Beattie also wrote odes, but any interference with the dust that has settled upon them would be officious and unnecessary; it is by his Minstrel that he lives, so far as he can be said to live at all, for there is no great delight to be got from his other poems. The Minstrel, however, has real merit. It was due in good part to the influence of Spenser, whom he greatly admired, but even in beautiful passages we find such conventional phrases as "glittering waves and skies in gold arrayed." Yet in the first book we find very genuine love of nature expressed with real poetical skill. It is easy to guess, what his biography confirms, that in Edwin he described himself, and that the pleasure the young minstrel found in wandering through the valleys and gazing at the sea and the mountains was only what he had himself felt. More than this, — and it should be carefully borne in mind, for the description of landscapes is but one of the secondary accomplishments of a poet, — the romantic character of Edwin, in the first book at least, is something that no other writer of the last century undertook to draw. Without some such element, the most beautiful landscape that poet could describe is but cold and lifeless, like the drop-curtain of a theatre in the daytime. It is the human interest that endears the aspect of nature to us, and will ever make the arid hills about Athens more eloquent than the most beautiful scenery in any untrodden country. But Edwin, who "roamed at large the lonely mountain's head," and

> "traced the uplands, to survey,
> When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
> The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
> And lake dim gleaming on the smoky lawn;"

and who

> "would dream of graves, and corses pale,
> And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,"

and hie "to haunted stream, remote from man," — this same Edwin, in the second book, began to discuss the perfidy of "a courtly life" with a "hoary sage," and to take an interest in "the Muse of history," and in Philosophy, for, when she appears,

> "The gloomy race
> By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
> Fear, Discontent, Solicitude, give place,
> And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
> While on the vital soul her kindling beams are shed."

In short, the brief poetic vision is over, and we are back in the eighteenth century, listening to a description of the advantages of a good education and to a confutation of Hume's insidious theories, all told in the incongruous Spenserian stanza.

In respect of the incompleteness of their work, the three men are alike. Each one was well fitted to render good service to literature in a more poetic period, but no one of them had the force necessary for the overthrow of current forms.

Gray, who was one of the first of Englishmen to express a real love of scenery, and who almost began the Gothic revival, which had so great influence upon Scott, and, through him, on the whole of this century, became a really learned dilettante; Collins's life was shortened by his errors; and Beattie, who began so well, soon succumbed to what we may call the prosaic general intelligence of his time. A man who was a friend of Dr. Johnson must have found it hard to continue writing poetry; and, moreover, his domestic life was darkened by grief. But all three were forerunners of what has since been so brilliant as almost to throw them into the general darkness of those days, or, at least, what seems darkness to those who look only at the poetry. Yet, even then, Blake was composing his lyrics, and soon Burns's songs, Percy's Reliques, Cowper's simple lines, and more than anything else the turmoil preceding the French Revolution prepared the world for a new order of things. In our enjoyment of what later poets have done, we should not overlook the honorable names of their less fortunate predecessors.

T. S. Perry.

THE TRANSITIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN.

WHAT is this curious product of today, the American girl or woman? Does the heroine of any American novel fitly stand as a type of what she is? and, furthermore, is it possible for any novel, within the next fifty years, truly to depict her as a finality, when she is still emerging from new conditions in a comparatively old civilization, when she does not yet understand herself, and when her actions are often the awkward results of motives, complex in their character, unconsciously to herself? Pessimists speak of woman's foibles as constitutional, and displayed alike in all ages and countries. Optimists, accepting this statement, add to it the factor of evolution, and believe that just as the race has been modified physically by climate and conditions of life, so will the former type of woman, by elimination of the weaker elements and survival of the fittest, be essentially modified into something larger and better than has yet been. But as in all modifications something valuable is often lost, there is danger that many of the present tendencies amongst women will be developed into undue and harmful prominence.

The expression in the faces of the past and present woman indicates a change. A certain noted physician, on receiving a new case, always calls for earlier and later photographs of his patient, that he may compare the changes wrought in the course of years, which may have contributed to the present condition. Such a gallery of portraits might help in a diagnosis of our modern woman. The peace and equipoise, the hauteur, united with unconsciousness of

self, are all gone. The face of to-day is stamped with restlessness, wandering purpose, and self-consciousness. The religious aspect has vanished from conversation. A modern "lunch" affords opportunity for testing ordinary feminine talk, which is never bad or vulgar, on the whole not even frivolous, but is marked by superficiality in its discussion of novels and subjects, though showing great familiarity with all known and to be known publications. Each woman could talk far better than she does, if she were not hampered by self-consciousness. An Englishwoman said, "At home politics and party measures are discussed at our ladies' lunches, but in America one must first go to a circulating library before accepting a noonday invitation." Latterly, suffrage has become a feature of conversation with us, but in a humorous or questioning vein rather than in an argumentative or serious manner, except with the one-ideaed, earnest souls who can feel no charm in the "touch-and-go" style of refined society. Gossip — not scandal — and allusions to conventional modes of philanthropy take the place of discussion of yesterday's sermon or the last congressional debate. If one wishes a foreigner to form a favorable opinion of women, apart from any special vocation they may have, he should be invited to a ladies' lunch, pure and simple, and he will be compelled to admit that our American women are easy, brilliant, kindly, cultivated, and altogether charming. But he will read restlessness in many a face, will notice an *empressement* of manner, a little hurry in the gait, quick tones of voice, a business air, suggestive of the surmise that all these women are "in" or "at something." The leisurely, graceful element is wanting.

Society has grown so complex in both town and country that it is difficult to assert any universal predicates of either, without fear of contradiction. The New England woman should be taken as the largest representative of the whole country, because the Southern woman is minus her driving qualities, plus an added grace and piquant deportment; and the Western woman is minus the Southern charm and the New England self-consciousness and morbid conscientiousness, plus an active self-assertion that has already resulted in successful individual and concerted measures. In all these women, however, "progressive desire," the one characteristic that separates the human from the animal race, has made havoc, till now we have a few marked features, constituting the battle-ground on which will be fought out the results of this emancipation from old lines of conduct.

As justification of this new departure, it must be remembered that we are no longer living in an age marked by a dominant cause. Work, government, society, knowledge, philanthropy, yearly grow more specialized, whilst our foremothers had above them their faith in the special providences of God, and around and below them a daily struggle for material needs. Life was grave and tender in these women, who felt that they were the founders of a new race. And just as they were beginning to realize that less praying and less manual labor would obtain their daily bread and make them heroic mothers of men, whose motto was yet to be Renunciation, came the Revolution, to give them another unified impulse towards simplicity of life, dignity of thought, and trust in God. All women in these two periods thought and fought alike for the same reason. Subdivision in feminine interests was just creeping into slight notice, when our last war again united women in a single cause; but the country had grown larger, and faith in public prayer, church-going, special providences, less. The material comforts of the last fifty years had disintegrated simplicity of life, and rendered possible a speedy arrival at modern complexity;

and there was rarely an ineffaceable stamp of dignity left on those who nobly had borne their part in hospital and field and sanitary work, North and South. Now thousands make temperance their holy cause, a few thousands consider female suffrage as such, and then the female hosts break up into companies of one or more hundreds each, all clamoring for their special hobby, cause, work.

Such diversity of interests has some advantages, but it also prevents that directness and universality of aim which made our great-grandmothers such devoted, honoring wives and such mothers filled with the spirit of the Lord, and has reacted unfavorably, to a large extent, upon the *home*. Not only are the four orthodox kinds of Thanksgiving pies in groaning larders gone, not only has the skeptical feeling arisen that turkeys may be roasted and pumpkin pies eaten before the canonical November day, but the mother-spirit that stuffed the turkey and strained the pumpkin is going, and a new theory arising, that husbands and children ought not to like pies, and that if perchance such taste is inherited, it must be supplanted by the notion that the wife and mother is made for something beyond catering to appetites uncontent with plain apples and cheese for dessert.

Men naturally care less for the home when the wife does not first render service unto it; for, being married, it has become her duty, voluntarily assumed, but sanctioned by the state and sealed with marriage vows. Not long ago, a man and woman, swinging each other's fingers, were wending their way to the altar, when a dispute arose as to which one should purchase the cooking-stove. "You," quoth the man, "for you will do the cooking." "Not so," said the woman. "I am not going to do all the cooking." The dispute waxed hot, and separation ensued.

Not only are pies in the home decreasing, but affection for it is also on the wane, as the need of individuality within it becomes more definite. But few sons and daughters have yet learned to sweeten the necessary transit from their early submission to their parents to later equality with the father and mother, or to a still later guardianship of them, with reverence for the parental relation in itself. Women do not care for their home as they did; it is no longer the focus of *all* their endeavors; nor is the mother the involuntary nucleus of the adult children. Daughters must have art studios outside of their home; authoresses must have a study near by; and aspirants to culture must attend classes or readings in some semi-public place. Professional women have found that, however dear the home is, they can exist without it. Many still remain at home, but ask, in their midnight musings, why it should be right for a man to accept that position which the woman, on account of her home, must refuse. The query itself could not have arisen half a century since. Many men refrain from marriage, fearing that the homes offered by them will not be the chief delight of the wife, who will be capable of finding pleasure and occupation in other avenues of interest. It may be a selfish and man-like feeling, yet it exists; and after women have adjusted their position men *may* readjust themselves to it. The simple fact is that women have found that they can have occupation, respectability, and even dignity disconnected from the home. The tendency is that in the discovery of this possibility they are losing somewhat of filial tenderness, of the loyalty of kinship, and of close, concentrated affection, and acquiring more of self-assertion and universal expansiveness.

The day of religious diaries and confessions is past, but a moral and intellectual *self*-consciousness remains, fostered by our system of education and public examination, which is much to be deplored. Very few are free from

it, for it is an indigenous product, and only by education can be altered into the educated unconsciousness of middle life, or stamped out by rare buoyancy of health and spirits. What was woman made *for?* was the former question; and the quick answer came, For the glory of God and the solace of man. Now the question reads, as put by the teacher and society, What is she made *of?* The school-girl answers, So much per cent.; the belle says, So much beauty of head and shoulders poised at such an angle, plus certain inflections of voice and grades of manner to friends and the populace; and the earnest "committee woman" answers, Of executive force, insight, and sensible views. They all know their professions and their wants: some stifle the smile, lest it be unconventionally broad; others repress their enthusiasm, lest it argue a lack of *savoir faire;* and those who apparently are natural know they are natural. It is all a knowing. They are not, perhaps, unhappy by result of unfavorable comparisons, because dignity compels acceptance of the inevitable; but there is little of happy humility and a great deal of indignant dignity in thought and manner. Our public schools, our seminaries or colleges, train the pupils to meet an audience! No wonder that the managers of the Children's Pinafore found no timidity in its infantile performers. They were of the public schools.

With this growth of modern internal interviewing has come a loss of grace. Stiffness and hardness of manner was a Puritan characteristic, after a time softening into grace of posture, slowness of gait. But now one quarter of the feminine world walks forth on high heels, balancing its shoulders like scales; another quarter steps squarely on broad soles, and lo, the world knoweth thereof; and one half rush as if making 2.40 time: grace is wanting in all. Go from the streets to the drawing-rooms; how few move, look, or speak gracefully! The slow dignity and the careless ease are alike mannered. Every one knows that every one else is looking. Self-consciousness, frivolity, and also earnestness are banishing graceful badinage, easy postures, lingering tones. A brilliant woman becomes satirical, with relapses into humor; the humor collapses into extravagant statements. Timidity or decision in a woman speaker or presider recalls the fact that it is a woman who is before one; her decision often appearing like a heavy borrowed article. The charm of being, of simply being one's self, apart from having a "mission" or "views," is lost in the intensity with which women are seizing upon the new fields of usefulness thrown open to them.

Every one must be or want a definite something. Two instances may serve as illustrations. The wife of a literary man, herself a writer, came to this country, and was dined and lunched. "What does she want?" asked the earnest women. "Nothing!" was the indignant reply of her society friend. Again, a sculptor went back to Rome and told how he had called to see a certain lady because he liked her, when, on his third visit, she asked, welcoming him, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "As if," he said, "a *man* could not see a Boston woman without her wishing to aid him. Can't they just be themselves, and let us like them, and not eternally have objects, views?"

The value of existence is becoming the outward *bête noir* that is stamping itself on the face, voice, and gait of woman. Do something, be of worth in yourself, form opinions, is the imperative mood in which the times address modern women, whose likenesses will be recognized at a future day by this dignity of "woman's-mission" look, — a gallery of photographed "causes."

Instead of grace, there has come in many women an affectation of mannishness, as is shown in hats, jackets, long

strides, and a healthful swinging of the arms in walking. Somehow, ready-made clothing for women seems to have finished their emancipation from the *rôle* of women of the past; for with a much lessened need of sewing has increased a readiness to show a so-called superiority to attractiveness, which as independence has certainly succeeded.

More pronounced than any mannerisms is the difference in the goal of past and present ambition. Formerly, to be a good housekeeper, an anxious mother, an obedient wife, was the *ne plus ultra* of female endeavor, — to be all this *for others' sakes.* Now, it is to be more than one is, for *one's own* sake. Knowledge is valued as an end rather than as a means. Of course there is much attainment of knowledge among women that is purely philanthropic; but also there is a vast amount of culture that is purely selfish. Such societies as the one for the Encouragement of Studies at Home, and many others, and also the growing number of women scientists, disprove the first statement. But add to these those who must study in order to teach for a livelihood, there still remains a large class with whom culture is merely a shibboleth, the fancied creature of their needs. This class have a provoking knack at using all their knowledge; the politeness of others forbidding inquiry as to its date of acquirement. They willingly seem more learned than they are. They "do" books as some travelers "do" Europe.

From knowing enough to leave home and try their fortune elsewhere, from the desire and ability for a profession, arises a dogmatism in speaking and thinking, a certainty of conviction where others disagree, that is amusing and aggravating. I accept your premises, but doubt your conclusion, is a simple statement; but it suggests memories of authoritativeness and slight philosophical acumen. Then, women quote, quote, quote, and say, "Don't you remember?" At a literary dinner this quotation had grown overpowering to a thoughtful friend of only moderate memory, and when repeatedly addressed with "Don't you know?" said apologetically, "Oh, I can only think." There was silence.

Because culture can make life nobler, it is supposed that it can do it alone. A modern middle-aged girl's division of time embraces many classes, and with most girls the work is true and honest, and they do know more than their parents; but yet other people know more than they, whom they have not had the discipline of meeting. This dogmatism is not so apt to show itself on special points as in the general way of regarding the universe, for the fact of being a product of this age confers the supposed intellectual power which hovers in the atmosphere. "To him that hath shall be given" is literally believed. "I can," instead of "I'll try," expresses much of modern feeling. The ability to make much out of little is not confined, however, to American women, and is in itself power. It is always more striking to make a point than to see the whole of an idea, and answers better for the short demands of society, not of life. Our grandmothers would stand aghast at the aphorisms, quaintnesses, points, of the lady conversationalist of to-day, and would miss the old-time calmness, fervor, and acceptance of life's duties.

There is also an increasing tendency, in spite of fashionable and benevolent cookery schools, to disparage housework and sewing. Women hint to each other that they can use their time to greater advantage; that they were born for something better (being of the educated classes); and that manual labor is for the unintelligent. Then, when intelligence directs this mass of unintelligence, it thinks it is doing a great deal, and often sighs pityingly over itself. Often from want of manual knowledge these educated housekeepers are compelled constantly to "change help" and

have garments altered. It is doubtful whether there is the same patient endurance of the hard conditions of life now as even fifty years ago, whilst there is a growing aristocracy of the intellect which belittles the word.

Advertisements, the higher intelligence offices, and bureaux of labor testify to the presumed value of brain over hand education, although the country is suffering for good handiwork of all kinds. Women who apply for situations want places as teachers, traveling companions, translators, copyists, journalists, lecturers, and orators. One woman wanted some work of "remunerative beneficence, as the Almighty would be wroth with her if her powers remained unemployed; and yet she must gain her daily bread whilst awaiting the results of her pen." Another, clad in dowdy trimmings and frowsy feathers, brought an article "written in a few moments' leisure on the stairs, just thrown off" (she was tending table till something better turned up), as proof of what she could do. A lover of her kind, but no thinker, wishes for paying parlor audiences. Still another craves some large hall, where she can discourse on "the — is n't sure what word to use; something which shows that religion and science don't exactly contradict each other." Others have lectures on Sanskrit, and Persian mythology as known through encyclopædias, on the Visions to Be, on the Centripetal Force of all Systems of Philosophies, on Woman's Duties, Needs, and Missions. All have something to say, and all think they ought to be helped. A friend tells us that within the last two years, of a hundred applications made to her personally, not one has been for work which did not require more or less exercise of brain power; and not in a single case was there evidence that the applicant possessed more than the desire to be cultured, rather than culture itself.

Eloquence is such a noble gift that it is sad to see so many women who have studied oratory, anatomically and physiologically, philosophically and psychologically, desire to make their living by readings and lectures; and if they do "orate" well it is often art, not feeling; they lack the impulse, for truth's sake, to tell the truth, which alone constitutes eloquence. As some women can speak nobly and well and with no thought of self, and as elocution is a most useful study, it is hard that others must speak and read merely because it is a tendency of the age.

Women are also in a transitional religious condition, as common a state with men as with them, but which does not call forth such careful statements of positions or such deep thinking on their part: partly because it is hard for them to unlearn the lessons of dependence, and partly from social fear, self-distrust, and religious reverence. As some doubt and agnosticism are "evoluted" in both sexes, they do not belong here as special feminine developments. Women, however, need beware lest the man, author or preacher, become their guide, rather than the truths he enunciates: a leader clogs as well as clears the road in thinking out a subject.

A serious evil, arising from the greater knowledge about everything of women in general (not of *graduated* women physicians, who are specialists, and thus excluded from the present remark), is a vast amount of superficial physiological knowledge, based on feelings rather than on facts. Women often harm themselves thereby in body, soul, and mind. No woman not a specialist can generalize on "feelings," for want of self-control over passions and moods thus arises, and is attributed to physiological causes which either do not exist, or are so slight that they can easily be overbalanced by a calm, steady will. Many occasions for scandal arise from the so-called necessity for yielding to these physiological causes.

As the result of this capacity of woman to exist for herself alone, and to be happy and worthy in such existence, comes a reluctance to look upon marriage as alone producing the highest development of woman. There is a pantheism of the affections as well as of the intellect, and women are feeling that "causes" and knowledge are better fitted to ennoble them than the ill adjustments of a marriage which is anything less than perfect love, entire trust, and mutual honor, — motherhood and discipline no longer being considered equivalents for the crosses that may arise.

Finally, woman's past condition has not been satisfactory to herself, nor is it wholly a matter of pleasant history for men. Because a few women already have proved that housekeeping and culture, energy and grace, executive force and affection, a profession and a home, can coincide, it does not yet follow that the fulfillment of these tendencies with many more women is not imminent; but just as fast as they become more pronounced must there be a reaction against them, which will eventually establish the balance between the women of the past and the present.

Kate Gannett Wells.

