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# ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXII.



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# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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

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## MISER FARREL'S BEQUEST.

### III.

THE literary exercises in the Thatcher Theatre had been of unusual interest; the honorary degrees had been bestowed upon celebrities, great and small, with the usual accompaniment of whispered criticism; and the attending crowd had retired for such meditation as the Centennial festival might excite. The Library was closed for the night, when the janitor received the order to open it for visitors, and to illuminate that corner of the building in which the Mather Safe guarded its precious deposits. The rocket-sticks lay upon the trampled grass; the lamps, arranged in colored letters to form the names of Peckster and other dead benefactors of the College, had twinkled their two hours of encouragement to future testators, and gradually flickered out. All the reporters save one had left the scene, and were writing up the festival in the offices of their respective journals. Only the young gentleman who was to "do" the Centennial for the Daily Adviser had been commanded to remain upon the ground until the small hours of the morning. Something might yet happen that should go into that fullest account of the proceedings which must appear in to-morrow's issue. Not that this respectable director of opinion was invariably more wakeful than its contemporaries, but, being widely recognized as annalist of the College, this was an occa-

sion for special vigilance. Soon after the electric light had flashed forth in the interior of the Library, the lingering reporter saw the Rev. Charles Greyson enter the building, with a lady upon his arm. They were followed by two porters bearing a wooden box, of the pattern which is used for the transportation of pictures. It evidently contained a heavier burden than could be made up of canvas and gilding, for the bearers staggered as they passed up the steps.

"It is quite impossible that the Professor should be with us to-night," said Mrs. Hargrave. "We sail from New York to-morrow afternoon, and it was necessary that he should precede me, to make the final preparations for our voyage. I shall deposit the manuscripts in his name."

"His absence is not to be regretted," replied the rector. "Varella's work can now be exposed to view before consignment to its coming century of darkness. Mr. Peckster will make a great effort in coming here. It is right that he should see the portrait before paying the heavy cost of its storage, and this would be prevented by the presence of its subject."

"Certainly," assented the lady, with decision. "Nothing could be more distasteful to my husband than the mode of expressing their love for him which his friends have chosen. In a less degree it is repellent to me also. Dr. Hargrave's great work has been the discovery of means whereby man's soul may

get the better of its clog the body. Any map of the features — be it drawn never so deftly — must resemble Guido's masterpiece with the triumphant archangel left out."

"Wait till you see what the artist has done!" exclaimed Mr. Greyson, in a tone of confidence. "His work gives subtle recognition to the fact you mention. The soul of the man is seen behind the features; or I might almost say that the body has been transformed to spirit by the imaginative genius of the painter, and then precipitated upon the canvas. The College will one day prize it far above the Copley portrait of old Gideon, for it represents the very flower of his benefaction."

"The last flower," sighed Clara, — "the last before the great Professorship was cut down and left to wither."

"You shall make it blossom again in the tropics, where the very weeds are brilliant and spicy. Perchance it shall there bloom to some gorgeous wonder that might pass for preternatural in our temperate zone!"

Mr. Greyson's rhetoric was kindly meant. Empty he knew it was; yet what better balm can ministers find in cases of feminine trouble? Clara Hargrave felt all a woman's shrinking from a sphere of action other than that into which she had been born. She dreaded the exchange of old lamps for new ones, even though Aladdin's talisman was to be gained by the bargain.

The lady and her companion passed on to that part of the building where a cluster of electric lights threw their radiance upon Miser Farrel's cabinet. It was the choicest corner in this granary of brain-sustenance. Broad-seated chairs here stretched out arms soft and elastic with the deftest mixture of spring and padding that upholstery could devise. Here Culture — personified with a capital letter — might select its book, and loll away the hours in measureless content. The cases on the right of the Safe were de-

voted to publications of a highly reformatory character, which radiated the glow of their Utopias upon the frigid institutions of the past. On the left, the theological shelves stretched away into an obscurity resembling that of the "den" where Bunyan consulted dream literature to such excellent purpose. One sometimes fancied that this cavernous alcove was festooned with the metaphysical cobwebs spun by our Puritan divines, and that the buzzings of Scripture texts caught in their subtle meshes was faintly audible.

The bearers of the picture were told to set down their burden, and begin the work of once more exposing it to the light. This must necessarily consume some moments, as the packing had been arranged to offer the best defiance to time. The inner case of zinc, which immediately surrounded the canvas, had been imbedded in dry sand, like that which after eighteen hundred years gave up the mural decorations of Pompeii as fresh as when the artist left them. No word was spoken. Clara Hargrave needed all the comfort that her luxurious chair was capable of affording. She had a constant sense of recoil from the exile before her, while her eyes were fascinated by the tomb-like structure which was presently to add new treasures to its many trusts.

The Safe had been enlarged, with some degree of mercy for its dead contriver. It had, indeed, been suggested that a modern decorator should be let loose to play his Gothic pranks upon the exterior; but better counsels had finally prevailed, and the simple oaken panels had merely been extended twenty feet on either side of the original inclosure. The new wood had been darkened to the time-stained hue of the older work, and even mock worm-holes had been inserted by dexterous twistings of the gimlet. It was sad to look upon this sepulchre of recorded human experience for which, could it have been audibly ut-

tered, our time would be the richer. Clara had met women who had here buried knowledge wrung from the bitter subjection of their lives, — knowledge vital to the welfare of the race, but of which the code of social usage forbade their living lips to hint. Might it not be that some of these precious deposits were withheld from use for too long a period, so that when at last produced they would appear as ancestral babblement, with which a better-behaving age had no concern? Doubtless the sardonic sagacity of Farrel had contemplated such miscarriages; yet growths and fructifications from valuable seeds were certainly more probable when these were scattered upon the better soil which the years would prepare for their reception.

These musings were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, who, leaning upon the arm of Dr. Bense, advanced tremulously from the darker portion of the Library.

"You must sit down at once, my dear sir," said the doctor, as he bent over a chair to deposit his patient with the least possible jar. "Remember you are not here with my approval. If I am to take you back again to Brandon Avenue, you must obey orders. There, don't try to talk; it will tire you. See, they are just ready to show the portrait."

The last handful of sand had been removed, and the zinc case was being lifted from its wooden envelope. The cover was next slid from the front, and the image of Ernest Hargrave was exposed to view.

"Tell me that I have not praised this work too highly!" cried the rector eagerly. "Am I wrong, Dr. Bense, in saying that it puts Affonso Varella in the front rank of living artists?"

The doctor returned no immediate answer to the question. His gaze was fixed upon the canvas. He made a sign to have it placed at a slightly different angle; then he rose and advanced towards it, shading his eyes with his

hand. Seeming to recollect himself, he moved a little to the left, in order not to obstruct the view of the sitters. There was silence for several minutes; then Dr. Bense started, gathered himself together, and appeared to fumble through his memory for some laudatory phrase of art-criticism. It was of no use; the conventional eulogy had as false a ring as the conventional epitaph. There was no label to attach to such a surprise as this.

"Yes, you *are* wrong in saying that this painting places Varella in the front rank of living artists," was the reply that at length was slowly uttered. "It places him well in advance of that front rank. It is a great piece of portraiture; done in a manner somewhat sketchy, to be sure, but the work of a master-hand. A face to be studied like a book; yet what book can teach all that is to be learned from such coloring! I say that only a genius can so bring before us the essential man. Why, there are touches here that entice the spirit through the flesh."

Considering that the doctor's little book on the Body proved that there was no spirit capable of this liberation, the reader may inquire whether this last remark has not been misrepresented. Not at all. May not a professor pen a sonnet to the rising sun, and then hurry to his class-room to demonstrate the stationary position of that luminary? In dressing our ideas in language, we must put up with the poor fit of ready-made clothing, or — to change the metaphor — we shall find it difficult to serve up the wisest proposition without a few sprigs of folly by way of garnish.

Clara Hargrave felt all the fascination of the portrait. To show a great man, who was so great as never to imagine himself to be one, — that she conceived to be the gist of the problem presented to the young Brazilian. And he had solved it; this was the leading idea that his work conveyed. What a supernatural light he had thrown about the

head! The eyes and forehead glowed with the masculine intelligence which had lifted her out of a frivolous past, and strengthened those wonderful faculties that had lain dormant and unsuspected. There was a majestic simplicity in the pose of the figure; there was the characteristic energy in the action of the hand. Alas, that a century must elapse before this picture could take its place among those of the honored sons of the College! Here had her husband's work been done; here, until recent years, had his name been held in reverence. She knew the value of his later studies; she believed his future fame was secure. Was not this enough?

No, it was not enough. How shall a woman's passionate heart wait through the lagging years to see its hero crowned! Clara longed to project her being far onward in the path of time, — onward, even to that next centennial station, when the Mather Safe would yield up its deposit to a grateful world. Under the guidance of Hargrave she had made short, wavering flights into the future, but never had she traveled beyond the decade of years which were next approaching. There was a sudden cry of the spirit, inaudible to those about, yet audible above the loudest uproar to ears that were trained to receive its vibrations. "Would that I could be swept forward to that moment of satisfaction which lies beyond the stretch of any mortal life! Would that I could be transported to the elevation only to be reached by those unborn, after the race has climbed a hundred weary steps! Might I stand there but for an instant, to look back upon this distant present-time as a mere limbo of dead fashions and falsities! But no; the wild desire is baffled by the nature of things. I must crush down this craving for the impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to the human soul when, emancipated by knowledge, it wills to exercise its highest prerogative."

A familiar voice uttered the words. Clara raised her eyes, and saw the figure of her husband. She knew that it was not in his mortal body, but in its astral counterpart, that Ernest Hargrave was with her. Yet he was present just as really as the Thibetan Sage was present to Colonel Henry S. Olcott, in New York, on that memorable occasion when the stranger condescended to puncture the hallucination bubble of psychical societies by leaving his turban by way of visiting-card. Is it objected that the President of the Theosophical Society is not versed in any natural science? What, then, are we to do with the testimony of the eminent professor of anatomy and biology, whose ornithological works are so confidently commended to students? Shall we tell them to bow to the authority of Dr. Elliott Coues upon the flight and migration of birds, and reject the narrative of his own flight and migration in gasiform duplicate of his physical body from the house of Judge Thomas in Cincinnati to that of an accomplished lady in Washington?

"There is no distance between us," continued the shadowy Professor; "whatever you wish is as clear and lucid to me as if I were yourself. Not in vain have I sought orderly intercourse with beings of another sphere, — never for an instant permitting them to command me; always commanding them to do my pleasure. The sublime Brotherhood over which I go to preside will succeed in experiments far more difficult than that which you rashly pronounce impossible. Know that there are forms, rites, invocatory processes, by which the soul may be separated from the frail tenement it inhabits, and for a moment be absorbed in grand and exalted entity, to which there is no *then* and *there*, but all is *now* and *here*. Your desire is indeed born from the weaker part of your nature; yet if its gratification will strengthen your hands for our future work, I dare not withhold my assistance.



Give me steady coöperation. As you feel the pressure of my hand upon your forehead, will that your will shall merge in mine. Will that the yielding and intuitive characteristics of the feminine mind shall have absolute supremacy. Fear nothing. There must come a rocking motion, that shall stir the pulse and make the heart beat high. What you are to see and hear must be crowded into a few moments of earthly time. The limit of resistance wavers; the ideal expansion will presently be reached. Be self-possessed; I confide you to those who will be faithful. There . . . there . . . let the head fall back upon the cushion — so — now you are off!”

A hot intensity of inward life, a sense of being covered only by the thinnest film of matter, a consciousness of dashing onward at headlong speed, and the sensitive knew that her wish had evoked a power able to gratify it. A tide of life richer than mortals know pulsed through the veins. Old memories, perchance of former lives, which the soil of earth had covered, but not extinguished, were sailing by her side. Only a gossamer thread held the spirit to its late habitation; there was a shudder in the thought!

Presently there came a dreamy Lethæan influence, as if one were swinging through masses of gray vapor. Whiter and whiter grew these dingy mists, till at length they lay along the path like huge snowbanks. Presently they broke, revealing chasms, from whose sides blew stormy blasts that beat and blustered about the fragile traveler. Movement ever quickening, without sense of whence or whither! When the propulsive power faltered, a hail of pelting atoms — ultimate atoms, eternal, uncreated, indivisible — renewed its energy. Off beyond time limits; the personage with the scythe and hour-glass panted in the rear as vainly as in Dr. Johnson's prologue. There was a confusion of little units rushing to cohere into units of

more complexity; and these in their turn clashed together, perchance to form one of Mr. Mill's possible worlds, where five shall be the product of two and two, where bodies shall move in the direction of the greatest resistance, and where little boys shall be kept after school to demonstrate that the angles of a triangle must always exceed two right angles.

The flying voyager knew that what she saw was not reality, but the best available expression of reality. The truth must be given in symbol and shadow, because it can enter the human spirit only by the use of imagery with which it is acquainted.

And now the line of travel ran beside a headlong-dashing stream. Might this not be the Current of Events, which was posting madly to the ever-widening ocean of the past? It was evident that many startling experiences were dancing by in the rapids, each one of which would in its season be caught and put in capitals for the latest intelligence column of the newspapers. Alas, the photography of memory was not instantaneous enough to snatch the least of them as they darted on.

Presently, as the interminable succession of barren spaces were sweeping by, a withering inquiry presented itself. Would it be possible to stop this fearful journey upon that petty bank and shoal of time upon which Clara Hargrave had wished to stand? There appeared to her to be incalculable chances against so successful an issue to the flight. Yet what might not be accomplished by those intelligent forces to which Ernest had confided her!

Far in the distance flashed out a beacon light. Brighter and brighter it blazed, until it dazzled like a sun. Then clouds drifted before it, and the beams were tempered to the mellow noon of an autumn day. There was no consciousness of shock, and yet the forward rush had ceased. Again the sensitive seemed to be clothed with her full physical per-

sonality; again she was a finite being among other finite beings. The walls of the Thatcher Theatre shut her in, but the seats were filled with strangers, with whom she could enter into no relations of action and reaction. A little segment of her nineteenth century was all that she was permitted to affect for good or for evil, and that lay dim and faded in the historic past.

Strange that there was no color in the scene. A sombre grayish texture seemed to be cut into the outlines of men and women who were listening to the orator as he pronounced the commemorative address. On the left of the speaker stood two easels bearing portraits, each covered by a curtain emblazoned with the seal of the College.

"All, all are strangers," sighed Clara, looking about her; "alas, there is not one familiar face that might brighten at my greeting!"

No, she was wrong; for there on the extreme right of the platform — that is, on the speaker's right — sat President Cooley, clad in the academic robe in which she had seen him announce the honorary degrees from this very place, upon that very day, a hundred years ago. How pleasant and natural it was to find him here, to know that one person from her century had been permitted to bear her company! It was like the Professor's thoughtfulness to have so arranged it. But there was something strange about it, too; for Dr. Cooley appeared to have grown to gigantic proportions, and there was constraint in the motionless attitude in which he absorbed the eloquence that was poured upon the air. Only a concentration of attention, such as is sometimes seen in the hypnotic subject, could keep a man so still. Not a motion, when the speaker turned to compliment him upon the broad and liberal spirit in which he had administered the affairs of the College. Surely a slight inclination of the head would be only decent after the delivery of this passage.

But the President had been hurried off suddenly, and perhaps found no time to pack up his manners. Still, it was provoking to see him sitting there as if he had been carved out of stone. The explanation could no longer be avoided: how stupid she was to have missed it! Of course it was no living President Cooley upon whom her eyes rested. Hargrave, when differing most with his superior officer, always acknowledged the wonderful impulse he had given to the College, and declared that posterity would see that he had a statue. Well, Ernest was as right in this as he was in everything else. There, to be sure, sat the President in "glory's marble trance," as that last-century poet, Dr. Holmes, had called this chilly reincarnation.

The sensitive started, as one of the rhetorical periods that were falling from the platform culminated with the familiar name of "Peckster," — a vocable that seemed to stick in the trumpet of fame as badly as Byron's Amos Cottle. Yes, the orator was speaking of that ancient family, so long extinct, of their once famous Professorship, and of the eminent men who successively had filled its Chair.

"It is the last and greatest of these," continued the speaker, "whom to-day we hold in especial remembrance. No man did more than Ernest Hargrave to establish that science of the Higher Psychology which the learned of his time appear to have regarded as another name for cerebral physiology. In contrast to the teaching of the mechanical biologists who were then in the ascendant, he showed that mind was imperishable, and that the specific activities which seemed to accompany it were really wrought by its influence upon a basis of inferior vitality and lower organization. The ancient doctrine that nature made no leaps received from him its final quietus. He pointed to the leap in the development of protoplasm, to the leap in the manifestation of intellectual faculty, and then

proved a third leap from a visible to an invisible plane of existence. The proof he offered, which we now recognize as strictly scientific, was rejected by those then controlling academic endowments; the Peckster Professor shared the fate of Kepler in astronomy, of Harvey in physiology, and — to go back only thirty years — of George B. Cotley in aerial navigation. It is needless to speak of the work subsequently done by the Director of the Brazilian Brotherhood of Psychologists, for its value is recognized by all educated men. While our Northern scientists seemed bent upon proving the utter dependency of what passed for the spiritual part of man upon his physical organization, their banished associate demonstrated that the power of the spiritual over the physical was supreme and absolute. A mastery of his *Advanced Exercises for Will-Practice* is today required by the College as a condition for the doctorate of laws. It is scarcely credible that former recipients of this degree knew nothing of laws higher than those which were lobbied through legislatures, or devised by the standing committee of a club. I need not remind you how the sobering influence radiated from that Southern Brotherhood tempered the fury of the Social Revolution, the close of which, it is said, our oldest graduate can dimly remember. History tells us how the vibrating psychoplasm supplied by Professor Hargrave ever tended to communicate its rhythms to the heated heads which, for a time, controlled the State, and threatened the very existence of this College. But I dare not longer detain you from the event which is to render this day memorable. The Mather Safe has at last given up a portrait by Affonso Varella, whose death, at the age of twenty-six, was the saddest loss that art has ever sustained in this Western hemisphere. The great Professor, who a century ago looked upon a world half puzzled and half scornful, now meets a

later generation which sends its choicest representatives to do him honor. In your name, in the name of your successors, — yes, even in the name of those who once rejected him, — I welcome Ernest Hargrave back to this venerable Hall.”

As the last word was spoken, the curtain fell from one of the pictures, and Copley's Gideon Peckster, surrounded by a frame of exquisite workmanship, was disclosed to view. A sunbeam, which for the first time brought color into the scene, fell upon the features of this ancient benefactor, whose lips seemed to smile approval as the noblest result of his foundation was at last recognized. As the veil was removed from the second picture, a murmur of delight ran through the theatre. Was the canvas translucent? Surely its opaque texture was penetrated by a lustre not of this world. The spiritual ingredients which the artist had mixed with his paints were potent, after their century of seclusion. The excitement swelled to a tumult of homage; an enlightened generation knew and honored Ernest Hargrave even as his wife had known and honored him in the time gone by. What were exile, what were martyrdom, now! Cheerfully, gratefully, she would fling away the comfortable surroundings of her life, since she had been permitted to see the light of that noble spirit reflected in increased splendor from another age.

Now that the great desire of Clara Hargrave had been gratified, another feminine instinct promptly asserted itself, and she directed her gaze upon the ladies' dresses with insatiable curiosity. She had time to perceive that a modification of the Greek costume, whose key-note was liberty, was generally worn; it offered no restraint to the organic functions which give free play to the nobler powers of the mind. How could she go back to the absurd constructions with which her contemporaries were accustomed to fetter themselves? She would seize the op-

portunity of making an exhaustive study of fabric, cut, and pattern. But as she bent her mind upon this very practical investigation, the Theatre began to waver and twinkle like the wick of a candle that has reached its socket. Indeed, nothing was fixed but the statue, which, doubtless from the solid nature of its material, seemed disinclined to partake of the general instability. Yet notwithstanding this satisfactory distinctness, it appeared to diminish in size, and to grow more lifelike. Was that a flicker of intelligence in the eyes? Why, the sculptor must have had the genius of Varella; he had actually cut speculation into those flinty orbs. Clara could only look wonderingly on, while the hands gradually assumed the color of living flesh, and then, moving upwards, whisked off the graceful academic drapery, and disclosed Dr. Cooley clad in all the ugliness of the contemporary swallow-tail.

"My dear Mrs. Hargrave," said the President kindly, "you have been a little faint; let me take you into the air. Or stay; if the Treasurer will open that window, it may do as well. Here, drink this water; you will feel better presently."

"I am quite myself, thank you," replied the lady, after a brief pause. "I was somewhat confused. Yes, I—I have been away—far away."

"Ah, that is very true; you are indeed going far away," assented Dr. Cooley compassionately. "I am sure no one can wonder that you feel a little hysterical at the thought of leaving your friends in the North. But think what opportunities to win distinction Professor Hargrave will be offered! I still call him Professor, because once a professor, always a professor. I believe that's the rule,—unless we except professors of religion, eh, Mr. Greyson?"

"We have many backsliders who forfeit all right to the title," said the rector.

"That is sad enough," responded the President. "Let us hope that if any professors of science have been tempted to stray from the narrow path, they will take warning before it is too late. Do you know that I want your husband to send us the bones of a *Toxodon*, set up as he would know how to place them? Please use your influence, Mrs. Hargrave. You may tell him that if the College received such a gift, I should feel bound to mention it in my quarterly report."

Clara could not help smiling at the *naïveté* of the inducement. Ernest might have his price, but it was no longer to be reckoned in such currency as this. She sobered herself sufficiently to assure the President that the *Toxodon* was likely to be forthcoming, as Dr. Hargrave had no intention of abandoning his science, though for a time it might be subordinated to other work.

"I must ask President Cooley to open the Safe at once," interposed Dr. Bense. "We have been waiting here more than half an hour for his arrival, and every moment tells against Mr. Peckster, who ought to be in bed in his own house. The stimulus of an unusual excitement keeps him up; but if the emotional strain should be carried beyond a certain point, I cannot answer for the consequences."

"Is that box, which these men were screwing up as I came in, the only deposit?" asked the President. "The bulk is larger than we usually accept; but for Mr. Peckster we have voted to stretch our regulations. We are to keep it for a hundred years, if I am rightly informed."

"That is the understanding," said Dr. Bense. "It is then to be opened, and its contents given to the College. But to answer your inquiry, there is one other consignment. I hold in my hand a parcel of manuscript, which Mrs. Hargrave, in the name of her husband, adds to the other writings he has placed in

the Safe. All are to be kept for fifty years, and are then to be given to the last minority candidate for the Gorley Professorship of Psychology, — a man who, in the judgment of Dr. Hargrave, is likely to be freer from the trammels of precedent than the actual winner of the Chair.”

“There need be no delay beyond the necessary formalities of registration,” said Dr. Cooley. “Mr. Treasurer, will you try your key in that lock? Thank you. Now it is my turn. There; our wizard’s cave is open, and ready to lay its enchantment upon whatever is offered. A storehouse rich in potential energy that shall one day become dynamic! Fortunately, we are exempt from taxation, so there is no assessor’s estimate of the worth of its contents.”

The doors, which swung heavily apart, disclosed only a small portion of the dusky prison, from which no executive magistrate held the right of pardon. A suppressed rustle seemed to come from the interior. Possibly it was the Past brushing by the Present, to confer with the Future; or it may have been the whispers of dead men, who confided their secrets to a posterity as non-existent as themselves.

The heavy portrait-case was now lifted by its bearers, who, preceded by the Treasurer, bore it into the Safe. The President then received the package from the hands of Dr. Bense, and placed it in a certain iron pigeon-hole numbered 249, and marked with the name “Hargrave.” Then the doors were closed; the keys of the proper officials threw the bolts of their respective locks; and the bequest of Miser Farrel held its new consignments with a clutch that only Father Time might relax.

During these proceedings, Mr. Greyson had been writing in a huge folio, whose covers were decorated with the Farrel arms quartered with those of the College. It contained a list of the deposits in the Safe; each being provided

with a number, motto, or other device to insure its certain identification.

“All is now ready for the signatures,” said the rector at length. “Mrs. Hargrave, will you come first? Please put your name there, on the second line from the bottom. That is quite right. Now, Mr. Peckster, we will turn the page, and make ready for you. You need not rise, sir. I will bring the book, and here is a pen full of ink. Write just after the words, ‘And my will is that the above-described deposit remain in the Mather Safe for one hundred years, and that it be then presented to the College in the name of my ancestor, Gideon Peckster.’”

The representative of the last-named personage appeared to find some difficulty in placing his autograph just where it was wanted. It was, however, approximately accomplished, being finished with the assistance of Mr. Greyson, who guided back the uncertain hand in order that the *t* in the last syllable might receive its proper crossing.

“There is one other little ceremony that belongs to the occasion,” said Dr. Cooley in his blandest manner, “and as soon as it is performed we will all escort Mr. Peckster to his carriage. The College is, unhappily, forced to ask for payment in advance, for really we can have no guarantee that the consignees will think that they have received treasures worth the accumulated fees for freight and storage. Thank you, Mrs. Hargrave; the usual check payable to the order of our Treasurer: yes, that is quite correct. By the way, did you see the sonnet upon the Mather Safe that was printed in yesterday’s *Adviser*? The poet compares it to an aqueduct that carries living waters through a stretch of underground darkness, till at length they rise to refresh a city far below the horizon. Unfortunately, the analogy is only partial, for we are without the means of collecting rates from the distant takers.”

"Please to help me rise," said Mr. Ephraim Peckster. "I am provided with a check for the necessary payment, and — perhaps I can say a few words, before the lights are put out."

Grasping the hand of the rector, the invalid lifted himself from the luxurious padding of his chair, and then straightened to a figure with more of the stiffening of manhood in it than had lately been apparent. He advanced towards the President, and handed him a slip of corn-colored paper.

"I fear we must trouble Mr. Peckster to add one more cipher to the amount written here," said Dr. Cooley, after a little hesitation. "The Regents voted that our keys required an unusual lubrication before they could open the doors of the Safe for so large a deposit."

"Then I am very sorry that I did not bring my check-book," replied Mr. Peckster courteously.

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that account," rejoined the President. "I carry check-blanks upon all the banks, a habit of mine which, I can assure you, has been of much advantage to the College."

"It is growing dark," said Mr. Peckster. "Dr. Bense is a good friend of the higher education, and he may write whatever you wish. Let him fill the blank on the Mellin Trust Company, and I will sign it."

"He may write whatever I wish?" repeated Dr. Cooley interrogatively. "Ah, my dear Mr. Peckster, I fear you do not quite mean that. For if I were to have my wish, I think it would be that you would give Dr. Bense permission to square the initial figure as well as to annex the missing cipher."

Ephraim Peckster, although in an unusually giving mood, recoiled at the enormous liberality of this proposition. The ancestral light faded from the features, while the brows contracted to the peculiar knot known to the sheep of the

Pasture, when they were tardy in presenting themselves for the shearing of quarter-day. The shrinking was only for an instant; and then the attributes of old Gideon broke through the countenance more strongly than before. It was a symptomatic fact which the doctor noted with uneasiness.

"I accept your amendment," said a voice which seemed too vigorous for the feeble invalid from whose lips it issued. "I shall only ask the Treasurer to delay presenting the check for three days: I have no such sum at present on deposit."

"He shall delay for three weeks, my good sir, if you say the word," was the cordial response of President Cooley. "Believe me, you will never regret this pious benefaction. In one way or another, we are able to make good returns for what we get. Had you come earlier in the evening, you would have seen rose-colored lights arranged to form the names of those who have remembered us: they were symbolic of the hue in which our College chroniclers are accustomed to set forth the facts of their mortal pilgrimage."

A look of stern decision, which darkened Mr. Peckster's face, repelled this kindly meant suggestion. Words came slowly and with effort: "My being, attenuated of much of its mortal substance, is even now assuming relations with a state where a man's thoughts of himself are the only life-history which need concern him. As the nerve of sense is paralyzed, a second consciousness, long overlaid, rises to clearness, coherence, intensity. Let no one be bribed to mask for others the fearful shadows that must there haunt me! . . . But let me sign the check that Dr. Bense has written. Give it to me at once, for I know not how soon the play will be over."

"This is the passing humor of a tired man, for which a good night's sleep is the certain remedy," said the President

tenderly. But he made a sign to Dr. Bense to write what was wanted with all speed; for if the play should be indeed near its ending, it was clear that the College Library was no place for the catastrophe of the fifth act.

"Here, my dear sir," continued Dr. Cooley, as he held out the check upon which the physician had written the result of the little sum that had been set him. "Try this quill, — there is no metallic pen that writes so easily, — and accept the privilege of the situation. Ah, it is a strange privilege, after all! To think that years of honest labor shall not so earn the gratitude of the College as the few dots and pothooks you are to put upon this paper! Yes, we have here a notable contrast."

"The contrast is awful," murmured the old man; "it is mockery to say that reason and religion will never find a way to avoid it. I am humbled, nay, crushed, with the thought that I, who have stumbled and seen so dimly, am yet permitted to do something to give others a better guidance."

All weariness went out of the hand as the name was written; never had so bold a signature been seen upon the paper of Ephraim Peckster. It was observed that the family name bore a wonderful likeness to the strong-featured autographs of ancestor Gideon: there was the swirling loop to the *k*, and the dashing wave which followed the concluding *r*. This was not surprising to Dr. Bense, who knew that there are certain inherited substrata which may function for the first time after some special bodily failure; these testify to a kinship from which all the active life has grown away.

"Everything is pleasantly finished," said Dr. Cooley, rubbing his hands with pardonable satisfaction. "Now we will get Mr. Peckster into his coat, and into the fresh air, where the carriage is waiting. He will feel like another man when once outside our musty Library,

and will ride home happy with the remembrance of the good thing he has done for us."

But the black moment could no longer be postponed. A New England family had spent or wasted such force as was in it, and local history would know its members no more. The last representative of his name perceived that the *Satis lusisti!* had been spoken. There was an instant of painfully acute consciousness, a fearful throbbing in the ears, a convulsive movement of the throat, as if some one thrust back the cry which fought for utterance. The solid walls of the building seemed to fall and bear something to the earth. Dr. Bense caught something in his arms, — but it was not Ephraim Peckster. The wrench was over, and the great transformation — which was no transformation — was accomplished.

No transformation. Clara Hargrave saw the group about the thing that had been laid gently upon the floor; she saw Dr. Bense on his knees beside it; she heard him murmur something about the "inhibitory cardiac apparatus," — and there was Ephraim Peckster standing before her, clothed as when in the body. Yes, gentlemen of the Society for Psychological Research, in spite of the ponderous dress difficulty, the fact can be given to you in no better words than those that have just been written. Of course they are inadequate, — absurdly inadequate. Go to the arctic regions, and use the forms of speech belonging to the climate in lecturing upon tropical forests or electrical communication. A garden becomes a dirty snowdrift that breaks into colored spots, like a man with the small-pox; the telegraph is a fishing-line stretched between two huts, along which runs a little animal with a bit of blubber in his mouth. Such grotesque adumbration we must put up with in conveying the facts of one zone to the inhabitants of another. Shall we do better in attempting to translate spirit-



ual perceptions into forms of language unfitted to receive them? We can only reverse the fable, and show the lion in the hide of the ass.

It is improbable that Ephraim Peckster subsisted in neumenal existence precisely as he appeared to the sensitive. Consciousness can never give us a complete representation of the sensory impulse which occasions a perception. It concerns us only to know that, as the man had lost no quality that was really his, the modification of character given by clothes persisted. Take the lawn sleeves from your bishop, and compel him to officiate in a fancy bathing-dress, and you strip him of an important part of his personality. Now the fact to be conveyed is that death deprives a man of no essential part of his being. The form upon which Dr. Bense was trying the resources of his art never had any life of its own; the glazing eye had never seen, the dull ear had never heard. Sensation is of the spiritual body. If the form and moving of the machine had been express and admirable, it was because a visitant from another range of being had animated it. No transformation. There stood the feeble residuum of the Peckster family just as inheritance, circumstance, self-indulgence, had made him; or rather, just as he had made himself by offering no efficient resistance to these witchcrafts of the flesh. The face, which in earth-life bore traces of the nobler living of old Gideon, was now absolutely symbolic of character. It showed the man exactly as he was: not what he had persuaded himself that he was; not what his money had bribed others to represent him. Vainly might rose-water religionists promise their patron Dives a higher life and a happier future. The sensitive shuddered as she perceived that to such as Ephraim Peckster there opens a lower life and a darker future, long, terrible, — whether hopeless or endless, who shall say?