BENJAMIN PEIRCE:

ASTRONOMER, MATHEMATICIAN.

1809–1880.

FOR him the Architect of all
Unroofed our planet's starlit hall;
Through voids unknown to worlds unseen
His clearer vision rose serene.

With us on earth he walked by day,
His midnight path how far away!
We knew him not so well who knew
The patient eyes his soul looked through;

For who his untrod realm could share
Of us that breathe this mortal air,
Or camp in that celestial tent
Whose fringes gild our firmament?

How vast the workroom where he brought
The viewless implements of thought!
The wit how subtle, how profound,
That Nature's tangled webs unwound;

That through the clouded matrix saw
The crystal planes of shaping law,
Through these the sovereign skill that planned, —
The Father's care, the Master's hand!

To him the wandering stars revealed
The secrets in their cradle sealed:
The far-off, frozen sphere that swings
Through ether, zoned with lucid rings;

The orb that rolls in dim eclipse
Wide wheeling round its long ellipse, —
His name Urania writes with these
And stamps it on her Pleiades.

We knew him not? Ah, well we knew
The manly soul, so brave, so true,
The cheerful heart that conquered age,
The child-like, silver-bearded sage.

No more his tireless thought explores
The azure sea with golden shores;
Rest, wearied frame! the stars shall keep
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell! the spirit needs must rise,
So long a tenant of the skies, —
Rise to that home all worlds above
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DR. HEIDENHOFF'S PROCESS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

An ingenious theory was once suggested that the entire process of dreaming was confined to the single moment before waking, and various illustrations were given — of very logical dreams, to be sure — where the *dénoûment* was coincident with some external disturbance. A man, for instance, dreamed of being charged with some capital offense, and proceeded with various details of having his photograph taken for an illustrated paper, and of being visited by friends who assured him that he need have no apprehension, for, though he was to be hanged, he would be cut down before life was extinct. Accordingly his dream carried him through the almost fatal scene, and he revived after he was cut down, to find that the cords of his hammock, which had previously been partially severed by some mischievous comrade, had suddenly given way. The philosopher either invented the dream to support his thesis, or arranged his theory after the fortuitous circumstance. It matters little either way, but the nonsense recurs to us after reading Mr. Bellamy's uncommonly clever story of Dr. Heidenhoff's Process.[1] The dream here which closes the book accounts for the origin of the previous facts. The writer has worked backward in his mind until he has produced a chain of events which, to speak paradoxically, hangs from a staple at the lower end of its

[1] *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process.* By Edward Bellamy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880. [Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series. No. 54.]

length. There is thus a certain displeasure to an artistic mind, and a general sense that a really profound conception has been vaporized. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to place it first in our list of recent fiction as indicating unusual power.

The story opens with a realistic sketch of a village prayer-meeting, at which a young man who was known as a penitent thief and a sincerely reformed sinner, but who had apparently never forgiven himself, rises at the last moment to relate a phase of his experience. He speaks plaintively of the impossibility of forgetfulness. "'Just think,' he says, 'how blessed a thing for men it would be . . . if their memories could be cleansed and disinfected at the same time their hearts were purified! Then the most disgraced and ashamed might live good and happy lives again. Men would be redeemed from their sins in fact, and not merely in name. The figurative promises of the Gospel would become literally true. But this is idle dreaming. I will not keep you,' and, checking himself abruptly, he sat down." The whole confession of which this is the end makes the little congregation uncomfortable, but they pass out into the air, and among them go a young man named Henry Burr and a young woman, the village coquette, Madeline Brand. They are under the influence of George Bayley's words, but gradually pass to a lighter mood. The explanation of the confession appears the next day, when it is found that Bayley was really making his adieu to his friends, for in the night he had put an end to himself. The village tragedy changes for a time the course of youthful life, but soon that is resumed in its customary form, and in the frolic of the summer Henry and Madeline are brought to the verge of betrothal. Just at this point, however, a disturbing element appears in the arrival from the city of a young clerk, who brings a supposed higher degree of civility, and the coquette begins her arts upon him. Henry is driven to despair, and leaves the village for the city, where he tries to take up a fresh life. He is drawn back by his sincere love only to find that the clerk has achieved a base victory over the coquette, has deserted her, and that she has fled to the city in her shame. He returns at once, and after a long search finds her, and then begins his heroic effort to reinstate her. He gives her his love still, but she in her dullness has nothing but a miserable gratitude to offer him. She allows him to remain her friend, and she has no love left for her betrayer. His calm persistence makes Henry a pure and unattainable saint in her eyes, and at length her indifference and her dull languor give place to a sense of her own unworthiness, and because she loves him she resolves to destroy herself.

It is at this point that Dr. Heidenhoff appears. Henry obtain from Madeline, as he thinks, a promise to be his wife, which is sealed by a kiss. "Her lips were soft and yielding, clinging, dewy wet. He had never thought a kiss could be so sweet, and yet he could have wept, he knew not why." He goes home to his lodgings, and, too excited to sleep naturally, takes a sleeping-powder and goes to bed. There follows then the dream to which, as we have said, the story leads, but it is introduced so skillfully that the reader has no suspicion of it upon his first reading. He "finally went to bed," we are told, and the next paragraph begins: "It seemed to him that he went all the next day in a dazed, dreaming state, until the moment when he presented himself, after tea, at Madeline's lodgings, and she opened the door to him." A change had come over the girl. She had been reading an article in a scientific magazine giving the experiments of a certain Dr. Heidenhoff, who professed to have discovered the means of extirpating thought, — a discovery resting on the physical basis of the in-

tellect, and consisting in the destruction, by means of a galvanic battery, of the corpuscles which recorded in the brain certain classes of sensations and ideas. Madeline demands to have the experiment tried upon her, and together they visit the doctor, who operates successfully. The recollection of her sin and disaster is blotted out, and she becomes again a happy, laughing girl; perplexed, indeed, by some mystery about herself, but light-hearted and looking forward with delight to their wedding. Then the wedding dress arrives, and she leaves him to don it, and appears again.

"At length there was a rustling on the stairway, and she reëntered the room all sheeny white in lustrous satin. Behind the gauzy veil that fell from the coronal of dark-brown hair adown the shoulders, her face shone with a look he had never seen in it. It was no longer the mirthful, self-reliant girl who stood before him, but the shrinking, trustful bride. The flashing, imperious expression that so well became her bold beauty at other times had given place to a shy and blushing softness, inexpressibly charming to her lover. In her shining eyes a host of virginal alarms were mingled with the tender, solemn trust of love. As he gazed, his eyes began to swim with tenderness, and her face grew dim and misty to his vision. Then her white dress lost its sheen and form, and he found himself staring at the white window-shade of his bedroom, through which the morning light was peering. Startled, bewildered, he raised himself on his elbow in bed. Yes, he was in bed."

The unsuspecting reader, brought to this rude awaking, is startled and shocked with Henry. So skillfully has the author managed the dream, suppressing the grotesqueness in the conception of Dr. Heidenhoff, that, in spite of the somewhat uncanny nature of the subject, one has only to be thoroughly interested in Madeline to go along with the story in simple credulity. Scarcely, however, has his mind become adjusted to the situation, before it is again rudely pained by the brief conclusion. A letter is at this moment brought to Henry. It is Madeline's real good-by, before, like George Bayley, she seeks to plunge into the river of Lethe.

The painfulness of the story is genuine. There remains in the reader's mind a tenderness for the girl, a profound sadness. The figure of Madeline throughout the narrative is admirably sketched, and the change in her life is firmly and not sentimentally presented. Praise belongs also to the truthfulness of the picture which Mr. Bellamy draws of commonplace village life. There is no caricature and no sentimentalizing, but the rude love-making and limited intellectual life are given with a true touch. It often happens that a citizen writing from recollection or observation of country life almost unconsciously offers some comparison between the two modes; there is nothing of that here. Mr. Bellamy writes like one of the villagers, yet with an intellectual power of selection which one only so bred would not have. We do not observe a false note in the realism of the story, and there is an abundance of felicitous touches.

To read Mr. Blackmore's novels is to find again the historic Englishman, a personage that has pretty much disappeared from current English fiction. In the present transition from an insular England to a British Empire, the character of the native Englishman is unquestionably undergoing change also, and transition periods rarely offer the best types. Mr. Blackmore, in most of his novels, we believe, goes back of men's recollections and keeps away from London. He has a passion for persons and scenes which offer positive traits and broad effects, and his books are refreshingly and heartily English. Indeed, his belief in the England of song once in a while carries him close to the

melodramatic, but his masculine temper and his vigor of thought save him from sentimentality. In his latest story, Mary Anerley,[1] the time taken is the beginning of this century, and the incidents are grouped mainly about the person of one Robin Lyth, a free-hearted young smuggler on the coast of Yorkshire. The figures in the story are squires, lawyers, sailors, farmers, and country clergymen, with but small sprinkling of the gentry, and the author delights in individualizing his crowd of characters. He cares so much for this that he is not always at pains to keep a true distance between his chief and his subordinate persons, and the reader follows carefully a minute succession of petty incidents which are not, after all, essential to the story. But there is a story, and the treatment is so far removed from the introspective mode of modern fiction that the book does, what few novels nowadays do, really give a tired man an honest relaxation. It may be that some, used to another mode, will find Blackmore at first rugged and apparently artificial, but he is not a careless writer; he is close and indeed scholarly, with a keen love of adventure and a broad range of sympathy. Mary Anerley is one of the few novels which would be equally entertaining to man and boy; the love-making is so frank and generous, and bears so right a proportion to the story, that a man will respect it, and a boy take it for what it is, — a necessary part of the tale.

Blackmore's novels offer a refreshing escape from the subtlety and introspection of current fictitious literature. They are robust and nervous in strength, and their mannerisms seem rather the excess of these qualities; but they do not secure a reaction against the prevailing mode by a return to antiquated fashions. For this one may look to the easy-going stories of Mr. John Esten Cooke, and find examples of a story-telling art curiously faithful to traditions undisturbed by recent literary development. In reading, for instance, The Virginia Bohemians,[2] although the scenes are *post bellum*, one faintly recalls the once popular tales of Kennedy, and is affected by forms of art very much as when, in real life, he finds himself once more in a stage-coach, — not the tally-ho of a fantastic revival, but the actual vehicle which has rumbled over country roads from necessity. Mr. Cooke takes us into a valley lying between ranges of the Blue Ridge, and, gently removing us from the roar of cities and too close reminder of the restless life of the day, spins a pleasant web about the fortunes of a few characters who are equally removed with us from actual experience. There are members of a circus troupe who are not what they seem, and moonshiners who enjoy a mild glory of freebooting; there is a young New Yorker who is placidly untypical of that cosmopolitan city, and a designing young woman whom the author would fain have us believe to be wicked and beautiful; there are other women, generously Southern, but temperate and not exuberant, who diffuse a gentle warmth over the pages, and there are mountaineers who present themselves to our imagination as winking under calcium lights upon pasteboard steeps. Mysteries are created and solved, relationships are constructed out of apparently unpromising material, the right heroes rescue the right heroines, and no doubt is left as to the final disposition of each character. There is something agreeable in the thin veil of romance which covers the whole story. We have stepped into the story-teller's world as it used to be, and out of that realistic inclosure which modern fiction would

[1] *Mary Anerley.* A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. BLACKMORE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[2] *The Virginia Bohemians.* A Novel. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

fain have us accept as a clever substitute for the world we live in. Mr. Cooke gives us county and town names, and paints his scenery with an air of candor and affection; we only smile, and assure him that it is all the same; the Virginian Bohemia answers every purpose, whether he has described it or imagined it. The country and the characters, even including the civilly treated United States marshal, are all pleasantly unreal, and that is what we ask for in his book. There is a consistency of unreality about it. It is the real country of the novel as distinguished from the hard city to which we have become accustomed.

Mr. Cooke writes of Southern life as a native, but representations of Southern characteristics by Northern writers are pretty sure to emphasize the distinctions of life in the two sections. In literature, even more than in politics, the South is still a foreign land to the North, and travelers are likely to bring back from it only what does not grow at the North. Mr. Bache's modest little venture [1] can scarcely be called a novel; it is hardly even a tale, but it illustrates tolerably well the impression made upon a young Northern gentleman of the more refined side of Southern life just before the war, and then briefly of the havoc which war made in the neighborhood which he revisited as a Union officer. The contrast will one day be effectively used in fiction, when "'t is sixty years since;" and such memoranda as Mr. Bache gives will be of service. He has so little of the novelist about him that he is contented to give sketches only of what under a trained hand would have given opportunity for powerful situations; but the sketches are perhaps the more to be trusted from the absence of sensational strokes in them.

Since we are upon novels of Southern life, we will just mention two further contributions to a literature portentously large in volume, which yet awaits an adequate analysis. Myrtle Lawn,[2] by a writer who adds to his name on the title-page "of North Carolina," and The Mystery of Allanwold,[3] by one of the authors so lavishly and comprehensively praised by the Messrs. Peterson, belong to a class where feebleness of construction and a swollen diction, which pertain exclusively to no latitude, have been aggravated by a peculiar literary disease of the South, which causes a distention of all objects upon Southern soil, so that planters' houses are seen to dilate into gorgeous palaces, and Southern virtue, beauty, and manliness to be beyond verbal bounds. The old merchant who lives "in a stately-looking brown stone mansion, not many miles distant from Maryland's great business and commercial city," is a princely old merchant, and all the appointments of life in Myrtle Lawn and at the Melton Mansion are of the rosiest kind. "In a spacious room, near an open window which overlooked this scene of loveliness, sat Mr. Evarts in an easy rocking-chair." By such little touches these writers prepare their readers for refined society. It would be idle to chase through these books as literature, but we cannot help wondering if a good deal of political wrong thinking is not due to a foolish class of books which, failing to convey a just idea of Southern life, create false notions of Southern magnificence. These rankly imaginative writers really seem to have deceived themselves into fancying that their fiction is a flower of Southern soil; their readers, whether at the South or the North, so far as they take in these preposterous representations, are unfitted

[1] *Under the Palmetto in Peace and War.* By Richard Meade Bache. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger. 1880.

[2] *Myrtle Lawn.* A Novel. By Robert E. Ballard, of North Carolina. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1880.

[3] *The Mystery of Allanwold.* By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1880.

to deal with the urgent problems which affect our common life, and the day is farther postponed when a genuine understanding shall prevail between the two sections.

We can hardly expect the readers of these last-named books to take up The Grandissimes,[1] but if they would and could give heed to it they would find a novel wholly Southern in *locale*, yet entirely serious in workmanship and historically truthful. We say this with no more special knowledge of New Orleans and creoles than such as the book gives, but the internal evidence of conscientious labor is unmistakable. Mr. Cable has chosen for his story a place and time hitherto quite untouched by other novelists than himself. The scene is laid in New Orleans at the beginning of the present century, just at the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States by France, and the change of sovereignty is made the background upon which the picture of life is drawn. Governor Claiborne scarcely appears on the scene, and the few "Yankees" about him are known only by their shadows; the entire story is wrought by creoles, quadroons, and blacks, with the important addition of a young solitary German immigrant, and as regards history one is given rather the culmination of an old order of things than the beginning of a new. The antiquarian details seem carefully studied, and the author certainly succeeds in presenting the New Orleans of 1803 without requiring the reader to make frequent comparisons with the city which he may happen to know to-day. Nevertheless, he is not unmindful of the posterior relation which he holds to the story, and thus the narrator establishes a sympathy with the reader. These things were, he plainly says, but let us draw near enough to them in imagination to see them distinctly and minutely. As a historical composition, therefore, The Grandissimes has a frank and natural treatment.

There is, however, something more than this. The author has taken not merely a picturesque theme and treated it with freshness and veracity; he has had a profound sense of the larger laws of history underlying the change in which his scenes are laid. He has read to admirable advantage the occult pathology of slavery, and has perceived the nature of the problem which confronted Governor Claiborne and all sagacious statesmen, when a province so foreign from the customary traditions of the United States passed under the control of the government at Washington. A surprise awaits the novel-reader in this book. He is drawn into a strong interest in the characters displayed and their personal fortunes, but discovers that the novelist has offered also a parable. The questions, in a word, which agitated so much of the new nation as regarded Louisiana are, with only slight variations, such as have perplexed the entire body of thoughtful men in the nation ever since the downfall of the Confederacy. Mr. Cable is too sincere an artist to push this parallel, but the reader will make it for himself out of the excellent materials offered. There can be no mistaking the undercurrent of thought in the short interview which is given between Honoré Grandissime and Claiborne. It is introduced very cleverly by the spectacle of the two men riding together through the Place d'Armes. In the interview recorded afterward, Honoré says to the governor: —

"Your principal danger — at least, I mean difficulty — is this: that the Louisianais themselves, some in pure lawlessness, some through loss of office, some in a vague hope of preserving the old condition of things, will not only hold off from all participation in your government, but will make all sympathy with it, all advocacy of its principles,

[1] *The Grandissimes.* A Story of Creole Life. By George W. Cable, Author of Old Creole Days. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

and especially all office-holding under it odious, disreputable, infamous. You may find yourself constrained to fill your offices with men who can face down the contumely of a whole people. You know what such men generally are. One out of a hundred may be a moral hero, the ninety-nine will be scamps; and the moral hero will most likely get his brains blown out early in the day. Count O'Reilly, when he established the Spanish power here thirty-five years ago, cut a similar knot with the executioner's sword; but, my dear sir, you are here to establish a *free* government, and how can you make it freer than the people wish it? There is your riddle! They hold off, and say, 'Make your government as free as you can, but do not ask us to help you;' and before you know it you have no retainers, but a gang of shameless mercenaries, who will desert you whenever the indignation of this people overbalances their indolence; and you will fall the victim of what you may call our mutinous patriotism. . . . How many, many communities have *committed suicide!* And this one? Why, it is *just* the kind to do it!"