The bustle and buzz of excited mur-

murs which succeeded the shock were scarcely heard by Clara Hargrave, whose nerves of outer sense were numbed as she gazed at the mystery before her. It was not until what had happened was understood by her companions, and their hasty exclamations had been duly uttered, that Mr. Greyson's voice came to her almost like that of one who is speaking an unknown tongue: —

"Should we not send for a coroner, or for the officer who represents him?"

"Absolutely unnecessary," said Dr. Bense, with decision. "The matter is perfectly simple, — the sudden stopping of a long-debilitated heart. The books are full of just such cases."

"There is a question," said Dr. Cooley, with some hesitation, "which, under the circumstances, should be considered without delay. I regret to thrust it forward at this painful moment, but the fact that I am here in a fiduciary capacity leaves me no alternative. What is the value of that check? I call you all to witness that Mr. Peckster signed it with a full knowledge of what he was doing. Added to the funds I have been slowly accumulating, the amount here written is sufficient to establish the long-desired Chair of Heredity, — a focus from which light, spreading in divergent rays, shall increase the efficiency of every department of the College. I speak only such words as the tenderest friend of him who lies there might utter, when I inquire whether the life that has just vanished like a dream has left something behind it which may be of substantial benefit to the world. Again I ask, What is the value of the check?"

The Treasurer, who seemed to be appealed to, waited for a moment, and then, extending his arm, drew an ellipse upon an imaginary blackboard.

"Then we must appeal to the moral sense of the Duke; we have the strongest claim upon him!"

The Treasurer shrugged his shoulders, as if to intimate that the moral sense of



that eminent aristocrat was probably overgrown by the weedy harvests he had been at the pains to cultivate.

"Cannot you get special legislation?" inquired Dr. Bense. "Surely there are ways in which the College can bring pressure to bear upon the average country member!"

"*Ex post facto* law-making happens to be unconstitutional," replied the Treasurer regretfully. "I don't think we can provide a lobby potent enough to surmount that obstacle."

The little council was somewhat soured by this final checkmate. It was marvelous that a scheme of the universe, which the College had always patronized as on the whole well arranged and agreeable, should have such fatal flaws in it!

"I see the solution of our difficulty!" exclaimed the Treasurer suddenly. "I was stupid not to have thought of it. Although the check has now no value as a money-order, it may be worth much as evidence of a claim against the executor of the estate. As a gift to the College it is nothing; but how if we can show that it was an intended payment for value received? The consideration was, of course, our pledge to give a century of storage in the Mather Safe to a most unusual and cumbrous deposit. This view of the matter will bring the case into Court; and, once there, Hensleigh will take care of us. If we go to a jury, there will be a chance for his rhapsodic stop. What an opportunity to make an eloquent plea for letters! Why, there has been nothing like it since the trial of the poet Archias!"

"I cannot take your hopeful view of the situation," said the President sadly. "I have had bitter experience of the resources of legal zigzagging, and of the prejudices of twelve average citizens. If justice were done, this check would be good for the amount Mr. Peckster intended to convey to us; but I should sleep more easily to-night if I saw a

name which meant money written across the back of it."

"I fear it would have no legal significance, under the present circumstances," said the Treasurer doubtfully.

"It would have a moral significance," replied Dr. Cooley, with decision, "and that would be sufficient with the class of benefactors who in time past have aided the College."

"You shall have a name, then," said Clara Hargrave, rising in response to the imploring gesture of a being visible to her alone. "Give me the pen. . . There! What I have written means that if the Courts fail you, the Professorship shall still be founded. For some time past I have set aside property to endow a Chair of even greater importance than that which is so near the heart of the President. Well, the time is against me. It appears I was born too soon to enrich the College in the way I should like. I accept the conditions of my age, and will do for it what I can."

"Your action is worthy of a well-balanced masculine mind!" exclaimed Dr. Bense; "and what better can I say of it?"

"Say that it is not unworthy the wife of Professor Hargrave, and I shall be fully satisfied," replied the lady, as she resumed her seat.

The pecuniary shadows being thus measurably dissipated, the flutter belonging to the situation was resumed. The janitor was summoned, and dispatched for functionaries who lie in wait for such occasions, and who often seem to be affected by an astonishing polarity which attracts them to the spot where their services are wanted.

The excited reporter telephoned to his journal that the obituary, so long set up, might see the light in the morning's issue, and then proceeded to write out the particulars that were to bring a thrill of sensation to many breakfast-tables.

There was a hurried, informal con-

sultation held with Mr. Greyson by the two College officers. The funeral would certainly take place at St. Philemon's; any day but Thursday would suit the President. Seats must of course be reserved for the Council of Regents: some of them would have gone in any case, but, under the peculiar circumstances, it was imperative that they should go as a body; they should be conspicuously present.

The grounds about the Library were at the acme of their desertion when the tired janitor was permitted to close the building. The grass, crushed by the throng of celebrators, had begun to revive with the moisture of the dew. No flush in the east announced that another day was approaching, yet there was a faint twittering of sparrows, indicating a drowsy faith that the sun must rise as usual, even though a figure of the moneyed weight and substance of the late Ephraim Peckster would be undiscernible in the show.

#### IV.

How strange is the craving to see newspaper accounts of sights or transactions concerning which we happen to be much better informed than the reporter who chronicles them! There must have been many things in the morning issue of the *Daily Adviser* of which Dr. Bense was ignorant, yet he passed them by to read the narrative of last night's scene in the College Library, about which his information was perfect. It seems as if we could not fully realize what we have done or witnessed until we get it in type, and are instructed how to regard it by the editorial pronoun of multitude.

"Yes, my dear, the *Adviser* gives the facts with a fair amount of correctness," said Dr. Bense, when released from the fascination which the morning paper exerts upon the masculine mind. "Here are the comments, cut up into little para-

graphs of some dozen lines each, as the fashion now is. If we can persuade little Dora to keep quiet for a few minutes, I will read them to you."

The doctor addressed Mrs. Bense, who was sitting at the waiter-side of the breakfast-table. He referred to a flaxen-haired child, whose six summers of experience had been filled with alternate visions of vivid joys and sorrows, with fairy intimacies, and with silly conclusions.

"Come, little Dora, leave off rattling the shovel, and sit upon grandpapa's knee, and hear him read all about poor Mr. Peckster."

"Does the story end with a question?" asked little Dora doubtfully. She had been bewitched by a certain tale of a barbaric princess, which a version of her grandfather's had brought within the grasp of the childish imagination. "Does Mr. Peckster's story end with a question, just like Mr. Stockton's?"

"There are few stories that do not, my dear," replied the doctor sadly, "and it is generally easier to see the question than to come at the answer."

"Then I will find out the question, and you shall tell me the answer!" exclaimed the child, shaking her curls, and laughing at her own suggestion of this happy division of labor.

"Well, then, attend to the reading; and remember to keep quiet even if you don't understand it."

So saying, Dr. Bense adjusted his spectacles, and proceeded to give the wisdom of the *Adviser* all the advantage of a good voice and correct emphasis:—

"The death of Mr. Ephraim Peckster, whose obituary will be found in another column, will produce a profound sensation in this community. He was Treasurer of the Lucullus Land Company, Trustee of the Demas Institute for Distressed Travelers, Vice-President of the *Metamora Club*, and held other offices of responsibility and trust. He was

an honorary member of the National Osteological Association, a body that will now add one more to the interesting collection of memoirs in which its associates are celebrated. Mr. Peckster was likewise connected with several dining-clubs, and the sumptuous hospitalities of his mansion on Brandon Avenue will long be remembered. His relations with the College have always been most friendly, and the rumor that they had of late become somewhat strained should be treated as idle gossip. It is gratifying to state that the famous Pasture has been much enlarged by the operations of its late proprietor in Western lands, and that its productiveness was never greater. We had forgotten to mention that Mr. Peckster was at one time talked of for the gubernatorial chair, — a position for which, it is needless to say, he had very important qualifications. Had his friends been permitted to bring forward his name, we regard it as more than probable that we might to-day be called upon to mourn the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth.

“The Adviser is equal to the occasion, as it always is,” remarked the admiring reader. “I think Peckster held a good deal of its stock. The sudden recollection of a contingency which permits winding up with that sonorous chief-magistrate business is a fine touch of journalistic art. But, stop! here is something else that concerns us: —

“The abolition of the Peckster Professorship, followed so immediately by the death of the last bearer of the name of its founder, is an impressive circumstance. We understand that the occupant of the late Chair of Osteology sails from New York this afternoon for his future home in Brazil. We need not enlarge upon the opportunities for legitimate investigation that will there be open to him. It is to be hoped that he will give his exclusive attention to those gigantic bones of the palæontozoic age which belong to the field of research in

which he has already acquired such high distinction. We advise him to confine himself to the scientific coördination of the laws and phenomena of osseous deposit. Would that it were unnecessary to emphasize our friendly counsel! But the communication signed “Regent,” on the fourth page, coming from a source entitled to the highest consideration, justifies a plainness of language that we would gladly have avoided. It is now unnecessary to deny that the impairment of Professor Hargrave’s usefulness to the College was a leading consideration in abolishing the Peckster Professorship. His unhappy reversion to those forms of thought which, in our savage ancestors, characterized the earlier steps of the evolutionary movement separated him from the exponents of modern science who have given the College its present high position. Fortunately, Dr. Hargrave has now an opportunity to abandon the chimæras which have deprived him of the Professorship. His power of combining and coördinating the facts obtained in his legitimate sphere of observation is unquestionably remarkable; he may yet give the world a book worthy of the author of *Centres of Ossification*, and receive the doctorate of laws which the College would hasten to bestow. We advise him, then, to renounce at once and forever those vaporous mysticisms which tend to culminate in the perilous doctrines of Rousseau. Let him remember that our highest medical authorities regard this aspiration to work in the void as the sign of a mental deficiency, which may at any time increase to positive mental disorder. For the initial degeneracy having set in, its morbid development is certain to follow, and the end is not difficult to prefigure.”

“That seems to be very judicious advice,” said Mrs. Bense, after the pause that followed this dismal vaticination.

“It probably comes from the same pen that writes the Regent communication,” observed the doctor. “Of course

it is the only view of the situation which can justify the action of the Council. Luckily, a man of Hargrave's consciousness of inward strength has no occasion to lean upon the College."

"But surely you agree with that fine-sounding editorial?"

"Well, not altogether," answered Dr. Bense. "The truth is, Hargrave has got at facts — and they are facts — which cannot be forced into relation with the facts of physiology and pathology with which I am familiar. He is sustained by a wife who absolutely trusts him, and who knows — or thinks she knows — that his work in the transcendental sphere will not only build up his own character to the noblest poise of manhood, but will bestow an infinite blessing upon the world."

"And who will be right, the Lady or the Adviser?" suddenly broke in little Dora, seizing the only question that seemed to flicker out of the sombre discourse she had imperfectly understood.

"Ah, I cannot answer that question, dear Dolly; so you must jump down, and let grandpapa go to his patients."

"But can nobody answer it?" persisted the child.

"Well, I can't think of anybody just at present," responded the doctor reflectively. "Though, to be sure, we

might apply to a gentleman who lives many miles off, and who has written a very nice book about astronomy, which you shall read when you're a little older."

"Oh, do let's ask him!" cried Dora, catching at the suggestion.

"Very well, then: if you can manage to write down the question concerning the Lady and the Adviser, we will mail it to this good gentleman, who, as I was saying, knows about astronomy, and political economy, and so many other things."

"Do you really think, grandpapa, that he knows more about *the other things* than Professor Hargrave?"

Dr. Bense started; he doubted if Judge Hensleigh himself had ever put a more searching interrogation. Fortunately, there was no Court to commit him for contempt if he declined to answer.

"You must ask no more questions, Miss Dolly Bense. See, here is an envelope: I will address it to the learned gentleman we were speaking of, and perhaps he will refer your inquiry to the wise association of which he is the chief. There, now; I have written very plainly, so that you can read it: *To the President of the Society for Psychological Research.*"

*J. P. Quincy.*

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## STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: THE VILLAGE SYSTEM.

It is especially in the history of European peoples that we learn how customs gradually harden into institutions. We perceive that in all ages the power of one class over another has grown in ways for which the political system of the country failed to provide. The European to-day finds himself facing all sorts of institutions and relics of institutions, and learns from their peculiarities

the method of their growth. With this background of knowledge and customary thought, he is prepared to consider the future and its difficult problems in quite a different spirit from that of the average American. The man of American birth and descent does not readily conceive the idea that the forms of our society and government may become radically altered through the slow force

of action, which is unintentionally unharmonious with them. He is used to think of institutions, not as the unpremeditated product of social growth, but as the deliberate result of resolutions, declarations, and enactments, suddenly affirming the faith of the people. He falls into this habit of thought because this was the way of the republic in its inception. It is a proof, moreover, of the high temper of his mind that he does not fearfully search about for tendencies that may be inimical to the social order of the nation. He believes so fully in the power of an idea — particularly if it be the American idea — that he thinks that it needed only to be incarnated once into words, as in the Declaration of Independence, to be endowed with ability to go on forever, and to clothe itself fittingly in garments of law and custom.

Political revolution is a thing we understand, in this country, much better than political evolution. We expect people who have new views to do something about them with foresight and purpose. We look to have a convention called and resolutions proclaimed. Deliberate words and deeds tending to a definite end, — these are things which the American mind comprehends. The Northerner understood secession, a political word and blow, just as the Southerner instantly perceived the revolutionary significance of John Brown's raid. So now the people have quite generally taken in the fact that something hinges upon the sudden birth among them of an autocratic organization like the Knights of Labor, with its manifestoes and its circulars, open and secret. On the other hand, it is not readily understood that men without ideas except those that appertain to ordinary life, men without intentions except to get their living and to please their fancies, may by their aggregate action evolve customs and develop institutions which shall have power to change the current of national life. It is not supposed that they may effect this while

pursuing the common ends of business and of social life, and that they may do it by use of very simple methods, without the aid of resolutions or enactments.

Thus it follows that very little notice has been taken of what has been happening in many New England manufacturing villages during the last eighty years.

I propose to examine, in this connection, the history of only one branch of industry. The manufacture of cotton into various fabrics for personal wear has this peculiarity, that it employs as laborers great numbers of women and children. As a consequence, it affects the family life of its operative class more closely than those industries do in which men principally are employed. Various circumstances have contributed to increase this influence on the family life beyond the measure which the bare statement of the case naturally makes apparent at once. The *laissez-faire* principles commonly accepted by the last two generations have led to the result that this influence has practically become something like control, and that it has been largely unregulated by law and largely unperceived by the people in general.

Eighty years ago, when cotton manufacturing was in its infancy, an American mechanic would often start a little mill with a few dozen employees. Among them were probably his own children and the children of his relatives, the youngest of whom might not be more than seven or eight years old. It was not an ideal state of affairs, but everybody shared pretty equally in its unideal conditions. For twenty or thirty years the mills grew in size and numbers, but the operatives continued to be of the same nationality and the same class as the employers. Social relations and intermarriages were not only possible but actual facts, as an investigation into the private history of some prominent manufacturing families would show. A caste

feeling, however, began to develop as the profits of the employer grew greater than the wages of the employed, and the property thus acquired by some separated into classes those who a short time before had been equal neighbors. It became an objection to marriage, as local traditions relate, that "her" father worked for "his" father, although the youth in question might in early childhood have worked in his father's mill, and might pride himself, in his successful old age, on the fact.

During this early period, it became customary for the mill proprietors to possess themselves of tracts of land about the factories, and to build thereon tenement-houses, boarding-houses, and frequently stores for the operatives. It was necessary that they should do so, as the sudden growth of the industry attracted into the river valleys where the mills were situated large numbers of people, who must immediately be provided with dwelling-places and markets in which to purchase food. The country was young, and there were no capitalists to hold the land and put up the houses but the cotton manufacturers themselves, the very men whose enterprise had called to the borders of the streams the sons and daughters of the inland farms. The standard of comfort was low. The risks of a new business must also be considered, when we scrutinize the villages that were built at that time. They were often far inferior to those established in later days.

The equality of condition moderated slowly but steadily. Traces of it lingered nearly as long as native Americans remained in the mill in any number. I have known of one instance of a very intimate friendship existing, during the middle of the century, between two thoughtful women, one of whom was the mill-owner's wife and the other an operative in the factory. Just such a friendship would be scarcely a conceivable possibility under existing conditions. Only

philanthropic intentions could bring about even its shadow.

Difference in wealth, with its inevitable result of difference in daily habit, had already proved a barrier between employer and employed, when, after the year 1850, a greater distinction arose. The mill population slowly altered its character, and this change naturally emphasized its distinctness from the mill-owners. Foreigners began to come, and the Americans who had hitherto worked in the mill rose into superior avocations, until few of the native women remained, and not many men except those who were overseers or superintendents. The next generation accentuated the change. The New England girls of this period did not go into the factory, as their mothers had gone. They sought higher employments during the interval between school and marriage. The governing class in the industry, including owners, clerks, superintendents, and overseers, was now of a different race and religion from the workers; who so far as many affairs were concerned had become a governed class. I do not mean that such of the men as had the franchise were improperly controlled in their political action. I do not believe that the manufacturers of New England are guilty of trying to unduly influence the votes of their laborers. It must also be noted, in this connection, that comparatively few of these operatives can be influenced in that way, since none of the women and few of the men are voters. When, therefore, I say they are governed by the manufacturers, I mean that the methods of their daily life and work are under control.

When the manufacturers had obtained possession of the mills where these foreign operatives must work, and the houses in which they must live, they were able to exercise a sway which was not the less real because it lay entirely outside of the legal authority. Whether the proprietor of one of these villages acted

from conscientious or from selfish motives did not affect his ability to regulate in great measure the lives of the men, women, and children who worked for him, and who were his tenants. For instance, I remember when it was an acknowledged policy on the part of my father not to sell land to an Irishman, lest he should build a rum-shop on it. Yet in these later days people talk about the management of the town of Pullman, as though its founders had started a new principle of action there in forbidding land to be sold within its precincts. Of course this policy was never very fully carried out in New England. Foreigners have acquired much land, and have built themselves many houses, sometimes thereby creating suburbs to the central portion of the factory village, which is still owned by the manufacturers. The essential constitution of the factory domain, also, remains intact in the smaller towns where the cotton industry is prosecuted. In large places, like Pawtucket and Fall River, the tenements do not always belong to the manufacturers. The peculiar financial exactions of town life have proved more or less inimical to the primitive organization. But in Rhode Island whole villages still belong to single firms, and several villages sometimes belong to one firm. Occasionally, also, a new village is created as summarily as was Pullman, and from less moral and more purely money-making motives. In many cases, the manufacturing families do not reside near their establishments. The tendency of the Rhode Island laws about corporations has been to keep each manufacturing property in the possession of the family and the immediate descendants of its original founder. This fact, in connection with the custom of owning tenements for the operatives, might have developed something like the ideal manorial relation between the employers and the people, had the former class resided among their tenants. They have

yielded to such motives as would naturally influence them in the choice of a dwelling-place, and these have, in Rhode Island, generally led them away from the near vicinity of their mills and their tenement-houses. The manners and habits of action contracted during several generations have rendered the social and intellectual desires of the manufacturing families inconsistent with life in factory villages. Society such as they require cannot flourish in a community where only one industry is prominent, and where leisure and educated manners are consequently likely to be found in the possession of but few persons, — the leaders of that one business. No one would choose such a village for his habitation who wanted either social attraction or intellectual stimulus. Nor do the physical conditions of manufacturing tend to make beautiful a rural district, and to tempt persons who can dwell elsewhere to abide in it, through love of country homes.

Trifles occasionally bear witness to the nature of society in any given place or period. The hereditary character of manufacturing in the Rhode Island villages is indicated by the fact that the accounts of that business are in many cases kept in shillings and pence, and the wages of the "help" are estimated in the same way. The fictitious shilling is worth sixteen and two thirds cents, and the equally mythical sixpence is valued at half that sum. It is claimed that it is easier to calculate after this fashion than by means of dollars and cents. Whether that be so or not, the custom is simply one that has been handed down from father to son, in the family corporations which distinguish the cotton industries of the State. In Fall River, on the contrary, where the succession in the management of the mills has not been so strictly according to blood relationship, no such method prevails.

The inhabitants of typical factory vil-



lages come in contact with few people very different from themselves in ideas or education. Their employers know little of them except in the mass, and they know little of their employers save as represented to them by business officials concerned in the management. One factor in this management has undergone still another change, naturally succeeding those already indicated. While the head clerks and superintendents are still Americans, the lower overseers are now foreigners, who have acquired more skill in work, but not necessarily higher development in morals, than their fellows. The proportions of English, Irish, and French Canadians vary in different places.

When an operative who is the head of a family comes to a mill village, he tells the overseer or superintendent how many laborers he can enter into the mill, and he is assigned a tenement, with more or less liberty of choice as to the dwelling-place, according to circumstances. In the country districts of Rhode Island, the family find themselves in a village somewhat like one of which the owner has given me a description. He says that "the rents are about the same as charged by outsiders," and that "the tenements compare favorably with the outside houses." They are "probably a little older, but kept in better repair." In this village, the houses are not supplied with water, the water in use being obtained from wells. The dwellings are situated on a rise of land above the mill, and the place is healthy. The proprietor considers that the sewage is properly taken care of, and the houses are small, occupied by only one or two families, and are not very near each other. The number of operatives employed in the mill is about one hundred and thirty. The number who live in the factory tenements and boarding-house is one hundred and nine, while seventeen rent houses of outsiders, and four live in their own houses.

The following statements are given concerning another establishment in the same region: Operatives, three hundred and twenty, of whom two hundred and forty are tenants of the company, thirty-six hire habitations of other persons, and forty-four are said to live in their own houses. This probably does not mean that there are forty-four householders, in the employ of the company, who own houses, but that forty-four of the operatives live in houses which belong to members of their respective families, each proprietary family very likely contributing several persons to make up the forty-four. The tenements in this village rent for about thirty-three per cent. less than outside tenements, and compare "very favorably" with them. Water is carried into nine of the mill-houses, and "it is the opinion of the manufacturers that sewage is satisfactorily disposed of."

In the Blackstone Valley, factory towns are strung like beads along the river. In Pawtucket, the village system is nearly destroyed. Very few of the operatives in the employ of the Conant mill, for instance, occupy tenements belonging to the firm. Some of the larger and older villages are in a transitional state as regards this matter. The mills have either increased in size, or the work has so changed as to necessitate more laborers, for whose accommodation the mill-owners have not built additional tenements, but who have been housed by the enterprise of different parties. This has been possible, because the cotton industry has now attracted other industries and other capital into its neighborhood. The money made by the manufacture has also passed in part into the hands of people in the vicinity, and they have become proprietors of tenement-houses. The Lonsdale Company seem to be making, lately, an effort to abandon the primitive factory organization in some parts of their vast property. In many cases, however, when they have



extended their business by building new mills, they have at the same time put up tenements enough to provide for the families of the entire force to be employed.

Valley Falls is one of the oldest establishments on the hard-worked river. I have received from Mr. Arnold B. Chace the statistics about the mills and the operatives. A large population unconnected with the factories reside in the place, and much business is carried on. As a consequence, there are now many owners of tenement-houses besides the manufacturing company. Number of persons employed by the cotton company, six hundred and thirteen : number renting tenements or rooms of the company, three hundred and thirty-one ; number renting of outsiders, two hundred and thirty-one ; number living in houses owned by the heads of their respective families, fifty-one ; number belonging to families which rent of the company, but who themselves own houses situated elsewhere, twelve. The rents of the company's houses average thirty per cent. lower than those let by outsiders, and are reported on the average to be as good. Water is carried into nearly all of them, and the sewage is emptied into the river by as good an arrangement as is possible under the conditions furnished by the character of the country and of the stream. The Blackstone, however, does not seem to be equal at all seasons to disposing of this burden. Senator Jonathan Chace, of Rhode Island, has kindly furnished me with some observations drawn from his own experience in the Blackstone Valley. He says : "In many cases (perhaps most), the factory tenements have been in times past very much poorer than similar ones owned by other persons in the vicinity. This was the case a few years ago both at — and —, but three companies have recently spent large sums of money on their houses, and they are now fully up to the standard of comfort, convenience, and health-

fulness of those owned by others." The villages built recently are better than those of older date, which are so constructed as to render them difficult to modify.

Senator Chace continues : "The houses owned by the Lonsdale Company at Ashton, Berkeley, and the new village they are now building at Lonsdale are far superior to any rented houses in the neighborhood. Those now building at Lonsdale are models, and even sumptuous. . . . Very many factory houses have water in them now, and it is fast coming to be recognized by the owners of such tenements that such conveniences must be provided." Another improvement, which Senator Chace does not note, is in the larger number of entrances provided to the dwellings. In the old villages, houses to accommodate four families were often built with only one or two outside doors, and tenement-houses put up by Irishmen and French Canadians in the Blackstone Valley are at this day constructed in the same barbarous manner.

Senator Chace says that at Albion very nearly all the operatives are tenants of the manufacturers, and adds that "the rule is almost universal that factory-owners rent their houses for about three to four per cent. of their cost. Outside tenements rent for from eight to ten per cent."

It must not be understood that these facts are given with the intention of implying that they cover all cases, but it is believed that they indicate accurately the general condition.

It cannot be denied that a great moral responsibility as to the disposal of sewage rests upon a very few persons, when a whole village or a large portion of it belongs to one corporation, and that corporation, moreover, as a rule is made up of the members of one family. The introduction of water into the tenements, though a great comfort and help to the women, has unquestionably made it more

difficult to find an adequate method of sewerage. Malaria, unknown for half a century, has in late years appeared and become very prevalent in the Blackstone Valley. Thirty operatives have been ill and absent from work on a single summer's day, in one of these river villages.

Concerning this matter, Senator Chace writes me : " I think but little has been done about sewerage in American factory villages. . . . There is no doubt that the system which is almost universally adopted in this country is a criminal barbarism, only a little better than the old baronial plan, after each feast, of sweeping the remains of the meats and other viands from the banqueting-table on to the floor of rushes, — covering each contribution with more rushes, leaving them to rot, fester, and breed pestilence. We are too remiss in this matter, and if we don't make haste to remedy the fault we shall have a ' visitation of Providence ' in the shape of pestilence. Nowhere is the danger of such visitation greater than in the beautiful valley of the Blackstone."

Tenement ownership by the manufacturers was a necessity in the past, and is both a convenience and a source of great difficulty in the present. It is a powerful engine of control over the working people, — a control that can be used for the pecuniary advantage of the mill-owners, in the hold which it gives over such operatives as they wish to retain in their employ. It seems also to have both good and evil effects on the character of the villagers. It will not do to overlook either the good or the evil, in attempting to form a judgment as to the value of the institution to the country. Mr. Arnold B. Chace gives it as his opinion that tenement ownership checks rum-selling and open immorality, and that it preserves a higher sanitary condition than could otherwise be at present obtained. On the other hand, he thinks that it is not friendly to the de-

velopment of the sentiment for home, and that it tends to make the operatives a floating class in the population. In one of the largest Rhode Island villages, thirty families moved into the place and entered the mill service within five months, in the winter of 1887-88. Eleven of these went away before the five months were past, and nine other families also departed during the same period. Six moved on account of malaria. Their names indicate that about one third of the whole number were French Canadians. Probably, more were of that race, as these people frequently anglicize their names beyond the recognition of their nationality. If they do not effect this transformation themselves, it is often done for them at the factory counting-room, where the clerks dub them anew, after vain struggles to get their original appellations correctly.

If a family in the mill service, which has rented rooms from the company, withdraws its working members from the factory, it is required to leave its habitation within a reasonable time. This rule is apt to be strictly enforced, if the tenants retire from the mill because they are dissatisfied with their work or their wages, unless they are participants in a general strike. In that case, the company is forced to defer action until the issue of the matter seems probable. No one can be familiar with factory village life without perceiving that the control of the tenements might be a tremendous lever in the hands of an unjust person. This portion of the management devolves upon the superintendent. He rents the tenements to the people, admits and warns them out.

If for any reason there are plenty of houses to accommodate the operatives, tenants are frequently allowed to remain in possession who do not fulfill the rule that the number of persons in a family furnished to the mill must bear some proportion to the size of the tenement

held. Instances of the kind have frequently come to my knowledge, such as that of an old couple who occupied a house for years, while the company waited till they should die, to tear it down. On the other hand, when it is necessary to provide more shelter for help than can be easily obtained, the rule is sometimes very strictly carried out. Cases often arise, therefore, of families, whose working force has grown smaller, being obliged to move from a home that they have had for many years. It is hardly fair to blame the companies for this rigorous action. It is sometimes an inevitable necessity of the whole system. This fact, however, does not alter the other fact, that the possibility that such things will frequently occur lessens the growth of stable relations between the employing and the employed classes. Such a possibility, also, does not tend to settle the whole people in permanent homes, or to develop the family life, which needs a centre for its affections to move about. Thus it happens that as the children grow up and leave the parents, no longer constituting a working force for them, the old man and his wife may be constrained to quit their roomy residence, and in one day all the associations of twenty or thirty years are destroyed. Since these movings are not voluntary, the sundering of old ties cannot be accompanied by the softening influence of the new hopes which are implied in the deliberate choice of a removal. The managers may regret these things, but they are themselves acting under pressure.

The superintendent and the overseers hire and discharge the help. In Rhode Island, until recently pay-day came once a month, and a superintendent has been known to require an operative who left him inopportunely to wait some weeks, till the regular day came, before he could be paid. A recourse to law would result in the man's receiving his pay,

but the law is too expensive to be always sought when it is needed. If an overseer is vexed with an operative who is leaving his work, or who is discharged for some fault, it is easy to delay for a day or two that casting-up of accounts which is necessary to enable the man to obtain at once the wages due him. Undoubtedly, the overseers have untold trials to endure in dealing with their underlings, and it is not strange that they sometimes fail not only to be patient, but to be just. Each overseer is responsible to his employers for the character of the work turned out from his rooms, and he is constantly disappointed and annoyed by the careless or ignorant service of the people whom he has in charge. He is generally a man of no education, except in factory matters, and of no especial refinement or moral development. He has a good deal of opportunity and much temptation to be tyrannical. A Fall River manufacturer has lately expressed to me the opinion that it was in this matter of "bothering" the operatives about getting their pay that overseers were most likely to be unjust. These delays, of course, often cause a poor wretch's board-bills to increase, while he is prevented from going to another village in search of fresh employment. In all these matters, however, the overseer must be judged in the light of his situation. He is put by the system into a place where he is subjected to great pressure from above and much annoyance from below. He is required to furnish certain results, and the human material given him to use as means to those results is frequently of a defective kind. I believe that no record has ever been kept to show the proportion of the help leaving the service of a mill who are discharged and the proportion who go of their own accord, but a superintendent of experience gave it as his opinion that seven eighths went because they chose to go. A drunken spree is sometimes the way in which a man discharges

himself. The fatally fluctuating character of the people is fostered by the system, and lends itself easily to changes which are beneficial to neither the employing nor employed class.

A large proportion of the operatives are always in debt; that is, the wages they receive each pay-day are nearly all due for the food already eaten, the clothes already worn, in the past month. A schoolteacher in a factory village reported, some years ago, that if a scholar needs a new book in the middle of the month, it is usually necessary to wait till the next pay-day before he can buy it, as the little surplus has apparently been exhausted which was left after the bills of the previous month were paid.

The advocates of monthly payments think the men drink less than they would if they received money every week. Monthly payments also require much less labor in the counting-room. Tuesday, instead of Saturday, was long ago adopted for pay-day in Rhode Island, so that a leisure day for drinking should not immediately succeed the one on which the wages were disbursed. If a family has very intemperate members, the clerks in the office often take pains to keep the money from falling into their hands. I have known of one case where the very dresses for two girls were purchased through the counting-room officials, to prevent the drunken father and mother from wasting all that these young creatures earned. A parent can, during the month, draw his child's wages in advance, in the shape of orders on stores. In the case cited, the clerk simply refused to give the order, to which the parent was legally entitled, and then spent the money himself for the benefit of the children who had earned and needed it.

Sometimes an operative arranges to pay monthly installments to a storekeeper to whom he is in debt. Then the storekeeper receives his portion directly from the factory counting-room. If the

mill company own a store, its bills against any of the help are subtracted from their wages, when the monthly accounts are made up. Rent and board are taken out in the same manner, and also the price of wood and coal furnished by the establishment. After these deductions are made, it often happens that, in the phrase of the mill-worker, very little cash "comes in" to him. Many firms have lately arranged to pay their help every two weeks. This was done as a compromise, the people having asked for weekly settlements. At the time the petitions were presented to the companies, two mill-boys were overheard discussing the matter, and one said, "I hope they won't pay every week, for if they do the old man and woman will be drunk all the time." My own impression is, however, that the cause of the drink evil lies rather in the poverty of the operatives than in the fact that they occasionally handle money, and that their tendency to run in debt, and consequently to grow poorer, is increased by the custom of infrequent distribution of wages to them.