We have taken the liberty to give the creole's words in intelligible English, not to confuse the reader unaccustomed to the singular *cacoepy* of the English-speaking French of the book. A more tragic interest attaches to Mr. Cable's presentation of African slavery. He has, with excellent judgment, made the conscience regarding slavery to reside chiefly in the person of Joseph Frowenfeld, a young German immigrant, who is stripped of his entire family by yellow fever shortly after coming to New Orleans, and, setting himself up as apothecary, becomes in many ways the central figure of the story. To speak more exactly, he is the chorus; for though his action occasionally affects the story, his chief function is to ask the questions and bring out the prior conditions, and especially, as we have hinted, to be the external conscience. His presence in the community is historically more likely than that, for example, of an upright, over-sensitive New Englander, and his relation to the people about him is more natural, because he is a foreigner, than it would have been in the case of a Northern man. Still, we suspect Mr. Cable has not made Joseph Frowenfeld as good a character as he is a useful part of the machinery of the novel, and his importance in the development of the ideas of the story is out of proportion to his value as one of the *dramatis personæ.* His chorus function has somewhat interfered with his personal existence. It is not always Frowenfeld, however, who lays bare the tragedy of slavery. The author himself does this with some very trenchant words, and the various characters in their several ways lift the covering now and then from that hideous evil. But the story itself is more effective than any denunciation of the evil could be: the incident of Bras-Coupé is not an episode, but an integral part of the structure of the novel; it is magnificently told, for the author's fault of eddying about his point has been forgotten in this instance, and he has marched straight forward in a dramatic recital. Bras-Coupé, Palmyre, Clemence, and the *other* Honoré, — these in their separate ways are marks by which to measure the power of slavery to effect wrong, and the strength of the book is in the masterly tracing of the several threads by which their lives and the lives of their social superiors are interwoven.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the book is simply a clever historical novel, or that it is a philosophical exposition of society in New Orleans under the influence of a dread cause, — the "shadow of the Ethiopian," as Frowenfeld well names it. Mr. Cable, with all his insight into history and society, is an artist and a man of large imagination. Indeed, the defects of the book may be traced generally to the

struggle after adequate expression of commanding conceptions. It is built upon a large pattern. The author has conceived, with a classic sense, the immense reach of a proud family; he has constructed a House of Grandissimes, and never loses hold of the idea of this dominating clan. The very names given to the members of the family remind one of the Greek drama, and the turn of the story upon the opportunity of the head of the family to make or mar the fortunes of all is finely intended. Finely intended, we say, for we cannot help feeling that the author has missed a fundamental law of the novel, and has omitted to make Honoré's decision, admirably as it is described, the significant climax of the story. In the great number of details and half-followed clews, he fails to lead his reader straight on to the moral turning-point with breathless interest. Why, for instance, should we be asked to take so much interest in Dr. Keene? His actual part in the drama is unimportant, and the figure which he cuts as disappointed lover is not very noble; yet the author seems to have a consideration for him, based, as it were, upon what he has done or might do outside of the story. The chronology, too, of the tale is confusing, and it is not easy to say how long an interval elapses between the opening and the close, while the reminiscences and the retrocessions in the story add to the reader's confusion. One hardly succeeds in mastering the ramification of the Grandissime family until he has closed the book; but that is rather the fault of the family, and the details seem necessary to fill out the conception of the *gens*.

The patois and the creole English are evidently given with care. One can amuse himself a little with them if he does not read the book aloud. We do not know why we should not accept this local burr in literature with as much complacency as we do Scotticism. We own to a reluctance to read books where "Hoot, mon!" catches our eye on the printed page, and it certainly would take a novel of the power of the Grandissimes to reconcile us to Honoré's "my-de'-seh" and his reckless use of *h* in impossible combinations. The broken English of the De Grapion ladies, however, is often delicious. If we had not already said so much we should be tempted now to present more carefully to the reader these charming creatures. Mr. Cable has shown himself possessed of a strong imagination and a power to do serious work in fiction. If now he will consider that his public is sufficiently instructed in the superstitions of the creoles, and will order his narrative more perfectly, he may be assured of an increasing attention. His story is not to be read by a languid reader, but it will repay study, even though we think the author has sometimes set unnecessary tasks.

The Grandissimes shows how fine a field there is for the American novelist who will give us a local story with national relations. A Famous Victory [1] points another sort of moral. It is apparently intended to show how great political triumphs turned into ashes in the hand of a man who sacrificed all that was dear to him, wittingly or unwittingly, to secure a public prize. The typical political characters appear in it, and the author wishes to paint the ignoble side of our politics. But the nobility with which he contrasts it is not that of a character in public life, but of a young and charming girl, the daughter of the aspirant for the presidency, and his moral lesson falls to the ground for lack of a proper antithesis. Certain well-known characteristics of notable public men are freely sketched, to give life-likeness to the scenes; but the author makes no real contribution to our political knowledge, and the cheap sarcasm of the book is not effective. The material in which he works is mean, and

[1] *A Famous Victory.* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

his better characters have no real life. There is a briskness about the book which gives it an air of great liveliness, and takes the place of the wit which was intended, but the story is a warning to any one who fancies that the "go" of politics offers an opportunity for a good story. To make a consistent character of his hero, the author has been obliged to deny him any higher power than that which belongs to a manipulator of elections. Such men do not secure the office of president.

Three recent volumes of the Leisure Hour Series remind us to how much greater perfection the English have carried the art of manufacturing novels than ourselves. The technique of these stories is excellent, — only a practiced hand could make all the parts join so cleverly, — and the stories are interesting, yet how rarely one comes upon anything like inspiration! Each succeeding novel is measured by a more careful and exacting judgment in the public mind, and the novelist who has studied his business well — it is quite as often *her* business — can know pretty surely what kind of a public and how large may be found for the wares which have been put together with so much painstaking. Week after week, year after year, the critical journals and the circulating libraries have been at work adjusting the bounds of the conventional novel, and the writers who supply the novel gauge popular taste as accurately as do the painters who exhibit their pictures each year. Cleverness is the sign manual of them all. We read, we are amused, we are shocked by nothing, unless it be an occasional English idiom; but one reading is enough. Indeed, the novelists themselves understand the weakness of their reader, and give him as easy a task as they can, skipping as they write, instead of requiring him to skip. And what pains they take with their work to make it substantial! Here, for instance, is Christy Carew,[1] a book dealing with society in Dublin and neighborhood, written with immense closeness of detail, and having for its background the political and religious discussions of the day. This fineness of work has its drawback, since some of the characters become confused by the pains taken to set them, but one can scarcely open the book without coming upon such firm and precise drawing as this: "Miss Christina knew that one of these days she would have to sit in the drawing-room and listen to Mr. Dawson declaring his sentiments for her. She could almost see him, with one lavender kid glove on his left hand, his right hand bare, and the glove belonging to it lying in his hat, which, doubtless in order that his declamation might be unimpeded, he would have deposited in a place of safety at a little distance." The author might have read Tourgénieff, so closely does she aim at the power to declare her story through significant scenes and words. One scene only seems to us grossly impertinent, and that is the murder by the author of an unoffending child, whose fall into a pond was utterly unnecessary and followed by no consequences that were of value in the story. Christy Carew is a miniature of Dublin life, and its reality is unimpeachable, yet the reader has to take almost as much pains as the author, and the net result is not very large. The absence of any commanding passion and the presence of a hopeless, consumptive attachment leave the book, with all its brightness of detail, arid and unsatisfactory. One feels that there has been a vast expenditure without adequate return, and that the fault is partly in the minuteness of the threads which make up the web of the society portrayed in it.

Troublesome Daughters,[2] in the same

[1] *Christy Carew.* A Novel. By MARY LAFFAN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 112.]

[2] *Troublesome Daughters.* By L. B. WALFORD. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 113.]

series, promises more entertainment to the reader than it fairly fulfills. It opens like light comedy, and a capital situation at the beginning makes one pursue the hero and heroine with the expectation of finding a new Taming of the Shrew; but a change comes over the book, and a more serious cast is given to the story. Captain Evelyn has a silly mother, who marries a widower with four daughters. Her son has never seen her new establishment, and is loitering on the way thither when he is caught in a storm at night-fall, loses his way, and is taken under the protection of a girl who conducts him to the shelter of a comfortable farm-house. He can get very little sight of the maiden, and still less hearing, for she maintains a puzzling silence, and the farmer and his wife are equally non-committal. Evelyn is amused and piqued by the romantic adventure, and carries it very much in his mind as he goes to a friend's in the neighborhood, and afterwards to his step-father's place at Carnochan. There he makes the acquaintance of three of his new sisters, but the second in age is not there. Lady Olivia, the mother, has her hands full with these young mistresses, but especially is tormented by Kate, who has lately exiled herself, in a passionate rebellion, and has taken refuge with her discarded governess, a farmer's daughter.

The reader guesses, a little in advance of Captain Evelyn, that naughty Kate is the unknown lady at Farmer Comline's, and is prepared for an amusing *éclaircissement.* Evelyn, finding that there is an unsettled quarrel between his mother and Kate, resolves to act as a mediator, and without disclosing his purpose at Carnochan returns to Farmer Comline's. He begins by getting acquainted with Kate, and ends by falling in love with her. He goes back and forth between the two places, but being a man afflicted with excessive love of ease and peace does not actually grapple with the difficulty. He proposes a course to Kate which involves deception, and she bursts into an indignant refusal, which brings about a hæmorrhage. The reader, to his surprise, finds that he has come to the end of the comedy, and the rest of the book is taken up with the fortunes of the other troublesome daughters and the final "as you were" of Evelyn and Kate, just before they separated. It seems to us that a very entertaining short story has been spoiled to meet the exigencies of a regulation novel, and that the rest of the book, while cleverly done, is less successful than the opening. The confidences between the governess and Captain Evelyn, upon which his final happiness depends, are not very much to the captain's credit, and the title of the story is more ingenious than it is appropriate.

The author of Probation shows a like carefulness in her new story, The Wellfields,[1] which has an excellent plot well filled in, and containing one or two situations which, if not actually novel, are managed to appear so. The book is a fine illustration of that skill in workmanship which renders the best second-rate English novels so satisfactory to the conscientious and appreciative reader. One feels that he has been treated with respect by the author. A preliminary chapter shows us a fine English country place, Wellfield, which lies contiguous to a Jesuit seminary; but in former days both estates were under Roman Catholic ownership. In Henry VIII.'s time, the abbey was granted to a country gentleman, and had ever since remained in Protestant hands; but there were many old Roman Catholic families in the neighborhood, and the seminary was a stronghold of the Jesuits. The story, which shows for a moment in this prelude the young son of the latest Wellfield, has for its epic content the reunion

[1] *The Wellfields.* By Jessie Fothergill. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 115.]

of the two estates, but the reader's interest is engaged throughout the book upon the human loves which work toward this end, with only an occasional unmasking of the Jesuit priest who is working the wires to effect his purpose.

Jerome Wellfield, who has led a pleasant, blameless life as a young man, learns at his father's death-bed that he is left a poor man, with a young sister dependent on him. But at the same time he has come to a crisis in his love with Sara Ford, an English artist living in Germany, and leaving his sister Avice with his betrothed he goes to England to obtain a settlement of his affairs. Wellfield has been bought by a Mr. Bolton, a rich manufacturer with an only daughter. Jerome is courteously invited to stay there, and the daughter loses her heart to him. He is handsome, selfish, weak, and possessed of one absorbing desire, — to get back Wellfield. Here is a way to do it. He is tempted, falls, throws over Sara Ford, and allows himself to become engaged to Anita Bolton, who is ignorant of Sara Ford's claim.

Jerome's fall is one from which he never recovers. Thenceforth he leads a cowardly life, and the reader is not required to expend much thought upon him. His attention is rather directed to his wronged *fiancée*, and the strength of the story is in the picture of the mental experience of this woman, who is rescued from her perilous position by a strong man who has loved her from the beginning and now grasps the situation, marries her almost by the compulsion of his will, and then, placing her in his secluded country house, sets out on his travels until his wife shall have lived down her old love, cast it off entirely, and learned to rely implicitly on him. The development of the plot is admirable, and the reader feels a great respect for the author, who finally lifts the veil at the close and shows Jerome's wife dying of a broken heart after giving birth to a child, Jerome received into the Roman Catholic church, and the Wellfield property on its way into the hands of the Jesuit fathers.

Beauty's Daughters [1] is intended, apparently, by the author to take its place in the same general class of clever second-rate novels of which the three just noticed were such good examples; but while it misses, as they do, any very strong imagination, it misses also their good sense and trustworthiness. It is silly where they are sprightly, and its heroics, built upon the love scenes of a crippled man and his betrothed, are in falsetto. The use of beauty in the book is to distract everybody to the verge of wickedness or folly, but one cannot help feeling that it is only a conventional use; that much of the complication of the characters would be impossible in real life, unless the characters had either a good deal more or a good deal less individuality than they have in the book.

Mr. Black has been amusing himself with a yachting romance,[2] in which in a half-indolent fashion he recites the adventures of a little party sailing along the west coast of Scotland. The charm of that coast is not easily lost when once a visitor has caught it, and Mr. Black may be pardoned for expecting his readers once more to humor him as he tells of the names of loch and cape and island: —

> "Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel, in
> Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,
> Here I see him and here."

The story is so slight that it does not seem the occasion of the book, but only a concession to a public which will follow Mr. Black to Skye, if he will beguile them with a little romance on the

[1] *Beauty's Daughters.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

[2] *White Wings: A Yachting Romance.* By William Black. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

way. It is a mere excuse for a vacation on the part of the writer, and its lazy movement made it an exceptionally good *magazine* serial. Its thinness is more apparent within book covers.

Mr. Trollope is on good enough terms with his readers to be sure of a hearty consent when he refers, in the first sentence of The Duke's Children,[1] to "our old friend the Duke of Omnium." Those who have not read the chronicles which record the fortunes of this graven image and other characters in the story will have no difficulty in catching all of the past that is necessary to an understanding of The Duke's Children. It is curious to see how Mr. Trollope warms himself by his own fire. The story opens and continues flat and uneventful, when, as the reader doubts if his interest will hold out to the end, the author begins to have a livelier concern in his creation; his characters quicken under his touch, and the whole book rises steadily in power and in dramatic action. Not only so, but the characters themselves are redeemed. Lord Silverbridge, especially, changes from a Dundreary-like mortal into a man of resolution and acuteness. Shall we say that he owes his new life to his passion for the beautiful American? But no one in the book seems to notice any change, and we do not think Mr. Trollope intended that he should be any more at the end than he was at the beginning. In the former half of the book, one is tempted to take a somewhat sardonic view of the British aristocracy, under Mr. Trollope's lead. Can it be, we ask, that the men and women alike are so utterly vapid and prosaic? The beautiful American girl, though she has scarcely a particle of Americanism about her that we can discover, becomes differentiated from the equally lovely English girls of the book by a certain positiveness of individuality. She does not lapse into the dissolute English of her contemporaries, and really has a mind of her own. It appears to us that Mr. Trollope, in devising a fair American who shall be equal to the part of a future Duchess of Omnium, has not so much attempted to draw from American sources as he has produced an agreeable variation of the English gentlewoman. He needed to make her more beautiful, wittier, more engaging every way, than his English countrywomen, in order that she might play her proper part in the book, and she needed also to be American in name for the same reason; therefore she is simply a more carefully drawn character, and pleases the reader chiefly by her contrast to the more slipshod ladies of Mr. Trollope's company. But even in the best parts of the book how sorry a set of figures is presented! They may be photographically true, and the word is not ill adapted to express the realism of the book, for it is the cheaper, more ignoble side of cultivated life which is shown, but they are not imaginatively true. If this were to be taken for a picture of English society, then one would be tempted to say that the temple had become a den of thieves. The whole atmosphere of the book is that of the market-place. Men and women and place and honor are bought and sold almost unblushingly, and high purposes are made to have an uncomfortable look of being secretly laughed at. Yet, for all that, this story, like other of Trollope's, has something of the sure fate of a Greek drama, and we are convinced that it is this which preserves his work and makes it have a certain enduring quality. Lady Mabel Grex, in some respects the central character of the book, illustrates this point, and one cannot help feeling that the close of this chapter of the chronicles only hides from immediate view some disaster to Lord Silverbridge and Frank Tregear. They have escaped Nemesis for a time; the wedding-bells

[1] *The Duke's Children.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880. [Franklin Square Library, No. 126.]

ring and everything is merry; only the dark shadow of Mabel Grex crosses the path, and we wonder if the curtain, when lifted again, will not disclose a heavier cloud over these two men's lives.

To come back to American stories, there are three or four remaining on our list which must mainly be classed under novels of good intention. The formlessness of many native ventures in fiction is a little too well illustrated by such a book as The Octagon Club.[1] On one of the opening pages a hint is given of some blot upon the reputation of an absent member of the club. His name is mentioned sadly, and before the meeting, which starts the book, is broken up it is resolved to meet on the next anniversary in Frankfort, with special reference to this black sheep, and the chapter ends: "Slowly Ware and More strolled off, arm in arm, discussing a matter about which, for once, they were of one mind. This was Talfourd, and how this once sadly erring member of their club could be induced to come back and take up once more the thread of his life among those whose friendship he so keenly felt he had dishonored." This first chapter appears as a prelude, introducing the male characters, and the reader, though he thinks their conversation rather callow, and more like the imaginary speculations of young sophomores than the usual discussion of mature men, settles himself to the book with the expectation that this unfortunate Talfourd is to be cleared, and that the club is to have the satisfaction of wiping out its little spots. This is all he gets when he has patiently read the book through: —

"When Talfourd entered the library he found himself face to face with all the remaining members of the club, — the only men now living who held the secret of his past. Carbonne grasped one hand, Ware the other; and, looking in the faces of these old comrades, all of whom knew his blight and deemed it not irrevocable, Talfourd felt the burthen of long years lift from his soul and flee away, leaving him on the threshold, as it were, of a new life."

Absolutely that is all. Now the story of Talfourd may not have amounted to anything, but the book holds it before the reader as if it were its one theme, and all that came between were merely episodical. What comes between is chiefly crude speculation on woman and marriage, with one or two love passages, which are incidents in the book rather than part of its plan. The writer, like many others, mistakes fluency and a certain sprightliness of talk for reason and wit. There is no appearance of any consecutive purpose. It will not do to call it a character study; one might as well call a tumbled pile of decorative stuff a study in color. A study implies at least preparation for a picture or a novel, and even conceding this book to be a study of character, we complain that no writer is justified in calling us in to see, not her failure in attempting a work, but her failure when she has not attempted a work. The book is scarcely worth dissecting, but it represents a growing class of American productions which are wholly inexcusable. Their writers affect humility by such terms as "a character study." A real humility would lead them to see that their "studies" should be for their own benefit, not for their neighbors' attention.

Tit for Tat[2] belongs to the same class of novels. It has a plan, indeed, which is obvious from the beginning to the most guileless reader, but it is equally idle, and equally offensive for its assumption of knowingness. The young men of the story are represented as society young men, and the author has

[1] *The Octagon Club.* A Character Study. By E. M. H. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

[2] *Tit for Tat.* A Teutonic Adventure. By the MARCHIONESS CLARA LANZA. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

therefore given them a *negligée* manner, and endeavored to palm them off on her readers as real people. Their jauntiness is insufferable, and again we are reminded how easy it is to be lively and airy in a story without being either light or graceful, and how entirely insufficient such airs as this book takes on are to cover the emptiness and cheapness of the story.

This is a wicked world, but no one can know how wicked it is till he has read George Bailey.[1] This novel happens to be put by the publishers into the same dress as that which becomes Mary Anerley. Can it be that there was a sly intimation of the equality of all books before the law of the publisher? Certainly, the natural inequality of the two books is patent to the most careless reader. Mary Anerley, as we have tried to show, is a book worth studying, even. George Bailey is not worth reading. The reader, to be sure, would extract some fun from it. In one of the darkest moments of this dark book, where the villain of the story strikes his wife, we have this touch of nature: "With a dignity which Finch had never before witnessed, Grace simply said, 'Hands off, coward!' and seized a pair of large scissors which lay near her, and holding the point out before his face said, 'If ever you touch me again I shall kill you on the spot!'" No one will be surprised that a few lines after that scene, "Myron Finch retired, with the expression of a baffled fiend marked on every line of his pale, flabby face."

There is little hope for E. M. H., or the Marchioness Clara Lanza, and none for Oliver Oldboy, but one may confidently expect better things of the author of Salvage.[2] The scheme of the book is good, the action is rapid, and beneath the surface of the story runs a strong and righteous purpose. Colonel Lancelot Wolcott, of the Confederate service, was a Southerner, who had married for her money a half-educated, unsophisticated New York girl. The war brought a division not long after their marriage, for the wife, in a spirited and somewhat unexpected encounter with him, showed so stout a Northern spirit that he left her in her father's home, and joined the Southern army. After the war he went abroad, and in his restlessness sought occupation and distraction in perilous travel. He explored the interior of Asia, and penetrated, with a single English comrade, fastnesses hitherto unentered. He wrote his Travels, and the book preceding him to England created a great sensation. He found himself suddenly famous. His picture was in The Illustration, though by a trifling inaccuracy the draughtsman had copied the portrait of another Southerner, in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, and he was flooded with invitations. It is at the hour of his arrival in London that the reader is introduced to him, and finds a man eager to enter on this new life, and somewhat impatiently waiting the issue of measures which he had set on foot for a divorce from his wife. His lawyer's letter, awaiting him, informs him of the progress of affairs, and mentions casually the existence of his boy of seven. Colonel Wolcott had never heard of the birth of his child, having had absolutely no intelligence of his wife since he had left her. This fact changes the entire current of his mind. A son! He instantly determines to go back to America, for now he has a new interest, and he must secure the custody of his child. On his way to Liverpool he is shut up in the railway carriage with an English gentleman having under his charge a lady and her son. It is his own wife and child, who have crossed the Atlantic; the mother to hide

[1] *George Bailey.* A Tale of New York Mercantile Life. By OLIVER OLDBOY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

[2] *Salvage.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880. [No Name Series.]

the child from the father. We are to believe that Colonel Wolcott has so altered in appearance, and his wife is so near-sighted, that they make their journey without his being discovered, while yet he engages the attention and affection of the boy. He talks with his wife (as if his voice too had changed, or she were hard of hearing as well as near-sighted!), and to his amazement finds that she has developed into an educated, brilliant, and admirable woman. An accident throws them still nearer together, and the wife recognizes her husband, but conceals her knowledge from dread of the consequences to the son. It turns out that they are both going to America on the Crimea, a steamer belonging to Mrs. Wolcott's father. Colonel Wolcott takes the place of a drummer who at the last moment gave up his passage, and not choosing to divulge his name helps himself to the drummer's name for the time. Lancelot is left in England, and Mrs. Wolcott, torn with anxiety, finds herself on the steamer with her husband. They carry on for some little time an acquaintance which is a thin dissimulation, and Wolcott not only becomes powerfully drawn to his wife, but learns how abhorrent to her is the idea of a divorce, and that she has secretly preserved her passion and respect for him. The situation is complicated by the presence on the steamer of a widow with whom Wolcott was in love before he married his wife, and who turns up now a vulgar woman, with a still more unendurable child, a negro steward who had been one of Wolcott's plantation hands, and a dog which had once been his also, and must now have been rather too aged, one must think, for the feats which it afterward performed.

The restoration of the old union is effected in connection with a shipwreck of the Crimea and a rescue on the coast of Ireland, chiefly through the aid of Wolcott's remarkable dog, and the story ends with the triumph of the wife's principles and steadfastness, the justification of marriage vows, and the satisfaction of the minor characters. Some of the artistic crudities and improbabilities of the story have been hinted at, and others might be pointed out, but it is pleasanter as well as juster to call attention to the manliness of the book, its frequent sharpness of outline, its uninterrupted interest, and the honorable tone which marks its ulterior purpose. If it be a first book, as many signs intimate, it is one of which its author need never hereafter be ashamed, however much he may improve upon it. We hope it is not the sudden impulse of a cultivated man who had a momentary desire to point a moral, for we should be sorry to think that it was not the first fruits of a more admirable harvest. The hand that has wrought so firmly in Salvage is one that inspires confidence in capacity and conscience.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

No one, I think, can read many memoirs without being impressed principally by the lavishness of nature in creating fine ability, and by the richness of life in attractive and honorable character; nor without becoming convinced that none of the inevitable ravages of time is more deplorable than its wresting the recollection of these from the memory of the living world. It is therefore at all times a pleasant task to recall to mind those who have wrought out, more

perfectly than others, the worthiness of which all human life is capable; and the task is peculiarly grateful when it may serve to set in a fairer light the acts and words of a beautiful woman, to whom the world has ungenerously refused her due of gratitude. Mary Wollstonecraft was such a woman. The story of her life is the story of the earliest vindicator of the right of her sex to larger freedom and to the opportunity for higher mental and moral accomplishment than had been its lot; it is the story, too, of the first Englishwoman who cast herself solely upon literature to win her bread; and, besides these extrinsic sources of interest, it is in itself a story of such trial, fortitude, affection, and pathos that I shall venture to tell it in some detail, with the hope of awakening the compassion of those to whom the exercise of sympathy is not an unwelcome pain.

"Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste — I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection — escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind." In these words Mary Wollstonecraft summed up justly her early life. It was led, indeed, in such vulgar surroundings that her enemies, exaggerating its wretchedness, used it to palliate her faults as if it had been almost an initiation into vice. She was born at Hoxton on the 27th of April, 1759, into a drunkard's home; her maiden years were spent in the daily presence of domestic misery wrought by men's faults or vices. Soon after she was twenty-one years old her father's family, never united by very loving ties, was broken up. She was received into the home of her friend, Fanny Blood, which was made wretched, like her own, by a father's drunkenness and was disgraced by a sister's frailty. There she became dear and serviceable, but she was withdrawn from this temporary refuge by the troubles of a sister, whose husband's violence was driving her insane and at last forced her to desert him. The sisters opened a school, for Mary had had considerable experience in teaching, but after a brief success they got into financial difficulty, in the midst of which Mary was summoned to Lisbon to attend her old friend Fanny. After a hard winter voyage, she arrived only in season to comfort her friend's last days. Oppressed with her loss, she immediately set sail for England. Ill health and low spirits not unnaturally filled her mind with morbid anticipations of an early death, but the letters in which she records these are softened by patient piety, and lighted up by helpful affection for those with whom kinship or acquaintance bound her. The school came to a lingering end in debt, and she was forced to go to Ireland and take on herself the unwelcome task of teaching Lord Kingsborough's children, "literally speaking wild Irish, unformed, and not very pleasing." Fatigued by the domestic bickerings, unmeaning laughter, and boisterous spirits of a set of silly females, — so she describes her life, — she won the affection of her charges, and thereby lost her situation through the mother's jealousy.

In the fall of 1788, therefore, by the advice of Mr. Johnson, the book-seller, who had published her first unsuccessful pamphlet two years before, she gave herself to the undivided pursuit of literature in London, but with much hesitation and secrecy for fear of ridicule. She was thus, I believe, the first woman of distinguished ability to follow the example set by Dr. Johnson, thirty years before, in relying for support solely on services to the reading public. Her work, of course, was hack work; but in the intervals of drudgery she wrote two books that are still remembered: one only because it was illustrated by Blake; the other was the Vindication of

the Rights of Woman, published in 1792, at the time a notorious volume, which was the fruit of Rousseau, the French Revolution, Tom Paine, and her own bitter experience, and which earned for her such evil report that nearly forty years after her death the Gentleman's Magazine spoke of her as "grossly irreligious, indelicate, and dissolute," — with what degree of justice will be seen.

During these years her relatives burdened her time and drained her purse; nearly all of her numerous family partook in large measure of her hard-earned bounty. The glimpses we get of the members of this family, most of whom were sordid and ungrateful, are not pleasant; but if we wish to see what masks life wore to this fine-natured woman, we must look at things which we would gladly avoid. Let this picture of her father, however, given in a letter from her sister in 1791, be enough: his red face convulsed with ill-humor and every unamiable feeling, his hair gray and dirty, his beard long, his body worn to a skeleton, and clad in clothes not worth sixpence, coughing, panting, continually falling. It is no wonder that with such letters in her hand, with the irremediable misery of life thus brought home to her, Mary Wollstonecraft was often in low spirits; no wonder that melancholy views of life were impressed upon her mind. What had life given her but a difficult, precarious subsistence, hard won by continual effort, amid scenes of misery, frivolity, and disgust? But at length her day of trial seemed to brighten: she became well known in London literary circles; cultivated and agreeable men and women became her friends, and in the fall of 1792 she determined to join Mr. Johnson and the Fuselis in a six weeks' journey to Paris, and to avail herself of the opportunity of entering society there, which the recent translation of her Vindication assured her; but, her less adventurous companions being frightened (perhaps, at the September massacres), she embarked alone in December.

France then exercised over her the same fascination which set the heart of the youthful Wordsworth in a flame. France was the home of her principles, the spring whence she had drawn no small part of her literary culture, and to France she looked as the source of intellectual light and the hope of political liberty. She arrived in Paris at a great moment in the Revolution. The preceding month the convention had issued that incendiary decree declaring any nation which might rise against despots thereby the sister of France. Soon she saw the king pass under her windows on his way to trial, sitting with more dignity than she would have expected from his character, in a hackney coach clustered about by National Guards, who seemed to deserve the name. That night, as she sat alone in her chamber writing, on lifting her eyes from the paper, she saw eyes gleam through a glass door opposite her chair and bloody hands shaken at her; in so many frightful shapes, she says, had death taken hold of her fancy. And on going to bed, she adds, "for the first time in my life, I cannot put out the candle," — one of myriad women's tremors amid those events, that are left unrecorded. The king's head was quickly off; the shadow of the oncoming terror fell upon France, and underneath it — ordinary human life continuing undisturbed by the throes of the republic — her own tragedy drew nigh. Her position as an Englishwoman was full of danger; retreat to her own country was cut off, and she found protection among the Americans. On the fall of the Gironde, in which party she counted her French friends, she lost her heart to one of these Americans, Gilbert Imlay, formerly a Revolutionary soldier, a land agent in the back settlements, and a sensible writer upon the Western Territories, but now a fortune-seeker in Paris.

It was a strange love-mating: this woman of extraordinary beauty and eyes the most meaning that Southey ever saw, of conversation that delighted Coleridge, of mental vigor rare if not first among women of her day, of a full and refined sensuous endowment, sensitive, responsive, compact of fancy, imagination, sentiment, and passion, — a woman, too, acquainted with the world, and indulging no illusions concerning manly heroism, — and this gold-greedy adventurer, sensual of life, yet with a better nature dying under the blight of what he deemed the exigencies of the world. In whatever way it came about, Mary Wollstonecraft accepted him as her lover in the spring of 1793, governed only by affection, as she afterwards wrote, and in the rectitude of her own heart "careless of vulgar precautions," or, in more intelligible words, of a marriage ceremony.

There is no need to seek a possible excuse for her in the danger which would have attended the necessary declaration of her being an Englishwoman, had she been married in due form, in illustration of which the case of Lord Nelvil and Madame D'Arbigny in Corinne has been fitly cited; so far as I can perceive, there is no reason to believe she would have desired formal marriage had she been within the shadow of St. Paul's. With that rash extinction of all forms in their animating spirit characteristic of radical reformers in that age, she believed that affection and choice constituted marriage. Having seen in the only home she had known from childhood the misery of legally compelled unions after the husband had been false to all his duties, it was as easy for her to fall into error in her time as for women to avoid error in our time. She must stand by her mistake; she looked for permanent association; Imlay in a legal document called her his wife; and there the matter rests.

The story of their life together is told in the most touching private correspondence of which the sanctity was ever broken. In reading it one cannot avoid a feeling of intrusion. It sprang from the long separation of the lovers, due to Imlay's business, which first took him to Havre and then to London. In it may be read, in words alive with love or grief or scorn, — words fiery, impulsive, direct, sincere, unchecked, — how peace and fragrance and freshness filled the morning of their new life, and gave place to anxiety, distrust, contempt, and despair; how she quickly found out that she had "more mind than he, because she could find food for love in the same object for a longer time," and that (with her unsexed plainness of speech), while the way to her senses was through her heart, "there was sometimes a shorter cut to his;" how the hope that she could revivify that better nature, which she saw sometimes striving to master his "commercial face," so that at the last she and virtue might conquer, faded out; how the birth of her child — that Fanny whose fate is familiar to all who know Shelley's life — brought the warmth of hope, to be followed by a keener chill; how she upbraided that greed for money which kept him from her; and how, at last, her essential nature, lost in affectionate ecstasy for a time, reasserted itself, and let loose her scorn upon his sensuality and threw off his protection for herself and her child.

In marriage, when love fails, duty steps in; but she had no place for such duty in her system. "The little girl and I will take care of ourselves; we will not accept any of your cold kindness, your distant civilities, — no, not we. . . . Do not suppose that, neglected by you, I will lie under obligation of a pecuniary kind to you! No; I would sooner submit to menial service. I wanted the support of your affection; that gone, all is over!" She had been now two years in France, and this was the result of it, — love, motherhood, de-

sertion; she had looked forward to "as much felicity as the world affords."

Meanwhile, the dark eclipse of the Terror was waning; and, human hearts being unable to endure a constant rack of emotion, Mary Wollstonecraft, in the pauses of her grief, had written an account of the Revolution, valuable now as being the work of an eyewitness, and remarkable for its sober judgment. She had not yet broken irretrievably with Imlay, and in the spring of 1795 she returned to London, to reconciliation and a distrustful pleasure; she even submitted to take part in his despised business, and, with a maid and her child, set sail for Norway to attend to his embarrassed affairs. From this time the old correspondence begins anew, with scanty hope from the the first, and sadder and more bitter at every writing. In spite of mental distress, the sea and the mountains brought back her health, braced her muscles, she says, and covered her ribs; but neither health nor her delight in the novel grandeur of nature about her could make her forget her wound. The facts remained, and when, on her return, she met them she could not face their blank stare. "Let my wrongs sleep with me," she wrote to Imlay; "soon, very soon, I shall be at peace." One night in November, having first drenched her clothes by standing in the water, she leaped from Putney Bridge into the Thames. She called this "one of the calmest acts of reason," although by it she deserted her friendless child. What would she have said, I wonder, could she have forecast the years, and seen the body of that child, influenced how much by her mother's example none will ever know, floating lifeless in the waters of that same river? Some passing boatmen rescued her, and recalled her to a hated life, to new farewells to her old lover, and to her former struggle for an independent living in London, the city for which she now felt a repugnance amounting to horror.

Her life resumed its accustomed ways; time and labor poured out healing, and, having done her duty toward Imlay, she was at last enabled to be just to herself, and to cast out of her life the remembrance of unworthiness. Meanwhile her descriptive letters from Norway and Sweden were published, and she reentered London literary society, where honor was still in store for her. There she met William Godwin, the almost forgotten philosopher, who once earned fame in more than one stroke for English liberty. At first Godwin was not pleased with Mary Wollstonecraft; he had heard that she spoke slightingly of him, and he thought she took too large a share in the conversation, because he wished to hear Tom Paine talk. Repeated meetings modified his impressions, and gradually friendship, rooted in mutual regard, passed unobserved into the affection that binds man and woman indissolubly. Which was before or which was after, which was the toil-spreader and which the prey, said Godwin, it was impossible to know; and he who believed marriage should be abolished, and had published his opinion and the grounds of it where all might read, married her. Perhaps Mary Wollstonecraft had herself gleaned some experience from the social disrepute into which in a slight degree she had formerly fallen. Certainly this was in Godwin's mind, for he wrote to a friend that he submitted to the ceremony only in order to secure the social position of the individual; and having done that, he held himself no otherwise bound than before. They were married in March, 1797, and led a peculiar wedded life; for Godwin had some bachelor-bred notions among which one was that members of a family should not live together continually, for fear of becoming tired of each other's society; and consequently he took lodgings apart from his wife, where he spent a considerable portion of his time. Sometimes they walked together in the morning,

but frequently did not meet until dinner, after which it was not unusual for them to separate for different social assemblies. Their life was happy; but this late-found content was not to last. On the 30th of August their daughter Mary was born, and, after a painful illness, the mother died on the 10th of September, leaving Godwin in intense grief and loneliness to the melancholy task of writing her memoir and editing her unfinished works. Afterward, in the novel of St. Leon, he drew her character as it was revealed to him in their private life.

Her life, which I have described by its simplest human elements, gathered dignity and lustre from the character of her thought. She was an enthusiast in a cause which she served with all her powers, — with novel, tract, and dissertation; in nearly everything she wrote, she had the elevation of her sex most at heart. Should any look into her volumes for radical views, however, they would find little to reward them; the rights of woman which she vindicated were few and primitive, and words which, coming from her, were novel and vigorous have become commonplaces upon our lips. Women, as she observed them, — and there is only too much in the memoirs and romances of that age to bear out her description, — were feeble and foolish creatures, moving in a mean and narrow sphere, without an aim except to get married, without a motive except to better themselves, with no conception of conquest except what voluptuous promise might win over men's eyes; in her eighteenth-century rhetoric, "Taught from their infancy that beauty is woman's sceptre, the mind shapes itself to the body, and roaming round its gilt cage only seeks to adorn its prison." Under this ideal of women's life, decreed alike by Rousseau and the English clergy, the bent of the education of women was, in her own words, to make them alluring mistresses, and the result of it was empty-headed or faithless wives, unfit to bear or rear children, and unable to retain their husband's attentions.

Against this system Mary Wollstonecraft protested; but the reform she proposed went no farther than that her sex should add to the person of a woman the character of a rational being by the acquisition of virtue and knowledge, through the exercise of that reason of which the perfectibility was her surest ground for looking forward to an immortal life; and the utmost privilege she asked was an equal opportunity with men to develop those mental and moral capacities which are the immortal part of humanity. To become the companions, rather than the toys, of man; to win the honor of his respect rather than the homage of his gallantry; to set their minds on making happy, healthy, and chaste homes; to discharge the duties of wives, sisters, and daughters; to be worthy of a life to come, — these were the simple and inoffensive aims which Mary Wollstonecraft set before women. She uttered no radical views upon marriage, which, on the contrary, she professed to respect as the foundation of almost every social virtue.

Perhaps, in her own day, her book, which is essentially an appeal for the education of woman, founded on the social value of such a reform in its effects upon family life, would not have been so censured, had she not urged her opinions with a plainness of speech which would be offensive, were it not that such freedom was usual in books of the kind, and necessary, as she thought, for her cause. I fear, however, that while she possessed that delicacy which shows itself actively in perception and thoughtfulness, she lacked that other delicacy of reserve which shows itself in reticence. She bares her thoughts, and they are sometimes such as women seldom put even into veiled speech. Her novels, which are simply moral essays,

cannot be freed from the blame of opening in too rude and blunt a way the hideousness of some parts of human life; her characters are like persons in a hospital, brought together to illustrate the disease of humanity, not to exhibit its normal nature. I do not doubt that in composing these half-finished works she was filled with the purest philanthropic spirit; but certainly in feminine delicacy as well as in literary art she was at fault.