Robert Howard, of Fall River, told me, several years ago, that he was convinced that it would be much easier, under a system of weekly rather than monthly payments, for factory families to get into such a position that when they received their wages they could have them to meet coming expenses, instead of being obliged to use them to liquidate debts. For instance, let us suppose a family to have two working members and three dependent ones. The monthly receipts might be from thirty-five to fifty dollars. This is a large estimate as to receipts, and a small one as to persons among whom those receipts must be divided. Such a family, while they feed and clothe themselves, pay rent, buy fuel and lights, and meet occasional expenses for doctors, births, and funerals, must save the amount required to support themselves for an entire month before they can be-

gin to pay as they go. If they should move to another village, what ready money they have would probably be expended in moving, and then they must work some weeks before they receive any wages. Meanwhile, the old routine of debt begins again.

It is not the rule for the manufacturer personally to hire or discharge help. It is considered a sort of interference when in any case he mixes in such matters. Overseers are tenacious of their prerogative in this respect. They claim that since they are expected to turn out the right kind of work, they must have the sole responsibility as to who works under their direction. Requests from their superiors to hire certain persons may receive consideration, but commands are out of the question. Undoubtedly the overseers are often very kind. I have known one to take much trouble to provide a sick girl with such work as she could do. Still, it is evident that here again is an opportunity provided by the system for the action of favoritism, jealousy, spite, revenge, and that large room is given for the play of the ill-considered judgment of ignorant men. It must always be remembered, in view of this power delegated to them, that these overseers are chosen to their office because of their skill in work, not because of their superiority in those moral qualities which fit one man to rule justly over others, — over women and children especially. My impression is, that manufacturers generally hold that it is impossible to incorporate into the system of factory management any check upon this absolute authority of the overseers. It is urged that the competition of business, which requires each overseer to keep the work of his room up to a certain standard, renders it unlikely that he would ever act unjustly in discharging, from personal motives, operatives whose work was of a quality which entitled them to continued employment, there being a greater demand for skilled

help than can be found. Yet unfit operatives are sometimes retained from personal motives. I have in mind a superintendent who seriously damaged the business he had in charge by hiring unsuitably. No philanthropic motives governed him, for he once told an overseer, who made to him some plea in behalf of one of the help, "I want you to understand that when you come into this mill you are to hang up your sympathies on the same nail with your coat and hat."

If, then, superintendents and overseers may — being only average human beings — occasionally hire help to please their own whims, it seems possible that they may discharge them, also, from similar motives. In brief, no system of government was ever devised so perfect, no pressure of business was ever made so great, that impulse, passion, and greed did not find opportunity to work.

Some simple device, such as requiring overseers to send in reports to the office of all help discharged, and to state reasons for such action, might perhaps serve as a check, or as an indication of the tempers of the different overseers. Much also might be done if the manufacturer, who in the nature of things can hardly know personally many of his help, were to take pains to acquaint himself with his overseers, and to impress upon them his desire that justice and mercy should be regarded in the transactions taking place in his establishment. But first he must go into the depths of his own heart, and, balancing there his own greed of wealth against his convictions of right, make sure that he really feels a desire that justice and mercy prevail.

It has been held to be a fundamental axiom that each man possessed of a portion of this world's natural products has a right to hire and a right to refuse to hire other men to work over those products. The corollary to this proposition is that each would-be laborer — that is, each man not possessed of natural pro-

ducts — has no right to insist upon being hired: no concrete right to be hired by any particular employer, no abstract right to be hired at all. His chance to earn a living is secured by no inherent right to the opportunity to earn his living. He has been given absolute freedom, — the freedom from all claim, as a human being, to a portion of the earth, whereto he is sent, presumably by the same Power as other men are sent, to whom certain rights in the earth are granted as soon as they are born in virtue of their relation to some person or family. The simple human being is allowed nothing in the way of possession. He may work if he pleases, and some one pleases to hire him. He has no right either to the soil or to employment on the soil. He is not like the Roman colone, who was obliged to labor on one spot of land forever, he and his descendants, but from whom and from whose descendants that land could never be taken. The colone was indeed bound to the land and to various hard conditions, but the land was also bound to him. He had a place to be born, to stand, and to be buried.

“We bargain for the graves we lie in.”

It is not well to exaggerate the deplorable phases of the modern industrial system. Many men, though poor, lead comfortable lives under this arrangement. Moreover, the growth of this system was consequent upon the recognition of individual liberty, which is infinitely valuable. The defect seems to be that liberty of thought and of motion is not all that is necessary to insure each human being his due opportunity in this world. Francis Walker comments upon the supposed liberty of the laborer to carry his labor to the best market, saying that it is almost as absurd as to talk of the liberty of a bale of goods to travel about, if there is no person interested to carry it. The fact is that, barring the purely intellectual pursuits, there are only two ways by which a man can sup-

port life: first, by possessing some portion of the natural products of the earth, which he can eat, drink, wear, and shelter himself withal; or second, by having the opportunity to work over the natural products for another person, who in return gives him food, drink, clothing, and shelter, or else the money with which he can purchase these necessities. Modern society has decided that a man, in virtue of his simple humanity, has no inherent and inalienable right to either of these two ways by which to support life. He may gain either, if he is able. He may have either given him, as a pauper or as an heir. He has no *birthright* to either. According to theory, the laborer of to-day is hung between heaven and earth in the social atmosphere, his feet on nothing. His mouth is open and he reaches out a pair of empty hands, in the hope that some other man will employ them in such fashion that they may, between whiles, grab and cram some bits into the mouth.

The right to live, which we call “inalienable,” has not always been considered a right at all. Now it is pretty generally granted that if a man is born, it is a sign that he has received from God, or Nature, or some Authority, the right to live. But that right translated into usage resolves itself into little more than the right to walk the roads, to breathe air, and to use water under some restrictions. The legal right to “take up” land in some distant portion of the country cannot be placed in the same category with these others, since the exercise of it involves the sundering of domestic ties, and depends on emigration, the possession of some money, and on various conditions, which a man cannot fulfill without labor; and he has no right to demand the labor necessary to fulfill them.

It does not lie within the scope of this paper to inquire whether all or any of the theories are wise which society is beginning to consider, and which, if

adopted, would lead to important alterations in our institutions. It may, however, be worth while to note that the question, What are the inalienable rights which are involved in existence on this planet? is met by Henry George with one answer, while various labor organizations, which inquire into the causes for which workmen are discharged, are suggesting a different reply. Mr. George maintains that man is born with a right to possess a portion of the natural products of the earth. These labor organizations do not yet affirm, but they do imply, that man is born with a certain less definite right to be employed. These two solutions of the problem are theoretically antagonistic to each other. Grant one, and the other falls to the ground. A man cannot have as a birthright a claim upon the soil, and in addition a claim to be employed by some person who also possesses a claim upon the soil. Modern society has denied both in practice, and the "labor movement" has begun. Its agitation is a hopeful sign. It is especially hopeful because in consequence of it people are seeking for fundamental ideas by which to modify institutions. The ideal atmosphere is the only atmosphere in which a practical world can breathe, and not grow sordid and squalid.

The discovery of the principles upon which society should be founded is helped by the study of existing imperfect conditions. As a contribution to the materials for such study, it has seemed worth while to call attention even to this small group of facts, which bear on the condition of the laborers who have received religious freedom, and a portion of whom possess or may attain political prerogatives, but who have no heritage in the soil, and no claims upon society insuring them work and wages. These facts may be verified in every New England factory village. Taken in connection with what is called the "labor movement," they

remind one of what M. Fustel de Coulanges says of a certain period in ancient Greece and Rome:—

"La démocratie ne supprima pas la misère; elle la rendit, au contraire, plus sensible. L'égalité des droits politiques fit ressortir encore davantage l'inégalité des conditions. . . . Le pauvre avait l'égalité des droits. Mais assurément ses souffrances journalières lui faisaient penser que l'égalité des fortunes eût été bien préférable. Or, il ne fut pas longtemps sans s'apercevoir que l'égalité qu'il avait, pouvait lui servir à acquérir celle qu'il n'avait pas, et que, maître des suffrages, il pouvait devenir maître de la richesse."

How tenaciously the subordinate officials in cotton factories cling to their authority may be illustrated by an incident which has come to the writer's knowledge. A short time ago a strike occurred in a Rhode Island mill. Most cotton manufacturers of this generation have been long in the business, or have succeeded their fathers and grandfathers, but one of the firm managing this establishment was new to the complications of this sort of industry. He had not inherited traditions as to government, and resolved to see what he could effect by summoning to an interview one of the principal strikers, and talking the matter over fairly with him. He told the spinner the exact truth: that he and his partner had lost money for a year or more, and that it was impossible for them at that time to raise the wages of their work people. Nobody would be more glad than he should be to make such a raise as soon as it was practicable. He appealed to the other as a generous-minded man would appeal to one whom he believed could understand and appreciate the situation. The spinner seemed astonished. "Why," he said, "I had no idea that the firm were not making money." He appeared to be completely won, and promised to do everything in his power to allay the dis-



content of the strikers, and to induce them to return to work. The employer congratulated himself on his wisdom in daring to treat the spinner like a man possessed of sense and just feelings. The next day, his satisfaction was destroyed, for he learned that this individual was more active than ever in fomenting the passions of his fellows. The manufacturer's partner laughed at him good-humoredly for the failure of his attempt to introduce "moral suasion" into the struggle. He himself experienced a natural revulsion of mortification and disgust, till a new view of the affair suggested itself, and he became convinced that the spinner had been honestly moved by his statements and persuaded of their truth when in his presence, but that as soon as the spinner went away the mental habits of a lifetime reasserted themselves. The man had always been taught that the masters deceived and cheated the people. The experience which had come to him was unique. When he thought it over, he did not believe in its sincerity. He decided that masters did not tell the open truth to their operatives. This pretended confidence was a new and clever dodge on the part of the manufacturer.\* The spinner undoubtedly grew enraged at his own momentary credulity. His fellows probably laughed at him for a first-class dupe, just as the manufacturer's friends afterwards laughed at him. Of course the malcontent became tenfold a malcontent in consequence. The strike, however, was a small affair, and soon collapsed. Then came the question of taking back the help into the mill. The superintendent refused to employ this one spinner. The manufacturer desired to have him given his place. The superintendent insisted on the maintenance of his authority, and the superior was forced to submit to the will of the inferior. The spinner was obliged to seek work elsewhere, and it is likely was still more embittered

by thus being specially singled out for punishment. Wherever he is now, it is safe to conclude that he considers himself the victim of tyranny, but is thankful that he did not allow the smooth-spoken employer to make a fool of him.

It may well be urged that the genius of the American political method is opposed to the development of dangerously autocratic power on the part of the employers of labor in this country. On the other hand, it may safely be asserted that the constitution of human nature is such as to render probable the increase of despotic authority on all occasions and by all means of which a class can avail themselves who are possessed of the materials, moral or physical, for supporting such authority. In view of this, it should be seriously considered whether human nature has been so modified that it will not in future attempt such action as has marked its entire course in the past.

Tenement-house laws, ten-hour laws, school regulations, and laws requiring seats to be furnished for working women, all go to show that men are beginning to fear that the employers of New England have hitherto subordinated the interests of their employees to their own desires, and that this subordination has had a tendency to assume an institutional character. The methods by which cotton manufacture is prosecuted are especially open to this fear, because, by its use of women and children, and its habit of providing dwelling as well as working rooms, it vitally influences domestic life, domestic economy and happiness, and all those matters which determine the health and efficiency of coming generations. It is evident that the moral and social needs of a community must be very different where hundreds of men, women, and children work for one man, and live in that man's houses, from the social and moral needs of a community where most persons work for them-



selves, or only a few labor for another, who is himself but slightly removed from their own position in life. The action of an autocratic power on the part of the manufacturers has hitherto been almost the only engine to meet such needs of the operatives as they cannot themselves supply. It may fairly

be questioned how far this autocratic power has worked in favor of the operatives.

Senator Chace, in the letter which he has permitted me to use, says, "Pecuniarily, the factory is a success, but in my judgment the sanitary and moral influences are bad."

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

## YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

### XXVI.

#### THE CRAFT OF INNOCENCE.

FROM that time Shizu Miura was transferred to our care, under which she continued during the short remainder of our excursion. Upon the very day of her arrival among us, a subtle change was apparent in Yone's demeanor, the nature of which may be indicated by the circumstance that at the same time she put aside the foreign garments she had been wearing at Miss Gibson's desire, and resumed the native dress, with all its characteristic accessories. Her delicate tact was so much a matter of instinct that I am not sure she could have explained with precision the reasons which prompted her to this proceeding. It needed but little observation, however, to discover that she was anxious to establish the closest possible connection between herself and the object of her solicitude, and to discard every outward sign or token that might convey the slightest suspicion of contrast. There was no great difficulty in accomplishing this end. Although unlike in countenance, the two girls were strikingly similar in bearing and manner. In all their movements, in their attitudes and gestures, there was a suggestion of perfect unity. Even in speech they appeared to reflect one another. But the insufficient

development of many qualities in our new guest disturbed the completeness of the identity. She often produced upon us the effect of a shadowy and immature reproduction of the vivid reality with which we were familiar. Her gentleness could scarcely have exceeded Yone's, but the subdued reserve which seemed to impart a natural grace to the one took the form, in the other, of a shrinking timidity, that could be overcome only by strenuous effort. Her voice, when she spoke English, was so low as to be almost inaudible, and while her vocabulary was abundant and apt, like that of most Japanese who study foreign languages in earnest, her utterance was hesitating and slow.

In spite of the few points of variance, there were periods when Shizu was so nearly the image of her friend as to make Miss Gibson keenly, and not always agreeably, conscious of the resemblance. She would have been better pleased if the difference had been more marked. I must say, in her behalf, that she struggled valiantly to conceal every vestige of the disfavor with which she had originally regarded the hapless child, and to extend the charity and sympathy which she knew were due; but her judgment was controlled by the training and the associations of her whole life, and could not be easily moved to a thoroughly just consideration of the question now

suddenly brought before her. She could be pitiful, and she thought herself lenient, but she could go no farther. I had no right to blame her. Knowing as absolutely as I did that Shizu's sorrows entitled her to a commiseration far deeper than should be given to the less severely tried, I nevertheless felt myself incapable of viewing her in the same light as those who had been spared the most cruel ignominies; and if I, who believed my reason to be unobscured by pusillanimous prejudice, were forced to acknowledge this sense of treachery to my principles, it was clearly not my privilege to criticise the shortcomings of another.

It is satisfactory to remember, however, that no lack of kindly or hospitable warmth was perceptible, either by our visitor or by her young protectress. The idea that any human being could withhold the fullest measure of generous friendliness, at such a moment and under such conditions, would, indeed, have been beyond the range of Yone's comprehension. The slight disturbance in Miss Gibson's mind was manifest to me, probably, because I shared it, in a limited degree. In all that related to Shizu's future welfare the American girl's interest was zealous and unwearied. After Roberts's departure for Yokohama, on the day following our improvised banquet, she let fall sundry observations implying disquietude and doubt respecting his sincerity of purpose. I was glad to put her at ease on the most essential point.

"He will keep his promise," I assured her. "I have his signature to certain papers which are sufficient to bind him. But these will not be needed. He is a man to be trusted, when he has given his word, and he has pluck enough—or obstinacy enough, if you choose—to withstand the derision he will have to encounter. His jaw bears witness to that. I don't mean his jackdaw chatter, but his chin. He will not give up a thing he has set his mind to."

"I am rejoiced to believe it," said Miss Gibson: "it is a happy stroke of fortune for her."

If I agreed with her, as to which I was not definitely satisfied, it did not please me to avow it too cordially.

"Possibly," I replied: "she will be comfortably established, after a fashion, and I suppose he will not abuse her."

"Doctor, you are unfair. I think he has shown a fine spirit, and Shizu ought to be proud of the position he will give her."

"I dare say she will be, but I don't admit that she ought to be, by any means. What is he? A third or fourth rate colonial tradesman; a petty shopman and a snob. It is hard lines when we have to congratulate ourselves that we are dealing with a snob, but that is just our case. Nothing struck him so forcibly as the discovery that the girl belongs to an old family. You saw that his exaggerated notion of her former station influenced him more than any other detail. Our deft little mediator builded wiser than she knew, when she brought forward the family records. I am afraid it all turned upon that opportune revelation. Don't look so reproachfully at me. Let me test your real estimate of this worthy gentleman. How would it affect you if the circumstances were such as to allow an attractive and eligible suitor of the same stamp to honor Yone with his addresses?"

"Doctor! How can you *dream* of anything so horrible?"

"Precisely; that tells the whole story. Never mind; it might be worse. I don't deny that he is many heads and shoulders above the average of his tribe. If I were not convinced of this, and if Shizu's silly little heart had not somehow fastened itself to him, I should have opposed the whole proceeding. My plan was to set up the school that Yone has been longing for, and let the two take charge of it together. I do not like to see my sober, wholesome pro-

jects overturned by a juvenile match-maker."

"Surely this is better, in every way."

"Oh, well, he does n't appear to be an utter brute, like the majority, and she will not be maltreated. What I hope is that he will shut up shop in that den of thieves, and carry her away to Europe. And that is what I expect. He can hardly stand the pressure of mockery, here, year after year. His associates will never forgive him for being a better man than themselves. He will be jeered at wherever he shows his face. The newspapers will print swinish paragraphs about him and his wife. They will call him 'sentimental,' and that breaks the back of any commercial camel in this part of the world. A foreigner in Japan may be guilty of almost any infamy, — he may lie, cheat, steal, forge, pulverize the ten commandments, and hold up his head in impudent defiance of popular opinion and consular law; but let him exhibit a spark of feeling for the natives of this land, and he is made the scoff of the 'settlements.' If he persists, he becomes an outcast. In the last extremity he is branded as 'sentimental,' and then his doom is sealed, for that means ostracism. I think our friend Roberts has a good deal of the bull-dog in him, but he has other qualities as well, and, unless I am in error, it will not be long before an unappeasable homesickness takes possession of him. I trust he can afford to yield to it. Home is the place for him and his, hereafter. As soon as he gets there, he will begin vamping about his high-born Oriental bride. Let him alone to make the most of the glory. Of course she will have a title, — princess, probably, — but he need not trouble himself with that matter; every Japanese girl becomes a princess the instant she touches European or American soil."

Yone entered the room while I was saying these last words. She looked

searchingly at me, as if my observation had a special interest for her.

"May I ask if you were speaking of a princess?" she inquired.

"Not a real one," I answered; "only a princess of the mind, a false creation, like the dagger of another distinguished Scotchman. Nothing to be in awe of."

"I wonder if it is the same," she continued. "Have you seen Miss Jackman?"

"No, indeed; has she turned princess?"

"You have not heard from her?"

"She has left us in complete ignorance of her presence here."

"That will not be for long. I must tell you she has been urging me, for several days, whenever I have met her, to visit Tanegasima-san, at Nara-ya. She wished me to go on the day when I first saw Mr. Roberts, but I did not think it necessary. Now she is very angry, and declares she will complain to you. She says 'the princess' is expecting me, and scolds me for neglecting my duty. She always calls her 'the princess.' I thought she had perhaps been here."

"She has not; but why does she concern herself with Tanegasima? That is the last combination I should have looked for."

Yone smiled. "Miss Jackman has been at Nara-ya ever since she arrived in Miyanosita. It is said that she greatly desires to become acquainted with Tanegasima-san, but finds it difficult. An interpreter is needed, and she thinks that I should be useful. I am not very willing. I have told her she must excuse me."

"This is delightful!" I cried. "The last time I had the luxury of conversing with Miss Jackman she could not devise epithets enough to denounce this lady, the Mikado, and the entire imperial household. You, Miss Gibson, must have heard some of the reverberations of her wrath."

"I heard the original explosion," said Miss Gibson, laughing. "She came straight from your office to Miss Philipson's with the news — the news which inflamed her. I cannot imagine what she wants with the object of her former fury."

"Some magnificent programme of reclamation, it may be; or, more probably, she is fascinated by the aristocratic glitter of the society at Nara-ya. The subjects of her Britannic Majesty are not the only snobs in the universe. New England has as keen a scent for a princess as old Scotland."

"Why do you say 'princess'?" asked Yone. "She is the daughter of a *kuge*, I know, and her rank is high, but I did not think she could be named a princess."

"My dear, there is nothing so attractive to the people of the enlightened West as a lofty title. When they cannot get the genuine article, they console themselves with shams. If you and Shizu should go abroad, you would be hailed everywhere as princesses."

"I should not like that."

"You could not help it. When Mr. Roberts takes Shizu home, he will have a Japanese princess for a wife, mark my word. Think of that fellow married to a princess!"

"Pray do not speak of him so. He will never be anything less than a prince to Shizu."

"Ah, she is infatuated with him. You are right, Yone. I half believe you saw this when you first went to her."

"It is true; I did."

"Why, then, Yone," exclaimed Miss Gibson, "did you strive so earnestly to induce him to give her up?"

"Yes, why?" I repeated. "Expound that riddle, if you please."

Instead of replying, she glanced at us alternately, a little timorously, yet with an odd, mischievous light in her eyes which I did not recognize as habitual. Then she started to run away, but

apparently reminded herself that evasion was not consistent with her ordinary practice, and again confronted us, silent and demure.

"How could you have the heart," resumed Miss Gibson, "to seek to separate them?"

"Perhaps," said Yone, thoughtfully and undecidedly — "perhaps I did not. It was not my wish — I think it was not — to separate them."

"Why, you gave the man no peace for two successive days," I declared. "Be good enough to interpret yourself, immediately."

"No, doctor, that is impossible; I do not exactly know how. But I did not intend that they should be kept apart, though I could not say so at the beginning. It was very difficult; sometimes I was deeply anxious; but it was always my strong desire that he should not let her go."

"That was your purpose, all through?"

"That was what I hoped."

"You are a wily conspirator; we shall never get to the bottom of your schemes. What do you say now, Miss Gibson? You had better accept my theory without any more dispute. Witchery is the only word."

Miss Gibson gave no response, but sat gazing so intently as to startle the little plotter with vague alarms. The gleam of playfulness vanished from her features.

"Have I displeased you? Was it wrong? I meant to do what was best. I did not say a thing that was not true. And it was not a scheme, — not really a scheme. I tried to watch him, to follow his thoughts, to make him see and feel how he should act. There are many ways to show people what is just and kind. Marian, she loves him. I wished to make her happy. I knew what it would cost her to lose him. I knew, — I knew. Who could know so well as I? Have you forgotten?" —

I hurriedly checked her. "Hush, Yone; you are all astray. What possesses you, my child, to suppose that we ever misconceive you? Why should you distrust us, or yourself? Would you rob me of my jests? That would be a more woful deprivation than any Shizu could have suffered. I believe you are resolved to remain a child throughout your life. Was it yesterday, or last week, that you came to me with your kitten and the dictionary, in the garden at Yumoto? I wish you could have seen her, Miss Gibson; she was the best little girl in the world, with all her sly cunning, and was bent upon proving herself the worst. It is an old trick, you perceive. Yes, Yone, you look precisely as you did that afternoon. What, six years ago? You should have learned something, in all that time."

"I shall never learn to be anything but a foolish girl, doctor; I have not changed in that. It seemed to me that Marian was offended because I had not been quite — quite frank."

"Miss Gibson is not such a goose, if she will pardon me for flattering her."

"I was only thinking," said that young lady, "how glad I should have been to do the very same, if I had known how."

"What beautiful things you say to me!" cried Yone, her face flushing with renewed confidence and content. "And the doctor, too, though I see that he laughs at me very often. That is what I like best, if I can be sure he is satisfied, and does not misunderstand me."

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the danger of misunderstanding her was not formidable, and that my assurances of satisfaction would have been frequent enough, had it not been my settled determination to drive all serious reflections from her mind, and give her thoughts a lighter and gayer tendency than they were naturally disposed to assume.

"Very well," I said, with fictitious moroseness; "it is you who will have

to pay the penalty of your misbehavior. You have lost a chance of establishing the school which you had set your heart upon."

"That is hard," she sighed; "but perhaps another chance will come, while this was Shizu's only one. I had to think of her, this time."

"This time! Oh, certainly, you are quite right. I am glad you are beginning to think of others a little. Cultivate the habit, my dear; make it your constant study. I don't know anybody who is in greater need of it."

## XXVII.

### PRINCESS-HUNTING.

Miss Jackman's visitation was not long delayed. After once or twice repeating, in casual encounters, her ineffectual attempts to secure Yone's coöperation, she presented herself at the temple on an afternoon when our party of four happened to be all united together. With massive stateliness she announced that the illustrious patroness of the Nara-ya hotel had for several days been ready to receive her, and was waiting only till the services of a suitable interpreter could be obtained. Miss Jackman was prepared to recommend Mrs. Santo as a competent medium of communication, — had, in fact, already done so, — and had tendered that humble member of society the brilliant opportunity of holding indirect converse with one of the pillars of state; but the proposition, instead of being received with grateful acquiescence, had been persistently declined, — possibly owing to an unwillingness to cross the barrier which, in the Far East, separates the lofty from the lowly. That deterrent motive, however natural and becoming, need not prevail in the present instance, our visitor felt empowered to declare, and it was to be hoped that Dr. Charwell would exercise

his influence and authority to bring about the desired result.

"This is a matter for Yone to decide," I remarked, at the conclusion of her exordium. "If she does not incline to go, you can doubtless find another assistant. I should suppose, indeed, that your command of the language would render an interpreter superfluous."

"The princess has signified her acceptance of Mrs. Santo," replied Miss Jackman, "and it would be awkward to introduce another name. As for myself, I do not pretend to be at ease in the dialect of the central provinces, from which the princess comes. Mrs. Santo has no occasion to be afraid; she will be under my protection."

"Afraid!" said Yone. "That would be singular. I used to know her well."

"Know the princess?" questioned Miss Jackman, lifting her eyebrows.

"Tanegasima-san studied with me, at Jo-gakko, for a long time. She was one of my own pupils."

"Utterly impossible!" exclaimed the astonished missionary. "I am speaking of the *Princess Tanegasima*."

"It is the same individual," I asserted, "whatever you like to call her. I don't know why you should be so very much surprised. The Emperor's cousins go to the public school, and a kuge's daughter may certainly study at the college for girls without disturbing anybody's serenity."

For a brief space Miss Jackman was lost in confusion. "Then that accounts" — she began to murmur; but, recovering, she assumed a more ingratiating tone, and took up a new line of approach. "In that case," she said, "Mrs. Santo should be overjoyed to meet her distinguished school companion once more. It is most interesting. I am delighted to be the means of bringing them together. Shall we appoint to-morrow, Mrs. Santo?"

Yone was silent, and her countenance indicated a growing discomposure. I

was anxious to shield her from further importunity, but at the same time desirous to prevent the conversation from taking a hostile tone; for I knew that, under provocation, I was as little likely as our caller to hold myself in judicious repression. While I deliberated, the proposal was repeated.

"I will send word at what hour it will be agreeable for the princess to grant us an audience. I suppose we may say to-morrow?"

At this point Miss Gibson was moved to participate in the discussion: —

"Really, Miss Jackman, I must beg you to desist. Yone objects to visiting that lady, and I respect her objection. So does Dr. Charwell. It is not to be thought of."

"Why not, Miss Gibson?" the stubborn "reclaimer" demanded. "Why should she refuse the summons of one of the most exalted personages in this empire?"

"I don't choose to go into that question," said Miss Gibson, "though the answer is simple enough. It seems strange that a Japanese girl should be aware of restraints of propriety which are not apparent to a foreign teacher of morals."

"Exceedingly strange," was the reply, loftily delivered; "and still more strange that the subject of morality should be brought up in this company, considering the associate that has been admitted here."

Miss Jackman's eyes flashed with the light of battle, as she stretched her arm toward Shizu, who sat trembling and terrified at the outburst, the cause and purport of which she but partially understood.

"Run away, children!" I cried, throwing open the sliding doors, and bustling the couple into the corridor with scant ceremony; "get to your own quarters. This lady uses language not fit for young girls to hear."

"Young girls!" she scoffed; "young

girls, indeed ! I came in Christian charity, ready to overlook the misdeeds of that abandoned woman, and I am met with insult and vituperation."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Jackman, let us have peace ! It is no pleasure to quarrel with you every month in the year. Why can't you let us alone ?"

"I entered these walls," she responded, "with peace and forgiveness in my heart, bearing an invitation from one who sits in high places, — an invitation emanating from a source which makes it equivalent to a command. The princess" —

The incessant iteration of this fictitious title was too much for my nerves. "Come, Miss Jackman," I protested, "you know very well that there is no princess in this neighborhood. It does n't make a woman a princess to become the mother of the Emperor's son. Why, it was only a few weeks ago that you were boiling with indignation against this identical person. You told me that the court in which she figured was a court of shame and infamy. Don't you remember wishing you were the Empress, to give her a trouncing ? You have grown wonderfully tolerant, of a sudden."

"I am not accountable to you, sir, for my judgments or my actions."

"Assuredly not ; you may endure, and pity, and embrace, to your soul's content. But you must allow us our privileges as well. You have been informed a dozen times that Yone prefers not to call upon Tanegasima-san."

"I see where her preference lies, and it is not extraordinary that *you* should encourage it ; but I confess I am amazed to discover that Miss Gibson, whom I thought a stranger to the vileness of this land, has been inveigled into a recognition of such a creature as I see flaunting herself in your circle."

"You can't affect me in the least by remarks of that sort," interposed Miss Gibson. "You cannot even make me

angry. But it is right that you should learn that the young girl to whom you allude is about to marry a gentleman of good standing in foreign circles."

For the second time in this short interview, our unbidden guest's self-confidence received a staggering blow. "I don't believe a word of it!" she vociferated.

"That's a pity, for you are one of the first to hear it ; and," I suggested, "it might gratify you to circulate so pleasant an item of intelligence."

"You refer to that Mr. Roberts," she continued. "If the thing were credible, he ought to receive a warning. I have no high opinion of him, to be sure, but *her* I know thoroughly. I wrestled and pleaded with her day after day, and there was no grace within her. It may be my duty to admonish him."

"I wish to goodness you would ; you failed with her ; now you can try your luck with him. You will find him in Yokohama, at No. 407. Do go. I dare say the princess can spare you for a week."

"I will go when it suits me," she retorted, in a state of combustion for which, I am bound to admit, I had not been backward in furnishing fuel ; "but not before I hold up a mirror in which Miss Gibson may witness the precipice on which she stands. She shall know from my lips, before it is too late, — if indeed it is not now too late, — the character of this man who is luring her on the downward path, and dragging her in the mire with the refuse and dregs of Japanese iniquity ; this man who, for his own base purposes, sets up a pretense of monopoly in humanity ; who makes a mockery of us who labor for righteousness, and of all other sacred things" —

She stopped short, in the middle of her tirade, and fixed her gaze upon Miss Gibson, who had seated herself at a table, and was now writing with rapidity.

"What are you doing ?" she asked, in an altered tone.



“I am taking it all down; I am something of an expert in short-hand. I shall publish every syllable.”

It was an afternoon of surprises for Miss Jackman, upon whom this third unexpected statement acted like an electric shock. In her wildest flights of fantasy there was always a method which kept her from overleaping the outermost bounds of discretion, and she was instantly alive to the inconvenient consequences that would follow the execution of the threat. It did not occur to her to doubt its reality. She had no time to reflect that it might be a ruse, extemporized with the sole view of stemming the torrent of her eloquence. She gathered herself together, and swept forth without further articulate speech; breaking the silence only by staccato exclamations, which, though charged with belligerent significance, were of a nature to elude phonographic reproduction, and fulgurating in fierce glances the wrath which she did not venture to proclaim in words.

That same evening, before sunset, we had another glimpse of her ample form, — the last in that region, — as it was carried past our windows in a *kago*, along the road leading to Hakone. Our inference that she had definitely shaken the dust of Miyanoshita from her feet was confirmed, a little later, by a messenger from Nara-ya, who, previous to delivering a missive addressed to Yone, imparted the information that the inn-keeper had for a considerable time been expecting the foreign lodger to bring a Japanese lady whom his principal patroness especially desired to greet; that the foreigner had been permitted to tarry at the *honjin*, which was uncomfortably overcrowded, solely because of her promise to satisfy this expectation; that she had just now acknowledged her inability to fulfill the condition, and had consequently been politely requested to vacate her apartment, and seek accommodation elsewhere.

The letter, which was from Tanegasi-ma, expressed the pleasure with which the writer had heard that Yone was close at hand, and the hope that she might receive a visit from her friend and teacher of former years. The phraseology was intricate and affected, in accordance with the courtly forms prescribed for epistolary intercourse, but evidences of sincere feeling were discernible through the ornate verbal embroidery. Yone read it more than once, and pondered deeply before acquainting us with its tenor.

“If I thought that I were needed,” she finally said, “if she were sick, if I could help her in the smallest trifle, I would ask permission to go. But she is busy with lively occupations, her hours pass lightly from morning till night, and I truly know of no way in which I can serve her or give her pleasure. It pains me to hold myself back from her, but I have no belief that I could be useful; and we are so far — so very far — apart.”

She slowly folded the paper, and looked thoughtfully at Miss Gibson and me. “Are you willing to advise me?” she asked.

“Dr. Charwell knows better than I,” the Boston girl responded; upon which I told her that it was not a matter to cause her serious concern, either way, and that she might safely trust her own instincts.

A few minutes later Shizu’s voice was heard, speaking softly, but earnestly, in her native language. She saw that our attention was attracted, and reminding herself, apparently, that she could not be comprehended by Miss Gibson, drew nearer to that lady, and proceeded in English, her low, mild, measured tones sounding like a fine and delicate echo of Yone’s clear accents.

“I ask pardon of everybody; it was not right for me to speak as if I had a secret with Yone. It was only that I am forgetful, — not my intention to be rude. I wished to say that perhaps she does not know all the reasons why

Tanegasima writes to her. I can understand a little better. When I was very lonely, not long ago, I hoped each day that I might see a face that would look kindly at me, and hear such words as a friend would speak, to make me less sorrowful. I was always thinking that if I could call to my side some dear companion of the years that seemed far away, the years when I was a child, my sadness would be easier to bear. Then I heard that Yone was near me. Oh, I cannot tell you what I felt, nor what was in my heart, when she came and stood over me, with love and pity in her eyes. It is not the same with Tanegasima as it was with me, — no, all is different. She has faithful servants to obey her, she can be gay, she is powerful to do great things; there are many who will help to drive grief from her and fill her thoughts with pleasure. But that is not enough; ah, Yone, it is not enough. Do you remember the school-days when she was so happy? I do not forget them. I think she never can forget them. Now she is in the midst of grandeur; most things that she wants she has but to command, and they are hers. But not all. There is one thing that she does not command. She asks it gently and without pride. Her letter is like a sister's. She wishes to be led back, for a little while, to the time when you and she were close in friendship. She wishes to be made for one hour the same young girl that was given to your care, and to be carried to the old place by her teacher's side. Who can do this for her but Yone? There is no other. Dear Yone, you have been good to me in the greatest trouble of my life. Be good to her. You tell us she does not need you, but you cannot be sure of that. Do not refuse. It is not difficult; there is nothing to prevent you. I shall be so glad if you will go."

It was manifest, long before she had finished, that her supplication could not

be resisted. Yone's answer was not immediate, but in her pause there was no sign of doubt or indecision.

"We will go together," she murmured; "early to-morrow, if the doctor and Marian consent."

"I shall go if you tell me," said Shizu, "but it is you that she wants."

When we separated, two hours later, Miss Gibson turned to Shizu with unusual warmth. "Will you kiss me, dear, to-night?" she asked.

"To-night?" repeated Shizu, with a peculiar intonation which struck my ear curiously, but to which the American girl appeared to attach no especial significance.

"To-night, and every night, if you care for our foreign caress," she said tenderly.

"I do care, greatly," replied Shizu, with more than her usual gravity.

"I know it is not supposed to mean anything, here," continued Miss Gibson; "but Yone lets me kiss her, like one of my own countrywomen."

"To me it would mean much," our guest responded, again with a singular vibration in her voice, though the words were so softly breathed as to be scarcely distinguishable. She moved slowly across the room, and as she passed me I saw that she was contending with a suddenly awakened emotion. Dropping upon her knees, and bending forward, she lifted her new friend's hand to her lips.

"That is not what I wished, at all!" hastily exclaimed the recipient of this unexpected salutation, surprised and perplexed.

Without further remark, Shizu bowed and left us. Yone would have followed on the instant, but was checked by a demand for information.

"Why did she do that? I wanted her to kiss me, as you do. I thought she understood."

"I believe she did understand," Yone answered, somewhat confused. "You

will excuse her; you saw that she was agitated. I have told you of her sensitiveness, and she is proud as well. That is a fault she cannot put aside."

"Proud! Why, she is all humility. Surely it was not pride that made her kneel before me. I cannot let her do such things."

"That is not humility, in Japan; here every one kneels. She desired to show that she was grateful; but to be kissed by you, — she did not look for that. She was not prepared, and she could not accept it. I am afraid, Marian, that I explain very badly. You must not think there is anything wrong or vain in her pride. It is very simple, and I am not at all ashamed of her for it. Perhaps I should not call it pride; there may be a better word, though I do not know it. Sometimes it seems to me that pride and humility are exactly the same. But I can tell you in another way: if you will kiss her on the day when she is married to Mr. Roberts, she will thank you not only with her lips, but with her whole heart and soul."

Miss Gibson did not answer immediately. After a short delay she said:—

"I see my mistake. I should have taken her in my arms, without speaking a word."

"Ah, if you could have done that! But" —

"But it is too late now. You are right, Yone. I will wait."

"And you will think as well of her as before?"

"Have no fear; I shall think a great deal of her self-respect. My feeling for Shizu is all that you could wish; you shall see that it is. And so shall the doctor."

"You have been out of my depth for the last ten minutes," I declared. "I should be drowned, if I had not something more solid under my feet than your fanciful metaphysics. To tell you the truth, I was nearly asleep."

It was not telling them the truth, nor

anything near it; but I imagined it would please Miss Gibson to hear me say so.

During the few remaining days of our inland sojourn, it was noticeable that this large-hearted American's intellectual activity was strongly stimulated, and that she was restlessly eager for opportunities to demonstrate the sincerity of her good-will toward all deserving mankind. Her succinct explanation of the impulse which possessed her was that she could not sit still and see those two little heathens doing all the good. She had been most effectively moved by Yone's phenomenal success in promoting the union of Shizu and the Scotchman; and, in a spirit of emulation, she set herself to the task of readjusting the destiny of more than one of her companions. The ardor with which she undertook the redress of Yone's wrongs often surprised and embarrassed the object of her advocacy. She began to construct elaborate schemes for rescuing her cherished friend from what she termed the present thralldom, very few of which, I was obliged to inform her, had the merit of being practical. She went so far, on more than one occasion, as to propose, unblushingly, to my face, that the plan of divorce which I had suggested for Arthur Milton's acceptance should still be carried out, with the simple difference of substituting me, Charwell, for the runaway scapegrace.

"Not that abominable wretch; oh, no! But I will give her to you, doctor; you shall take her, and make her free and happy."

She returned so often to this attack that I found it necessary to talk seriously to her.

"My dear Miss Gibson," said I, "you must not speak of this again to any person. You compel me to remind you that Yone is another man's wife. You would not think of such a thing, if you were not, as your recent guide and philosopher would say, 'in Japan.' Wait

one moment. I think you are about to tell me that I overlooked the obstacle of her present marriage when it was a question of uniting her to Milton. But in that case I had in view the prospect — at least the possible prospect — of a life of almost unbounded happiness for Yone. She loved the young man with a love as intense and absorbing as it was suddenly inspired; and if he had been worthy of her, I could have reconciled myself to straining a good many points of conventional delicacy, for the sake of brightening and cheering her whole existence. But there is now no such object to be considered. Even if she were entirely unfettered, I should not ask her to take a step of the kind you suggest, unless it were absolutely necessary, to preserve her from great and otherwise unavoidable danger. Why, she is an infant, in my eyes. I have watched her growth since she was a little child. I have no feeling for her but that of a father. Her affection for me is simply a fond daughter's. It would shock me even to think of her in any other relation. I beg you never to reopen the subject, either with me or any one else. It might lead me to forego or abridge the gratification I now have in watching over her as a guardian."

"A guardian!" exclaimed she, struck by the word; "and why not a guardian always? I heard something of what happened when you thought of adopting her, before; but what does that matter? If that old boat-maker could be brought to relinquish her for one purpose, he would certainly do it for another, and a better. Why, the trouble is ended already. Nothing can be easier, and it would make me — it would make us all so happy." The impulsive girl glowed with anticipative delight.

"You must not think I have neglected any inquiry that can be useful," I said. "I believe I have left nothing undone in search of methods by which Yone's chains might be loosened. Her

marriage with a foreigner is possible. Her adoption, situated as she now is, is impossible by the laws of the empire."

"That seems incredible," she replied. "Why one, if not the other?"

"There may be sound reasons, — or it may be only an oversight. But there is no chance of getting the rule relaxed at this day. I have served the State as well as many, but not for me nor any other will the rulers consent to waive a single legal right, while they continue bound down by the vicious and oppressive foreign treaties. They will yield nothing, until their independence is restored to them. They are thoroughly justified, though the individual hardships are severe. You will understand, however, that if Yone's grandmother had agreed to break off the proposed marriage, and had left her here, alone and unprovided for, as I hoped she would, then I should have taken her unhesitatingly; for I am sure the authorities would not have interfered to restrain me from following what they would consider a humane impulse. But the child was provided for, in a way, and now her transfer from Santo to me, as an adopted daughter, would not be sanctioned. If done at all, it would have to be done in defiance of an usage which has all the force of law. Santo would never risk the consequences of such a violation of precedent, and I would do nothing to subject her to the discomfort of public notoriety, or discussion, or criticism; unless, as I have said, it were to save her from some greater evil than seems likely to befall her."

"How can you talk so about it?" Miss Gibson cried. "Have you so little — No, not that — forgive me, doctor."

"I have no wish to talk about it in any way," I answered. "Let this matter rest forever. If, in time, I see a clearer path than now, you shall know of it, I promise you."

Then she desisted, — and to my great

content, although it was impossible to remain unmoved by these evidences of generous and womanly sensibility. Her energies were thenceforward applied to the development of projects more consistent with the necessities of Yone's position; and in these she had no cause to complain of my lack of interest or readiness to cooperate.

One little incident occurred to cloud, though only for a moment, the cheerfulness of our excursion. At the end of the tour, we chanced to pass a night in the village of Tonozawa, at a house much frequented by foreigners, the landlady of which regarded us with an air of partial recognition, as she superintended the preparations for supper. She asked when we had honored her place before, and seemed surprised to hear that this was our first visit. Later in the evening, she submitted for our edification a collection of autographs, native poetry, ancient Chinese maxims, and more or less elaborate sketches, left with her, in accordance with a common custom, by travelers from near and far. Not appreciating the merit of the ideographic writings, Miss Gibson and I were glancing over them somewhat carelessly, when an exclamation from Yone diverted our attention. She had risen to her feet, and, grasping a scroll in her hand, she bent upon the hostess a look of mingled pain and reproach, as if grieved by the idea that the woman had designedly inflicted an unwelcome surprise upon her. Immediately after, realizing the injustice of this suspicion, she resumed her seat, and with a faltering hand replaced the paper upon the table, not attempting to conceal it, — which, in fact, would have been totally contrary to Yone's open disposition. We, her foreign companions, hardly needed to look at it, knowing instinctively that it must be the handiwork of Milton, who had passed many days of the early spring in this neighborhood. It was a medley of disconnected drawings which

he had contributed to the general store, — bits of landscape, figure groups, and a number of outline heads; among which latter, Yone's, mine, and his own were included. The likenesses were all excellent, though rapidly produced. That of himself was bright and spirited, presenting him in the best and happiest humor; while into Yone's he had, perhaps unwittingly, thrown an expression which seemed to show what the tendency of his feeling toward her had been some time before he allowed it to become apparent. As I have remarked, she made no effort to put the sheet out of sight, but continued to keep it in view, until her lip ceased quivering and her eyes grew clear, and the composure which had briefly deserted her was regained. Then she turned to us with a plaintive smile, which would, I think, have touched the stoniest heart that ever hardened itself to human sorrow.

"You will buy it for me, doctor" — she began; then paused, reflecting.

We waited with concern for her next words.

"And destroy it," she added softly.

## XXVIII.

### HOW THE PEST CAME TO JAPAN.

Our holidays were over, and we returned to Tokio, to encounter fewer changes than might have been expected. A correspondence had been opened between Miss Gibson and her former associates, the interlineal reading of which showed that it was hoped, on the Philipson side, that the credit of the establishment might not be injured by a sudden breach; the direct suggestion being that it might, on reflection, seem more judicious to continue, at least to outward appearances, the same terms of intercourse as before. This proffer was in no wise misconceived by Miss Gibson, but it indicated what was manifestly the most

convenient course for herself; and so, pending her ultimate decision, she resumed her residence with the two sisters, this time as a boarder, and without especially defined functions. She busied herself much with the children, and took a deep interest in Yone's private projects of benevolence, the extent and elaborate organization of which surprised her, as indeed they would have surprised any one not thoroughly familiar with the extraordinary cheapness of food and lodgings among the natives of Japan, and the amount of wholesome instruction that can be imparted at infinitesimal cost, under intelligent and systematic management.

A culminating shock of astonishment was reserved for her in the discovery that, during our absence, a spacious edifice had been erected upon the open ground at the rear of my dwelling, and made ready for the accommodation of more than fourscore children, — to be chosen by herself and Yone from the humblest strata of the populace, — at a total disbursement not exceeding two hundred dollars; and that the working expenses of this frugally administered institution, including the outlays for teachers, for books and other paraphernalia, and for occasional juvenile festivals, were estimated at twenty-five dollars each month. Here, at last, was something to live for! It was a wonder that Shizu could resist the temptation to renounce her matrimonial prospects, and dedicate herself to this matchless enterprise. What, in comparison, were the *ignes fatui* of Yokohama, or even the more substantial glories of the outer world, — Scotland, Britain, Europe, the broad continents of the West?

In the person of Mr. Roberts, however, a fact existed which neither argument nor imaginative sophistry could nullify or extinguish. Under his guardianship, now legitimately exercised, the young girl was soon transferred to the new position in her old home in the ad-

jacent port. As I had foreseen, it was not long before the moral atmosphere became too oppressive to be tolerated by the adventurous merchant, and, to escape being stifled outright, he took rapid measures for transferring himself and his belongings to a healthier social clime. The little matron came several times, with her Scotch step-children, to visit us in Tokio, hoping, by gradual farewells, to soften the impending separation from her schoolfellow and friend. It was not known to any of us then that no words of final parting would ever be spoken.

Between Yone and her American coadjutor a charming and happy alliance was established, unimpeded by the difference in their ages, which was nearly ten years. It appeared, indeed, that in all their little joint proceedings the foreigner was generally ready to transfer to her younger companion the direction which the Japanese, on the other hand, would gladly have yielded to her older and more mature associate. One point of disagreement, however, always divided them. No earnestness, no eloquence of entreaty, would induce Yone to visit Marian Gibson at her own dwelling. Into the house of the Philipsons she would not enter, even to meet the friend whom she loved. Those women had struck at her honor and good name, and the spirit usually so yielding and docile was for once aroused to a sharp and abiding sense of injury. She could not be turned from her avowal that she would never set foot in their school, except in the event of being called thither on some errand of charity or humanity, — a contingency of which she could foresee no possibility.

Marian regretted this resolution, but could not withhold the acknowledgment that it was just, and necessary for Yone's self-respect; and this position she hotly maintained whenever the Philipsons incautiously ventured an attack upon any single act of her comrade. She managed her contests with fine strategy, I

was told, presenting an aspect of coolness which she did not really feel, and thereby provoking her antagonists into glaring general indiscretions of speech ; immediately upon the utterance of which she would draw forth a memorandum book, and take notes with phonographic rapidity, murmuring, the while, dark and mysterious allusions to the work she was preparing for speedy publication, on the broad question of the fitness of missionary measures and men, with chapters especially designed for and applicable to missionary women. But the bold and courageous attitude thus preserved in presence of the enemy was by no means consistently adhered to in confidential intercourse with the children, who were always clamorous for news of their beloved Yone, and for messages of fond remembrance. These were invariably received, and not infrequently imparted, with an emotion which, if perceived or suspected by the heads of the establishment, might have seriously impaired the glory of Miss Gibson's dashing triumphs over her elders.

In July, 1879, occurred an act which, in due time, will take its place in history, notwithstanding all efforts to exclude it, as one of the most revolting and inhuman outrages ever perpetrated by superior force of arms upon a feeble nation. Cholera, the most dreaded scourge of the Far East, had already made its appearance in isolated cases, and the government of Japan was straining all its authority to annul the dangers of former years by establishing an effective quarantine at the most frequented seaports. In the midst of these laudable endeavors, a German merchant steamer arrived at Yokohama directly from an infected district. She was, naturally, ordered to comply with the quarantine regulations duly promulgated. Her captain, however, appealed to the German diplomatic authorities, who immediately sent a Prussian ship of war to the scene, under convoy of which the suspected

vessel was brought into Yokohama harbor, and her passengers and cargo landed, in defiance of protests and warnings from Japanese officers of every rank, and from foreigners in their medical service. What may, perhaps, be regarded as aggravating the offense was the fact that the government of Japan was at that moment engaged in lavishing hospitality with singular and exceptional liberality upon two grandsons of the Emperor of Germany ; and a peculiar coincidence in the proceedings was perceptible in the active approval of the quarantine violation which was exhibited by a foreign envoy at Tokio, who represented a sovereign most nearly allied, after their own family, to the young princes in question. The German and British ministers boldly maintained that the interests of commerce must not be endangered on so insufficient a plea as the possible destruction of any indefinite number of Japanese subjects by one of the most horrible pests known to mankind. For some time, indeed, it was a matter of doubt whether British or German vessels had been mainly instrumental in importing the disease. The majority of the official delegates from European courts looked on in calm indifference. The diplomatic agent from the United States, on the contrary, viewed the performance with unconcealed horror and aversion. One of the most illustrious soldiers of modern times, who was then sojourning in Japan, — an ex-President of the American republic, bringing to an end a memorable voyage around the world, — openly avowed his opinion that the Japanese authorities would have been fully warranted in directing the guns of their powerful ironclads against the invading ships, and straightway sinking them, if they stirred beyond the boundaries imposed by rules of quarantine.

But the government, fearing — no doubt wisely — to incur the ill-will of the potent and unscrupulous Chancellor



Bismarck, saw no other course open than to redouble its precautions, and protest with energy against the cruel outrage of which it had been the victim.

With quick and angry stride, the plague took possession of the country surrounding the open ports, and the most populous part of the empire was stricken with desolation. The circumstance that Europeans and Americans were not exempt from this inroad, as they mainly had been from previous attacks, gave it an importance, in foreign eyes, not usually accorded to such visitations. The democratic and impartial dealings of the destroyer struck alarm to the breasts of all aliens. Attempts, more or less efficacious, were made in various directions to impede the progress of the disease. In Tokio, particularly, certain well-concerted hygienic arrangements were organized.

As was naturally to be expected, though not entirely to my satisfaction, Yone presented herself at an early stage of the proceedings. Something must be given her to do ; where and of what nature she would willingly leave to me. But I must appoint her to some line of service, or she would feel it her duty to seek a field for herself, — and these, unhappily, were already numerous.

I was not a little perplexed by this appeal. I felt that she had really not strength enough to go into regular hospital work, and it was only in a hospital that I could even partially watch over her. I reminded her of her fragile condition, which she did not attempt to deny.

"It is very true," she answered ; "I am not so strong as I ought to be. But my weakness is not unwholesome weakness. Why, cholera cannot come near me. I should carry disinfection into every room I entered. When I fan me, the odors of carbolics and all sorts of acids fly many yards about me."

This was not so convincing as she perhaps hoped, but it suggested the idea that if I kept her near me she might

always be reasonably safe from infection ; whereas in her own region, though not in her own dwelling, the provocations to disease were unnumbered. I proposed that we should ask Miss Gibson to give us her counsel, knowing that she would assent to everything for our dear child's advantage.

"Oh, surely," said Yone ; "and if I can work beside Marian, I shall be so well pleased. What is she doing now?"

"She is under Dr. M——, one of the best of leaders. That is, she was yesterday ; but she will tell us soon. It is close upon her hour to be here."

Soon, indeed, she came, entering in a state of no little excitement, which increased the moment she caught sight of Yone.

"This is a strange piece of fortune, to find you here !" she exclaimed. "I am so glad. It has saved me the trouble of sending for her, doctor," she added, turning to me. "Would you ever believe it ? We have cholera all over the school."

"Nothing easier to believe," I replied, "considering the notions of drainage, ventilation, food, and everything pertaining to health that have always prevailed there. Ah, well ; having defied and disobeyed all my injunctions, I suppose they now want me to go and undo the mischief they have set on foot. If I succeed, it will be the happy result of their petitions to Heaven ; if I fail, it will be owing to my lack of skill."

"Don't talk so, doctor," said Miss Gibson ; "this is not a time for ill-feeling, and I know you cannot mean all that you say. Come and help us with good work, and let those poor ladies manage their fastings and prayers."

"What !" I shouted. "Fastings — and prayers ! Have they forgotten what I told them upon that very point, and the reasons for my warning ? Harken to me, Miss Gibson : go back at once, and take Yone with you. She will go, I presume ?"

"Yes," said Yone, "I will go now."

"Very well; I will follow in half an hour. But unless you can assure me, at the door, that there is plenty of nourishing food in preparation, — beef tea and chicken broth, above all, — and that the children are not to be harassed by praying panics, which will go far to take away their weak little capacity of resistance to the disease, I swear to you I will not go inside the house, nor move one step in trying to help you."

"I think, doctor, you use your opportunity rather unfairly," said Miss Gibson dejectedly.

"Not so, not so; what right have you to imagine that I would oppose any practice which these ladies follow in the name of their faith, unless I saw peril in it? What I protest against is the resort to fasting at a moment when physical nourishment should be increased by every possible means, and the fatal error of allowing these timorous infants to believe themselves threatened by a danger which nothing but supernatural agencies can avert. I have told you repeatedly that I am an enemy to no man's religion. But I speak now as a practical physician. Some day you shall see the records of the epidemic in Scotland, a quarter of a century ago. You can soon learn the ghastly consequences of spreading superstitious terror among starving people at such a time. You can see, also, what the most popular and powerful of English statesmen thought it his duty to do, in the face of a fanatical demonstration which was intended to destroy his political life. But go — go! Every instant may be of vital importance!"

"Come, Marian," said Yone; "you know that the doctor must understand best. We will go at once, doctor, and will do everything that is possible."

The impetuous Boston girl yielded to her calm and earnest companion, and they hastened to the scene of their new labors.

## XXIX.

### CHARMS AND SPELLS.

Miss Gibson's quick and energetic temperament was not without distinct advantages, at times. On arriving at the seminary, the two girls chanced to be met, at the very door, by that notable reclamatory agent, Miss Jackman. This lady, it will be readily believed, had brought back from the country no increased tenderness for the Japanese girl, whose fastidiousness had thwarted one of her favorite enterprises. She planted herself on the threshold, and began to interrogate.

"May I ask, Miss Gibson, upon what authority you propose to admit that young person to this establishment?"

Miss Gibson, I was afterward told, glared at her questioner for perhaps twenty seconds, expanding, the while, with gathering wrath. She then commenced to brandish her umbrella in a wild and irregular fashion, which the most practiced of French *tambour-majors* would have found it difficult to emulate. Presently, however, the movements took a more methodical shape. They seemed to menace the portly "reclaimer" from every possible direction, except the open way to the street. That was left clear, but on all other sides magical and supernatural passes weirdly threatened her, until, totally bereft of self-possession, she bowed her heavy head, and plunged toward the thoroughfare; acknowledging her defeat by an inefficacious whimper, as incongruous with the body from which it emanated as a mouse's tiny squeak proceeding from the ponderous and ivory jaws of an elephant.

Slamming the door after her discomfited adversary, Miss Gibson turned, with a look of exultation which showed that the surrounding troubles were momentarily forgotten, and exclaimed: —

"There! I always knew our sword exercise would do me a good turn one day. I learned that eight years ago, Yone, dear; but oh, it does make the wrist ache! I will teach it to you by and by."

Yone laughed, actually laughed, as in the forests of Hakone; but, soon remembering the needs of the situation, said:

"I will run to the children at once. And you, Marian, please go and get the prayer classes stopped, at least for to-day, as Dr. Charwell ordered us."

The two girls separated on their diverse errands, and, thirty minutes later, I found them able to relieve all my immediate anxieties. Miss Gibson had gained her point by fixing upon the mind of the elder Miss Philipson — who fancied herself hourly succumbing to the disease, although she had shown thus far no single symptom of it — that I would not set foot within the premises upon any other condition; and Yone, after a first hasty visit to the little people, and making them half delirious with the joyous news that she had come to take care of them, had flown to the kitchen, where, conquering the cook absolutely by the mere brightness of her salutation and the warmth of her sympathetic inquiries, she had been given complete command; had turned the storeroom inside out, partially converted all the available beef and chicken into soups, sent for more material, and made the house redolent with appetizing odors, so wholesome and invigorating as to drive away, for a time, the dire disquietude which was beginning to prevail.

Heavy cares soon descended upon us. The poor children, whom a false idea of sanitary economy had made ready victims to the pest, began to droop and die. I was obliged, before long, to run out to Santo's place, and inform that irascible personage that he could not expect his wife's return for an indefinite period; whereupon, as was anticipated, he flung himself into a rage.

"Is it my wife, or is it not my wife, that you are plotting to keep away from me?" he vociferated, with flaring eyes.

"Undoubtedly it is your wife, my most amiable Santo; but for the rest, nobody is plotting to keep her away from you."

"I know all about it. She was with you in the country for the best part of this year."

"Less than a month, you will find, Santo, if you consult that admirable memory which is one of your finest possessions, and excites the envy of all your neighbors."

"And now she has been absent a week."

"Two days, if you please. Send for the *soroban*, and make the calculation with your own nimble fingers. You will see that it is precisely two days."

"It does not matter at all. I have had my eyes wide open. Now, look you, she is an aristocrat. Do you think I care for aristocrats? Not so much as a spark from my anvil. But it suited me to have an aristocrat for my wife. You need not tell me! I know she comes directly from the Empress Suiko, many ten thousand years ago. But she belongs to me, and I will not have her plotting to keep away, because she is high-born. Yes, yes; I know, I know!"

"Excellent Santo, did she ever tell you she was high-born?"

"No, no; but I am not a frog in a well. I know; yes, indeed!"

"Well, she certainly never made any boasts to me, and it seems you are the only one that talks about it. As for plotting to stay away, she shall come home to-day, if you like, but she will perhaps bring the cholera with her."

The boat-builder staggered, as if he had received a blow in the centre of his thick forehead from one of his heaviest adzes, and for a moment remained speechless. The word "cholera" was invested with terrors too awful to be expressed in any language available by the

class to which he belonged. He retreated from me, gasping for breath.

"Where, where" — he stammered.

"Where is she, do you mean? She is in my care, safe enough. You had better leave her with me until the disease has passed away from Japan. I have far too much regard for you, my strong-minded and warm-hearted Santo, to allow any risk to come near your person."

"Thanks; yes, thanks. You are always my friend. But you, Charwell-sama, — you yourself?"

"You are too kind," I answered, with some surprise at this unexpected sign of consideration; "but doctors are never in danger, you know. You need not fear for me."

"Why should I fear for you?" he demanded, having now made his way outside of the house, and put a considerable space between himself and me. "You! It is all in your business. I am not thinking of you. "No; it is the danger you bring here, to me, Santo Yorikichi. I beg you to leave me. Perhaps already" —

His voice faltered, and his bronzed countenance took on an unwholesome bluish hue.

"Santo," said I, "it is singular a marine architect of your reputation cannot comprehend that when a man is a brute it is not absolutely commanded by nature that he should also be a fool. The teachings of your earliest childhood ought to remind you that there are magical charms against which all the deadly diseases put together have no power. I have thrown one of these charms around you. I came to-day for that purpose. I have been doing it ever since I arrived. In fact, I have just finished. You are perfectly safe. But there is a condition" —

"Yes, yes — anything, anything," he palpitated; "only give me the charm."

"It is already in operation, though

you cannot see it," said I; "a wave of my hand has fastened it upon your body, unknown to you. And the condition" —

"Ah, I will be true to it."

"It is merely that you should speak no word to any person of what I have bestowed upon you. You will give heed to this."

"Oh, yes," he answered indifferently.

"But you must take great care," I added. "If you tell what has happened, others will apply to me, and the protection I give them will be drawn away from you. Be warned!"

"Not a syllable shall pass my lips!" exclaimed the selfish boor, with a fervor born of newly excited fears.

"Then all will be well. Live quietly, eat sparingly," — I repeated a few maxims for his general guidance, — "and the cholera will leave you unharmed."

As I walked away, I endeavored to congratulate myself that I had made one human being — of a tolerably low grade, but still human — confident and reliant in the midst of a panic-stricken community. Santo felt himself entirely safe, with all the trustfulness of a believer in spells, incantations, and the mysterious potency of a science unfamiliar to him. No preventive, however skillfully compounded, no watchfulness of treatment, would have gone a hundredth part as far toward rendering him inaccessible to the epidemic. For such as he, a firm conviction that infection cannot touch them is an almost certain guarantee of exemption. I was reasonably sure, then, that I had made one wretched creature's life secure by appealing to his blind ignorance and superstition. After all, it is perhaps not only among the illiterate that medical craft finds it necessary to resort to such devices, and it might not be disadvantageous if intelligence and enlightenment could sometimes be wrought upon as effectively.

## A GREEN MOUNTAIN CORN-FIELD.

I WAS passing some days of idleness in a shallow Vermont valley, situated at an elevation of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, circled by wooded hills, and intersected by an old turnpike, which connects the towns near Lake Champlain with the region beyond the mountains. Small farmhouses stood here and there along the highway, while others were scattered at wide intervals over the lower slopes of the outlying hills. With all the brightness and freshness of early summer upon it, it was indeed an enchanting picture; but even so, one could not altogether put aside a feeling of something like commiseration for the people who, year in and year out, from babyhood to old age, found in this narrow vale, with its severity of weather and its scarcity of social comforts and opportunities, their only experience of what we fondly call this wide, wide world.

From my inn I had walked eastward for perhaps a mile; then at the little schoolhouse had taken a cross-road, which presently began to climb. After leaving two or three cottages behind me (one of them boasting the singularity of paint), I came to another, which appeared to be the last, as the road not far beyond struck into the ancient forest. First, however, it ran up to a small plateau, where, out of sight from the house, lay a scanty quarter of an acre, in which, under none too favorable conditions, the old parable, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," was in the primary stage of a fresh fulfillment. The ground was but newly cleared, and the brambles still felt themselves its true and rightful possessors. Who was this puny-looking, good-for-nothing foreigner, that they should be turned out of house and home for his accommodation? So they seemed

to be asking among themselves, as they lifted up their heads here and there in the midst of the pale-green shoots. The crows, on the other hand, bade the newcomer welcome, — as the wolf welcomes the lamb. Against these hungry lovers of his crop (who loved not unwisely, but too well), the farmer had fenced his field with a single string, stretched from corner to corner. He must put extraordinary faith in the considerateness of the birds, a looker-on might think; such a barrier as this could be, at the most, nothing more than a polite hint of ownership, a delicate reminder against thoughtless trespassing, a courteously indirect suggestion to such as needed not a physical, but only a moral, restraint. Or one might take it as an appeal to some known or fancied superstitiousness on the crows' part; as if the white cord were a kind of fetich, with which they would never presume to meddle. But the rustic would have laughed at all such far-fetched cockneyish inferences. This strange-seeming device of his was simply an attempt to take the suspicious in their own suspiciousness; to set before Corvus a hindrance so unmistakably insufficient that he would mistrust it as a cover for some deep-laid and deadly plot. Probably the scheme had not been crowned with complete success in the present instance, for from a pole in the middle of the inclosure a dead crow was dangling in the breeze. This was a more business-like signal than the other; even a cockney could hardly be in doubt as to its meaning; and the farmer, when I afterwards met him, assured me that it had answered its purpose to perfection. The crow is nobody's fool. "Live and learn" is his motto; and he does both, but especially the former, in a way to excite the admiration of all disinterested observers. In the long strug-

gle between human ingenuity and corvine sagacity, it is doubtful which has thus far obtained the upper hand. Nor have I ever quite convinced myself which of the contestants has the better case. "The crow is a thief," the planter declares; "he should confine himself to a wild diet, or else sow his own garden." "Yes, yes," Corvus makes reply; "but if I steal your corn, you first stole my land." Unlike his cousin the raven, — who, along with the Indian, has retreated before the pale-face, — the crow is no ultra-conservative. Civilization and modern ideas are not in the least distasteful to him. He has an unfeigned respect for agriculture, and in fact may be said himself to have set up as gentleman-farmer, letting out his land on shares, and seldom failing to get his full half of the crop; and, like the shrewd manager that he is, he insures himself against drought and other mischances by taking his moiety early in the season. As I plant no acres myself, I perhaps find it easier than some of my fellow-citizens to bear with the faults and appreciate the virtues of this sable aboriginal. Long may he live, I say, this true lover of his native land, to try the patience and sharpen the wits of his would-be exterminators.