Two subsidiary points in her Vindication ought not to be passed over: one of them is her advocacy of day schools for both sexes, in opposition to the academical system, which she denounced in unmeasured terms as giving rise to institutions where the relaxation of the junior boys was mischief and that of the senior vice; the other, the first deliberate avowal by a woman of the benefits of woman suffrage with which I am acquainted, as follows: —

"Though I consider that women in the common walks of life are called to fulfill the duties of wives and mothers by religion and reason, I cannot help lamenting that women of a superior cast have not a road open by which they can pursue more extensive plans of usefulness and independence. I may excite laughter by dropping a hint which I mean to pursue some future time, for I really think that women ought to have representatives instead of being arbitrarily governed, without having any direct share allowed them in the deliberations of government. But as the whole system of representation is now in this country only a convenient handle for despotism, they need not complain, for they are as well represented as a numerous class of hard-working mechanics, who pay for the support of royalty when they can hardly stop their children's mouths with bread."

From the opinions already spoken of it is clear that Mary Wollstonecraft was not wholly irreligious; but she was not orthodox. She expressly rejected the doctrines that man introduced evil into the world, and that men will be punished hereafter for purposes of vengeance. She clung only to the being of God and the hope of immortality; submitting all else to the test of reason, she found skepticism or ignorance her portion. In lesser matters, she thought piety sometimes indicative of villainy; she distrusted the value of private and public charities; and she especially reprobated the forced religion of the public schools which made a youth "receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to avoid forfeiting half a guinea, which he probably afterward spent in some sensual manner." She called the observance of Sunday in the decorous London streets stupid, and thought the gladness she had seen in France of a Sunday was a "sentiment more truly religious;" then she goes on to give us a glimpse of country manners: —

"I recollect in the country parts of England the church-wardens used to go out during the service to see if they could catch any luckless wight playing at bowls or skittles; yet what could be more harmless? It would even, I think, be a great advantage to the English if feats of activity — I do not include boxing matches — were encouraged of a Sunday, as it might stop the progress of Methodism and of that fanatical spirit which appears to be gaining ground. I was surprised when I visited Yorkshire, on my way to Sweden, to find that sullen narrowness of thinking had made such a progress since I was an inhabitant of that country. . . . Besides, many of these deluded persons, with the best meaning, actually lose their reason and become miserable, the dread of damnation throwing them into a state which merits the term; and still more, in running after their preachers to promote their salvation, they neglect the interest and comfort of their families; so that in proportion as they attain a reputation for piety they become idle."

Apparently, therefore, her own early and trustful piety had been destroyed; or, rather, when its speculative basis had been undermined by her mental growth and her reading of the French philosophers, it was transformed into a humanitarian religion similar to the advanced Unitarianism of our own days.

Leaving on one side that fund of observation which in her important works attracts the student of history and manners, and displays the largeness, justness, and penetration of her mind, these were the opinions she thought out and sought to make prevail. A liberal woman who speaks out her whole mind is nearly certain to give offense; for liberality implies a disposition to tolerate condemned views and to introduce new practices, both of them actions inconsistent with that bearing which the ordinary man admires in woman. For this reason she gave offense in her own day by originating and advocating opinions which are now so familiar that we forget they ever were original, and can hardly believe there was ever any necessity for advocating them. Her work and life, therefore, are a tide-mark of opinion, and are valuable on that account, even if they possess no other virtue for us; they reveal the great ebb of convention and prejudice in our century, the advance our time has made in lines of civilization more important than material progress, — in the ideal of life, and the opportunities granted by legislation and public opinion for the attainment of that ideal. The causes which she served are now living, and many of them are advanced in victory probably beyond her hope; the abuses she denounced are dead or languishing. There is only one act of hers which will meet with universal blame, and that was an error in conduct for which her early experience and the support of contemporary speculation plead forcibly. The race has found the institution of marriage too essential to social safety to allow any attack upon it to pass unquestioned. She, by her conduct if not by her pen, set herself against this, and was consequently overborne and trampled down, her name slandered, and the virtue that was in her lost sight of; for, in such cases, the ordinary man is incapable of discriminating between acts which result from defective theories and those which result from moral depravity rooted in licentiousness and sensuality. Excepting this error, it would be difficult to find in her life anything more blameworthy than rational and active liberalism.

Posterity has passed her by, for she performed no notable act and produced no great literary work. She exercised only a contemporary influence (I find, however, an unknown authority asserting that she exercised a direct and powerful influence upon Englishwomen, particularly in the provinces, for fifty years); but, like the character of forgotten ancestors shaping in some degree our own acts and thoughts, her work lives in the great body of public opinion, which in respect to the themes she treated is so much more elevated and pure than it was a century ago. She lies among the undistinguished dead; but it is a grateful task to recall the names of those who have contributed to make human life more clean and more beneficent.

The circumstances of her life and the character of her opinions it is easy to tell; but there is comparatively no record of the woman whose feminine charm and beauty are lost to memory, except so far as the applause of her friends and the loveliness of her portraits reveal them. In one of these portraits there is a peculiar charm of expression, at once a dignity and a pathos, that stirs compassion in the heart. Looking upon it, it is easy to believe that she was courageous, enduring, and loving in life, as well as original, liberal, and fearless in thought; that she united

the charities of daily ministry to her friends with the graces of a mind cultivated by literature and acquainted with philosophy; that she was as open to human emotion and sympathy as to the loveliness of nature, her joy in which, before the days of Burns and Wordsworth, was her refuge and comfort; that in her struggle with life she neither lost nor harmed the most admirable qualities of womanhood. I am tempted to link her name with that of George Sand; in many ways she suggests the great Frenchwoman; vast as was the difference in their genius, they belong to the same order of women. Her name, nevertheless, which seems to me the name of the worthiest Englishwoman in literature up to her time, will remain obscure; and the last memory of her will be, that over her grave in old St. Pancras church-yard Shelley wooed and won the daughter in bearing whom she died.

"For One then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee."

George E. Woodberry.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.[1]

I.

This book is a good example of a large class of books which are coming from the modern press. They assume that civilization, or progress, whichever we choose to call it, is wrong, and that in some way society must be reorganized before the social current can be turned into the right channels, or can be moved in the right direction.

Mr. George starts with the assumption that material progress, the growth of comfort and luxury, so characteristic of modern life, inevitably brings with it more poverty and want; and that this condition of poverty extends to an ever-increasing number of persons. He does not prove this proposition. He argues that because in an agricultural or "new" community the poorer classes are more independent than the same classes are in great cities, and the tendency of population is toward the city, therefore modern life drags down with each step of progress an increasing number of persons into poverty. We think the contrary can be readily shown: that the condition of the poor as a whole has generally, almost constantly, improved through the modern centuries. But we are now concerned only with the statement on which the argument rests, — "the problem," as he terms it. He further assumes that poverty is the impelling cause of vice and crime.

Our author now proceeds to discuss with vigor and the greatest ingenuity the doctrines of political economy. He shows that capital (as the term is generally used by economists) should mean "wealth in the course of exchange;" that labor is not paid out of capital, but out of the product of labor; that consequently there is no wage-fund.[2] He believes the Malthus law — "that population naturally tends to increase faster than subsistence" — to be no law at all; and it is easy to adopt his view, for common sense would teach us that until the world shall be filled up to running over there can be no facts sufficient to prove

[1] *Progress and Poverty.* An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By Henry George. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

[2] This has already been clearly established by F. P. Walker in his work on Wages.

that the Author of the human race made so melancholy a mistake.

But when he reaches the law of rent, he comes to firm soundings. He agrees with the masters of political economy that "the rent of land is determined by the excess of its produce over that which the same application can secure from the least productive land in use;" and this potent axiom, according to Mr. George, causes all the mischief of poverty in modern times. There is no difference between capital and labor; each is necessary to the other, and each would get its "natural" (whatever this may be) reward if it were not for land held individually, or, in other words, the landholder. The land-owner gets all the increase of modern industrial progress, formulates it in rent, and grinds the face of the poor by means of this crushing law. The "remedy" would be to abolish all individual titles in land. Yet when our author fairly states this he recoils from the drastic operation of his medicine. Instead of this heroic treatment, he proposes at present to tax land so heavily that the principle of ownership would be of little value, and the main usufruct would revert to the state. How this would help the proletariat or diminish poverty is not so clear, for we believe that it is universally admitted that an increase of taxation finally bears more heavily on labor than on any other element in society.

Mr. George's argument is diffuse, but always interesting. He earnestly deprecates the ills of modern life, and, vaguely conceiving that if the concentration of wealth in individual hands could be prevented all would be well, he would demolish land-holding, the main foundation of all private property. But, as we have noted, he has not the courage to apply a treatment involving such vast consequences.

As it seems to the present writer, Mr. George starts with a fundamental error, which he shares with many thinkers and social theorists. From Locke and from Adam Smith onward, many of the best men have said, "Labor produces all things." Mr. George says, "It is not capital which employs labor, but labor which employs capital." He is wrong, they are all wrong, if we are considering civilized life. Try the proposition out of your own experience. Create a single product of civilized life by labor alone. You say, reader, that you will go into the wilderness, and from virgin soil bring back a bushel of corn untainted by progress or the conditions of this jangling modern time. We will leave out of the question the seed you plant, and consider only the spade you must have, or you would perish before your fingers could subdue the reluctant earth. The spade does not belong to labor, nor to capital *qua* capital; it belongs to society, though it exists in the form of capital. You say that you will win your product from old nature in another form. You will go to the untracked forest, hew out a deal plank, bring it to market on your own shoulders, and prevail over organized industry and commerce by the labor of your own hands. The axe you use is not yours through the essence of labor, though you may have made it with your own hands instead of buying it in the market. The idea of the axe, its potentiality which enables it to prevail over nature, does not belong to you. This is the result of long generations of development, from the rudest stone tool to the elegant steel blade which rings through the pine woods of Maine. This belongs to society; neither the laborer nor the capitalist owns this principle, though either may for the moment hold the thing which represents it.

You and I, everybody, all acting together, beget a want, a social motive, which, issuing forth, sends the axeman to the tree, the log to the mill, the plank to the joiner, and finally *produces* this table, the complex result of the

whole movement. Mr. George and all the economists cannot arrest this progression at any one point, and say, This is labor alone, that is capital alone, that is land — he includes all the forces of nature in the element land — alone. Therefore, we say, neither capital nor labor employs the other; society employs them both. How it employs them is not so apparent as the ordinary socialist imagines. Just here is the difficult step in setting forth the principles of social order, the enigma of simple everyday life.

Notwithstanding all the fine distinctions of the economists dividing things into capital fixed and circulating, wealth, commodities, land, etc., the common use of language is gradually throwing all these things into one term, — capital. Capital and labor represent to the popular mind substance and property on the one side, individual effort with brain or hands on the other. This popular use of the term capital — for it is quite modern — signifies some positive progress in our comprehension of the facts of our common life. It is often remarked that capital is labor saved; "stored up" is one author's expression. This expression does not wholly explain the relation of labor and capital which we have sketched in our social movement. Some simple principles have been long in reaching our comprehension, and we believe this principle is such a one. To illustrate: grass is a product of nature; hay preserved and stored up is a product of civilization. Grass, while being cut and cured, is a joint product of capital and labor, and often perishes while passing into hay, which is a definite thing, and can be handled like any other form of capital. This process of grass cultivation and hay-making typifies every possible movement of labor and capital. The economists formulate labor, capital, rent, wages of superintendence, as the whole rule of social movement and of the science of wealth. No one of these terms expresses the delicate process of transmutation which capital and labor undergo from the instant they together start to produce anything, whether it be a bushel of wheat or a chronometer watch. It has been asserted that the farmer is the greatest gambler we know. He who plants a seed — a something of value, a necessary article of subsistence — and trusts it to all the uncertainties of nature and of labor, even though the labor be his own, commits his property and possibly himself to a most uncertain fate. But every operation of producer or exchanger is of exactly the same nature. The grease and the alkali must be sacrificed, but the soap may not follow the effort. Flour, yeast, and fire are solid forces, which are passing away, but the bread may never appear, or it may be only a worthless cinder. This process which is constantly going forward in our modern life the present writer terms *capitalizing;* that is, the converting of capital and labor into more capital. Whatever be the word of definition, the principle must be held steadily in mind, or we shall fail to reach some of the main springs of modern society. It is not a force like capital itself, either active or passive; but it is a function. This function must be embodied in a person or persons, just as teaching the mind is embodied in a teacher, or administering a steam-engine is embodied in an engineer. The administrator of capital and labor is not a mere middleman; he is a capitalizer. Capital, labor, and capitalizing cover all the necessary forms of wealth and individual activity in so far as we can define social life in material terms.

It looks easy, but the lack of this simple definition, taken from every-day life, has caused many blunders in social science. We believe this to be the cause of Mr. George's curious error respecting land. He says, "Land is the source of all wealth. It is the mine

from which must be drawn the ore that labor fashions. It is the substance to which labor gives the form. And hence, when labor cannot satisfy its wants, may we not with certainty infer that it can be from no other cause than that labor is denied access to land?" This is an example of the reasoning which our author, with great acumen, applies in many parts of his argument. It is a specimen of much of the present socialistic philosophy. It is true in a sense, but not true as he means it. The source of wealth is not in land, but in society, as we proved with the axe, the lumber, and the table. The land is no more the source of the civilized crop growing on it than the water is the source of the steamship which it bears upon its bosom. Let us make a fanciful but none the less true illustration. Suppose the great Atlantic water-way should become so crowded that the civilized governments should find it necessary to track it from Europe to America, to divide it into courses for swift and slow vessels, as they do for wagons on London Bridge, and finally to employ a great corporation to police this arrangement and collect tolls for the service. We should then have all the difficulties on water which socialists make on land. But society would say, Civilization needs this water for the better movement of its daily life. If you wish to sail your vessel "free," go where there is less civilization. This is in principle what old communities have done with land, and what new communities have so far been obliged to do when they have fenced in the common domain.

Mr. George expends much force in trying to establish the principle that property in land essentially differs from all other kinds of property. "Property in a house," he says, "is rightful, because the product of labor; property in the lot on which it stands is wrong, because it is not the result of labor. The sanction which natural justice gives to one species of property is denied to the other; the rightfulness which attaches to individual property in the produce of labor implies the wrongfulness of individual property in land; whereas the recognition of the one places all men upon equal terms, securing to each the due reward of his labor, the recognition of the other is the denial of the equal rights of men, permitting those who do not labor to take the natural reward of those who do."

This recalls some of the reasoning of Mr. Ruskin, and others of the same school. These writers must consider both the house and lot in their social relations. It is as places of abode or of use for human beings that these particular things interest any of us. Now the house, with its arrangement of doors, windows, and rooms, its fabric of wood, stone, or iron, is a product of labor, is a social entity; all will admit that. But what is the lot, fenced in by an inclosure embodying all the results of order and government, bordered by a street or road which makes residence there endurable, or surrounded by cultivated fields from which subsistence may be drawn? This bit of ground, whether it be subdued in the remote agricultural district, or carefully improved in the most crowded city, is equally a conquest made by man from nature; it is a social entity.

There may be reasons for putting all the accumulations of society which are now tended and husbanded by individuals into the immediate control of the whole people: the state it may be, the mob it may be, according as the issue may turn out. That is the socialistic idea: to try to constitute a better form of capital, a better organism for civilized effort, than that in which we now live, where each individual is encouraged to push his own want, and the social impulse is the mutual expression of all the individual desires. There may be arguments, and there are plenty of

arguments, urged in favor of such a social change. But whatever they may be, they apply to all forms of property equally. Land is not different from a government bond, a chronometer watch, or a woodsman's axe. Each is a social creation, a thing in substance, which represents weighty social ideas; these ideas are far more potent than any material in the watch or any soil in the land. Whether society will ever dare to take this bold plunge into a new system is of course matter of interesting speculation. But society will never take it, unless it be fully comprehended, for it must unsettle every present social institution in the passage to other goods and other ills we know not of. No juggling of the terms will ever convince the great average intelligence that property is not property; or that social earnings embodied in land differ from other social earnings, whatever they may be.

The main question is and must always be, Can we find better trustees for property, capital, land, than those persons who, in their constant use and exchange of it, prove their ability to keep it? Without doubt, the average sober sense of the community answers that the individual holder is the safest trustee of those social accumulations which have been so painfully acquired by the generations gone before. The basis of this common conviction, that which alone can make it common sense, is in the principle I have stated. It is not a mere stupid instinct of conservatism; it is the universal knowledge of experience. It is in that principle of capitalizing before mentioned, the every-day philosopher's stone, the ability to turn capital and labor into new capital. No high aspiration, no scientific knowledge, no power of state or armies, can forward or control this simple and elementary movement of society. The great operations of society are made up of these little movements of capital, labor, and capitalizing, just as certainly as the river or ocean currents come from drops of water.

Our reformers are mistaken when they imagine that it is the possession of capital which society is anxious about. It is the movement of it, the transmutation of capital and labor, which vexes the mind of man. This constant restless renewal of material substance through individual effort, the uncertainty, the immense chance, of daily life, even in the narrowest lives, while it distresses also fascinates mankind. All capital, all labor, and, more important than all, that fine social organization, the sum of life either for capitalist or laborer, are staked every day on myriads of subtle operations which involve the material substance of capital, the instant effort of labor, and the social coöperation of all. The immense majority of these operations are of small amount, and principally affect individuals and families. But all these operations, small or great, are linked in the vast social movements and impulses which modern trade, commerce, and manufacture embody. It is not the ownership of the capital which interests us so much in essence as how it shall be used and improved. In a large sense great monopolies cannot forward themselves without advancing the larger interests of society.

Can we get trustees on the whole better than these property-holding individuals? — that is the vital social question. For they are trustees of these capitals. The amount the richest monopolist can consume is ridiculously small considered as a social factor. If he distend his stomach with nightingales' tongues, it is a trifle in the meat market; if he cover his body with diamonds, like a barbaric potentate, some one is paid for digging them, and the diamonds remain solid material embodiments of the social desires of mankind.

This organic principle, this social movement, which employs the material substance of capital on the one hand,

the turbulent, restless effort of labor on the other, both at once and altogether, is not a something belonging to either capitalist or laborer. Both these are parts of it, are in it and of it. Many laborers are and all may be capitalists, if they will practice the necessary thrift. The laborer likes to toil in great streets, and to smoke his pipe in the company of crowds of people. It is useless to tell him how happy he would be on a prairie, holding the land either in fee or under state proprietorship. He answers, I like civilization, to enjoy all that I see, to possess what I can; but I must enjoy in the company of kindred spirits. This common desire makes cities, builds great communities, calls for all the resources of modern industrial progress.

The vice of Mr. George's argument, and of those arguing with him, is that they attempt to separate the laborer from this general social tide, and represent him as a caged animal, hating all around him because he cannot possess the fee of the property he sees. It would be just as good philosophy to depict Vanderbilt or Rothschild or Flood cursing and moaning because he cannot hold the ocean in his grasp and control its continental tides. It is but little either of these magnates possesses in person or enjoys to himself alone. He can no more divert his capital from its social functions to his own desires than he can shut up the bay of San Francisco or the harbor of New York. He is a public servant, whom a strict social surveillance hardly allows to wear purple and fine linen, at least outside his own doors. He is well paid so long as he does what the public generally want. Let him deviate from this prescribed course, and society soon rids itself of a useless burden.