The crow's is only the common lot. The whole earth is one field of war. Every creature's place upon it is coveted by some other creature. Plants and animals alike subsist by elbowing their rivals out of the way. Man, if he plants a corn-field, puts in no more grains than will probably have room to grow and thrive. But Nature, in her abhorrence of a vacuum, stands at no waste. She believes in competition, and feels no qualms at seeing the weak go to the wall.

"The good old rule

Sufficeth her, the simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

If she wishes a single oak, she drops acorns without number. Her reckless-

ness equals that of some ambitious military despot, to whom ten thousand or a hundred thousand dead soldiers count as nothing, if only the campaign be fought through to victory.

Man's economy and Nature's prodigality, — here they were in typical operation, side by side. The corn was in "hills" uniformly spaced, and evidently the proprietor had already been at work with plough and hoe, lest the weeds should spring up and choke it; but just beyond stood a perfect thicket of wild-cherry shrubs, so huddled together that not one in twenty could possibly find room in which to develop. If they were not all of them stunted beyond recovery, it would be only because a few of the sturdiest should succeed in crowding down and killing off their weaker competitors.

The import of this apparent wastefulness and cruelty of Nature, her seeming indifference to the welfare of the individual, is a question on which it is not pleasant, and, as I think, not profitable, to dwell. We see but parts of her ways, and it must be unsafe to criticise the working of a single wheel here or there, when we have absolutely no means of knowing how each fits into the grand design, and, for that matter, can only guess at the grand design itself. Rather let us content ourselves with the prudent saying of that ancient agnostic, Bildad the Shuhite: "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing." The wisest of us are more or less foolish, by nature and of necessity; but it seems a gratuitous superfluity of folly to ignore our own ignorance. For one, then, I am in no mood to propose, much less to undertake, any grand revolution in the order of natural events. Indeed, as far as I am personally concerned, I fear it would be found but a dubious improvement if the wildness were quite taken out of the world, — if its wilderness, according to the word of the prophet, were to become all like Eden. Tameness is not the only

good quality, whether of land or of human nature.

As I sat on my comfortable log (the noble old tree had not been cut down for nothing), birds of many kinds came and went about me. Wordsworth's couplet would have suited my case: —

“The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure;”

but I could hardly have rounded out the quotation; for, joyful as I believed the creatures to be, many of their motions were plainly not “thrills of pleasure,” but tokens of fear. It was now the very heyday of life with them, when they are at once happiest and most wary. There were secrets to be kept close; eggs and little ones, whose whereabouts must on no account be divulged. For the birds, too, not less than the corn, the bramble, and the cherry, not less even than the saint, find this earthly life a daily warfare.

The artless ditty of the mourning warbler came to my ears at intervals out of a tangle of shrubbery, and once or twice he allowed me glimpses of his quaint attire. I would gladly have seen and heard much more of him, but he evaded all my attempts at familiarity. Nor could I blame him for his furtive behavior. How was he to be certain that I was no collector, but only an innocent admirer of birds in the bush? Sought after as his carcass is by every New England ornithologist, the mourning warbler exercises only a reasonable discretion in fighting shy of every animal that walks upright.

It is evident, however, that for birds, as for ourselves, the same thing often has both a bright and a dark side. If men are sometimes heartless, and never to be altogether confided in, yet at the same time their doings are in various respects conducive to the happiness and increase of feathered life; and this not only in the case of some of the more familiar species, but even in that of many which still retain all their natural

shyness of human society. A clearing like that in which I was now resting offers an excellent illustration of this; for it is a rule without exceptions that in such a place one may see and hear more birds in half an hour than are likely to be met with in the course of a long day's tramp through the unbroken forest.

The mourning warbler himself likes a roadside copse better than a deep wood, jealous as he may be of man's approach. Up to a certain point, civilization is a blessing, even to birds. Beyond a certain point, for aught I know, it may be nothing but a curse, even to men.

Here, then, I sat, now taken up with the beautiful landscape, and anon turning my head to behold some fowl of the air. I might have mused with Emerson,

“Knows he who tills this lonely field,  
To reap his scanty corn,  
What mystic fruit his acres yield  
At midnight and at morn?”

— only “mystic fruit” would have been rather too high-sounding a phrase for my commonplace cogitations. Hermit thrushes, olive-backed thrushes, and veeries, with sundry warblers and a scarlet tanager, sang in chorus from the woods behind me, while in front bluebirds, robins, song sparrows, vesper sparrows, and chippers were doing their best to transform this fresh Vermont clearing into a time-worn Massachusetts pasture, assisted meanwhile by a goldfinch who flew over my head with an ecstatic burst of melody, and a linnnet who fell to warbling with characteristic fluency from a neighboring tree-top. At least two pairs of rose-breasted grosbeaks had summer quarters here; and busy enough they looked, flitting from one side of the garden to another, yet not too busy for a tune between whiles. One of the males was in really gorgeous plumage. The rose-color had run over, as it were (like Aaron's “precious ointment”), and spilled all down his breast. It is hard for me ever to think of this brilliant, tropically dressed grosbeak as a



true Northerner; and here once more I was for the moment surprised to hear him and the olive-backed thrush singing together in the same wood. Could such neighborliness have any patriotic significance? I was almost ready to ask. Across the corn-field a Traill's flycatcher was tossing up his head pertly, and vociferating *kwee-kwee*. I took it for a challenge: "Find my nest if you can, brother!" But I found nothing. Nor was I more successful with a humming-bird, who had chosen the tip of a charred stub, only a few rods from my seat, for his favorite perch. Again and again I saw him there preening his feathers, and once or twice I tried to inveigle him into betraying his secret. Either his house was further off than I suspected, however, or else he was too cunning to fall into my snare. At any rate, he permitted me to trample all about the spot, without manifesting the first symptom of uneasiness.

What a traveler the humming-bird is! I myself had come perhaps three hundred miles, and had accounted it a long, tiresome journey, notwithstanding I had been brought nearly all the way in a carriage elaborately contrived for comfort, and moving over iron rails. But this tiny insect-like creature spent last winter in Central America, or it may be in Cuba, and now here he sat, perfectly at home again in this Green Mountain nook; and next autumn he will be off again betimes, as the merest matter of course, for another thousand-mile flight. Verily, a marvelous spirit and energy may be contained within a few ounces of flesh! But if Trochilus be indeed Prospero's servant in disguise, as one of our poets makes out, why, then, to be sure, his flittings back and forth are little to wonder at. How slow, overgrown, and clumsy human beings must look in his eyes! I wonder if he is never tempted to laugh at us. Who knows but humming-birds have it for a by-word, "As awkward as a man"?

My ruminations were suddenly broken in upon by the approach of a carriage, driven by a boy of perhaps ten years, a son of the farmer from whose land I was, as it were, gathering the first-fruits. We had made each other's acquaintance the day before, and now, as he surmounted the hill, he stopped to inquire politely whether I would ride with him. Yes, I answered, I would gladly be carried into the forest a little way. It proved a very little way indeed; for the road was heavy from recent rains, and the poor old hack was so short of breath that he could barely drag us along, and at every slump of the wheels came to a dead standstill. "Pity for a horse o'erdriven" soon compelled me to take to the woods, in spite of the protestations of my charioteer, who assured me that his steed *could* trot "like everything," if he only would. It is an extremely unpatriotic Vermonter, I suspect (I have never yet discovered him), who will not brag a little over his horse; and I was rather pleased than otherwise to hear my flaxen-haired friend set forth the good points of his beast, even while he confessed that the "heaves" were pretty bad. I was glad, too, to find the youngster in a general way something of an optimist. When I asked him how long the land had been cleared, he pointed to one corner of it, and responded, using the pronoun with perfect *naïveté*, "We cleared up that piece last fall;" and on my inquiring whether it was not hard work, he replied, in a tone of absolute satisfaction, "Oh, yes, but you get your pay for it." Evidently he believed in Green Mountain land, which I thought a very fortunate circumstance. "Be content with such things as ye have," said the Apostle; and it is certainly easier to obey the precept if one looks upon his own things as the best in the world. My youthful philosopher seemed to consider it altogether natural and reasonable that prosperity, instead of coming of itself, should have to be earned by the

sweat of the brow. Perhaps the crow and the cherry-tree are equally unsophisticated. Perhaps, too, men's fates are less uneven than is sometimes supposed. For I could not help thinking that if this boy should retain his present view of things, he would pass his days more happily than many a so-called favorite of fortune.

On my way back to the inn I met an old man from the lowlands, driving over the mountains for the first time since boyhood. "You have a pretty

good farming country here," he called out cheerily, — "a little rolling." He took me for a native, and I hope to be forgiven for not disclaiming the compliment.

As I write, I find myself wondering how my nameless farmer's crop is prospered. In my corner of the world we have lately been afflicted with drought. I hope it has been otherwise on his hillside plateau. In my thought, at all events, his corn is now fully tasseled, and waves in a pleasant mountain wind, all green and shining.

Bradford Torrey.

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### A CHANGING ORDER.

THE warm partisans of Cicero have at all times been sorely exercised because he displayed so little of the traditional Roman dignity and fortitude during the fifteen months of his exile. There is no denying the fact. He was not a hero at that time, or, at all events, he took no pains to behave like one. It was his first great reverse, and he bore it very impatiently. His heart was bursting with solicitude for the family from whom he had been so rudely torn; with amazement at the success of the plot for his destruction; with wrath against the half-hearted friends, political and personal, who had basely, as it then seemed, abandoned him at the last. He did not learn the full extent of his calamity until some days after he had quitted Rome. Loitering with his attendants along the coast below Naples, still hoping for an immediate recall, but intending, if need were, to cross over to Sicily, where he thought he could rely on the friendship of the people, the tidings reached him, in rapid succession, that he had been proscribed by name, that he was forbidden to halt within four hundred miles of Rome, that it would be held a capital offense for any one to

harbor or assist him, that the governor of Sicily would not permit him to land upon that island, and, finally, of the ruthless destruction of his property. Pecuniary ruin — or what then seemed inevitably such — was now added to his other causes of distress, and he would not have been the man whose acute sensibilities and vehement candor are among the traits which most move us to sympathy, if his lamentations had not been loud and his reproaches bitter. The latter were, in the beginning, quite indiscriminate, and in many cases palpably unjust. Cicero darkly hints at the *invidiam* of Hortensius as well as the *perfidiam* of Pompey, and reviles his beloved Atticus for not having allowed him to commit suicide, until human nature, one would think, could hardly have suppressed the retort that self-destruction was, after all, a resource of which no friend or enemy could deprive him, and a remedy still within his reach. The tolerant Athenian said nothing half so unkind. The two friends may well have smiled together over these unreasonable letters in later years; but for the moment Atticus confined himself to providing that neither the exile on his

travels, nor the wife and children left in so painful and even perilous a position in Rome, should suffer for the lack of ready money. He could manage this easily enough, having, in addition to his own large fortune, fallen heir, at about this time, to the name and estates of his rich uncle, Cæcilius. But what a rare and excellent sort of friend to possess!

What really hindered Cicero from taking his own life, in that black hour, was not fear, for he was no coward, least of all when his heart was hot. It was, as we learn abundantly from the letters of this period to his wife and his brother, his intense realization of what they, his family, must suffer in such a case. It was a scruple quite as alien to his race and time as fear, but as Anthony Trollope says, somewhere in his admirable and never half-appreciated life of Cicero, we love this Roman most of all because he was so unlike the popular idea of a Roman.

The impassioned and exceeding tenderness of the letters written, at this period, by Cicero to his wife is in strange contrast with what we know of subsequent events; with the fatal chill that came over their relations, the discord whose causes were so proudly concealed, their ultimate separation after more than twenty years of honorable married life. If Mr. Froude, whose antagonism to Cicero is so pronounced a sentiment could have been the literary executor of this famous pair, we might have known the whole story, — possibly even more than the whole; but it would perhaps have been no better for the world. Meanwhile, these are the terms in which, on the last day of April, 696, Cicero addressed his family from Brindisi: —

“Tully to his Tarentia, his Tulliola, and his Cicero: Yes, it is true, I have not written as often as I might; and the reason is that, while I am wretched enough all the time, I get such a fit of weeping when I either read your letters, or attempt writing to you, that I posi-

tively cannot bear it. Ah, if I had but loved life less, I should have known little or no evil in it! If fortune have in store for us any revival of hope, I shall not have done ill [to live]; but if these woes are irremediable, then all I can desire, my own, is to see you as soon as may be, and to die in your arms. For it will seem that the gods whom you have so devoutly worshiped, and the men whom I have so unremittently served, are equally ungrateful.” Most inconsistently, he goes on to relate with what a noble contempt for his own personal risk one M. Lænius Flaccus had entertained him for a fortnight at Brindisi, and he only hopes he may be able some time to give substantial proof of his gratitude. “I now intend,” he proceeds, “to go to Cyzicus by way of Macedonia. Wretched, ruined man that I am, can I ask you to come to me, — you, with your fragile health and prostrated by anxiety? How can I not ask it, — how live without you? And yet, so far as I can see, this will be best: if there be any chance of my restoration, you can strengthen and promote it where you are; but if, as I fear, all is indeed over, then come to me in the way you best can. Of one thing you may be sure: I shall not feel that I am utterly destroyed, if I have you. But what will become of our darling Tullia? You must decide; I cannot. Certainly, whatever happens, we must think of her conjugal happiness, poor girl, and of her good name. I hope you are right in believing that Piso<sup>1</sup> will remain true to us.” Then follow some words about their money difficulties; and “for the rest, my Tarentia, bear up bravely, as it is your nature to do. We have lived uprightly; we have been very prosperous. It is our virtues, not our vices, which have brought us to this pass.” Then he tells how devoted the three

<sup>1</sup> Tullia's husband, C. Piso, was a near relative of the consul Piso, but stood by Cicero loyally while he lived.

slaves have been who had gone with him as body servants, and finally, "Take all possible care of your health, and remember that your sufferings are much worse for me to bear than my own. My Terentia, best and truest of wives, my dearest daughter, and little Cicero, our only hope, farewell."

Atticus had begged Cicero to take possession of his own castle, or fortified country-house, at Buthrotum, in Epirus ; but Cicero declined, partly because, as he says, that place without his friend would be sadder to him than any other, and partly because he thought it too accessible from Athens, where he had powerful enemies. Instead, after crossing to Dyrrachium, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, he moved on, over the mountainous country, as far as Thessalonica, in Macedonia, where the quæstor, Cnæus Plancius, received him very warmly, and made every possible provision for his comfort. Of this good friend, at least, he was able well to repay the kindness, when, six years later, he defended him on a malicious charge of illegal practices in suing for the ædileship. Very skillfully, in the peroration to the speech for Plancius, did Cicero refer to the disinterestedness of the quæstor, and the affecting circumstances of their meeting in Macedonia : —

"Oh, sorrowful vigils in your house, Cnæus Plancius ! Oh, tearful passage of the bitter night ! Oh, fatal, indeed, the cares you lavished upon me, if, living, I could fail you who might well have profited by my death ! I remember, I remember, — can I ever forget it ? — one night in particular, when you sat, full of sorrow, by my bedside, and I, poor soul, flattered by I know not what vain and empty hope, vowed that if ever I were restored to my country, I would reward your goodness ; or, if I died, or were in any other way prevented, I pledged these very men here present — for whom else had I in my mind ?" (and he indicated the jury) — "to discharge on my

behalf, and to the uttermost, my great obligation to you !"

Plancius was acquitted, of course. Hard-hearted though the Romans were, as a rule, they must thoroughly have enjoyed this kind of appeal to their feelings, or their orators would not have essayed it so often. They were much of the temper, no doubt, of those two excellent old French ladies, who used to seat themselves comfortably in the front of their box at the beginning of a tragedy, and spread out their fine cambric pocket-handkerchiefs with the contented remark, "*Nous allons bien pleurer.*"

Cicero remained in Thessalonica from June to November of the year 697. His friends were all the while working for his recall, and the stars worked also, through the discovery of a plot of Clodius against the life of Pompey, and the election at midsummer, for the ensuing year, of two comparatively respectable consuls, one of whom, P. Lentulus Spinther, was a particular friend of Cicero. So long, however, as Clodius remained tribune of the people, he was able, by his intrigues and his ascendancy over the rabble, promptly to defeat all action on Cicero's behalf, and the exile remained, for the most part, profoundly depressed. On the 16th of September, he writes to Atticus, that since the ex-consul Piso has got Macedonia for his province he will have to remove from Thessalonica, and he thinks he will return to Epirus, where he hopes that his friend will at least assign him land enough for a grave ; and in his letter of October 5th to his family there is a very pathetic passage, which recalls the sharp cry once forced from the lips of another exile, whom nobody ever accused of weakness, — from Joseph de Maistre, at St. Petersburg : "Black phantoms shake my bed-curtains. I seem to hear my dear ones weeping in Turin."

Nevertheless, with the autumnal equinox the tide of Cicero's fate had turned. The successor of Clodius in the tribune-

ship was that Titus Aunius Milo who was one day to compass his death, and the first act of the new consul, Lentulus, on the New Year's Day of 698 (56 B. C.), was to propose in the Senate a measure for Cicero's recall. There were plenty of the so-called constitutional devices for delaying legislation yet to try, beside the good old rule and simple plan, freely adopted by Clodius and his party, of mobbing the Senate House, and falling afoul of Cicero's friends in the streets; but Milo, also, with his prize gladiators, was now beginning to play at that game, and six months more saw the end of the struggle. The decree for the recall passed the Senate in May,<sup>1</sup> and was ratified by a unanimous vote of the Comitia Centuriata, or great popular assembly, on the 4th of August. On the next day, Tullia's twentieth<sup>2</sup> birthday, Cicero landed once more at Brindisi, and was met not only by his daughter, — now, unhappily, a widow, — but by a great popular demonstration. From Brindisi to Rome, his journey was like a triumphal progress, and he was so delayed along his route by congratulatory deputations from half the towns of Italy that he did not reach Rome until September 4th. But we must let him tell in his own proud words to Atticus the story of that reentry: —

“So I came to the city, and I think there cannot have been a man of any order,<sup>3</sup> known to my *nomenclator*, who did not come out to meet me, except, indeed, such personal enemies of mine as could by no means either deny or dissimulate the fact that they were ene-

<sup>1</sup> The Senate happened then to be sitting in that Temple of Honor and Virtue which also went by the name of the Monument of Marius, because erected in commemoration of him. It has been a source of gratification to the lovers of psychic research in all ages that Cicero should have dreamed, on one of the first grim nights of his exile, that he met the great Marius, his fellow-townsmen, bearing fasces wreathed with laurel, and was asked by him why he was so sad. Cicero replied that he had been banished by an ungrateful country,

When I arrived at the Porta Capena” (opening on the Appian Way), “the steps of all the temples, from the ground upwards, were crowded with people, who testified their joy by roars of applause. Similar crowds and similar demonstrations accompanied me to the Capitol, and on the Capitoline Hill there were immense multitudes. On the next day, the Nones of September, I returned thanks in the Senate.”

After fifteen months of the sickness of hope deferred, one hour of unalloyed sweetness, of supreme exultation, and only one! The concluding passages of this very letter betray the pricking of some of the hidden thorns in this garland of victory. “This, then, is the state of my affairs: ‘Good for adversity, shaky for prosperity’ (as the poet says). I am horribly put to it, as you know, for money to meet my family expenses, and there are other domestic troubles of which I cannot write. *My brother Quintus* I love, as I ought, for his courage, his constancy, his noble fraternal affection. I am pining for you, and I beg you to come as soon as may be, and to come prepared to give me your counsel. I am in some sort entering on a new life. Already certain men who defended me in my absence are beginning, now that I am here, not merely to chafe in private, but to be openly disagreeable. I need you very much.”

It was when the question came up in the Senate of compensation for the property of the two Ciceros, which had been so wantonly destroyed the year before, that Marcus began fully to realize and was told by Marius to repair to his Monument, where he would find redress.

<sup>2</sup> Or her nineteenth. There is a difference of a year, among the best authorities, in their estimate of the ages both of Cicero and his daughter. If Tullia were now nineteen, Cicero was exactly fifty, or forty-eight at the period of his exile.

<sup>3</sup> A *nomenclator* was a slave whose business it was to know the name of every citizen, and then to accompany his master when canvassing for any office, and prompt him with the same.

what life yet lingered in the embers of the conspiracy against him. Clodius, as tribune, had had the ground entirely cleared where the fine houses of the brothers had stood upon the Palatine, as also the adjoining space, occupied by the open portico which commemorated the name and the victories in war of that great and good citizen, Catulus. There had been a pretense of consecrating the vacant space, after which Clodius had the impudence to erect upon it what he called a Temple of Liberty, in the shrine of which he set up the statue of a well-known Greek prostitute. The College of Augurs decided that if the consecration could be shown to be illegal, — that is, made on false pretenses, — the ground might be restored to its previous owners; otherwise, having once been applied to the so-called uses of religion, it could not again become private property. Cicero argued his own case in the Senate, in the oration *Pro Domo Sua*, — the authenticity of which, as we possess it, has been sometimes, though not successfully, disputed, — and he gained his point. But when it came to assessing damages for the personal property destroyed, both on the Palatine and at Tusculum and Formiæ, he had a more ungenerous and exasperating opposition to encounter. “My Palatine house and my Tusculan villa,” he said in the course of his plea, “were assigned to the two consuls. The marble pillars from my porch were bestowed upon the son-in-law of the one, in sight of the whole Roman people; while not merely the statues, but the very trees, were transported from my Tusculanum to the estate of the other consul, which adjoins mine.” The first sight of the villa at Tusculum, after the sack it had undergone, gave its master so despairing a feeling that he advertised the place for sale; but was glad in the end that no purchaser appeared, since he subsequently restored it to almost more than its former beauty.

The sum finally voted Cicero for rebuilding was absurdly inadequate; and the sting of the matter lay in the fact that he read therein, not so much the spite of his avowed enemies as the niggardliness and jealousy of those on whom he had reckoned as friends. Throughout the autumn and winter, while his affairs were under discussion, scenes of the most violent and disgraceful character were continually occurring in the Senate, and a free fight raged, with varying fortunes, in the streets, between the followers of Clodius and those of Milo: all of which things are set forth in the letters to Atticus, in the writer’s most dramatic style. Difficult though his position was, and infinite his vexations both at home and abroad, his courage was once more high. “I am in better spirits,” he writes to Atticus, “than I was in better times.” The tide of life which had ebbed so low in Macedonia was rising fast. The gladiator had been restored to his arena, and was happy. “Not a word of my other cares,” he said significantly, at the close of another letter. “*My brother and my daughter love me.*”

Quintus was now away in Sardinia, acting as one of the fifteen lieutenants of Pompey, to whom had been assigned the sole charge of the grain supply of Rome. Armed with such a power, the “Emir,” as Cicero used to call him, still towered, a larger figure, no doubt, in the eyes of contemporary Romans, than Cæsar, away in Gaul, with his two provinces for five years and his five legions. The relations between Pompey and the other triumvir, Crassus, were at this moment decidedly strained. The first triumvirate has been wittily called a “Conspiracy of Genius, Position, and Capital against Law,” and position and capital were already quarreling, as they so easily do. Directly after his return, even before bringing forward the matter of his private losses, Cicero had supported in the Senate the bill for entrust-

ing Pompey with the corn supply ; thereby making haste to be even with the great man for having graciously withdrawn all opposition to the exile's return. Pompey had then paid Cicero the compliment of naming him first in his list of lieutenants, or legates, and Cicero had bowed, metaphorically, and handed the appointment over to his brother, to whom are accordingly addressed some of the most intimate and delightful letters of the present period. That of February 14th, after a particularly animated Essence of Parliament, has some interesting personal matter in the last paragraph : —

“I had written thus far before daylight yesterday. I afterwards attended Atticus's wedding-banquet. . . . I have taken a house for you near the reservoir of Piso Lucinianus, but I hope that before many months — that is to say, by midsummer — you will be able to move into your own. The Lamiaë, most respectable people, have rented your house in the Carinæ.” (This was the old town residence of the Ciceros, in the lower part of the city, inherited from their father.)

The lady whom Atticus, a bachelor of more than fifty, now married was named Pilia, and less is known of her ancestry than of her descendants. They had one daughter, who was married to Agrippa, father of Agrippina, the first wife of the Emperor Tiberius.

In the next letter of Cicero to his brother, there is more wedding-news : —

“I think I have concluded the arrangements for the betrothal of my Tullia, who loves you so devotedly, to Crassipes.” There were settlements to be made, of course. Indeed, Cicero writes to Atticus, at about this time, that Crassipes is running away with all his traveling-money ; and it is with reference to the same business that he goes on to say, alluding, it would seem, to some complaint of Quintus about the difficulty of raising funds for rebuilding : “As to

that *affluence* you talk so much about” (he uses a Greek word), “my desire for it is tempered. My feeling now is that I will receive good fortune gladly if it comes to seek me, but that I will not hunt for it if it hides. At the present moment, I am building in three places, beside making repairs, and I live rather more freely than ever.”

This letter is not dated, but it was probably written some time in March, for in the next we read that Tullia was betrothed on April 4th, that on April 5th the Senate voted Pompey 40,000,000 sesterces (that is, about \$1,800,000) for the purchase of grain, and that on the 6th he, Cicero, gave a betrothal supper to Crassipes. “That dear boy of yours and mine, Quintus, was a little indisposed, and could not come. I went to see him the next day, and found him all right again, and he talked a good while with me, and very sensibly, about the differences between our wives. What would you have ? I have nothing very cheerful to tell. Pomponia now complains even of you ; but of this when we meet. I then went to your place. There were a good many workmen about. I endeavored to stir up the contractor Longilius, and he promised to do his best to please me. The house will be very handsome. One can judge of the effect better now than was possible from the plan. Mine too is going up rapidly. The same day, I dined with Crassipes, in his gardens on the Tiber, and was taken thence in a litter to Pompey's house. I am writing this upon the road, before light, on the 8th of April, because I wish to pass this day with T. Titius at Anagnina. To-morrow I hope to arrive at your Laterium” (Quintus's villa at Arpinum), “and after passing five days at Arpinum to go to my own Pompeianum ; taking a look, on my return, at the Cumanæ property. Milo's trial being appointed for May 7,<sup>1</sup> I must be in Rome

<sup>1</sup> Clodius, who was now ædile, had prosecuted Milo for promoting riotous disturbances!



on the day previous, when I shall hope, my best and kindest of brothers, also to see you. I thought it better to have the building at Arcanum" (another villa of Quintus's, near Minturnæ) "suspended until you come."

And so we have Cicero fairly started once more, on that beautiful spring journey, over the hills and along the Mediterranean coast, on which it is always so pleasant to accompany him. From the seaside place at Antium, he writes to Atticus, now returning to Rome from his wedding-tour, that he had found less havoc among his books there than he had anticipated, and that Tyrannio, the learned freedman of Atticus, had done a beautiful piece of work in the repairing and rearranging of those that were left. He hopes that Atticus and his bride will stop with him on their return to Rome, and Tullia, he says, joins her entreaties. We gather from this that Tullia was passing her second honeymoon under her father's roof, but there is not a word now of Terentia. There is more about the books in the next letter, and how the loose leaves which had been torn out were all once more glued together, and the parchments rolled on their cylinders of wood or reed, and furnished with titles written out in fine scarlet letters. Cicero thanks his friend for having, with his wonted kindness, undertaken to oversee the building operations at Rome while he, Cicero, is away.

<sup>1</sup> The *Παλινοδία*, about which there has been so much discussion, was probably no other than the magnificent Oration Concerning the Consular Provinces. A re-allotment of these had been proposed, which would have deprived Cæsar of the two Gauls; and Cicero, in opposing the measure, had described the splendid series of Cæsar's late victories with his own unrivalled eloquence.

<sup>2</sup> "Valeant recta, vera, honesta consilia," etc. It is not my purpose, in this merely popular *résumé* of Cicero's letters, to enter into the countless verbal and grammatical discussions which are inevitably provoked by the free elliptical and colloquial style in which they are written. But since this is rather a crucial

point, I will observe that the sense usually given to *valeant* in this passage is that of *farewell*: "Farewell, the old straightforward policy," etc. The words will, however, bear equally well the meaning which I have given them, and I think that Professor Tyrrell, the latest, and, to my mind, by far the most luminous and interesting, English critic of Cicero's correspondence, has shown conclusively that the sense "may it prevail" makes better logic in connection with what precedes and follows, and also that it corresponds singularly with expressions used by Cicero in other places.

But in this letter to Atticus there is also other matter, of more serious import. "Anything else?" you say. Yes, indeed! And why should I keep nibbling about the bolus which must be swallowed? I felt myself that my palinode<sup>1</sup> was just a little base. But what I want is a fair, honest, straightforward policy;<sup>2</sup> and the perfidy of those men" (the optimates) "who claim to be our leaders, and might be, if there were a spark of honor in them, is beyond belief. I knew it, I felt it, and yet, cajoled, betrayed, flung aside by them as I had been, I was yet resolved to stick by their side in politics. But they are exactly the same as ever. I resisted the notion when you told me so, but it is true. You will say that your advice had reference only to my actions; that you never wanted me to put anything in black and white. But, by Heaven, I tell you it was *I* who desired to bind myself to these new associates, so as to preclude the very possibility of ever lapsing again into the arms of those who were hating me all the while that I most deserved their sympathy. However, as I told you, I treated my theme with much reserve. I shall have something more to say, if he" (Cæsar) "takes it well, and those men appear to be annoyed who have objected to my having a house which once belonged to Catulus,<sup>3</sup> — forgetting that I bought it of Vettius! — and who say that I ought to be selling

<sup>3</sup> This was the Tusculanum. Before the days of Catulus it had been the property of Sylla, the dictator.

now, not building. But what does it all signify beside the fact that they have been chuckling over the idea that I should get the ill-will of Pompey by the very speeches I made in their own interest? I have had enough of it; and since those who have no power are so unfriendly, I will endeavor to recommend myself to those who have some. You will say, 'This is what I have long wished you to do.' Exactly; and I was a downright ass not to heed you sooner!"

So, then, Cicero had changed his politics, and abandoned his party. Or had his party changed its position, and abandoned him? We have seen him lamenting, even before he went into exile, that there were no true optimates left; and the progressive demoralization and disintegration of the old conservative party must have struck him glaringly on his return to Rome, after an absence of more than a year. Moreover, had he not always regarded Pompey, in spite of the personal antipathy between them, as the true head of the optimates, and representative of their policy? Why should he not — if only as the least of evils — adhere to Pompey, and to Cæsar, who was shedding such lustre just now upon the Roman arms abroad? Could there be any better hope for the state, in the present chaotic condition of affairs, than in these men? Nevertheless, the reader will not have failed to notice the angry sense of personal affront which characterizes the last letter, and that Cicero himself, with his own irresistible candor, confesses to feeling a little ashamed of his course. The best defense of his political disinterestedness he was to make twelve years later, by his death. When it came to deciding between Cæsar and Pompey, Cicero changed his back upon the cause of the one and the same the conqueror, and adhered to the other. He alluded, in his early complaint of Quintus's sent, the zest was of raising funds for rebuilding and he betook

himself more and more to those labors of the pen, for which the oracle was undoubtedly right in suggesting his more pronounced vocation. Now let us follow him to the hills.

The first note to Atticus from Arpinum says that Cicero found an incredible row (*fremitus incredibilis*) among his rustic townspeople, on account of some engineering operations — probably the diversion of a watercourse — which Quintus, in his usual reckless and high-handed fashion, had undertaken at the Laterium. "I was really sorry about it, but he" (Quintus) — and he quotes a line from the *Odyssey* — "did not deign to heed my remonstrances." A few days later there is a note from Antium, which begins with a facetious allusion to a bad debt which Atticus had recently made: "Your letter amused me immensely, especially your 'dish of potted fish and cheese.'" Atticus appears to have made some philosophic remark to the effect that he could recoup himself for his loss by living a little more plainly, and the point of the joke is that his table had always been more frugal than had suited the *bons vivants* who visited him. Perhaps the new wife liked a more liberal style of housekeeping. At all events, there was talk of a *villeggiatura* for the household of Atticus, and Cicero proceeds: "I can find no house for you in the open country. There is one in the town, and very near my place, but I am not sure that it is for sale. One thing I can tell you: Antium is the Buthrotum of Rome, as yours is that of Corcyra. You cannot imagine anything sweeter, more tranquil, more salubrious." (Let the reader take the "steam-train" for Porto d'Anzio, early some fine morning, on the occasion of his next visit to Rome, and see whether Cicero exaggerated.) "And now that Tyrannio has put my books in order, my house seems to have got a soul."

There is always such an aroma about these letters from the country that I

gladly pass over those of the ensuing summer and autumn — which, indeed, are few and not very important — to the opening of the next year, 699 (55 B. C.), when Cicero is once more at the restored Tusculanum, writing to Atticus in Rome. The three triumvirs had held, in the mean time, their famous meeting at Lucca, and their league was more firmly established than ever. Pompey and Crassus were the new consuls, and Cæsar had got another five years' tenure in Gaul.

Cicero has some curious remarks about the defeat of Domitius Ahenobarbus, who had also run for the consulship. "A fig is n't liker to a fig," he says in a Greek quotation, "than his case to mine [when I was exiled]. The same influences were at work, the optimates were nowhere, and the result surprised everybody. The only point of difference is that he tempted his fate" (by threatening, if elected, to deprive Cæsar of his command). "Nay, I am not sure but his case was the harder of the two. For what can be more disgusting than defeat, to a man who has been, so to speak" (from his rank and position), "a consul-elect all his life, — especially when he was canvassing alone, or at least with only one competitor? But if it is true, as they say, — I do not vouch for it, — that Pompey has in his pocket-book as long a list of consuls to be as of those who have been, the republic is worse off than Domitius, for the republic is past hope."

Later in the year we have a new date, that of the legendary Cumæ, the home of the Sibyl. The immemorial Greek town overlooked both the Lucrine lake and the silent sheet of Avernus, ringed with its wooded hills. Something of solemnity and mystery still pervaded the remoter mere, but the shores of the Lucrine were become excessively popular. Cicero was building there, — from the foundations, apparently, not restoring, — and there were scores of villas of

wealthy and influential people all about. Pompey had one, and Faustus Sylla another; and Cicero was making much use of the splendid library of the latter, which his father, the dictator, had found means to appropriate in Greece. Cicero seems to have studied and written in the one finished corner of the new house, keeping an eye upon the workmen all the while.

"I am feasting upon Faustus's library," he writes to Atticus. "'I rather fancy,' you will say, 'that you are feasting on the good things of Puteoli and the Lucrine lake'" (meaning the oysters for which the region was then famous). "Well, there is no lack of these, but I swear by the gods that since the state of the country has robbed me of my relish for other pleasures, I find my sole support and recreation in letters; and I would rather occupy that little seat of yours at the base of Aristotle's statue than sit in any of their curule chairs; rather walk with you in your portico than with him with whom I must now walk. . . . Pompey came to Cumæ at the feast of the Paralia" (April 23d), "and sent me a formal announcement of his arrival."

A few days later, Cicero is beseeching Quintus to join him. "I want you here to call out to me, and talk to me, and scold me. Is there anything I like better? I swear that no moonstruck poet ever more enjoyed the reading of his last effusion than I enjoy your talk, whether of public, private, or bucolic affairs. It was very stupid in me not to take you with me when I came. But you gave, as an unanswerable reason, the health of my boy Cicero, and I said nothing; and then you pleaded that both our boys needed you, and I acquiesced. Now, behold, I get a charming letter from you, dashed, however, with one drop of gall, in that you seem to have feared, and still to fear, that you would be in my way! On my word, I should like to try the case with you in court; but if it

comes to that, I shall confine myself to deposing that it is I who fear being troublesome to you, when we are together. I should have liked also to fling our friend Marius into a litter [and bring him with me], for the sake of enjoying the fine flavor of his old-fashioned politeness and his highly cultivated talk. It would have been a peculiar pleasure to have him here, for you know that, as my neighbor at Pompeii, he is the very sunshine of the place. But I dared not ask a man of his delicate health to a villa still unfinished and open to the sky. As for me, I am such a philosopher that I can live here very well, even with the carpenters about."

To this M. Marius, of whom we here get so attractive a glimpse, was addressed from Rome, a little later in the same spring, one of the most interesting and celebrated of all Cicero's letters, — that in which he describes the magnificent games given by Pompey at the opening of the great theatre and adjoining temple of Venus Victrix, which the triumvir had built in the Camp Martius.

"If it was illness, or bodily infirmity of any sort," he says, "which prevented your coming to the games, I will praise your good fortune rather than your good sense. But if you were strong enough to come, and would not, because you think these things at which the world gapes are rather to be condemned, then I must congratulate you on your soundness both of body and mind; provided always that you have reaped the full benefit of the leisure which you had so rare an opportunity of enjoying, when you were left almost alone, in that most exquisite spot on earth. I think of you as lying in that chamber of yours, whose windows look across the bay of Stabiæ" (Herculaneum) "to far-off Misenum, and taking little dips into your books during those early morning hours, when those who had left you were dozing over farces of which they had only too near

a view. The remainder of the day you passed in the employments which are most to your taste, while we had to sit out whatever plays Sp. Mæcius" (the public licenser) "had chosen to sanction. Unquestionably the pieces were very gorgeous, but not such as you would have relished, if I may judge your feeling by my own. For, in the first place, to do honor to the occasion, certain actors were recalled to the stage who, for their own honor, had better have stayed away. There was your and my old favorite, Æsopus, who made such an appearance that every one was glad to have it over. When it came to taking the oath, his voice broke entirely in the passage 'Si sciens fallo.' Why should I continue? You have heard about the other plays. They were less enjoyable than more modest entertainments. The very splendor of the stage-setting made them heavy, and you are doubtless quite resigned to not having seen that splendor. For what real pleasure is to be got out of six hundred mules in the Clytemnestra, or three thousand bowls in The Trojan Horse, or the varied costumes and trappings of cavalry and infantry in a stage battle?" (Cicero should have asked these questions of Mr. Henry Irving.) "These things tickle the popular fancy, but they would not have gratified you."

He alludes to the matches of the athletes, and then: "For the rest, there were beast-baitings twice a day for five days: magnificent, — nobody denies it; but what, after all, is the charm, to a cultivated man, of seeing either a helpless human being mangled by a mighty beast, or a noble animal pierced by a spear? At all events, whatever may be thought of such shows, you have seen them often; nor was there anything novel about this one until the last day, when the elephants were introduced, to the amazement of the mob, but not to their approbation. On the contrary, there were signs of pity, due to the pre-

vailing notion of a very close kinship between these animals and man."

Other ancient writers have described even more fully the strange events of this day, and the unprecedented reaction of popular feeling in favor of the elephants. The poor beasts tore around the arena when wounded, uttering cries so heart-rending that even that unfeeling assembly rose to their feet as one man, and cursed Pompey for his horrible novelty. A mysterious whisper ran along the benches that the elephants understood human language, and had exacted a bond before they left Libya that no harm should be done them; and that when they tossed their trunks upward, in their agony, they were calling down vengeance from heaven for the perfidy of their captors.

Cicero closes his letter by saying that if his friend is not convinced of his own wisdom in remaining away from Rome, he must come and see the next games for himself, and hopes that he will do him, Cicero, the honor of staying at his house. I see no reason to suppose, as some of Cicero's critics have done, that the letter was written as a mere rhetorical exercise. It is more studied and ornate in style than the hurried notes he dashed off to Atticus and his brother, but we have seen that he had a great respect for the literary taste and accomplishments of Marius, while the latter, though so highly esteemed, can hardly have been one of his oldest friends.

The first letter of the year 700 (54 B. C.) is addressed to the triumvir Crassus, in Syria. Domitius Ahenobarbus had got his consulate at last, along with Appius, the brother of Clodius Pulcher; and Crassus, with his son Publius, was off to that Parthian war in which both were slain. The younger Crassus was an enthusiastic admirer and imitator of Cicero, who was as much the fashion as ever among the gilded youth of Rome; and it was due in part to the boy's influence, doubtless, that his father

and his hero had just been reconciled, after their third sharp quarrel. Cicero had called the elder Crassus a rascal — *hominem nequam* — more than once, in his *empotements*, but they parted for the last time as friends, and this letter is wholly courteous. Then comes a short note to Quintus in the country, noticeable for a perfect crystal of criticism on one of the greatest of Cicero's contemporaries: "I agree with you that the poems of Lucretius are radiant both with inborn genius and acquired art." But it is not the well-known historian of whom the writer says, disrespectfully, in the next sentence, "I shall reckon you of more than mortal mould, if you have been able to get through the Empedocles of Sallust."

And now there begins to be talk of Quintus Cicero's going to join Cæsar in Gaul. Ever since the time, in the preceding year, when Marcus had somewhat abruptly withdrawn his opposition to the division of the Campanian lands among Cæsar's soldiers, the great general and diplomate, with his own consummate tact, had been working to secure the complete and hearty adherence of the two brothers. We can but admire the delicacy with which he proceeded, never compromising his own dignity nor offending theirs by anything too palpable or flagrant in the shape of an inducement. On one occasion, in the hearing of the ubiquitous Spaniard Balbus, Cæsar spoke of it as "too good to be true," that he should have Quintus Cicero as a lieutenant; and Balbus of course repeated the remark to Marcus in Rome.

Cæsar knew well enough — what did he not know? — that he could bind Marcus more securely by favors to his brother than to himself; and for the rest, that he did not misjudge the military capacity of Quintus is shown by the really magnificent defense which the latter made of a besieged camp near the modern Charleroi.

On the 13th of February, A. U. C. 700,

Marcus writes to Quintus in the country: "I laughed at your allusions to black snow" (for us, alas, who have not seen Quintus's letter, the point of this joke is lost), "and it is always delightful to me to see you in good spirits and disposed to joke. I think of Pompey just as you do, — or rather you think as I do! But as for Cæsar, I have now, as you know, for a long time been singing his praises: I have taken him to my heart, and shall not let him go." The next letter to Quintus is written in May, from one of the southern villas, and speaks of hearing from the latter when he had advanced as far as Rimini, on his journey to Gaul. "I am reveling in the beauty of this region, and mean to stay until the 1st of June. I am writing away at that political treatise of which I told you" (the *De Republica*), "and it is a tough and toilsome piece of work. However, if I succeed to my satisfaction, the labor will not have been thrown away; and if not, I can but fling my manuscript into the sea, which my windows overlook, and begin something else; for rest I cannot."

From the 4th of June onward, all the letters to Quintus are sent by Cæsar's couriers to Gaul. There are others, also, mostly of a jocose character, to another of Cicero's friends in the same province, whom he had recommended to Cæsar's willing patronage, — to Trebatius, a man of letters and a lawyer, some twenty years younger than Cicero, and for all the rest of his life a fast friend and frequent correspondent. Trebatius, who had arrived at the age of thirty without achieving much distinction in his profession, went to Gaul to make his fortune; but his fastidious tastes were dreadfully revolted by the rough manner of life in those remote regions, and it is on his "aromatic pains" that Cicero chiefly rallies him. Trebatius, it may be remarked in passing, lived far on into the age of Augustus, a link between republican and imperial Rome. "He

could speak," says M. Boissier in his delightful *Cicéron et ses Amis*, "of Lucretius to Vergil, of Cicero to Livy, of Catullus to Propertius."

"Come now," writes the lively mentor, in the first of his letters to Trebatius which we possess, "have done with your weak pining for the city and its refinements, and address yourself diligently and manfully to the purposes for which you went." He then introduces one or two poetical quotations, to the general effect that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," — "in the number of whom," he adds, "you surely would have been reckoned, if I had not fairly pushed you out of the country. . . . But you, who know how to take such care of yourself, must look out that you are not caught by one of those British charioteers." Cæsar was just starting for his first invasion of Britain, and in the next letter to his young friend, Cicero says, "I hear there is n't an ounce of gold or silver in the island; and if that is the case, I advise you to capture a chariot, and return as fast as possible." "Keep well with Cæsar," he adds in the same letter. "Both my brother and Balbus will aid you in this, but your own modesty and diligence, believe me, most of all. You have an exceedingly generous leader; you are exactly of the right age, and most fortunate in your friends; the one danger is that you may fail yourself." And again: "Cæsar wrote me, most courteously, that he had been too busy as yet specially to cultivate your acquaintance, but that he fully intended to do so. . . . I am longing for your letters from Britain."

Trebatius, however, did not go to Britain. He appears to have drawn the line there, and Cæsar good-naturedly allowed him to remain in Gaul. Cicero was rather disappointed in his *protégé*, but took the matter lightly, with his own inexhaustible indulgence for the faults of those younger than himself.



"It cannot be," he says in one place, "that such a famous swimmer as you are objected to crossing the Channel;" and he laments having missed a capital farce which might have been entitled *The Lawyer in Britain*.

Trebatius was certainly no soldier like Quintus Cicero, who afterwards distinguished himself so splendidly, but even Quintus grumbled a little now and then, and threatened to throw up the Gallic service, until Marcus had to remind him of the absolute necessity of repairing his fortunes in one way or another. Quintus was an uncontrollable spendthrift, and we shall hear more, in the course of the year, of the extensive building operations which Marcus was overseeing on his behalf, both in Rome and in the country. That summer in Italy was exceptionally hot, and there was also great excitement in Rome on account of the discovery of a political plot, involving the most shameless and widespread bribery in high places. A disgraceful compact had been entered into and formally signed between two of the four candidates for the consulship of the ensuing year and the outgoing consuls, Domitius and Appius Clodius, by virtue of which the latter were to get the provinces and equipments they wanted, in return for good offices in securing the election of the former. The sums pledged and forfeited, in case of failure, were enormous on both sides, and even the very reverend College of Angurs was implicated in the transaction. In the month of July, however, under the influence of Pompey, who wanted to be sole consul again for the next year, Memmius, the candidate whom Cæsar was thought especially to favor, turned state's evidence, and laid the whole affair before the Senate. Cicero's letters, both to his brother and Atticus, are now interspersed with sorrowful and biting reflections on this humiliating business; but his wit never forsakes him, and after observing that

the rate of interest at Rome had doubled since the *exposé* of the bribery cases, he adds that he cannot expect Atticus, as a money-lender, to be very deeply afflicted on that account.

In the next letter there are a few interesting words about the splendid public works which are going on at Rome, under Cæsar's auspices and at his expense, — the extension of the Forum, the restoration of the Æmilian and beginning of the Julian basilica, and the surrounding by marble barriers and roofing of the inclosures in the Campus Martius, where the Roman citizens voted by centuries in the great popular elections. Cicero's imagination is still fired by thoughts of that remote and savage island of Britain, further news from which he is awaiting "*suspensio animo*;" but when he speaks of its "rampired walls," — *molibus muratis*, — I think he is referring, not to the chalk cliffs, but to those titanic earth-works, like Maiden Castle, Eggar Dun, and others, which form a conspicuous feature of the coast of Dorset to this day.

Early in September, Cicero managed to escape to Arpinum, and writes to Quintus, "I am recruiting my strength, after the great heats, the greatest I ever knew; enjoying the inexpressible beauty of the place and the comfort of river bathing." He makes little trips from Arpinum to various localities among the hills, where the lavish Quintus owned houses and farms; especially to one where there was trouble with the contractor who had undertaken to remodel the dwelling, of which Cicero gives a description too fascinating to be omitted: "I like the idea of the changes you propose to make. The villa, in its present state, is too like a philosopher whose plainness is a reproach to the luxury of his neighbors. The addition will make it charming. I admire your plan for a garden, too. At present everything is overrun with ivy: the foundations of the villa are concealed, and a



network is woven from pillar to pillar along the colonnade, so that the very statues seem to have taken to fancy gardening, and to be offering the ivy for sale." (Can we not see them, with their marble hands elegantly extended, and here and there a finger broken?) "You can imagine nothing cooler than the *apodyterium*, and nothing more mossy." Additions are made at several points to this long and captivating letter, and it is finally completed at Rome. Cicero wishes he had taken Quintus's son with him on this beautiful autumnal journey. The boy wanted to go, but Pomponia appears to have made difficulties, and Quintus is asked to authorize his going with his uncle at another time. Cicero says he could have brought the lad on in his studies by the way, and promises at the same time not to neglect his own literary work, in the press of forensic labors. "But when," he says wistfully, the glamour of the peaceful country being still upon him, "when shall I *live*?"

The trial of the ex-consul Gabinius, under whom Cicero had been exiled, was now about to come off. There were three distinct charges against him, of leze-majesty, bribery, and peculation. Cicero had been asked to defend him, but at first he scouted the idea. "He is the worst of men," he observes curtly to Quintus, in one of the entries in this same epistle, "although his fellow-consul Piso runs him hard." Cicero gave evidence against Gabinius, during his trial under the first charge, which helped to secure his condemnation; yet, after all, under pressure from Pompey, he did defend him on the third. We heartily wish that he had done nothing of the kind, and are glad to turn to the concluding passages of this long letter, in which the writer speaks with poignant and strangely prophetic sympathy of the manly sorrow of Cæsar for the death of his daughter Julia. She was Pompey's fourth wife, as the reader

will remember, and the fate of Rome and of the world was involved in hers, for the strongest of the ties which had temporarily united the two great rivals was now broken.

That autumn in the city was a stormy time. In October, Cicero sends to meet Atticus, on his way back to Rome from Epirus, a letter describing the scene in the Senate when the great bribery cases came on again. "It was a perfect Bedlam" (Abdera, where the folks were popularly supposed to be mad), "and I made my share of the noise. 'Could you not have held your tongue?' methinks I hear you saying. With all due deference, I do not think I could. . . . You will ask what I can find to say for any of them." (Cicero had been engaged by Memmius, Cæsar's candidate.) "I'll be hanged if I know" (*ne vivam, si scio*). "I have discovered nothing to the purpose in any of those three books you lauded so."

In this same month of October, 52 B. C., Cicero sent to Publius Lentulus Spinther, pro-consul in Cilicia, an elaborate review of the political situation, and of his own somewhat devious course since his return from exile, which constitutes his formal *Apologia* for going over to the triumvirs. It is far too long to be analyzed here. It is forcible, ingenious, affecting in parts, but it has the fault common to almost all apologies: it is too subtle. In nine such cases out of ten, the facts speak better for a man than the most eloquent can speak for himself. When it comes to searching systematically the arcana of one's own consciousness; to investing with visible symbols of language the infinite complexities of human motive, and defining the shadowy and shifting limits of human free agency, the finest literary instrument ever wielded by a Cicero or a Newman becomes too coarse for the purpose, and counsel is darkened rather than illumined, even by the flight of winged words.

The next letter to Atticus records the acquittal of Gabinius, by a majority of six, on the first of the charges against him. "Do you wonder how I take it? Very calmly, I assure you; and I am glad that so I can. My dear Pomponius, we have lost not merely the sap and life-blood, but the very hue and outward semblance, of the state of olden time. The republic of our hearts, in which we gloried, is no more. 'And can you take this lightly?' you will say. Even so. I remember how noble a country we had awhile ago, when I was at the helm, and what thanks I got for my services. I do not distress myself at one man's having gotten all the power. They who objected to my having any are, at all events, torn asunder by faction. I have many consolations; I have bated nothing of my dignity. I betake myself to that mode of life which is most in accordance with my nature" (he was thinking, doubtless, of the Delphic response), — "to literature and the studies we love. The pleasure I have in oratory consoles me for the labor of speaking. My house and my country-places are sources of great interest; I think of the depth from which I have arisen, not of the height from which I have fallen. If I can but have my brother and yourself to philosophize with, those men" (the optimates) "may go to the devil."

It is not thus that Cato would have written, or any of the stern Romans of the "elder day." But how characteristic of the charmingly fallible man of genius whom these letters have taught us to know is this debonair acquiescence, — albeit under half-petulant protest, — in a sinister turn of affairs; this almost too facile and graceful acceptance of the inevitable! When Cicero writes to Quintus from the Tusculanum, during his annual autumnal visit, of the terrible inundations at Rome, and how those beautiful gardens of his son-in-law, Craspius, upon the Tiber, — the scene of the

wedding-banquet, — had been quite carried away, he protests that he sees a sign in this calamity of the wrath of the gods with Rome; but he says it in apt Homeric quotations, and with no very serious air of religious conviction. And so ends the year 700.

We miss almost entirely, from the correspondence of the two succeeding years, the familiar names of Atticus and Quintus. Both were probably much of the time in Rome. In their stead appear those of two of Cicero's younger friends, with whom his relations were henceforth very familiar and always interesting. One was Cœlius, whom Cicero defended on a charge of attempted poisoning, brought by the too famous Clodia. The other was that same young nobleman, Curio, who had paid such admiring court to Cicero five years before, when the latter was rusticating at Antium and Formiæ. Curio was now fairly launched on his political career, as quæstor in Asia Minor; full of spirit, ability, and ambition, recklessly extravagant still, and conspicuously profligate, but endowed with many amiable and popular qualities, and animated, apparently, by a certain honorable sense of the high obligation, to the state, of a Roman patrician. "*Ingeniosissime nequam*," an extraordinarily clever rascal, is what one Roman writer calls him; and Lucan says that Curio, as leader of the optimates, was "a monument of the changed order of things."

But this "Roman Alcibiades," as he has also been aptly called, made a Socrates of Cicero, imploring his counsels upon all occasions, and receiving them with the most gracious deference, while Cicero's letters to him are, for the most part, very noble. They are somewhat formally expressed, as befits the great difference in age of the correspondents, but full of worldly and political wisdom, and very heartily friendly.

"I have regretted your long absence as depriving me of some very pleasant

companionship ; but I have been much gratified by the admirable manner in which you have discharged your duties, and by seeing how, in all your undertakings, the event has answered to my own desires. There is not much which the great love I bear you prompts me to offer you by way of advice. I will only say, in view of the great expectations excited by your temper and abilities, that I hope and believe you are coming back to us, prepared to fulfill all those high hopes."

Curio's father had died on the eve of his return to Rome, and Cicero writes feelingly of his young friend's bereavement, and promises anew his own affection, little less than paternal. He furthermore tries his best to dissuade Curio from his foolish purpose of honoring his father's memory, and impressing the *blasé* Roman populace, on his arrival, by exhibiting games of extraordinary magnificence. "Your coming," he says, "falls upon a time when you are much more likely to obtain the great prizes of the state through the endowments of nature, fortune, and your own energy than by giving entertainments for which no one will respect you ; since it is money only, not merit, which is requisite to produce them, and of which, moreover, every one is just now wearied to death."

"You must be my stay," the elder statesman says in another place, "now that the years are beginning to tell upon me. I want to feel that I can rest in your affection, and in the strength of your youth." . . . "Whether you have hope of the republic, or whether you have none," he writes fervently, forgetting, in a glow of fine feeling, his own late despondency, "let your thoughts, your plans, your purposes, be ever such as becomes the good citizen, bent on vindicating the ancient freedom and honor of a commonwealth brought low by degenerate manners and calamitous times." . . . And it is Curio who calls

forth the epigrammatic warning : "You have an enemy declared and fully equipped in the very greatness of the hopes which are entertained of your future."

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of these injunctions, or that Cicero, despite his own personal admiration of Cæsar's genius, saw later, with a certain sickness of spirit, how the enormous debts which Curio was not to be prevented from incurring placed him completely in the power of the omniscient master of Rome. But he had another motive, and a less disinterested one, for wishing to bind the young patrician to himself. He wanted him to support Milo in his canvass for the consulship of the ensuing year, 702. Clodius was a candidate for the prætorship at the same time, and Milo was the one man in Rome who had shown himself able to meet and worst, with his own lawless weapons, the unsleeping enemy of Cicero. He was likelier, too, perhaps, than any other Roman, in Cæsar's absence, to have baffled those designs of Pompey for the sole consulship which were now matters of common notoriety, and to have maintained outward tranquillity in the turbulent city. But, *Dis obiter visum*. The elections were interrupted by riots, as was now so frequently the case, and on the 20th of January that happened which Cicero had long before predicted. "If nobody else kills Clodius, Milo will do it yet."

The two rival *condottieri* — "the Hector and Achilles of the Roman streets," as Mommsen calls them, — met on the Appian Way, near Bovillæ. Milo was in a chariot with his wife, — Sulla's daughter, — going out to Civita Lavinia, of which town he was the chief magistrate. Clodius was riding in from Ariccia, on the road to Lake Nemi. Each had, as usual, a numerous and well-armed retinue. The chiefs had passed one another, when some of their followers fell into a dispute, — those of Clo-

dus being, apparently, the aggressors. The fight became general. Clodius was wounded, and Milo — there can be no doubt about it — ordered him to be dispatched.

When the deed became known in Rome, the excitement was tremendous. The braves of Clodius filled the streets with uproar. They assaulted Milo's town-house, but it was, as usual, strongly garrisoned, and resisted the attack. The Senate House proper, or Curia Hostilia, was next assailed and burned, with many precious documents and archives, — the wooden benches having been dragged out and heaped together for Clodius's funeral pyre, while Fulvia, his wife, tore her hair above the exposed remains, and showed his wounds to the Roman people, as that Mark Antony whom she afterward married was one day to show great Cæsar's upon the self-same spot.

There could be no more question now of the consulship for Milo. The occasion favored Pompey's plans; he was made dictator in February, and in April Milo was arraigned, not for murder, but for sedition. Cicero defended him, as a matter of course. Hortensius was engaged upon the same side, and Marcus Brutus composed and wrote out a fiery oration, in which the ground was boldly taken that the killing of Clodius was a righteous and patriotic deed. The fact is curious as illustrating the *penchant* of Brutus for assassination as a political remedy, but the two elderly lawyers knew very well that this would not do, and the oration was suppressed. There is perhaps no more magnificent piece of pleading extant in any language than Cicero's *Oratio pro Milone*, as we now possess it; but that oration cannot be said ever to have been delivered. No two consecutive sentences could be made audible, amid the frightful din which prevailed when Cicero rose to speak, and he himself, though so well used to an uproarious audience, was fain,

for once, to abandon the attempt to make himself heard by the surly mob. Milo was condemned, and banished to Marseilles; and Cicero's plea, embodying the line of defense which he had intended to follow, but everywhere retouched, we cannot doubt, and polished to the last degree of perfection, was sent after him there. The exile read it with keen appreciation, and remarked pleasantly, if somewhat cynically, when he had finished, "It is lucky for me that the Romans never heard this speech, for if they had, I should not now be enjoying these delicious mullet."

There was a certain Bursa, tribune of the people at the time of Clodius's death, and a leader in the destructive riots which followed it, whom Cicero himself subsequently prosecuted *de vi*, and whose condemnation he easily secured. Writing of the circumstances to that Marius whom he had counseled not to attend Pompey's games, Cicero has a few not ungenerous words for his old enemy: "I know you are glad of Bursa's conviction, but your congratulations strike me as a little cold. You write as if you expected me to undervalue my success, because the defendant was such a contemptible fellow. But let me tell you I was far better pleased by that legal decision than by the violent death of my foe. For, in the first place, I would rather have owed that riddance to a legal process than to the sword of a private person. I would rather it had brought glory to my friend Milo than calamity. . . . And then, incredible as it may seem to you, I loathe Bursa as I never loathed Clodius himself. The one I prosecuted remorselessly; but there is something to be said on behalf of the other. He, Clodius, when the fate of the republic hung upon my life, did at least aim at a great and daring thing; and he also acted, not entirely of his own motion, but under pressure from men who must themselves fall, if I continued to stand. But this ape of a

Bursa, in mere wantonness, undertook to attack me, and persuaded some of those who do not love me too well that he would always be ready to play the spy upon me."

This is the last letter of Cicero's which we possess previous to the year 703 (51 B. C.), when he went, not very willingly, as pro-consul to Cilicia. With the death of Clodius, the banishment of Milo, and the reëstablishment of Pompey's dictatorship, the third act in the drama of Cicero's public life came to an end. There was another yet to be played before his grave was "thoroughly earned," in some respects the most honorable to him of all. The greater part of his marvelous literary work was yet to be accomplished; the sharpest of

his private sorrows were yet to be endured. He had many great thoughts to work out in the quiet of the Volscian highlands, or by the lapping waves of the Mediterranean, — thoughts on the intricacies of statecraft, the moral aspects of human society, the mysteries of life and of death. He had one thing more to do for the country which, amid all his fluctuations of opinion and policy, he always loved so truly, — the last and greatest service which can be asked of any citizen; and when the supreme hour came, he rendered that service bravely. Of his latest years, as of those which we have already reviewed, a priceless record remains in Cicero's private letters; but the examination of these must be reserved for another time.

*Harriet Waters Preston.*

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## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

### XIII.

It was one of those moments charged with the realization of a weighty emergency, when the mind shrinks from the responsibility of discriminating in the crisis, leaving the event to ensue unchecked. Marcella sat as still as if she were merely a figure painted against the sere mass of clambering vines that clung to the eaves of the porch, forming a pale yellow background, on which the salient coloring of her dark blue dress, the red kerchief about her throat, her brown floating hair, her widely open brown eyes, the fresh flesh tints of her face and hands, stood out with an effect delicate, yet intense. The little old rough gray spinning-wheel at her knee was distinctly marked, too, for its humble neutrality of tone was aided by contrast, as well as the ashen-brownish hue of the old hound's head. Perhaps it was the expression of her face, instinct with

expectation, that arrested her father's fluctuating attention. He looked at her, bewildered for a moment; then he himself turned slowly in his chair, and with his deliberate sidelong glance sought to follow the direction of her eyes.

He saw the approaching figure; there could be no doubt of that. The cornstalks, all bleached and partially stripped of the wealth of blades that the summer's suns had drawn out, like a conjurer's ribbon flaunting from nothingness, to wave in the summer's winds, — the residue, tattered and mildewed, glittering here and there with the white rime, — came hardly to Jepson's breast. The broad shoulders of his blue jeans coat showed above the growth; his wide white hat, set far back from his brow, disclosed his features, with their distinctive chiseling. The peculiar pose of his head and his erect carriage were so characteristic that he could hardly be mistaken even at a distance. His eyes

were fixed upon the group, and he must have noted Eli Strobe holding to the arms of his chair, his bandaged head bent forward, gazing at him, open-mouthed, with quivering jaw and pallid, stricken face. He certainly saw Marcella, and his step slackened as he watched her suddenly rise and stand behind her father, placing one finger on her lip. She lifted the other hand at arm's-length, and with a frowning, imperative face she waved him back. He stood motionless for a moment, hesitating and at a loss. Then he walked on slowly, still toward the house. There was a dip in the ground just in front of him, — a marshy spot, — and there the corn had grown tall and rank; so tall that the sere and half-stripped stalks, left to stand stark and dead in the field till the spring burnings and ploughings — under should grant them sepulchre, reached higher than Teck Jepson's head. Eli Strobe, tremulously intent, watched the great white hat disappear behind these relics of the lush crop; he waited motionless, his eyes fixed upon the lower stalks where it should presently emerge. Time went by, — one minute, three, five, — and still Jepson did not reappear. Andy Longwood divined that he had turned aside upon Marcella's signal, and taken his way along the furrows between the corn, out of sight, and so to the verge of the field. But this was not the impression made upon the distraught brain of the constable, as, his patience wearying at last and his muscles failing, he sank back into his chair. He looked craftily at the two young people, to judge what impression the apparition — for thus he deemed it — had made upon them; if indeed it had appeared save to his own eyes. In their uncertainty, dealing with the emergency at haphazard and as best they might, they unwittingly fostered his delusion. Marcella was calmly spinning once more, and Andy Longwood, taking his cue at last, idly whittled a stick.

For some time no word was spoken. Strobe fell back, gasping for breath, and ever and again looking fearfully over his shoulder to where the languid autumnal sunshine lay still and vacant upon the expanse of the pallid corn. Pilgrims were abroad in the blue sky, and now and then a wild weird cry floated down from migratory birds, sometimes unseen, and sometimes visible only in the tiny familiar triangle bespeaking the converging files of the wild geese, all a-journeying. When wings not afar off, with a silken rustle and lines of living light, came cleaving the sunshine and dimpling the waters of the shallows of the river, he showed a momentary interest to see the wild ducks settle and rise again. as the crack of a gun told that a death-charged missile had pierced their ranks. He glanced mechanically after their flight as with clamorous cries they took to wing. And then he did not forget to gaze once more upon the curtaining corn where that significant figure had disappeared. A gray squirrel scudded along the rail fence, then across the door-yard, with a large hickory-nut in his mouth, and vanished up the bole of the chestnut-tree, making small account of the old hound, who simply growled in an undertone, his eyes bright and liquid and his ears pricked up. The wounded man's heavy-lidded eyes followed him with a twinkle. "Ye ain't a-goin' hongry this winter, air ye, bubby? I'll be bound ye be a reg'lar high liver, ef the truth war knowed."