It is true that poverty, vice, and crime abound most in large communities. It is simply because everything abounds there. Great cities and thickly populated districts contain the great objects of human desire, — the desires of all conditions of life, whether rich or poor. Wealth and want lie together; not as cause and effect, but as incidents in the social life of all civilizations the world has known. Where most people congregate, there the most civilization prevails and the greatest chances, both for success and failure, tempt the individual man and woman, capitalist or laborer. Whether poverty has increased in relative quantity is a nice question, and the discussion of it would extend far beyond the limits of this paper. But whether the proportion be more or less, the changing of land titles from individuals to the state will not affect it, except to make it worse. It is not pleasant to make a dogmatic statement, but it rests with the socialistic philosophers not only to prove the ills of progress, but to show a civilization, or the germs of one, which has borne better fruits than the historic civilization which we know. This historic current has passed from common and tribal property to individual property in one form or another. To revert to common property in land would be a backward course, and societies never go backward, unless they are falling into decay.

William B. Weeden.

II.

Like many other writers who have proposed remedies for the poverty of the masses, Mr. George first attempts to overthrow most of the established principles of political economy. The current doctrine "that wages depend on the ratio between the amount of labor seeking employment and the capital devoted to its employment" would cause, Mr. George rightly claims, if true, that high wages should be accompanied by an abundance of capital, and low wages by a lack of capital. But is it not true,

he asks, that in embarrassed times, when wages are lowest, capital is most plenty? But capital which is *employed* is not plenty; it is capital which is *seeking* employment. It is the ratio of the laborers to the *employed* capital which regulates wages, and as in embarrassed times much capital is idle, wages must fall. Mr. George also claims that, "as the efficiency of labor manifestly increases with the number of laborers, the more laborers, other things being equal, the higher wages should be." An increase in the efficiency of labor does not necessarily increase wages. Capital is selfish, and will pay in wages no more than it is forced to pay. This increased efficiency does not come from any improvement in the mental or physical condition of the laborer so much as from the advance in the division of labor and the use of machinery on a scale so grand that the laborer is daily more dependent on the brains and capital of his employer. The want and imprudence of the laborer always work for the capitalist, and force the former continually to compete with his co-laborers in bringing wages down to the mere means of subsistence. If the efficiency of labor should be increased fourfold and the ratio between laborers and capital should remain the same as before, wages would not rise, although private charity might be more profuse. Probably, however, such an increase in the efficiency of labor would create capital so fast that it would cause competition for labor and thus raise wages. But if the increase in production were spent in luxury as fast as created, wages would not rise in the least.

Mr. George claims that the margin of cultivation determines wages: it is true that wages cannot long remain below the standard which a laborer can obtain by his own work on land which he can cultivate without payment of rent, and this is without doubt one cause of the high wages in newly settled countries. But in settled countries all land except the most worthless is used, and such is the advantage furnished by cultivation on a great scale that large farmers can cultivate advantageously land on which an independent laborer could hardly subsist. The division of labor has therefore taken from the laborer the resort to poorer soils in settled countries, while even in our own West the laborer can do better as the employee of the large farmer than in tilling his own few acres. The great mass of proletarians are also in no condition to resort to abandoned or remote soils, and are consequently at the mercy of their employers.

Leaving, however, broad questions of political economy, we come to the portion of Mr. George's work for which he is better fitted, — the description of our social and industrial state, and the investigation of means for improving the condition of the laborer. The cause, according to Mr. George, that, with the increasing productivity of labor, wages and interest do not proportionately increase is due to the fact that to the land-owner accrue all the advantages consequent upon the increase in population. The settlement of men together in large numbers permits the division of labor; central locations assist production by facilitating communication; and consequently land in thickly populated districts becomes very valuable. Competition will in time cause the land-owner to receive as rent all the advantages accruing from the collection of people together, because producers in thinly populated districts will wish to transport their business into cities, and will eventually offer the city land-owner as rent the excess of profit which their capital can obtain in the city over what it can obtain in the country. Whenever rent rises above that point, capital will leave densely populated districts for those more thinly settled; whenever rent is below that point, capital will compete for the advantageous

positions which thickly settled districts afford, and the rent will rise. The interest which capital receives in manufacture or production on land which furnishes no advantages on account of its population is the interest which must regulate capital which is engaged in the most densely populated districts.

Such in the main is Mr. George's explanation of the effect of civilization in increasing rent. The idea is by no means new, but Mr. George's addition is in his practical method of applying the theory, to whose action is due, as he claims, every period of commercial distress as well as the hard lot of the laborer. For speculation in prosperous times, he thinks, will always carry the price of land so high that the manufacturer is obliged to pay to the land-owner a sum so large that a sufficient surplus cannot remain for profit. Production will then cease, and hard times will continue until the price of land is again brought to that point where the manufacturer can employ his capital to advantage. "This relation is observable throughout the civilized world. Periods of industrial activity always culminate in a speculative advance of land values, followed by symptoms of checked production, generally shown at first by cessation of demand from the newer countries, where the advance in land values has been greatest."

That an excessive rise in the price of land would naturally stop production is true, and Mr. George has well stated it, but it is not the only cause of bringing on commercial embarrassment. Waste of capital in ruinous investments would likewise cause a diminution in demand, which would be transmitted through all the ramifications of industry. It is also possible that all other commodities may rise proportionately with the price of land. In that case speculative values in land would not check production; but it still remains true that whenever the price of land is excessively high, times of commercial embarrassment are imminent.

The remedy which Mr. George proposes is the taxation of land by the state to such an extent that the holder will retain only a sufficient sum to recompense him for acting as the agent of the state in using or transferring the land. That is, the land is to be taxed for almost its whole rental. By this means Mr. George expects to remove the causes of all commercial crises, and especially to raise the price of labor to its proper rate. The real effect will be to rob the land-owners, and the rent which capital before gave to them will now go to the state. Capital will thus be relieved of all taxation; for the proceeds from the taxation of land will be more than is necessary for the needs of the state. But where will the laborers gain? They are still at the mercy of the capitalist, and their competition will drive their wages down to the lowest point. The gain will then be wholly to the capitalist, unless the excess of the proceeds of taxation over the necessary expenses of the state are spent for the education and amusement of the public; in this way the laborers will gain; they can never fight unprotected against capital and obtain more than a mere subsistence. And here we come to the pith of the problem. Under *laissez faire* the laborers in the long run must be at the mercy of capital; they cannot individually raise their wages. Is it not best, then, to take some such collective and indirect means as Mr. George proposes? If land is taxed only sufficiently to carry on the necessary expenses of government, the laborers are not assisted, and the whole gain falls to the employer of labor. If, however, land is taxed at a high rate, and the excess over the amount required for government be expended in public baths, amusements, education, etc., the laborer will have the advantage of these benefits, while his wages cannot go below the amount required

for the necessaries of life. It surely seems unjust that the land-owner should simply by the possession of land draw to himself a large part of the material advantages consequent on the growth of population. It may be called right or wrong thus to tax land-owners who have purchased the land at a high price. The whole question is one of expediency; it is simply a question as to what is the greatest benefit for those who have the power, — for the greatest number. Mr. George claims that land-owners would not be injured by the innovation; they surely would lose their land, at least indirectly, although it is true that land would be no higher than at present, and the laborer who wishes to own his house and garden could do so as before, by paying a moderate rent to the state. While it is true that in production capital must go hand in hand with labor, it is also true that, in the distribution of what is produced, whatever capital gains labor loses, and *vice versa.* The distribution of wealth is determined by a battle which goes on continually: capital has on its side the power of waiting, which has hitherto been all successful; but labor has on its side brute force, which more and more seems liable to be exercised. We confess we see no other means by which the laborers can ultimately better their condition, and Mr. George's plan is one of the least objectionable means of that character.

Willard Brown.

NORTON'S MEDIÆVAL CHURCH-BUILDING.[1]

Whatever cataclysms may await the present civilization of the world, it is certain that it cannot be blotted out, as was that of ancient Rome, by obstreperous barbarism. It is all-pervasive, such as it is. There are no dark corners for Gog and Magog to lurk in, and burst forth, at the fitting moment of decadence, and sweep all before them. In that time innumerable tribes, almost nameless, pressed upon by one another at home, driven by hunger, or lured by vague rumors, swarmed down upon a wonderfully perfected society, and, having neither appreciation nor pity, left, as it seemed, hardly a vestige of it after their blind fury. But the refinement they overthrew cast its spell upon them in a thousand subtile ways. They succumbed to ideas of religion, morality, civil law, and artistic beauty. They rested from their forays, reflected, originated, prospered in all the arts, and then had decadences of their own. An investigator last year at Rome, as appears from his letter to a London paper, discovered a circumstance which is really fascinating in its extraordinary novelty and the field it opens to reflection, — that they built foundation walls, in the early days, with lovely statuary. It is an excellent epitome of the situation from the point of view of art. With a seed of lovely statues in the foundation trenches, it could not but be that a superstructure should flower above, in time, in a manner worthy of them.

It would be difficult to find a better statement of this great change (extensive as the bibliography of the subject is) — a statement more compact and uninvolved, while just and complete, of this change, and of the causes combining to produce the extraordinary interest, at its acme, in church-building and the connected arts — than is contained

[1] *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages. Venice, Siena, Florence.* By Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

in Professor Norton's preliminary chapter. He places before us broadly the condition of the world from the fall of the Roman Empire to the rise of the Renaissance period in Christendom; and this background, definite but not obtrusive, palpitating with its peculiar, richly agitated life, forms an integral part of the effect when he approaches closer and presents, with his discriminating and appreciative touch, the three notable monuments he has chosen for examination in detail. To generalize and not to generalize too much, to deal sufficiently with great causes and leading aspects of things without becoming merely anatomical and arid, requires a high order of skill, of which Professor Norton shows himself master. He makes us comprehend easily the moral unity that had been established among the once-heterogeneous tribes by the prevalence of Christianity; by the effort to found civil institutions; the equality in ignorance, where all alike were groping in the collection of scattered materials; and the rise of commerce, — whereas before there had been, with all else diverse, only the bond of a subjection to a common tyranny. It was natural, then, that any principal product, as architecture, should not be confined to a single point, but should be universally prevalent, of the same general essence, and presenting in the different lands only minor and not radical differences. The remains of classic antiquity were the starting-point, but Christian architecture was not the less a new and original creation, just as the offspring of the pulverized speech of the empire was new and independent tongues, and not merely a corrupt Latinity.

It is with philosophic considerations of this kind that the author precedes and accompanies lightly his study of three of the architectural masterpieces of Italy. It need not be feared that he is too philosophic. He sets limits to each of his departments with a self-command not at all common. His interest in the moral unity of Europe does not interfere with his very genial pleasure in small personal traits, a costume, the spirited aspect of a civic procession or a line of battle, or a proper estimate of the forms and proportions of the monuments which are more particularly his theme. Nor is he in the least technical. Such description of the arrangement of his buildings as is called for is expressed in terms easily intelligible to the layman, and is of a happily lucid character; which, to be sure, as the text is unaccompanied by plans or cuts of any kind, it ought to be, but which it easily might not have been. Professor Norton is a layman moved by pure impulse of culture to subjects — so far as the basis is concerned — usually treated only by technical writers, and at the same time so thoroughly intelligent and at home on his ground as to preclude the possibility of carping at his knowledge by the fastidious. His account of the rise of concentric instead of single arches, and the clustered column, of which Lübke makes something tolerably abstruse in his History of Art, is an instance of this kind; and the statement of the Italian system of *incrusted*, as compared with the Northern *constructive*, ornament and building is another. The volume is one to claim attention for its charm of style as well as for its matter, and is not one of those — alas that they should be so numerous, and strange that they should be possible in the delightful domain of the fine arts, where the native sweetness of the subject might be thought to leaven any dreariness! — to be persevered in only from sense of duty and for strict purpose of improvement.

The volume does not aim to exhaust a large field, nor is each part of it again a complete monograph. It is rather three exceedingly entertaining essays on three delightful masterpieces, bound together with an explanatory essay on

the state of Europe. The author has presented a series of historical happenings and pictures of society, on the basis of the great monumental piles which saw so many fermentations of human affairs and have so outlasted them. The action is by preference in the church, — some scene of special note or magnificence which has taken place there, or under its shadow and *apropos* of it. The several incidents, in each case, might be called Episodes in the Life of a Cathedral.

It is in this that the novelty of the work, so far as the plan is concerned, consists. The matter, too, is of a freshness which could hardly have been anticipated in a field so very liberally treated of already. As he has not felt compelled to be wearisomely exhaustive, the author has been at liberty to recall, as a traveler of impressible and independent temper might, some of the less instead of the better known doings witnessed by the pile under whose ægis he strolls in a leisurely reflective mood. His task at Venice must have been more difficult than elsewhere, owing to the extraordinarily full and brilliant expositions of Ruskin, and he has apparently recognized such a preëmption in making his study of St. Mark's much the shortest of the articles. There is no collision with Ruskin. The temperance of the tone, the absolute avoidance of everything like "word-painting," at this part gives even an effect of coldness. On the other hand, his theories are based upon convincing logic, and are not those wild flyings-in-the-face of common sense with which that erratic genius twists all history and existing things to the support of his whim of the moment.

In Venice we enter St. Mark's. We see that it is cruciform in shape, with a dome at the intersection, and a smaller dome over each of the arms. We see at the remote eastern end a mosaic, on a gold ground, of a great figure of the Saviour throned in glory, and over the entrance door another, with the Virgin and St. Mark, and the inscription, "I am the gate of life; enter through me, ye who are mine!" We have seen that the front without is incrusted with mosaics and hap-hazard ornament brought by Venetian admirals from their conquests, woven into a harmonious whole, and that there is a baptistery, at one side, of severer than the generally pervading lines. Our author regrets the addition of certain elements, in an over-florid taste, at a late date, from which it appears that the Byzantine style had also, like the others, its flamboyant period, and that the great basilica did not always present, as now, to the traveler that appearance of a bristling, gay, and fragile complexity, as if it were the canvas bivouac of a hippodrome, or the booths in which the revels of Vanity Fair were in progress. Then we are put right on the fabrication that the Pope set his foot on the neck of Barbarossa — they did but meet and arrange a treaty, as equal potentates, it seems — on the spot in the vestibule tradition still points out, and we witness the scenes in the church attending the formation of the alliance with the French for the Third Crusade; and that is all. The largeness of the traits, the unwillingness that distinctness of impression should be marred, is a predominating characteristic throughout. It is the way with the injudicious, in a mass of rich material, not to be able to keep their hands off just one more detail, and one more. Professor Norton deserves almost as much credit for what he has not attempted, in the given space, as for what he has.

The paper on Siena will perhaps be considered the most successful of the three. The ground here is less hackneyed, less open to injurious suspicions of repetition, and at the same time of an extent to be more completely handled. The author has given himself a great deal of pleasure, apparently, in

delving in the archives of the decayed hill city, once so arrogant a republic, and has unearthed numbers of curious documents, some of which (as a letter from the Captain of the People, one concerning the mode of election of the board of works, others on the method respecting subsidies and offerings, and the custom of the release of prisoners on certain great festivals) he gives in an appendix, — of wider value, perhaps, had they been translated, or somewhat paraphrased, at least, from the original tongues.

This is a kind of composition which he approaches, when in accord with the scheme, with a definite gusto. There are few passages more entertaining than those in which he has set down a simple rendering of the words of the old chroniclers. The view of the proceedings relating the negotiation for the Third Crusade is through the eyes of the French writer Villehardouin, who was himself the spokesman of the envoys, come to engage galleys and victualing for their force.

"Of the fair and good words that the Doge spake," he says, "I cannot report to you all; but the end of the thing was that they took till the morrow to draw up the papers. . . . And when the papers were drawn up and sealed they were brought to the Doge in the great palace where were the great council and the little. And when the Doge delivered the papers to them he knelt down, and with many tears he swore upon the saints to keep in good faith the agreements that were in the papers; and all his council, which was of forty-six persons, did the like. And the envoys, on their part, swore to hold to their papers, and that the oaths of their lords and their own oaths should be kept in good faith. And know that many a tear of pity was shed there [for that the Holy Land beyond the Sea was in bondage to the Turks, and for the shame of Jesus Christ, as he says elsewhere]. Then the envoys borrowed five thousand marks of silver, and gave them to the Doge to begin the fleet; and then they took leave to return to their own country."

Again, he relishes the quaint phraseology of the drummer who went up to the top of the tower of the Mariscotti, and beat his drum, and sent down comments — it was all the telegraph and telephone of the time — on the progress of the battle of Montaperti, delivered by the men of the town (who had marched out from under the blessing of their cathedral, and would contribute for its completion a liberal portion of their spoils if victorious) to those of Florence, in sight of the walls. "When he saw the Sienese host begin to move, he beat his drum and cried aloud to the people who were gathered around the foot of the tower, telling them of the advance, and bidding them pray for victory. When the fight became thick he beat his drum again, and cried, 'Now they are at work! Pray God for victory!' And again, after a while, the drummer shouted, 'Pray God for ours, for they seem to give way some little! Now I see it is the enemy who waver.'"

Towards evening he had the satisfaction of beating gayly that the enemy was in flight; and the martial Sienese came back, with their picturesque *carroccio*, their banner of white and red, mounted on its mast, in a wain drawn by white oxen, triumphant, having utterly cut to pieces a host of thirty thousand men.

One is continually beset by the wonder — which has never been thoroughly explained, and yet remains as a worthy subject for a special study — how these neighboring cities, twenty miles apart, could rend one another thus in all directions, and with their internal dissensions besides could yet attain to the teeming populations and commercial prosperity there is no doubt they enjoyed. It is easy to see how large funds for church-building should have accumu-

lated in the hands of ecclesiastics, as the only peaceable portion of the community in a time of wild turmoil, and in the widely extended sentiment of remorse for deeds of blood, but the part played also by the feeling of local pride in these cities has not usually been so lucidly set forth as here. The hasty student of mediæval history who may have overlooked the point will learn from Professor Norton that the cathedral edifice, the sculptured pulpit of Niccola Pisano, the painted altar-piece of Duccio, were not exclusively an offering to God and a profession of faith, but to a certain extent the walled city's favored form of gasconade and method of tantalizing its rivals.

One would say, in completing these papers, that a trifle more of color here and there might not have come amiss. The enforced abstinence from whatever the ordinary writer would have permitted himself occasionally borders on the ascetic, — with all the taste and sympathy, the accomplished critical faculty, the fine and polished movement, the perfect fairness of temper, that pervades them.

THE MEMORIAL HISTORY OF BOSTON.