Marcella took note of the easy, natural tone. She drew a long sigh of relief. The tense, feverish spark had died out of her eyes; they were pensively bright, as she fixed them smilingly upon her father. She believed that her quick resource had taken effect. He had seen Teck Jepson, certainly, but she thought that at the distance he could not have recognized him, and that she had averted the calamity which the sudden entrance upon the scene of the man whom

he supposed dead would surely have precipitated. He might have been shocked into a relapse of his ravings and his violent mania, from which perhaps he would never have emerged again.

"An' the doctor say, 'Keep him quiet,'" she muttered.

The sun, and the air, and the wonderful balsamic freshness and buoyancy that seemed to pervade it, all had a tonic effect on Eli Strobe. His color became more natural, his eye was calmer, his blood in his veins seemed charged with his own bold identity. He began to feel his courage.

"I ain't afeard o' nuthin'," he remarked triumphantly, suddenly pursuing aloud the tenor of his thoughts. His daughter stopped and stared, crest-fallen, since he seemed again incoherent. "I never war afeard o' no livin' man, an' I ain't a-goin' ter set out at my time o' life ter git skeered at harnts. I war a-tellin' ye jes' now 'bout mebbe Teck Jepson's harnt mought set out ter walk. Ef he tuk ter foolin' round me, I'd jes' ax him, 'What kin ye do? What kin ye do?'" He put both hands on his knees and wagged his head from side to side, casting up that characteristic sidelong glance, as if thus defying and confronting the supposed spectre. "'Ye could n't do nuthin' ter me whilst live an' hearty. An' I ain't a-goin' ter be afeard o' ye now ye air dead. Ef ye kem a-tromplin' round hyar, I'll arrest ye, — I'll sarve papers on ye. I'm constable o' Brumsaidge yit!"

Once more he turned abruptly, and looked out over the emptiness of the cornfield. Then he leaned back in his chair, and this idea of serving papers on the "harnt" came over him anew, and seemed to amuse him mightily. Now and again he muttered, "I'll sarve papers on ye," and chuckled slyly to himself. "I'll sarve papers on ye, till ye'll be glad ter stay in yer grave, writ proof."

"This hyar Jepson," — he spoke aloud,

leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, and assuming that sly, confidential air characteristic of the rustic gossip, as he looked from one to the other of the young people, — "he tried powerful hard ter make up ter me in his last days, though I know he never used ter like me much, kase I war cousin ter M'ria Price, ez merried Ben Bowles, an' put her up ter gittin' a powerful good trade out 'n Teck whenst he went ter live with them, — an' generally kase I war kin ter M'ria. An' I'll 'low myse'f M'ria air a pritty stiff one ter stan'. Some folks uster think mebbe I mought marry M'ria myse'f, me bein' a widower; but I say, 'Naw, sir! I ain't a-goin' ter hev my pleasure at the jedgmint day plumb destroyed by hevin' ter go ter heaven with two wimmin a-clawin' an' tearin' each other's hair an' golden harps 'bout which one owned me! Thanky! One's enough. Mought be said ter be a plenty.'" He laughed in his heavy bass rumble. "But I want ter tell ye 'bout Teck," he went on, lapsing into his tone of urgent mystery. "Oh, I tell ye, in his las' days he made up ter me, — Teck kin be ez smooth an' slick ez a bullet when he wants ter; an' what fur, do ye reckon? Why, fur Marcellly. He war bound ter find favor in her eyes, so, knowin' she set a heap o' store by her dad's opinion, he undertook ter git mighty friendly with *Me!*"

He was addressing himself now to Andy Longwood, whose expression had changed from pity and embarrassed anxiety to keen and alert interest. The young fellow's face was flushed; he had drawn himself into a tense listening position as he sat on the step; as he turned his head eagerly upward, his light, curling, tangled hair fell down longer still upon his broad shoulders beneath the wide brim of his hat, set far back. He had the greater interest in what was to come because he began to realize that Eli Strobe was perfectly sane except in regard to the circumstances surrounding



the disaster, his delusion concerning Teck Jepson's death and the manner of it. He simply was the victim of what is known as a "fixed idea." On other topics his mind seemed even more alert and lucid than formerly, possibly because of that freshened interest in life characteristic of the invalid returning to the world after an interval of seclusion. He was more talkative than was his wont, and in relaxing his reserve he had lost that very glutinous quality, his policy, which usually serves to hold together what men really think, and prevent it from melting into speech, which is often the reverse of what men think.

"An' I did n't know what in the name o' Aberham ter do!" continued Eli Strobe, with uncharacteristic communicativeness. "Me runnin' fur election, an' this hyar man a-courtin' round Marcellly. An' he hed hearn mam accidentally 'low ez Marcellly despised him, so I hed ter be powerful keerful, kase I did n't want him ter vote agin me fur constable. That war the main pint. Young folks kin git married or stay single, whichever seems the foolishhest ter 'em; that's what they always do, — the foolishhest. But ye can't git 'lected ter office by jes' wantin' ter. Ef ye ain't 'lected constable, *ye can't be constable*. But ef ye can't git one gal, ye mighty apt ter git another; they ain't all o' one mind. An' I did n't want the young folks's foolishness 'bout fallin' in love ter oust me out'n my office. Kase Teck Jepson air mighty robustious, an' ef he hed tuk a notion ter work agin me in the election he'd hev done it with a will. So when he'd say suthin' 'bout Marcellly, I'd say, 'Thar's plenty o' time fur me ter choose a son-in-law, Teck, an' I mus' say candidates fur that office abound in this kentry.'" He stopped to laugh, then went on gravely: "The outlook fur sons-in-law is promisin'. I ain't liable ter be destitute; but I be goin' ter take my time 'bout gittin' a son-in-law.' So Teck jes' did n't know

whether I favored him or no, but war n't made mad; though I knowed all the time ez Marcellly war a-goin' ter marry Clem Sanders, — ain't ye, Marcellly?"

Andy Longwood caught his breath, as he looked up at her. There was a touch of coquetry in the glance of her eye and her mounting color, as she nodded a careless acquiescence. She would not contradict the invalid, and perchance she relished the tumult of indignation that flared, upon her gesture of affirmation, in Andy Longwood's face; for nothing concerning her old playfellow seemed a serious matter to her. The next moment she was smiling down at him, ready to signal a negative to him, but he had turned his head resolutely away.

"Sometimes," pursued the politician, "I'd say ter Teck, whenst he talked 'bout Marcellly, I'd say, 'I'm obligated ter hev a mighty smart man fur my son-in-law, kase I hev got a darter ez hev n't got her ekal fur looks an' goodness outside o' the courts o' heaven. Kin ye read?' An' he'd say, mighty oneasy, 'Naw; what do I want ter read fur?' An' then I'd say, 'Kin ye even spell? Clem Sanders kin.' An' he'd say, 'Naw,' powerful glum, I tell ye. Then he'd be perlite fur true fur a while, — a good while. When, Andy, I'll tell ye, 'twixt ye an' me an' the gate-post, sech spellin' ez Clem Sanders kin do oughter be agin the law! It air agin every law o' spellin'. Clem oughter be hung a leetle fur each offense. It jes' fixes him in his criminal conduct agin the alphabet. Oh, ho! But Teck never knowed no better. He 'lowed I wanted a school-larned son-in-law, an' Clem war that larned man. Heigh ho! I reckon I ought n't ter hev made him so mis'able in his las' days. But I could n't abide ter git cut out'n my office kase all the young idjits in the kentry war insane 'bout Marcellly."

He leaned back in his chair once more, desisting at last, for there were unmistakable signs of losing his audi-

ence. Andy Longwood, who had wished to go earlier, but had found his will not adequate to the emergency, remaining helplessly embarrassed by the awkwardness of the situation which left him an unwelcome witness of Eli Strobe's mania, now felt the energy of his own grievances imparted to his volition by the disclosures which had chanced to be made. He was once more self-absorbed, self-centred. He hardly noticed the wounded man, or that he rose to go so precipitately upon the conclusion of the last sentence that it savored of the rudeness of interruption and disrespect to his elders. He could go now, easily enough, — willingly. His face, as he stood, younger far than his muscles, callow of expression considering his height, betraying his claim to the authority and respect that he arrogated as a full-grown man, was flushed, and wore that petulant importance of adolescence that falls far short of the dignity for which it strives in vain. Marcella knew well the puerile heroics and reproaches that would have come from him had they been alone; and so much his senior was the girl, four years his junior, that she was wont to slyly laugh at him, maternally humor his view of his own importance, and to feel very kindly toward him, for they had always been together, and he had been a merry and good-tempered playmate in the old days. He had not yet ceased to be amusing, save, poor fellow, to himself.

"I mus' be a-goin'," he observed, not lifting his eyes, and articulating indistinctly, for he only superficially moved his lips. She had often seen him in this mood, and ten years ago these manifestations, so familiar to her, would have preceded a wild burst of tears and a stamping of small brogans in rage. She remembered him in this guise of youthful grief. Such seizures had passed from his recollection as if they had never been. He could not have pictured himself at any period so removed from that idea of

dignified and important identity which he fancied was himself.

"We air goin' ter dish up dinner, Andy," she observed, alluringly. "Some o' the late corn ain't plumb hardened yit, an' we air goin' ter hev corn-puddin'. Them guinea hens ye gin me lays aigs enough fur ennything. Ye better stay."

Few people in this world have the opportunity of beholding a fairer, more gracious face than that which she turned, as she bent over her wheel, and looked at him, her eyes shining and sweet, her lips smiling, showing the glittering line of her teeth.

But he kept his face averted.

"I don't want no dinner," he declared.

"Got above eatin', hev ye?" remarked Eli Strobe, whose affinities were essentially those of maturity, and who had scant sympathy with the callow stage of manhood. He entertained a robust contempt for its assertions and its confidence in some bigger and better future, likely to wait upon its superior capacities, than other men had attained. "Ye'll git ter heaven quicker 'n ye think fur, ef ye jes' hold out an' foller that fashion ez a constancy."

Andy lifted his eyes slightly now, with an expression of surly affrontedness, but mindful of his own position he said merely, "I ain't hongry." He lingered a moment still, because the mountaineers do naught precipitately; then with a deliberate "Waal, good-by," he started away.

"Andy!" cried Marcella, her voice indeed as sweet as the mocking-bird's. He turned, gloomily unappeased, stiffly obeying her behest to accord attention. He leaned upon his long rifle, as he stood in the path and looked back. She had risen, and had come to the verge of the porch; one hand was on the post, the other was held out to him. She was smiling still, and tears would have touched him as more appropriate, — smiling easily and naturally, with a touch

of jesting, ridiculing remonstrance in her manner. "I furgot. I want ter ax ye ter do me a favior — but — but — ye look so mad I be mos' afeard. Air ye mad?"

*So mad!* And this was the way she interpreted his heartbreak.

He looked with stern reproach at her, although he spoke in a gentle tone, but with solemn significance: —

"Mad? What hev I got ter be mad 'bout, Marcellly?"

"Nuthin'," she began.

"That don't hender, Andy," interrupted Eli Strobe, unable to refrain from taking a hand in the little game. "The maddest folks air always them ez hev got no call ter git mad."

"I war 'feard ye *mought mebbe* be mad with me," said Marcella, still provokingly smiling, and stepping down from the porch and slowly approaching him.

The sunshine was on her bare head. The rich chestnut-brown of her hair showed such lustre and depth of color in the broad light, such gloss and fineness of texture. And how it waved and curled as it fell down on her shoulders, with an electrical isolation of filaments toward the ends, where they seemed to lose the expression of color, and gave only cloudy, indefinite effects that left no opportunity for strong, crude lines about her head. Her fair skin was fairer still in the radiance. Her eyes were dazzled; she held one hand above them, and their expression, as she looked at him from the shadow, might have mollified aught less wrapped in self than this very young man. To him it all meant that Marcella knew that she had given cause for offense, and was wishing to make it up by laughing him out of his just indignation; for a half laugh curved her lips, and brought out a dimple in her cheek, to fluctuate there with her effort to ridicule him. She came silently, looking tall and slight, fit to be swayed even by a gentle wind, and stood beside him

in the narrow path; glancing at him for a moment, then turning and gazing casually from under her hand, that shielded her smiling eyes, now at one and then another of the great ranges, shimmering azure through the sun, save when a white cloud in the sky set a dimly purple image of itself a-scudding as impalpably over the mountains. He was impelled to speak first. He did so in a tone of grave and measured constraint, as one who will not resent, though feeling, offense.

"What favior did ye want ax me, Marcellly?"

Her eyes rested incidentally still longer on the mountains; then she fixed them on his face, altogether unmoved by his grave tone, except, perchance, to laughter. She took hold of the barrel of his rifle with her left hand.

"I want ye ter loan me thlis rifle o' yourn, Andy. I want ter shoot a old hawk ez hev been a-flusterin' round the hens an' chickens lately."

He stood, blankly astonished, for a moment.

"Why n't ye borry yer dad's?" he demanded, in surly suspicion of her motives.

Once more she turned her shaded eyes upon the mountains.

"Oh, kase," she said, altogether embarrassed by the expression of stern and serious inquiry in his eyes, "ye gin me mos' o' the chickens I hev got, an' mebbe it mought be good luck ef I war ter shoot the hawk with yer own gun."

This seemed to him perfectly reasonable, but his distrust of her was so great at the moment that he subjected the possibility of occult motives to a searching mental scrutiny. He failed to evolve anything more plausible, or indeed anything beyond what she had said. He looked at her hard for a moment, still bitterly resenting her undimmed brightness under his displeasure, and he secretly thought she had ill chosen her time to ask of him a favor. Still maintaining

his gravely offended aspect, he said, "Ye kin hev it, Marcellly, ez long ez ye want it." He released his hold upon it, leaving it in her hand, and went his way without another word. At the gate he did not look back, but pursued the turnrow until he was half through the field. Under some impulse then which he did not seek to discriminate, he glanced over his shoulder.

Marcella was standing in the path where he had left her, still gazing after him. She held the long rifle in one hand, leaning her soft cheek against its surly ramrod at one side of the barrel, her hair floating about. She smiled radiantly at him through the sunshine, and called out with joyous sweetness, "Good-by, Andy."

If he said aught in response, she did not hear it. Her charming smile, intent on mollification, failed of effect; it was too much, however, to expect even of feminine tact that she should have divined that frowns might have served better, or null seriousness, inexpressive and impenetrable. The flash of light from her eyes set a-flaring his intelligence, — a sufficiently good endowment, but lacking those traits of divination and imagination characteristic of more finely furnished brains. Without its impetus he could never have experienced an abrupt illumination and certainty concerning Marcella's motive, which opened before him by the time he had ponderingly approached the verge of the corn-field. Its contemplation almost took his breath away. He stood motionless, staring vaguely before him, realizing why she had wanted his rifle, — how strange that he had not instantly known! Had he so soon forgotten his idle threats? He had a vivid mental picture of himself as he must have looked as he stood on the porch this morning, significantly tapping the trigger of the loaded rifle. She had not thought those threats idle! His foolish courage flared up to match the estimation in which he thought she held

him. She knew him for a dangerous man! and the blood pulsed fast through his veins as this flattering idea impelled it. She was afraid he would indeed wreak woe upon the man whom she was to marry. Her father had said that she was to marry Clem Sanders, and she had not denied it. He had unconsciously disbelieved this at the time, as one cannot at first realize a misfortune, which stuns the finer sensibilities by the weight of its fall. Only now he was beginning to appreciate what her loss meant to him; it almost unmanned him for a moment, thinking as he did that it was her solicitude for the safety of her lover that devised the clever ruse to win his rival's rifle.

"'Feard I'd hurt Clem," he said with a sneer, despite his quivering lip. Perhaps it was the idea that violence was expected of him, which her precautions first suggested to him, — for the bravado and bloody-mindedness of his conversation had been utterly without intention, — that determined him upon his course.

"Naw, naw, Marcellly," he said, half aloud and mournfully shaking his head, "ef not me — nobody." He leaned down as he spoke, and drew from his boot-leg a glittering steely flash; he looked around with a quick, apprehensive glance; but the sere stalks of the corn, which were straggling here, so near the end of the field, would nevertheless serve to shield him from the observation of any one in the yard or the porch of the cabin. He examined the knife with fierce eyes, his teeth set hard together: the handle was strong, the metal excellently well tempered. He passed his fingers gingerly along the edge, — keen, how keen! Clem Sanders himself had sharpened it! He thrust it back into his long boot-leg, and went on taking his way down the road toward the forge, nerved by the fact that bloodshed was expected of him.

A drought had succeeded the wet

weather and the deep ruts formed by the wagon wheels in the red clay mire of the road were still stiff and hard, mementos of their slow, creaking progress; and although here and there the thin crust crumbled under his heel, his steps left no other trace. He heard a thrush whistle from the weeds as he went. He looked up at the spaces of the broad blue sky, infinite elsewhere, but here with bounds and barriers, for the mountains limited it and made it local. He was vaguely conscious that his dog, with an affectation of fidelity to his true owner, as one might seek to cultivate a fine trait to wear as a graceful accomplishment, knowing it to be exotic to the soil, trotted, with his long, lithe stride and sinuous body, at his heels, with a wagging tail and a nose that pretended to snuff the ground, as if solicitous for some trail of fox, or rabbit, or other gentry. His master was presently made aware of his defection by seeing the canine shadow, cast a little in advance, suddenly swerve aside, and with a deft pace and a drooping tail the hound set out swiftly for his adopted home.

"The very dog hev gin me up," his master muttered bitterly. Sorrow at his age is not all bitterness; it had an element of satisfaction to be so very adequate to his sufferings and his wrongs. He mechanically turned his head to look after the creature, who had paused, looking back too with regret, rent with inward dissension, his poor dog-conscience struggling between his sense of duty and preference. He looked a trifle handsomer than his wont, with the animation of his emotion expressed in his slender, alert head and his bright eyes. Then, with a sudden sharp yelp that seemed to cadence the pang of decision, he betook himself swiftly away from temptation, resolved to persevere in desertion, and was soon lost to view as the turn-row swallowed him amongst the corn. The next moment Andy had forgotten that he existed. The music of the forge was

on the air, the clinking of the hand-hammer and the clanking of the sledge. How the distant sound assimilated with the mountain voices, as the echoes came liltng forth to meet it! The ear might hardly discern the repetitions of the rock from the vibrations of the metal. Presently he could hear the anvil sing, and then the strokes seemed only marking the rhythm of this fine, tremulous, high-pitched monody. Clem Sanders was there at his work, all unsuspecting of the fate coming with long strides down the road. What strange, untimely thought was this! The muscles below Longwood's knee were suddenly sensitive to the pressure of the knife-blade in his boot, and he was reminded of a grisly old story of a cruel man whose hand was palsied on his weapon in the moment when he would have taken a fellow-man's life. An old woman's story this, told in the dusk at the fireside, to sap away with mystery and weird lights and artful words a man's courage when he should resent his wrongs like a man; for were they not all afraid of bloodshed, these women, and cowards to their heart's core? He was dragging his left leg, for all his logic and his scorn of a pusillanimous peace. How the anvil sang,—how it sang! And why need he wonder would it be silent to-morrow,—would it ever give forth that sonorous melody again under the hand of the man who now wielded the hammer? Who talks of to-morrow? Poor fool, let him mind to-day. Was the blade turning around in his boot? Every fibre of the limb was oppressed with its significant presence. His courage, however, did not wait upon his nerves; he saw altogether unmoved that there were half a dozen idle men standing about the door of the forge, or loitering within. His pace had grown slower since that fancy about the knife had taken hold of him, but as he made his way up the slight ascent to the door of the forge he stooped down and boldly drew out the

weapon; the man in the doorway fixed a meditative eye upon him, thinking, doubtless, he had brought the blade to have an edge put on it. Longwood could see through the dusky little place, for the window at the rear was open, and he marveled to find his senses so alert. In such a moment he thought it strange to recognize Teck Jepson, leaning against the wall, his face white since the summer sunburn had worn away, and thoughtful, and with imperative lines even in silent reverie; his hands were thrust in his leather belt, his eyes were fixed on the leafless autumn woods. Nay, Longwood took note even of the bare brambles of the wild rose outside of the window, its profuse pods glowing scarlet amongst the gray rocks and the brown moss, and the fine-webbed witchery of the hoarfrost lying on the sere leaves.

Clem Sanders's massive figure was the focus of the group, with his leather apron girded about his waist, his sleeves rolled back from his muscular arms, the light of the fire — a steady red glow, for the bellows was idle — upon his square, good-humored face, that was refined by that look of earnest attention and grave content characteristic of the good workman at his chosen task. One hand held with the tongs the metal upon the anvil; the other wielded the hand-hammer with deft precision, and the sledge came crashing down, as Jube, the parson's son, grasped it with both hands. The brown shadows clustered about them, and the figure of the striker with the sledge was only dimly suggested in the rich depths of the picture. Each detail grew more distinct as the young man advanced toward the shanty under the shelving crag and the waving pine; the apartment gradually seemed lighter than it did at a distance, seen through the brilliant crisp air, and with the contrast of the sunshine and the high color of the autumnal world without. As the charcoal, which was mingled with the earth, at the door, began to grate beneath his

feet, he wondered that none of those within took note of his deadly intention; that the smith should stand undefended, unwarned, for Clem's unnoting head was bent over his work, and the yellow sparks flew from the red-hot iron as the hammer and the sledge alternately fell. Longwood did not realize how much the habitual imperturbable aspect characteristic of the mountaineer cloaked his agitation and his design. Even when he strode into the place, his drawn knife in his hand, calling out, "Clem Sanders, stand up ter fight! I be a-goin' ter kill ye!" the ruminant idler in the doorway, slowly chewing his quid of tobacco, merely shifted his eyes upon the new-comer, and an elongation in the stiff wrinkles about his mouth betokened preparation to smile. Teck Jepson withdrew slowly his attention from the bleak wilds without, and the smith responded cheerily, his head still bent over the anvil, "Kill away!" while the painstaking blows of the forging alternated with the precision of machinery and the sparks flew.

Longwood hesitated for a moment; then, with a swift fear that his resolution might fail him, he rushed impetuously forward. The sharp blade in his hand struck the blacksmith beneath the shoulder blade; it was long and keen enough to have pierced his heart. There was no fault in the weapon, — a good strong knife; the hand had faltered, — no sincere hatred had nerved it. The blade fell clanking to the ground, as the blacksmith tapped the face of the anvil as a signal that the blows of the sledge should cease. He turned around slowly, his straight eyebrows lifted. "What air ye doin' of, Andy?" he demanded.

"I stabbed ye. I wanter kill ye," Longwood muttered, doubtful of himself and bereft of his weapon, for Clem Sanders had casually stooped and picked up the knife.

The movement had possibly caused the slight wound to gape.

"Look-a-yander how Clem's a-bleedin'!" exclaimed Jube Donnard, in the excited falsetto of a born sensationalist.

"Great Molly Har!" cried the smith, showing emotion for the first time, "did he cut a hole in this hyar brand-new shirt? Mam hev jes' done wove it, an' she 'lowed ef these hyar shirts did n't las' me no longer 'n common, I'd hev ter git the trash cloth at the store, ready wove, or else marry a wife ter do the weavin'. Kase she 'lows it's through gamesomeness, an' not work, I git my clothes so tore up. Look-a-hyar, Andy," — he fixed a severe, threatening eye on his assailant, — "ye boys air gittin' too rough in yer playin', kemin' an' a-cuttin' other folkses clothes. Mighty pore fun."

He shook his head reprehensively, and turned excitedly toward Jube as he again cried out, "Look how Clem's a-bleedin'!"

"I ain't a-keerin' fur that!" exclaimed the doughty blacksmith. "It will stop bleedin' d'rectly. An' my skin will do its own repairin' 'thout mam ter talk a bushel medjure 'bout the sadness o' hevin' ter patch. What I'm tormented 'bout air this hyar tear in this new shirt. Air it sizable much?"

He crooked his neck dexterously and sought to look over his shoulder to see the rent, but for all his muscle he could not accomplish the feat.

"What air ye ondertakin' ter stab folks fur, Andy Longwood?" Teck Jepson had ceased to lean against the window, and his tone was stern and inquisitorial. "What do ye want ter kill Clem fur? Do ye s'pose I'd hev stood by an' seen ye done sech?"

The young fellow, aghast at what he had done, and still more aghast at what he had sought to do, experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling upon hearing Jepson's words; his fluctuating anger, that had failed to bear him through his enterprise, flared up anew. His pride, too, was touched that Clem had held his

rage and the wound he had dealt as so slight a thing, — offering not even a blow in return; he was nettled that in no way could he impress a commensurate idea of the intention and the spirit that had animated him, and he resented infinitely Jepson's tone, upbraiding him as if he were a boy. The wish for adequate reprisal, to deal him a blow that he would surely feel to the quick, broke down what slight reserves his boyish nature had.

"Ye hev got the same reason ter want him dead ez me!" he cried out. "Marcelly Strobe air a-goin' ter marry him. Her dad said so, — an' she did, too."

He had the satisfaction of seeing Teck Jepson palpably recoil. He was all at once very pale. He did not look at Clem Sanders, nor seem to see anything very definitely. He gazed blankly into space, or perhaps into the vistas of memory for corollary data to confirm this thing. His hand was on the window-sill, and it trembled slightly.

Antly Longwood watched these symptoms of pain, each pang of which he could well divine, with a sort of gloating relish, and once or twice his quick breathing was so pronounced as to seem a snort of victory.

"Now! Now!" he said, nodding his head triumphantly.

Clem Sanders had stood as one petrified, turning over these significant words in his mind, with a rampant doubt on his face. Suddenly he regained his faculty of motion and his easy credulity. He tore off his leather apron, leaving the iron cooling on the anvil. As he plunged his dark red head into the barrel of cold water, his intention began to be manifest to the idlers about the place. Their rallying laughter and gibes gave Andy Longwood food for meditation anew. Evidently this was news to Clem, and the others seemed to readily appreciate it.

"Take another souse, Clem, ef ye air goin' a-visitin'," observed the grinning



Bassett; "then she can't tell how red yer head be."

Clem stared at him credulously, and obediently thrust his red head into the water, in the midst of renewed merriment.

Andy Longwood experienced a sudden terror, which showed that his hope was not dead, as he had accounted it, but merely comatose.

"Don't tell her 't war *me* ez stabbed ye, Clem," he pleaded, every vestige of the desperado gone. "Don't tell on me."

"G'long, Andy!" replied the good-natured fellow. "I hev got suthin' bet'er 'n you-uns ter talk about."

He put on his coat, and strode briskly out of the forge and up the hill. They could hear him whistling a long way. Before he had reached Eli Strobe's cabin, however, the blithe tones were checked. He in his turn heard music, — a vague, fitful lilting; now striking out with some full, rich tone, then trailing away to a meditative murmur, as if the lips whence it issued were closed save for this dream of a sound. He looked about for a moment, uncertain in the silence; and then the song came again, clear and serene, and mellow as the day itself, seeming a part of the fine and full culminations that the yellow sunshine, and the violet haze, and the deeply blue sky, and the calm of the season expressed. It was Marcella, singing like a dryad in the woods, fragments and fitful impulses stirring the sylvan solitudes with sweet and vagrant accords, and making the echo timorous to try so elusive a strain.

#### XIV.

Clem Sanders turned aside into the woods, following the sound. The sere leaves rustled under his feet; the vistas seemed to be clarified by their pure, fine brown color; now and then a dash of the bolder red or the yellow of the foliage,

still hanging on the trees, served at once to accent it and as a contrast. The boles were dark, and stood out distinctly, apparently innumerable. He did not see her; he waited, listening, but she sang no more, and he pressed forward without even this variant and uncertain guide. There was much fallen timber here and there, victims of the late storm, the leaves still clinging to their limbs; sometimes a sturdy neighbor had caught the smitten tree, and still stood, upbearing the dead bulk, its own doom certain but slow in the weight of its lifeless burden; and here was one whose fall had wrought at once complete devastation, — the giant of the forest hurled to the ground in a single blast, the roots torn from the earth; the topmost fibres of these clay-embedded roots were higher than the saplings hard by; a deep excavation showed where they had once been buried. Suddenly a hound clambered out of this cavity, and ran briskly, nosing about with occasional wheezes, evidently bent on small game. "I'll be bound Andy Longwood did n't let ye run rabbits whenst *he* owned ye," even the lenient blacksmith was moved to observe, marking this lapse from the accepted traditions of the etiquette of deerhounds. He welcomed the sight of him, however, as the herald of Marcella, and presently he saw her sitting quite still on the bole of a fallen tree, her head bare, flecked with the sunshine as the wind stirred the leaves of the oaks above her, one hand listlessly clasping the bough near by, and the other holding a bunch of herbs which Mrs. Strobe had charged her to seek; a basket of eggs was at her feet. As she looked up and saw Clem coming toward her, his heart sank, so serene, and casual, and unmoved was her glance. He had not doubted his good fortune since the first stupendous moment of its revelation, but now he recognized the incongruity of her expression, and its utter irreconcilability with his conclusion. He had been

prepared to be embarrassed, being — to use his own phrase — “bashfuller ’n ennybody.” But in all his experience he had never known so awkward and unhappy an interval as when he stood beside her, after the succinct exchange of salutation, “Howdy.”

She looked calmly forward, and as he stood beside the tree, with one hand upon a branch that seemed to come out in a neighborly way and give him something to lean upon, at all events, he gazed searchingly down at her, then blankly at the sun-flecked woods, then once more bent his earnest eyes upon her.

“Been a-huntin’ aigs?” was the scanty result of all this cogitation, as he indicated the basket of eggs.

Marcella nodded assent. Then, after a silence, she demanded, “Enny objection?”

Even Clem could not fail to observe the flash of laughter in her eyes, but it did not serve to render him more comfortable.

“Naw ’m, — naw ’m,” he said, with propitiating precipitation.

A long pause ensued. Marcella, despite her own deliberate methods of conversation, found these intervals of irksome duration, and was moved to make a remark.

“I hev been huntin’ guinea-hens’ aigs. They hide ’em so fur off, in sech out’n-the-way places, but I fund a right smart chance of ’em.” She looked down with satisfaction into her basket at the dull cream-colored trophies, wrested from the fowls, whose old vagrant instinct so long survives domestication. “I fund twelve in one nest. I hev got a whole passel o’ guineas.”

“Yes-sum!” said Clem, eagerly awaiting a pause that he might interject this earnestly acquiescent formula. For all his bashfulness, he scarcely withdrew his eyes from her face. His manner, too, was sufficiently assured. It was only in words that he manifested his reverent humility, and his timidity, and his ear-

nest repudiation of any sentiment or opinion, however dear, that might not coincide with hers. He had no words to commend himself. He would have found it hard, so beset was he by doubt and fear, to put his fate to the test at any time. But to go through all the decorous preliminaries of asking her hand and heart, without betraying that he had been prompted by the encouragement which he had had from Andy Longwood’s report, was beginning to seem inconceivably hazardous to a transparent soul, who had never hidden an emotion in his life, or known a secret that he did not tell. He was wrestling with the anxiety of the consciousness of her preference, and the necessity to make her suppose he knew nothing of it, when she suddenly spoke again. The mention of the guinea-hens reminded her of their donor, and of her ruse to take his weapon away that he might do no harm. “Hev ye seen Andy Longwood ter-day?” she asked casually, seeking to know how far she had been successful.

It seemed to him in the moment that she had opened a way for him. “Yes-sum. That’s why I kem hyar, — straight, straight ez I hear’n it. I felt so happy, — an’ yit I war ’feard ’twar n’t true. ’T war true, Marcelly? ’T war true, though?”

She looked up at him, startled and amazed at his vehemence; her eyes dilated, wonder in every eloquent trait. “What’s kem over ye, Clem Sanders? Air *what* true?” she asked bluntly.

“Marcelly,” he replied, his voice trembling, “don’t git mad at me, no matter what happens; ye know I ain’t school-larned, like yer dad.” This was merely a fortuitous stroke of policy, for his simple nature was not capable of attempting genuine strategy. “I dunno ef ye hev furgot, but Andy Longwood said ez ye ’lowed ter him ye war goin’ ter marry me; an’ the Lord knows I hev lived an’ breathed jes’ in that hope,

'pears ter me, ever sence I war alive, but" — He stopped precipitately.

Her face was scarlet; her eyes flashed with a fire that seemed to scorch him.

"Did ye b'lieve *that*?" she cried contemptuously. "Did ye b'lieve I'd 'low sech ez that? — an' I never did, 'ceptin ter nod my head when dad said ez much, kase the doctor 'lowed we mustn't argufy an' cross dad, an' git him sot catawampus in his temper. Did ye 'low I'd say in earnest I'd marry a man ez never axed me?"