The first volume has appeared of a collection of historical essays and monographs [1] which will, when completed, give a very comprehensive survey of Boston from the time of its settlement in 1630 to the completion of its two hundred and fiftieth year in 1880. The work, indeed, takes a good start back of 1630, going even beyond Prince, who began with the Flood, in his Chronological History of New England; for Professor Shaler, in his chapter on the Outline of the Geology of Boston, begins with the Creation, and intimates the very birth of the peninsula on which Boston was predestined to stand, and Professor Allen follows with an account of the Fauna of Eastern Massachusetts, and presents a view of the earliest inhabitant of Boston, the Great Auk, who does not appear in the passenger list of the ark. The intelligence with which this Bostonian looks forth from the printed page is most gratifying: that eye has speculation in it; those little short wings can surely flap applause. The whole approach to the historic foundation in 1630 prepares one for the dignity of the subject. Besides the editor's preface and introduction and the chapters just mentioned, Whittier's historical poem of The King's Missive stands in front of the contributions as a pleasant reminder that literature, after all, is the amber which incloses the fly; and Professor Gray treats of the Flora of Boston and its Vicinity, Mr. George Dexter of the Early European Voyages in Massachusetts Bay, the editor of the Earliest Maps of Massachusetts Bay and Boston Harbor, and Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., of the Earliest Explorations and Settlement of Boston Harbor. By such thorough clearing of the way is the reader prepared for the arrival of the Arabella. He has assisted at the creation of the peninsula, watched the gambols of the prophetic auk, seen the first blade of grass grow on Beacon Hill, descried from its summit the ships of the early

[1] *The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts.* 1630–1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Vol. I. The Early and Colonial Periods. Issued under the business superintendence of the projector, Clarence F. Jewett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

voyagers, preceded by the shadowy sails of the Flying Norwegian, — which Mr. Dexter, with praiseworthy caution, declines to anchor within the bay, — attended the silent services of the Church of England as administered by Blackstone to the Mavericks and Walfords, and now stands ready to receive the ministers and their congregations. The deliberateness and leisure of the movement of the book augur well for the completeness of the survey.

The Memorial History is in truth more than a survey: it is a summary of what has been diligently accumulated by successive generations of students, presented by some of the most eminent of these special investigators. For ninety years the Massachusetts Historical Society, and for half that time the New England Historic Genealogical Society, having their head-quarters in Boston, and the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, dating from the first years of this century, have been doing a work which isolated scholars could not do; add to this the individual labor of students, the collections formed by Harvard College Library, the Boston Public Library, and the Boston Athenæum, and it is doubtful if another instance can be found of such concentration of independent and organized historical and genealogical investigation upon a single community within the same brief period. Then the libraries containing materials for the local history and the societies themselves are the legatees of local historians from the very first establishment of the city. The labors of Winthrop, Hutchinson, Prince, Belknap, Minot, Holmes, to say nothing of many other less noted men, have suffered scarcely anything from the ravages of fire, or disorder, or hostile occupation; by what earlier generations would have regarded as a miraculous interposition of Providence, precious material, which did suffer an eclipse by the presence of the British army in Boston, was rediscovered and brought back from exile; the unfading family and civic pride has been conservative of literary and other monuments; the churches have maintained their individual integrity; the town and the State have preserved their records, and traditions have been hoarded. As a result, the city of Boston, less homogeneous than once, but scarcely less proud of its historic movement, has accumulated a mass of material, much of it thoroughly sifted and ordered, for the more perfect display of its record. There have been local antiquaries, and more than one has attempted a history of the town and city, but the work of presenting the result of the life of Boston after two hundred and fifty years of growth and expansion could scarcely find any adequate undertaking except, as in this instance, at the hands of a number of writers, each specially equipped and attacking the subject from independent positions. The reason of this is obvious. The interest which one takes in such a city as Boston is divided among many considerations. There is the interest in the topographical changes; in the landmarks, which are in part matters of memory or tradition, in part still visible and suggestive. There is the interest in the names of men which recur again and again; in the organic life of the town; in its relations to the commonwealth; in the varying phases of social and domestic life. Besides, Boston was for so long a time the spokesman of New England that no history of the town would be complete which did not cover in its range those greater questions of public interest which render the relation of the New to the Old England one of the great subjects of modern history. The interest which one takes in historic Boston is at once so petty and familiar, so large and philosophic, and one's present relation to it so living and continuous, that when he attempts to seize upon some minor characteristics

he finds himself, like Thor, lifting the cat and discovering that he has hold of Jörmungad.

Perhaps it is from some such sense of the gravity of the situation that the writers in the first volume have treated their subjects with a dignity and critical acumen which make the book rather encyclopædic in character, and lacking in narrative animation. Perhaps, too, the same result is due largely to the fact, already intimated, that the writers are in many instances experts, who for years have been engaged upon the subjects now intrusted to them, and have dulled their sense of perspective and picturesqueness in their concentration of interest upon nice points of fact and authority. The vigilance, also, of a large body of local students acts as a cautionary influence upon the work of each. There are several of the writers who could have exchanged topics with little if any detriment to thoroughness of treatment, and each knew thus that his pages would be read by critics competent to catch him if he tripped; but the distribution of chapters strikes one as judicious and fortunate. Mr. Adams had already shown his familiarity with his subject in the papers which appeared recently in The Atlantic; Dr. Ellis, aside from his acknowledged general authority, had shown himself a special student in the direction indicated by his two chapters on The Puritan Commonwealth and The Indians in Eastern Massachusetts; Mr. Haven's learned lecture upon the History of Grants under the Great Council for New England justified his choice in preparing the opening chapter under the Colonial Period of the Massachusetts Company; Mr. Francis Drake had already published his town history of Roxbury before writing the chapter on the same subject in this volume; no one else but Dr. Trumbull could have written The Indian Tongue and its Literature, and Mr. Whitmore's chapter on Boston Families prior to 1700 is his by right of conquest, while the minute, accurate knowledge and extensive learning of Dr. Charles Deane give special justification to his authorship of what is in some respects the most valuable chapter in the volume, — The Struggle to maintain the Charter of King Charles the First, and its Final Loss in 1684. In other instances there are equally apposite appropriations on personal grounds, as in Mr. Barrows's chapter on Dorchester; Mr. Edes's on Charlestown; Mr. Foote's on The Rise of Dissenting Faiths. Boston Founded falls with poetic justice to Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

Apart from the excess of the virtue of carefulness, which renders the work, as we have hinted, a little too scholarly for general enjoyment, we do not see that any criticism is called for upon the execution of the task. The editor, besides his own contribution, has added greatly to the value of the several chapters by his abundant foot-notes, and the repetitions are no more frequent than a due regard to the independence of each writer rendered imperative. The illustrations are interesting, and in some instances, as in the case of King's Chapel, very helpful. There are two or three views of Colonial Boston which seem to us not sufficiently included in this volume, — possibly in one instance the subject may be reserved for a future volume in the series. Thus the interrelation of England and New England, so emphasized by Palfrey and defined by the late Mr. Thornton, although not strictly a Boston topic, might properly have been treated by itself. The series of election sermons would have made a good independent topic; possibly the internal economy and growth of the First Church; and then the town meeting offers a good theme for a chapter which should reconstruct that potent institution in literary form. Our question is whether the whole treatment is not so far analytical and so wanting in constructive, and we may add imagina-

tive, qualities as to impair a little the vivacity and attractiveness of the work; for after all a literary monument should be read, and not stared at. Might it not be well, also, if the unity of the history failed to be given in brief annals, to append to the entire work a chronological table, which would enable one to run his eye along the whole two hundred and fifty years, and get something of the sweep of history? Whatever criticisms or suggestions we may make, the work thus begun, if carried out in the same generous, catholic spirit, will be an honorable and imperishable memorial.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

For a trip to the country or the seaside, in warm weather, I know of no better literary companions than some of the one-volume Plays of Shakespeare, published in the Hudson, Rolfe, Clarendon Press, Rugby, or Collins "series." You have a well-printed, trustworthy text, with all the annotation and furniture necessary for an intelligent enjoyment of the great poet, packed into the most convenient possible form. On a recent excursion of this kind, I put into my satchel the two parts of Henry the Fourth, recently issued by the Harpers, and making the seventeenth and eighteenth of Shakespeare's plays edited by Mr. Rolfe. I enjoyed them exceedingly. There is no abatement in care, taste, or judgment, as this editor progresses with the work;[1] rather, it may be said, "*vires acquirit eundo.*" His conservative loyalty to the text of the old copies is, in general, so conspicuous and gratifying that I may be pardoned for noticing one passage in which the temptation to admit what is termed a plausible emendation has been too great for him.

In the glorious lines wherein Sir Richard Vernon extols the appearance of the Prince and his comrades, in 1 Henry IV., iv. i. 97, the old text reads as follows: —

> "All furnisht, all in Armes,
> All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
> Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd."
> (Folio, 1623.)

It is notorious that the punctuation of the Folio is no guide whatever to the sense; and here an editor is left to his judgment whether "bayted" attaches to the estridges or the eagles. Rowe decided for the eagles, and altered "with" to *wing*, reading the passage thus: —

> "All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
> Baited like eagles having lately bath'd."

This fascinating alteration has been adopted by Mr. Rolfe, and is the text of most modern editors; Mr. Dyce especially advocating it in an elaborate note. I have long been convinced that the Folio reading is not only correct, but is more expressive and forcible than any alteration; and, "under leave of Brutus and the rest," I should like here, as briefly as may be, to set down the reasons why.

It is undoubtedly true that to "wing the wind" is a very picturesque and pleasing image, and also that it has been used by some of our poets with reference to ostriches; and still it may be

[1] *Aliquando dormitat.* I find in my copy that some one has penciled an ugly-looking admiration point anent the note on page 149 of the Second Part: "*Usurpation.* Metrically six syllables;" and a couple of still uglier ones anent that on page 141 of the First Part: "Rann (followed by Pope and others) gave," etc. Pope had been in his grave nearly half a century when Rann's edition was published.

very inappropriate in this passage of Shakespeare. For one reason, the crested cavaliers aforesaid were not at this time "winging the wind," but simply mustering in force preparatory to a start; and, for another, the streaming of an ostrich's plumage, when struggling against or ruffled by the wind, presents a much more vivid image than when sailing before it in the same direction. Be that as it may, "all plum'd like estridges *that with the wind bated*" plainly means, "that beat their wings, or struggled or contended against the wind." The construction is regular enough, except for a little poetical inversion: "with" for *against* is well known to be legitimate in Shakespeare; and that "to bate," in our poet's day, meant to struggle with the wings, *without onward motion*, is clearly demonstrated by this sentence in a letter of Lord Bacon to Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1600: "For now I am like a hawk that *bates* when I see occasion for service, but cannot fly because I am tied to another's fist." This branch of the simile, then, is perfect in itself; it is an allusion to the egregious pluming of the helmets of those days, as may be seen in many an old illumination; and it has a contingent reference also to the Prince himself, the ostrich feather being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Dyce remarks here that "there are two distinct comparisons: first to ostriches, and second to eagles." This is very true; but both he and all those who adopt Rowe's reading commit the important blunder of making the crested helmets of the Prince and his followers the antitype of both similes; whereas these are absorbed by the simile of the ostriches, that of "eagles having lately bath'd" referring to a very different matter, namely, the *exuberant life, vigor, and freshness* of the young cavaliers. *This* forms the second branch of the simile, which, now that it is relieved from "bayted," is also perfect, and has no necessary connection with the first, nor anything to do with ostriches or their plumage. It was unquestionably well known to the poet, as was long ago pointed out,[1] that eagles were supposed to renew their youth and vigor by plunging in certain streams; and when he used the expression, "like eagles having lately bath'd," a much deeper meaning was implied than that the birds merely washed their feathers, and dried them by ruffling them in the wind. In the Bestiare of Philippe de Thaun, edited by Mr. Wright for the Historical Society of London, the story of eagles seeking a certain fountain in the East, and, when plunged therein three times, having their youth and vigor renewed, is declared to be typical of baptism:—

> "E le rejuvener de l'egle e del plunger
> Baptesme signifie en ceste mortel vie."
> (Line 1035.)

And the poet Spenser uses a somewhat different version of the same fable as a simile of the restoration to strength and vigor of the Red Cross Knight:—

> "As Eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
> Where he hath left his plumes all hoarie gray,
> And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay."
> (Faerie Queene, I. xi. 34.)

It seems to me to be superfluous to say more; the unprejudiced reader must see that the original text of the passage is perfect in every particular. The simile is twofold: first as to the plumage of the helmets, and second as to the exuberant life and vigor of their wearers; each having its separate comparison:—

> "All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
> Bated, —like eagles having lately bath'd."

Dr. Johnson remarks that "a more lively representation of young men ardent for enterprise perhaps no writer has ever given;" and surely, by adopting

[1] For this interesting elucidation I beg gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to a paper written by my learned friend, Mr. A. E. Brae, of Guernsey, England, and read before the Royal Society of Literature, London.

this explanation of the old text, the representation is doubled in interest, — the *buoyant spirits*, *ardor*, and *freshness* of the troops being comprehended with their *brilliant appearance*. It has been objected that, were this the correct interpretation, we should expect to find the verb in the present tense: "like estridges that *bate* with the wind," instead of "bated." There is some force in this, but not more than may well be answered by poetic license, especially as the rest of the passage is in the past: "plum'd," "bath'd," "bated." Any one, however, who thinks the objection insuperable is at liberty to adopt the ingenious reading, proposed recently by Professor Corson, of the Cornell University, of "bate *it*" instead of "bated," — an indefinite usage of "it" that is common enough in our poet. Nearly a century ago, Mr. Malone suggested a similar alteration — "vault *it*" for "vaulted" — in a line a little farther down in the same passage, where the construction, by omission of the nominative pronoun, is slightly irregular: —

> "I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
>
> . . . .
>
> Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
> And *vaulted* with such ease into his seat
> As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
> To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus," etc.

His conjecture, however, was not received into the text by any editor, not even into that of Mr. Malone's own editions.

— Perhaps all languages are afflicted with too much of the pronoun "he;" ours certainly is. When two "he's" get to playing hide-and-seek through a sentence, it is perplexing enough; when three get at it, softening of the brain may result, if the sentence be a very long one. Here is a specimen of the double "he," from Wuthering Heights:

"Heathcliff, who grew more and more disinclined to society, had almost banished Earnshaw out of his apartment. Owing to an accident at the commencement of March, he became for some days a fixture in the kitchen. [*Who* became a fixture? Ah, you see, you can't tell, to save your life, if this is the first time you have seen that sentence.] His gun burst while out on the hills by himself [whereas, you know yourself that no gun ought to be allowed to be out on the hills by himself]; a splinter cut his arm, and he lost a good deal of blood before he could reach home. The consequence was that perforce he was condemned to the fireside and tranquillity till he made it up again."

Of course you think, all the time, that it is Heathcliff who was wounded, for there is nothing to suggest that any other member of the family was hurt, except the gun; but the truth is, Heathcliff was not hurt at all. Where the *he*-ing begins in the second sentence it refers to Earnshaw, and keeps on referring to him to the end. The most bewildering thing in our language, perhaps, is our "he." Sometimes it puts you on a wrong track, and keeps you there through half a chapter; sometimes it involves you so elaborately that you cease to feel any confidence as to *which* "he," of three or four, is meant; then your anchor drags, and you drift helplessly ashore.

If only unpracticed writers confused their "he's," it would not be worth while to offer an amendment; but inasmuch as there is not an editor, or reporter, or author, now alive, who does not do it, nor dead, who has not done it, it does really seem desirable to make a suggestion, and watch and see how eagerly and enthusiastically and unanimously the scribbling craft will — not adopt it. This is the idea: When a "he" refers to the *first* person mentioned, let it be put in small capitals, HE; when it refers to the *second* person mentioned, let it be put in italics, *he;* when it refers to the *third* person mentioned, let it be put in the ordinary letters, he. Thus: —

"Heathcliff had almost banished Earnshaw out of HIS apartment. Owing

to an accident, *he* became a fixture. *His* gun burst while out on the hills by himself," — putting the "himself" in that way if it means the gun; but if the man is meant, and not the gun, then we must write it, "*His* gun burst while out on the hills by *himself*."

Observe how crystal-clear this method makes that aggravating sentence. You don't have to think, or puzzle, or reason, at all. The small capitals promptly inform you that Heathcliff had almost banished Earnshaw out of Heathcliff's apartment, — not out of Earnshaw's. And observe how instantly the italics inform you that it was Earnshaw, not Heathcliff, that met with the accident and became a fixture; and observe, also, how immediately and unerringly you can tell whether it was the gun that "went out on the hills by himself," or whether it was Earnshaw that "went out on the hills by *himself*," or whether it was Heathcliff that "went out on the hills by HIMSELF."

Two months ago I came upon a local item in a newspaper, where *three* "he's" tried to travel through a long sentence, in civilian dress, — yes, and they went through, too, but in such a mixed condition that there was no telling "t' other from which" while they were on the trip. I saved that curiosity, and here it is; it is from a burglar's testimony: —

"Haines took off his mask and gave it to Albert, who said he considered that he deserved well of the gang; and he gave his own to Brooks, because he said it would be best so; and he was satisfied, and made no further comment, so he and I retired, leaving the others to finish the job."

I read this twelve or thirteen times, applying to it the highest powers of my mind; by that time the lower half of my brain was liquid, and remains so to this day, and the upper half was going fast. But I am not a person who relinquishes a purpose lightly; and by analyzing that witness's evidence for half a column below that confused sentence, I at last succeeded in identifying, separating, and classifying those several "he 's." I will now reproduce that sentence, and uniform the "he's" according to my proposed system. You shall then see at a glance which person each "he" refers to: —

"Haines took off HIS mask and gave it to Albert, who said *he* considered that HE deserved well of the gang; and *he* gave *his* own to Brooks, because *he* said it would be best so; and he was satisfied, and made no further comment, so *he* and I retired, leaving the others to finish the job."

Without my system, you could not imagine it was Brooks who "made no further comment," for there is nothing to show that he has been commenting at all; but that simple "he," in common Roman type, can refer only to the third person mentioned; consequently, we know it *was* Brooks. Yes, and the italicized "*he*" informs us, not that Brooks and I, or Haines and I, retired, but that *Albert* and I retired.

— The somewhat recent marriage of an eminent literary woman of England to a gentleman many years her junior adds another to the notable list of similar marriages between men and women of remarkable character, and which have proved to be unions of exceptional happiness. It is a commonly accepted assertion that a young man's first love is generally awakened for a woman older than himself; a condition that is readily understood, and which belongs to the same category of feelings which inclines the serious-minded youth to the belief that the only really desirable women of his acquaintance are already married. That women of superior natures or superior talent are attracted to men younger than themselves for similar reasons cannot, of course, be true. But the subject, save for its illustrious examples, would hardly be worth talking about. Everybody remembers Dr. John-

son's extravagant fondness for his wife, who was old enough to have been his mother when he married her, and who had neither a dower of beauty, of brains, nor of money. As devoted a husband, and one of altogether different type, was the present Lord Beaconsfield, and his wife was ten years his senior. It will be recalled that the first title offered him by his queen was, at his suggestion, conferred upon his wife, to whom, he declared, he owed all his success in life; and for her death he has never found consolation. Aaron Burr married a widow several years older than himself, a woman to whom he was passionately attached, and who was worthy of his highest admiration. Josephine was six years the senior of Bonaparte, and nothing of Josephine's unhappiness, even according to Madame de Rémusat's intimate observation, was produced by her seniority of years. Guizot, the French historian, if I rightly remember, married a woman a dozen years older than himself, and their marriage was of the happiest description. Madame de Staël when forty-four married a young French officer eighteen or nineteen years her junior. Rahel Varnhagen von Ense was thirteen years the senior of her husband, the illustrious German statesman and author, — both being persons of the highest qualities of mind and heart. Rahel was thirty-six and Varnhagen twenty-three when they first met, but they were not married until several years later, not until the young statesman had mingled in the most brilliant society of European capitals. But no woman ever pleased him as did Rahel; she was first, last, and everything to him so long as she lived. One of the foremost preachers of New York married at a mature age a lady greatly in advance of him in years, and it was a genuine love-match. Miss Thackeray and Mrs. Craik, the English novelists, married men several years their junior, and Margaret Fuller's marriage is well remembered. There are but a few instances noted, out of a long list of distinguished names, where marital happiness of the highest and most ideal sort has not resulted from unions in which the wife has been the senior in years; and it is a matter of speculation if the seniority of the wife instead of that of the husband, as now usually prevails, would not be an improvement upon the present custom. In Ireland it is as customary for the wife to be older than the husband as the reverse, and in no country does the seniority of the husband so generally prevail as in our own. Women are as young now at forty as they were twenty years ago at thirty, and men younger, perhaps. Eighteen is no longer so fascinating an age as thirty-three, which some French writer has said to be a woman's most captivating age. That women grow old in appearance more rapidly than do men has been so often remarked as to be regarded as true; but experience and observation by no means confirm the statement, and with intelligent care of herself a woman ought, with her nature and position, to cajole youth into being her comrade well on into life, and *never* to part company with beauty. Diane de Poitiers claimed that she kept her child-like freshness of complexion by never bathing her face in anything but the softest of rain-water, while Ninon de L'Enclos, notorious as well as eminent, who was regarded a belle as well as a beauty at threescore and more, attributed the preservation of her youth to a "tranquil spirit."

— Probably the many admirers of Mr. Blackmore will rejoice in the possession of a new novel from his industrious pen. There are readers who, after making their way through Lorna Doone, Cripps the Carrier, and Erema, are still anxious for more entertainment of the same sort, and they are encouraged in their enthusiasm by being told that this author is really a great writer. Hence they may be congratulated on

having offered them so long and so characteristic a novel as Mary Anerley.

The time of this story is the beginning of the present century, and the scene, as the title indicates, is Yorkshire. Mr. Blackmore has the habit of choosing remote times to write about; Lorna Doone, for instance, is a book that incessantly suggests comparison with Henry Esmond, and it is not Thackeray who is injured by the comparison. The present book has this advantage, that it is not written in imitation of a remote style; but even without these fetters the story moves slowly, on account of Mr. Blackmore's inveterate habit of saying everything that can be said. For tediousness he has no equal. He generally invents good plots, and these he unfolds with unwearying patience. To be sure, his mysteries are tolerably transparent: in Cripps the Carrier, the heroine's hair is sent to her father in a bag which he supposed to contain potatoes, and he at once feels as sure that his child has been killed as if it was her head, and not her hair, that had been sent him. The reader, however, has no such misgivings; he knows that a couple of hundred pages further on the girl will reappear, with her hair grown out again, and that villainy will meet with poetic justice. In Mary Anerley, an heir is missing and a child is cast ashore close by his father's estates, so that his identity is at once made clear.

There are, however, so many more important things than a plot which go to the making of a novel that a certain artless transparency does no real harm. If the story is well told, if the people are life-like, if their words are natural and their actions probable, the plot becomes a secondary matter, and the reader cares more for the way the story is told than for the mere frame-work of incidents. This, of course, is the only thing of vital importance, and it is with regard to Mr. Blackmore's method in this matter that I differ from his admirers. It must be acknowledged, however, that they are to be envied if they get real pleasure from reading him, for there are not too many novels that give real delight, and no words of mine will affect their opinion of Mr. Blackmore's powers.

That Mary Anerley is long is plain enough to friends and foes; that it is unduly long is something about which opinions will differ. At any rate, Mr. Blackmore, so far as I can judge from outward signs, has nowhere made any attempt at compression. He describes everything with liberal fluency, and although it is not easy to give a brief example of long-windedness, here is one that may serve as an example of certain qualities of his style: "From generation to generation, man, and beast, and house, and land, have gone on in succession here, replacing, following, renewing, repairing and being repaired, demanding and getting more support, with such judicious give-and-take, and thoroughly good understanding, that now in the August of this year, when Scargate Hall is full of care and afraid to cart a load of dung, Anerley farm is quite at ease, and in the very best of heart, man, and horse, and land, and crops, and the cock that crows the time of day. Nevertheless, no acre yet in Yorkshire, or in the whole wide world, has ever been so farmed or fenced as to exclude the step of change." Certainly, compression is not the most marked quality of this style, and such examples show how the necessity of filling three volumes may sometimes lead a writer to put two adjectives wherever one would naturally come, and never to speak of a farm without enumerating everything grown or reared on it.

There is no need of making any more tedious quotations to prove the wearisomeness of the conversations. They show at times, to be sure, a gently trickling vein of humor, but the supply is so disproportionate to the number of square inches that there are vast sandy stretches,

in which the comedy is no more than a kind of mannerism; and it is a mannerism which marks the writer instead of distinguishing the various characters.

Lorna Doone is commonly mentioned as the best of Blackmore's novels, and the story is not without merit; the character of the heroine is well drawn, but as for the hero, who proses on forever, it is hard to speak of him with proper respect. He is as tiresome as Polonius would have been if he had undertaken, toward the end of his life, to write a manual of worldly wisdom. John Ridd, the alleged writer of his autobiography, is acknowledged to be not over-bright, and we have him being stupid, or rather long-winded, without a moment's intermission, from the first page to the last.

In Mary Anerley we are said to have Mr. Blackmore at his best. Certainly, one finds all the qualities that have made the fortune of his other novels. Scenery is described on every page; there is the same aversion to brevity — to state it mildly — that always marks this author, and the familiar gentle stream of humor. That a novel like this can by any stretch of language be called a masterpiece seems like the misuse of language. There is no literary sin so unpardonable as tediousness, and it would be hard to find a living writer whose mannerisms are so marked and so abundant as are Mr. Blackmore's. He seems privileged to prose on without calling forth a word of reproof. He is, we are told, an artist. This opinion he apparently shares himself, and so we find, *passim*, bits like this: "The maiden looked well in a place like that, as indeed in almost any place; but now she especially set off the color of things, and was set off by them. For instance, how could the silver of the dew-cloud and golden weft of sunrise, playing through the dapples of a partly wooded glen, do better (in the matter of variety) than frame a pretty moving figure in a pink-checked frock, with a skirt of russet-murrey and a bright brown hat?" What are the "dapples" of a glen? What is the "weft of sun-rise"?

These, if faults at all, are slight faults. A more serious objection to the book is this: that it seems to be written from the outside. The reader has no appeal made on his sympathy for the men and women thus artistically described; he has, indeed, no powerful conviction of their existence. They come and go, and fight and make love, but they are no more than pawns whom Mr. Blackmore moves about on his decorated board. How definite a notion does one get, for instance, of Mary Anerley or of young Lyth? His characters are too often only perambulating incidents.

To my thinking, Mr. Blackmore is a writer who does not deserve any great amount of attention. His novels are very fair as novels run; it is only when they are picked out of their proper place and held before us for real works of genius that they demand consideration. Those who admire them will only detest those who denounce so amiable a writer, but the reader who finds all the critics throwing their hats in the air for a writer whom he and his friends find nearly unreadable deserves to have his side presented.

— When I noticed in the list of articles on the cover of the November Atlantic that there was something among the Club papers about Bad Rhymes, I turned with lively curiosity to see what your contributor had to say. I have myself suffered acutely from the evil he complains of, and have long wished to see it attacked by some sharp and able pen. So I said, "Here is my man!" and eagerly cut the leaves, like slices of wisdom, for the anticipated feast.

I confess that I was disappointed. An advocate always injures his cause when he tries to prove too much. That is what your correspondent attempts. Rhymes were not invented to teach pre-

cise pronunciation; and when he condemns the coupling of such words as *history* and *mystery,* because one such imperfect rhyme learned and repeated by a child "may make him an incurably 'slovenly speaker,'" he is really charging a windmill. I don't approve of Whittier's rhyming *dumb* with *home* any more than I approve of his rhyming such words as *war* and *saw;* and if your correspondent had given us a sensible sermon upon sins of that sort, of which some even of our best poets are guilty, I for one would have thanked him. He quotes these lines from The Bridge of Sighs, —

> "Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery,"

and says, "Perhaps it is for such crimes as this that Mr. Emerson excludes Hood from his Parnassus, — a remarkable case of poetical justice." There are worse rhymes than this in The Bridge of Sighs; there are really unpardonable rhymes in that beautiful and pathetic poem, — forever beautiful and pathetic in spite of all blemishes: —

> "Love by harsh evidence
> Thrown from its eminence;
> Even God's providence
> Seeming estranged."

Alas! But what is this to Emerson? He has excluded Hood from his Parnassus with much other good company, — with Swinburne, Halleck, the Cary sisters, the Rossettis, even Goldsmith and Poe; but not for "such crimes as this." Look at his own unhappy rhymes. One of the most remarkable of Emerson's poems, The Problem, begins —

> "I like a church; I like a cowl;
> I love a monarch of the soul."

This is bad enough; though I don't suppose any child — except, may be, a son of one of our esteemed adopted citizens — from often repeating those lines would ever get to say *sowl* for *soul.*

In Woodnotes occurs the very rhyme which your contributor ridicules in Shelley: —

> "Where feeds the moose, and walks the surly *bear,*
> And up the tall mast runs the woodpeck*er.*"

In Each and All we have —

> "The sexton tolling his bell at noon
> Deems not that great Napoleon
> Stops his horse," etc.

That is a favorite poem of mine, and I have read or repeated those lines, I suppose, some hundreds of times, but I don't remember that I was ever yet betrayed into speaking of Napole*oon* in consequence.

> "That one thing is success,
> Dear to the Eumenides."

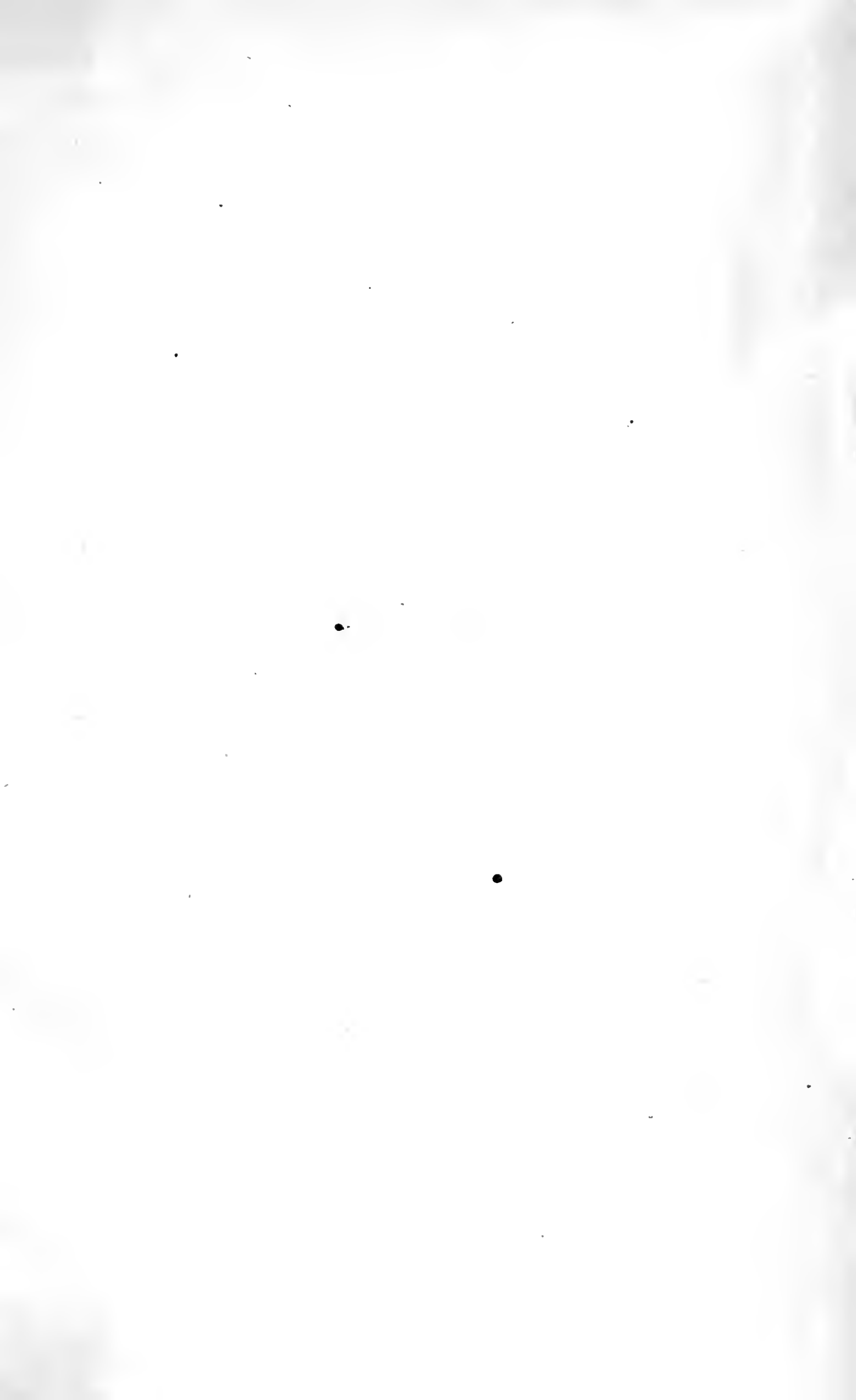
> "On Eastern hills I see their smokes,
> Mixed with mist by distant lochs."

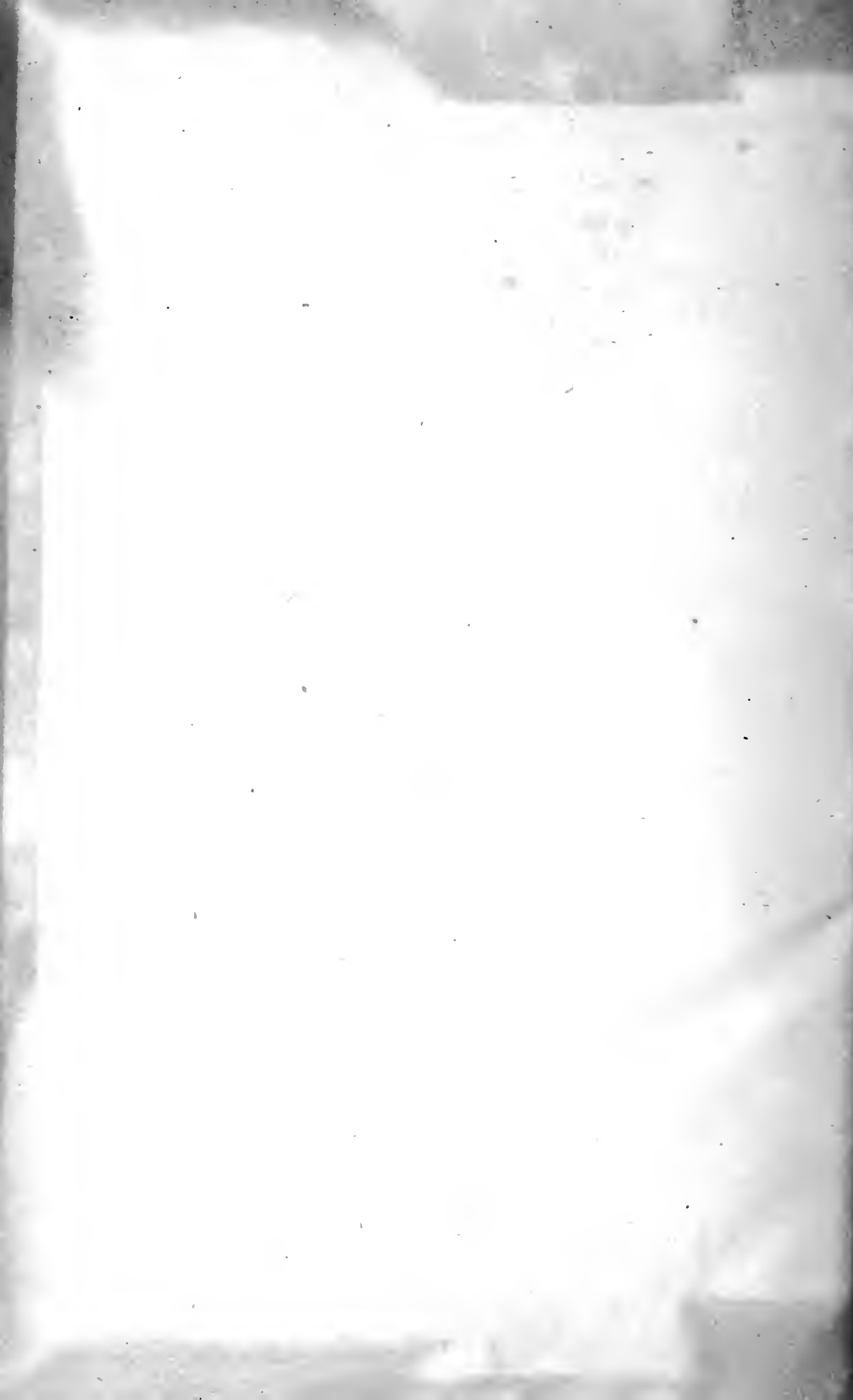
> "Who bides at home, nor walks abroad,
> Carries the eagles and masters the sword."

This is Emerson; one of our very greatest men, and certainly one of our finest poets, yet not free from roughness and imperfection in his verse. The idea of his excluding anybody from Parnassus on account of bad rhymes is chimerical.

As for *history* and *mystery,* in my opinion they are not bad rhymes at all. The *o* of the first and the *e* of the second are not simply "unaccented;" they are obscure. I say the same of another pair of rhymes which your correspondent condemns in Shelley. *Splendor* and *render* are quite passable rhymes. The vowel sounds in the last syllables of these words are also obscure, and are pronounced so nearly alike by the best speakers that if there are any allowable imperfect rhymes in the language these are allowable. And that we must allow some imperfect rhymes, especially among those of two or more syllables, on account of the poverty of our language in that particular, both poets and critics are pretty generally agreed.

I know a man who does not say "splendor" (making the *o* obscure) like the rest of my acquaintances. He says "splendŏr," with the *o* as in *nor.* But he also says "pictūre," "Chris*t*mas," and "of*t*en." I hate him.





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