For once in his life Clem spoke to her with eager and decisive contradiction. But even then it was prefaced with his suave "Yes-sum." "But, shucks, Marcellly! Talk about axin'! Ye know I'd hev axed enny day in the year ez I warn't afeard ter. Ye air obleeged ter know 't war jes' kase I war afeard ye'd say no. I kep' a-puttin' it off, 'lowin' mebbe suthin' mought happen ter make ye think mo' of me."

She was not appeased. "Waal," she observed calmly, "I warn't in earnest. I never think about marryin' ye. An' I won't."

"Yes-sum," said Clem, crestfallen. "But ye 'll never git nobody, Marcellly, ez would try harder ter do jes' like ye wanted 'em ter. I would n't cross yer notions no way ye could fix 'em. These other boys in the Cove, ef ye air thinkin' 'bout choosin' one out'n Brum-saidge" —

"I don't *choose* folks. I 'lowed I hed tole ye that," she responded, holding her head very high on her fine and delicate neck, and looking at him with her definite straight eyebrows frowningly meeting above her dark eyes, that seemed to him unnaturally clear and brilliant.

"Yes-sum. But howsomdever these other boys air powerful set in thar way, an' some o' thar ways ain't pritty ones." This as closely approached slander as the good Clem Sanders could compass. "They air toler'ble good boys," he felt

constrained to qualify, "but they would n't be good fur ye ter marry. I tell ye, now, Marcellly, ye mought find a smarter man mos' ennywhar, — though not a better blacksmith, — but ye 'll never find nobody ez loves ye like I do, an' would take the pains ter please ye like I would, ef ye war ter marry me."

"I hev got no sort'n notion o' doin' it, — never hed," she declared bluntly.

"Yes-sum," said Clem, infinitely cast down.

"I dunno ez I hev got ter marry enny o' the boys in the Cove. I dunno ez I hev got ter marry ennybody," she said loftily. "Some folks don't."

"Yes-sum; but did n't they always 'pear ter you-uns ter be powerful lonesome?" he suggested humbly.

This did not altogether fail to take effect. She pondered silently for a time on this phase of a single life. Presently she remarked: —

"I would n't be no lonesomer single 'n I'd be married ter *some* folks."

He interpreted this as a thrust at his own lack of certain congenial and companionable qualities which she esteemed essential.

"Yes-sum," he replied, more cut down still.

Perhaps she felt some pang of pity for his disappointment; perhaps she was not now so angry as at first, because of his very natural mistake, and thought it the least brutal method of disposing of his superfluous heart to argue his unfitness for the position to which he aspired.

"An' air yer ways so powerful pritty, Clem?" she demanded. "Cornsiderin' how close we neighbor the forge, an' hear the dancin', an' the fiddlin', an' the wrastlin', an' laffin' ez goes on thar of a evenin', I never expected ter live ter hear yer ways called pritty ones."

"Yes-sum," said Clem. "But ef ye'd marry me I'd stay home of a evenin', an' that thar forge would be dark an' still enough I 'll be bound."

“Waal, yer wife, whoever she’ll be, won’t want sech fiddlin’, an’ dancin’, an’ singin’ round her in her house of a evenin’ ez ye hev been useter, Clem. I can’t think o’ ye no ways but ez cavortin’, — though ye air mighty peaceable an’ quiet, an’ *kin* behave some similar ter a mouse whenst ye kem visitin’ the gals.”

“Yes-sum,” said poor Clem. “But I don’t visit no gals but you-uns.”

“Laws-a-massy! An’ jes’ think how Is’bel an’ granny hev been gin over ter pride, bein’ ez they ’lowed ye kem a-visitin’ them!” There was a wicked gleam in her eye as she sped this dart. “Naw, naw! everybody knows the name that thar forge hev got!”

“Yes-sum.” He hesitated for a moment; then he said, looking at her, his jaw growing square and determined, his expression changing with this infusion of more mundane matters into his thoughts, “Thar ain’t a-goin’ ter be enny mo’ o’ them queer midnight goin’s-on at the forge, Marcella, arter this, — ye mark my words.” Then, as if he fancied he had spoken too roughly, he hastened to say, apropos of nothing, “Yes-sum,” and cleared his throat.

Marcella sat feeling stunned for a moment. In what inexplicable way could he have known of the discovery that she had made at the forge in the wild, stormy midnight? Was he indeed aware of the intrusion of Jake Baintree and the stranger, who worked the bellows, and wielded the hammer and sledge, and were frightened when interrupted, and who came forth only to give aid for humanity’s sake? She would not forget that, whatever might happen, she said to herself.

He did not interpret her expression aright; he only saw that she was at a loss.

“Hain’t ye never hearn what happened at the forge arter Pa’son Donnard ’lowed he seen the devil thar?”

“Naw,” she said, fixing her eyes gravely on him.

Her interest in the subject emboldened him to sit beside her on the log, but as he bent forward, leaning his elbows on his knees and looking at her, he only saw her profile; for she listened silently, flattering him with her air of attention, but did not turn her head.

“Waal, arter the pa’son seen the devil thar I felt toler’ble tormented, an’ sorter kep’ a lookout on the forge; an’ one night, ’bout midnight” (Marcella’s foot stirred uneasily amongst the pine cones; her face was a trifle paler than its wont; her lips were slightly compressed), “I hearn the hammer an’ the sledge a-poundin’ an’ the bellows a-roarin’, an’ fur all ’t war a moonlight night” —

“Oh, moonlight!” exclaimed Marcella with a note of relief.

“Yes-sum, bright moonlight — but I could see the forge fire a-flarin’ through the chinkin’. Waal, I dunno what got inter me, but I felt obligated ter know ef that thar dead Clem Sanders — Ye hearn ’bout *him*, did n’t ye, what pa’son pertended ter see?” He spoke with acerbity and a curling lip.

Marcella nodded.

“I wanted ter see ef *he* war thar agin, with the devil mebbe a-strikin’ fur him. Waal, I war so darned clumsy an’ awk’ard I fell flop down agin the window-shutter; an’ I hev got purty fur ter fall, an’ thar’s a heap o’ me ter topple, an’ I like ter hev busted the side o’ the house down. An’ when I got up thar war no light, nor sound, nor nuthin’; jes’ a leetle mite o’ a live-coal on the ha’th, an’ the anvil a-singin’. Waal, I ’lowed ’t war Satan, till Jube Donnard — ye know, the pa’son’s son, a derved tattler! — he went an’ tole it all ter his dad. An’ ef ye b’lieve me, that thar godly old man did go an’ prop hisself on the side o’ the mounting ter git a view o’ Satan, — wanted ter see him!”

“The pa’son!” exclaimed Marcella, vaguely scandalized.

“Yes-sum, the pa’son! An’ I tole

Jube I would never listen ter him preach no mo' — enny godly man ez hankered ter view the devil agin, arter hevin' viewed him wunst! An' a-skitterin' out in the middle o' the night, like he war one o' the boys, along with that thar capery-y Jube! Always s'prised me ez the pa'son war willin' ter claim kin with Jube, let alone jinin' him at sech cavortin's! Sometimes I feel like *I* be too pious *myself* ter 'sociate with the pa'son's son. An' Jube up-ed an' 'lowed ez he did n't keer whether I went ter hell through neglectin' means o' grace an' the pa'son's sermons or jes' from active wickedness, an' ez his fambly hed no contrac', ez he knowed on, ter land *me* on the golden shore! Jube say him an' his mam ain't the pa'son, an' nothin' like it, an' the congregation hain't got a mortgage on nare hair o' thar heads, though the pa'son 'lows ez his flock owns him."

Clem repeated the sharp retort of his friend without any show of temper, as if he were merely interested in setting the purport of the conversation before Marcella. She kept quite still, her hands holding the bunch of herbs, her eyes meditative and yet attentive. She seemed to pursue a definite train of thought, which she in some sort modified and adjusted in reference to his disclosure. He had never talked so much in all his life. He found a new and unique pleasure in sitting beside Marcella, feeling liberated in some sort, since Mrs. Strobe's sarcasms no longer paralyzed his simple modes of thought, nor Isabel's pert interruptions embarrassed him and cut him short. Marcella seemed willing, nay, eager, to hear, and how glad he was to tell! Always afterward he associated the place with that happy hour; the drear season of autumn seemed the choicest time of the year. How should he take heed now that the splendor of the turn of the leaf was but a hectic red and pre-sage of death; that the sun was withdrawing itself to far ways, and would be but a cold glitter for a time; that snows

were garnering somewhere, and many things light and blithe — that bird in its poise on the golden-rod, the squirrel frisking along the tree, even a deer of which they had a sudden glimpse, approaching in a silent interval, thrusting out its graceful head, with startled lustrous eyes, from the laurel not twenty yards away, and disappearing at the sight of them like an hallucination — all should die under the rigors of the hard winter coming. He saw only how Marcella's hair waved, how fair of face she was, how the sunlight crept to her feet and crouched there, like a tame thing, casting a yellow brilliancy into her brown eyes as she looked down. It was an undreamed-of delight, this choice confidence, and she might be sure of hearing all to which she would listen; he had forgotten the doubtful past and his fears for the future in the rich flavor of the exquisite present.

"Ye see, Marcelly, Jube air one o' them boys ez tell all they know, an' ain't got no sort'n jedgmint; though he's good-hearted, Jube is, an' him an' me useter play roun' the wood-pile in the chips tergether 'fore we-uns could walk. An' so we be toler'ble friendly. An' though Jube tells on me ter the pa'son, he kem's back an' tells on the pa'son ter me."

His eyes twinkled, for he thought that, having little to lose, he might endure Jube's frankness better than the parson, who must be flawless. Then his face grew grave with a certain reflective intentness; a prescient excitement was kindling in his eye.

"Waal, Jube say that night whilst him an' the pa'son roosted like two demented tur-rkey gawblers up thar on them big bluffs right above my forge, they seen no devils, but about midnight two men kem along the road, — powerful dark night it war; they kem gingerly along, an' Jube say they stopped right thar in front o' the door o' the shop. Jube say he knows, kase he hearn one o' 'em rattlin'

the latch I put on them big doors ter keep 'em from blowin' open in the wind. An' then Jube, stiddier waitin' fur 'em ter go in an' see what they 'd do, jes' 'lowed he 'd skeer 'em, an' he flapped his arms an' crowed — Ye ever hear Jube crow?" he demanded suddenly, breaking off.

She shook her head slowly from side to side, although she refrained from saying that she did not covet the privilege in future.

"Yes-sum. Waal, sir," continued Clem in pride, "he kin crow like a sure-enough, reg'lar rooster, — ye 'd think 't war haffen a dozen poultry. Skeered the pa'son, sir, bein' so onexpected, mighty nigh ter death. Jube can't keep from laffin' now whenst he tells 'bout'n it, though he say he knows the devil will burn him well fur laffin' at his dad. An' them men, they hollered an' runned a leetle way. An' then they stopped an' hailed Jube. An' all of a suddenty the sheet-lightning flickered up, broad an' steady, an' he seen who 't war."

Marcella's cheek was burning; her excited bright eyes were still cast down, and how the sunlight at her feet flared up luminously into their limpid depths! She could hardly wait to hear, although she knew before she heard.

Clem lowered his voice to a husky mystery. "'T war Jake Baintree, one of 'em," he said. "An' the t'other Jube hed never seen afore, — dressed diffe'nt, some similar ter town folks, some o' the boys say, from what Jube tells: tall, with sandy whiskers, an' light, an' quick-step-pin'. Oh, Jube will know him agin, ef ever he gits a show at him!"

There was a sort of savage exultation in his voice, in his face as he nodded his head to one side in a burly gesture of triumphant forecast.

Marcella felt a sudden cold thrill. She turned her head, and her eyes met his. "How does Jube expec' ter see him agin? What's he contrivin' ter do?"

Even Clem Sanders hesitated, con-

scious that in this lure of happiness he had been led too far. The secret he would not have deemed safe with any woman. Had she been the wife that he wished to make her, he might have contrived to shift, to evade, to postpone. She was not married to him, and he could deny her nothing.

"Yes-sum," he began, with polite preface; "but don't let them boys know ez I hev tole ye, Marcella, else they 'd string me up ter a tree. 'Thar's a lot of 'em a-layin' fur Jake an' that strange man."

"What air they a-goin' ter do ter 'em?" Her voice had risen from its mellow contralto tones into a husky shrillness that was a note of fear, pre-saging horror.

Clem Sanders's sensibilities were not acute, and he did not recognize its meaning.

"That depends on what sort'n account they kin gin o' tharselves."

He was flattering himself that he had succeeded in so interesting her, and as he looked at her his long and narrow eyes smiled brightly, in the full faith of pleasing her.

"Gin an account o' tharselves?" she murmured ponderingly. She remembered how fragmentary and elusive had been their explanation of their intrusion at the forge and of the stranger's presence in the mountains. This, she was sure, would fail to satisfy aught but gratitude that in its fullness was content to abate even curiosity. How should it satisfy antagonistic, suspicious, even cruel men, who had set themselves to spy, to judge, to punish? The rough habits of the region, the lawless justice sometimes meted out by the arbitrary tribunals who claimed the preservation of local morals as within their exclusive jurisdiction, were only too familiar to her. She realized with a quick throb of the heart that these men were in danger. They had involved themselves in mystery; their midnight intrusions at the

forge could not be easily explained and innocently accounted for, or they would not have been secret. She was aware, too, of that insurmountable inequality which character creates in equal conditions. Had it been Bassett and Jube Donnard who, for secret purposes of their own, had invaded the smith's forge and cloaked their comings and goings in mystery, it would have been hard to rouse Broomsedge Cove to any sense of wrong that the owner might have sustained, or any threatened insecurity of the public peace and honor. Far less leniently regarded would be the same deeds wrought in the same way by Jake Baintree, who according to public opinion had escaped the gallows by a technicality, and this stranger, a physician, a learned man, lurking in his company, she made no doubt, to evade the vengeance of the law for some dark deed that she shuddered to more definitely imagine. Doubtless they were in danger.

She had strong nerves. There was nothing partisan in her manner as she said, "How do ye know they ever war in the forge a-workin' an' sech? Ez ter Jube, I don't set no store by Jube's seein'. He kin see ennything he air a mind ter, — or else *say* he hev seen it. Mought be Satan, sure enough."

"Yes-sum," acquiesced Clem. "It air somebody ez ain't used ter the black-smithin' business, fur no good smith would hev let that thar leetle bend in my leetle tongs git bruk off that-a-way, an' then botch it a-mendin' it. That hurt my feelin's wuss 'n all, — the way he done the work." He shook his head, grieved at the artificer's incapacity. "But sence Jube knowed ez 't war Jake Baintree at the latch, the boys don't b'lieve in the devil no mo', — leastwise not at the forge, 'thout it's him along o' Jake. Jake's ekal ter ennythin'. Ye know he killed Sam'l Keale."

"He never!" Marcella burst forth suddenly. "*Dad* say he never!"

"Yes-sum." Clem made haste to agree. "Ye know, though, that's what them fellers up an' down declar'."

Marcella was silent for a moment, regretting her display of feeling, but Clem, alarmed for the progress which he fancied he had made in her good graces, proceeded with the subject in which she so evidently felt an interest.

"They — whoever they air — hain't been ter the forge more 'n a few times, an' that's a fac', — the night whenst I saw it lighted up, an' the time when they tried ter git in, an' Jube skeered 'em off; arter that the boys began ter set up reg'lar fur 'em."

"Whar?" she exclaimed, aghast; then recollecting herself, she asked, "Wharbouts, Clem?"

"At my house. Night arter night 'bout ten of 'em hev kem thar with thar rifles, an' watched that thar forge fur a glimge o' light through the chinkin', an' listened fur the hammer an' sledge. But them two hev n't never lit up the forge but twict, — the time I seen it, an' Joe Bassett seen it wurst afore that. Though some say they b'lieve 't war lighted that night o' the big storm; the boys kem ter watch, but it 'peared so durned rainy they 'lowed 't warn't no use."

So the vigilantes had nodded while she made her perilous journey to the forge, that terrible night, and brought help thence. She trembled to think how slight a thing had saved the two intruders.

"They hain't done much harm, — jes' three times sence the first of August, an' this air deep in the fall o' the year," she commented.

"Yes-sum," assented Clem. "But nobody knows what harm they air doin', an' what mo' they air goin' ter do. Ef it's good, 't ain't apt ter be hid."

"I dunno who sets them Brumsaidge boys up ter jedge," she said angrily, abandoning argument for the more facile depreciation.

"Yes-sum," said Clem blandly. "But



they ain't the sort ter wait ter be set; they jes' set tharse'fs up, — with thar rifles ter prop 'em," he added, carrying out the figure.

There was a troubled restlessness in her anxious bright eyes, a pathetic droop in her red lips. She looked deeply thoughtful, careful, plotting, as she said:

"I wonder at ye, Clem Sanders, knowin' ez ye do ez sech ez that air agin the law, a-capturin' them men; an' ef thar 'count o' tharselves don't suit ye foolish Brumsaidge pates, a-shootin' them two fellers, or stringin' 'em up. An' ye a-lettin' them spies an' lynch-ers ter meet at yer house ter watch an' lie in wait!"

"Yes-sum. Laws-a-massy, Marcellly," exclaimed Clem, enlightened and precipitate, "ef ye don't want 'em ter kem ter my house an' spy, I'll run 'em every one off from thar, — every mother's son of 'em, ef I hev ter shoot a hole through every man's head ter git him started. Say the word, Marcellly!" he cried, in the enthusiasm of his prospective obedience. "Say the word!"

Marcella was mechanically tearing the herbs into bits in her nervous, trembling hands, as she sat and thought, — significant thoughts, since the lives of two men, perchance, hung upon them.

"That would n't do no good," she remarked presently. "They'd jes' take tharselves ter watchin' somewhar else." After a moment she added bitterly, "Ye know how sech men be: gin 'em a notion arter blood, an' it's no mo' use ter call 'em off 'n 't is ter blow yer horn fur a hound ez hev got a hot scent. Thar 's some hound an' some painter an' some fox in sech men," the soft-faced young cynic declared.

"Yes-sum," faltered Clem Sanders. He sat dumfounded for a moment, the fact of her objections, the significance of her troubled mien, gradually dawning on his slow perceptions. "Laws-a-massy, Marcellly," he cried, "ef ye want me ter, I'll jes' let them men work in my

forge ez a constancy, scot-free. I won't gredge 'em nuthin', though they bruk up every tool in my shop, an'" — his face clouded — "mended 'em arterward. I will say I never see sech work, — the man oughter be 'shamed! I dunno whar in Kingdom Come he could hev larnt his trade, — sech larnin' ez he hev got. But I'll take Jake Baintree an' that strange man, ef he war the devil, inter partnership, ef 't will please you-uns. That's all I live fur, Marcellly, — ter please you-uns. Ef ye will marry me," he continued, leaning nearer to her, — "ef ye'll marry me" —

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, with a gesture of impatient repudiation, "ye air so tormentin' tiresome."

"Yes-sum," said Clem, drawing back, rebuffed, but not alienated.

"Would enny other mortal on the yearth 'low I'd marry a man so ez ter git his cornsent fur two other idle idjits ter hev the run of his forge?"

Clem thought that it would be better for all concerned if the "other idjits" were idle, but he only murmured, "Naw 'm," and listened with respectful and earnest attention as she went on.

"I ain't got no wish 'bout'n 'em, 'cep-tin' I don't want 'em kilt nor hurted no ways, — jes' fur thar sake, not mine; jes' kase they air folks, an' hev got a right ter live till thar Maker calls 'em. Takes a man ter expec' ter git suthin' fur hissself ter pay him fur every leetle favior he does fur other folks."

She was fast becoming pessimistic under the stress of her fears, and her perplexities, and her consequent anxious irritation.

"Yes-sum," said Clem in humble concession. Then plucking up, "I jes' mean ter say, Marcellly, ez I would do ennything ter pleasure you-uns, an' ef ye want them men ter work in my forge, they kin do it an' welcome!"

She looked sharply at him, seeking to discern in his open, ingenuous countenance any indication that he divined her

personal interest in the intruders, that she had more definite knowledge of them than he had been able to secure, that she was ready to scheme for their safety, that she tolerated and continued the conversation in their behoof, in the hope of further light for their sake. But it was evident that Clem Sanders, in the fullness of his loyalty, neither questioned her motives nor even speculated concerning them; he accepted all that she said and did as he accepted the sunshine, — as the most righteous and beneficent expression of the generosity of nature. Some gratitude stirred in her heart with the recognition of the depth and sincerity of the sentiment with which he regarded her, and it was more gently that she said: —

“Ye could n’t do nuthin’ nohow, Clem. Wunst them boys hev got the idee, n’uthin’ kin stop ’em, an’ ef they did n’t watch at yer house they’d watch somewhar.”

“Yes-sum,” said Clem.

“An’,” she went on thoughtfully, “ef, when they tuk arter them men, ye tried ter stop ’em, they mought slash ye up, or shoot ye ’mongst ’em, an’ I don’t want that ter happen.”

His face was irradiated by this evidence of her care for him.

“Yes-sum!” he cried jubilantly.

Marcella rose abruptly from the log. “I mus’ be goin’ in,” she remarked. “Granny won’t know what hev kem o’ me.”

She put on her tunnel-like sunbonnet, and with the eclipse of her face within its depths the day seemed to him to have darkened suddenly. She stood irresolute for a moment, looking vaguely about her, her lithe figure not alert, as was its wont; her attitude denoted dependency; she drew a long breath that had a suggestion of a sigh, and then she picked up her basket of eggs.

“Kin I tote yer basket fur ye, Marcella?”

“Ye could, bein’ toler’ble survigrous,

— ef I’d let ye,” she responded ungraciously, still keeping hold of the handle of the basket. She moved slowly along, her tread noiseless upon the thick carpet of pine needles; only now and then her skirts stirred the fallen leaves, that gave a sibilant rustle. Clem walked humbly beside her, looking down at the baffling sunbonnet that hid her face, and keeping silence in deference to her mood. All the world was still; the sunshine made no progress from limb to limb of the dark bare trees where it lay so yellow. And time was surely drowsing somewhere. The sky was cloudless, changeless. Winds! — they seemed a mere tradition; the day had suggestions that were eternal in its rich, enduring light, its serene impassivity. The shadows, too, were motionless, save for those of the young mountaineers as they passed under the leafless boughs.

Marcella paused when they reached the fence that was the boundary of Eli Strobe’s land, and Clem began to see that she intended to take leave of him here. There was a gap in the fence; rails lay half fallen, one end upon the ground and one remaining supported by the zigzag structure. She rested her basket here, and looked up at him from the shadow of her sunbonnet. Her eyes seemed dark and melancholy, and her look was afar off, somehow, and he had a sense of distance between them which led him abruptly to exclaim, “I ain’t said nuthin’ ter make ye mad at me, hev I, Marcella?”

She laughed a little. “Nuthin’ but foolishness. Thar’s so much o’ that in this world thar’s no use in gittin’ mad; don’t make folks no mo’ reasonable ez I knows on.”

“Yes-sum. But ye ain’t mad at me?” he pleaded.

“Naw, I ain’t, — I ain’t! Good-by,” she added, encouragingly.

“Yes-sum. Good-by,” the poor fellow echoed dolorously; and so he turned and took his way down the long lane,

leaving her still standing at the fence. His heart was heavy within him; how eager she had been to be rid of him! His hope had sunk; the wound his rival had dealt had begun to ache. He felt a repulsion for all the familiar world, for all the aspects of the future as they shaped themselves before his glance, unwontedly prescient. Life hardly seemed worth the living, and he had scant courage to see it through. His mental and moral atmosphere was all uncharacteristic, and although he had not command of even the simplest capacity to feign, and made no effort to disguise the downcast spirit in which he had returned from his open and obvious mission, the gossips at the forge forbore, rather from an intuition of prudence and policy than a merciful desire to spare him, to rally him upon his defeat. He was stern and gruff, and the presence of his cronies grated upon his mood. He went to his work silently, some of his superfluous emotion expending itself in an energy of industry, and the mellow clanking of the hammers roused the echoes to their wonted iteration; under his strength the metal grew soft or hard as he willed, and for a time there was no outward indication that aught was amiss with the master of the forge, save his dull, intent, and frowning face. This tense mood could not continue, and presently, under the strain, his nerves began to give way. He had already felt some slight inconvenience from the inexperience of Jube Donnard, who was striking for him to-day, his own assistant having gone hunting. Once so absorbed was he that, as he tapped the iron where Jube should strike, he did not swiftly remove the hammer, as was his habit, and the great sledge, hoisted by the parson's son with both arms, came crashing down upon the hand-hammer, sending it flying out of the smith's practiced hand, and jarring his arm to the shoulder-blade. In a sudden passion he flung the bar of hot metal at his dodging vol-

unteer striker, and then with a growling oath he turned away to the door.

"Time ter quit, ennyhow," said the facile Jube.

For the great red sunset was flaring in at the widely opened barn-like doors, and for all the vermilion disk still lingered above the dusky purple mountains, the hunter's moon, a luminous sphere, pearly and splendid, swung high in the east, with all its sentiments of solitude and alien influences, with all its brooding nocturnal fancies, as if it were alone in the sky save for its familiar the vaguely scintillating star at the zenith.

"A clear night," said Clem to himself, with a sigh, as he sat down on the log by the door.

It was not the weather signs alone that gave his voice its significant intonation; it was the congruous circumstance furnished to the nocturnal enterprise. He noted presently a dark figure with a rifle on its shoulder, crossing the little foot-bridge above the narrows of the river, thrown into bold relief between the crimson sky and its red lustrous reflection in the water. The sun still gave the current a glint of gold; a rising vapor borrowed mysteries from the moon, and the figure seemed taller than normal height as it disappeared in the woods. It was not long before Clem saw another armed man approaching from down the road. The vigilantes were gathering. He rose, with a long-drawn sigh, and closed the shop, as was his wont, for the night,—for all his cronies were gone,—and then betook himself home to his supper.

He had had no very definite sentiment concerning the organization that had charged itself with the enterprise of solving the mystery of the intrusions at the forge, and administering punishment should it be deemed required. It had seemed natural and right enough that these enigmatical proceedings should, in the interests of public justice, be subjected to scrutiny, especially since it had been discovered that Jake Baintree,

almost universally considered to have cheated the gallows, was concerned in it. Since, however, Marcella had set her face against the self-constituted judges, and had spoken of them in reprobation, his interest, his sense of injury, even his curiosity, had dwindled. He was conscious of wishing them all far enough from his premises when, after leaving his mother unsuspectingly washing the supper dishes, thinking he had gone to his cronies at the forge, he took his way out through the tall sere grass and leafless bushes across the door-yard to the barn, where his hidden coadjutors lurked, awaiting him.

The building was of the description most usual in the region, constructed of logs, unhewn and unchinked, with a loft and a wide open space beneath, where a wagon, two or three ploughs, and a sorghum-mill stood. The brilliant moonlight fell through each crevice, its silver sheen alternating with the black shadow of the logs; the whole place was pervaded by this tempered splendor, and through the broad open passway he could see the white frost gleam responsive upon the expanse of the fields, on the rails of the fence, on the boughs of the great pallid, denuded trees, with their stark and wintry shadows, on the clumps of broad-leaved mulleins beside the door. The horned heads of the three cows were distinct in the placid divergent rays, filtering through the crannies as the animals still stood at their manger; and on the opposite side the two sorrel mares were half dozing, and did not so much as turn their heads as he entered the shadowy place, so accustomed had they become to this in-coming and outgoing of nocturnal visitants. A slim-legged filly, however, hardly larger than the calf who stood on the opposite side, came frisking out to see whom the sound of the step heralded, and seemed to consider a great up-kicking and a series of bounding gambols on its wiry, angular legs an appropriate greeting; then final-

ly disappeared into the shadows of its dam's stall. The calf suddenly backed its ears, and sought to imitate the filly's deft demivolt in a stiff bovine caper; then stood still once more, earnestly watching Clem as he made his way to the ladder, the rungs of which were very far apart, and up into the loft.

Here the shadows were less assertive, for a rude, square window had been cut in one of the gables, and the moonlight came through, and lay in a refulgent rhomboidal figure upon the floor. An occasional flicker across it told that the wind was beginning to stir the cobwebs that hung in thickly woven folds from the rafters, and were stretched in gossamer filaments across the aperture itself; sometimes, as these caught the light, they gave out a silvery silken glimmer, as if some precious metal had served in the weaving. There was a great pile of corn in the ear in one corner, and the swelling masses of hay bulged far over the open passway beneath, and almost hid it from view. Amongst its billows, close in to the wall, a setting hen, with outspread wings, was upon her nest; now and then she opened her small bright eyes, but for the most part she kept them calmly shut, for, timorous though she was, she had become inured to the strange and unwonted conditions of the place, feeling assured that whatever might result from the councils held here, she and hers were not under consideration. For altogether incongruous and at variance with the simple, rural significance of the spot were the figures of armed men, booted and spurred, that lay idly and at ease upon the hay, or strode restlessly to and fro upon the quaking flooring, or paused before the square moon-flooded window to look out upon the strip of cultivated land, the expanse of darkling forest on every hand, the violet vaporous spaces — empty air — above the unseen valley, and the towering, purple, moonlit ranges looming to the sky; but most of all, and

often indeed, they looked down the white winding road to where the little forge stood under the crag, between the mountains and the dark and lustrous river.

"Hy're, Clem," the owner of the premises was greeted, when his head appeared above the floor as he slowly mounted the rungs.

"Hy're," he responded in a gruff growl.

The tone and manner were so uncharacteristic that one or two of the martial figures striding about the floor turned and looked around at him in surprise. Bassett, lying on the hay, lifted himself upon his elbow, and demanded, "What ails you-uns ter be so powerful high an' mighty? Ye think ye air Teck Jepson, don't ye?"

Clem Sanders did not reply for a moment. Still, with his unwonted air of grave dissatisfaction, he lumbered into the moonlit place, one hand in his pocket, his shoulders slouched forward as he peered about from under his broad hat-brim at the men's faces, as if he were seeking to individualize them, and mentally calling the roll.

"Whar 's Teck, ennyhows?" he asked. "He ain't hyar."

"Not yit," sneered Bassett. "He 'll be kemin' along arter a leetle, a-ridin' of his mare, though he knows the rest o' we-uns 'lōw ez 't ain't safe ter hev hoss critters an' sech hitched round hyar. Ef all o' we-uns done that, thar 'd be enough hosses ter make ez much racket, an' whinnyin', an' sech, ez a comp'ny o' cavalry, an' them men would git a warnin', an' we-uns would never ketch 'em. Ye mark my words, 'Teck 'll be 'long d'rec'ly, a-ridin' like some great captain."

As he spoke, a sudden, distant, undistinguished sound smote the air.

"What 's that?" cried Bassett, half springing up, and resting upon one knee on the pile of hay.

"Hush!" said one of the vigilantes near the moonlit window. He bent toward it, his eyes scanning the empty road, the silent woods, and lonely mountains with the melancholy splendor upon them.

The others stood motionless, listening.

The man at the window abruptly turned toward them his moonlit face, the sheen full in his dilated, excited eyes; he held up one significant finger, bespeaking silent attention.

For the sound had come once more.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

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## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### I.

#### THE PRE-COPLEYITES, COPLEY, TRUMBULL, AND STUART.

NOTHING that books can tell us throws half so much light upon the artists who are dead and gone as their own works; and if we wish to know what manner of men were the Boston painters of the past, we have but to look at the pictures they have left behind them. The history of art is written in chromatic char-

acters on pages of canvas, and consists of a series of autobiographies or confessions, in which, by the nature of the case, there can be no reservations. In spite of a prevalent lack of faith in our art, some admirable painters have lived and flourished here: men of force, of feeling, and of deep perceptions, whose achievements from the earliest times down to the present day I have studied with ever-growing interest, respect, and admiration.

The art of painting is of greater an-

tiquity in Boston than has been commonly supposed. It has been assumed until a recent date that Peter Pelham and John Smybert were the earliest New England artists, but, thanks to the investigations made by members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, it is now held to be clearly proved that there were "limners" in Boston more than a century before the Revolution. The few forbidding specimens of the art of these pioneer portrait-painters remaining on the walls of college halls, in the rooms of antiquarian associations, and in private houses, where they are treasured for their age, and now and then because of family pride and loyalty to "grandmother's mother," rather than for their beauty, show that we need not regret too keenly our meagre knowledge concerning our own old masters. Indeed, what Dr. Holmes says of the portrait of Dorothy Q. applies to the entire category of anonymous paintings belonging to the colonial period: —

"Who the painter was none may tell, —  
One whose best was not over-well;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed."

The quaint portrait of one Dr. John Clark, which belongs to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and which represents that remote personage contemplating a skull, is believed to have been painted in Boston prior to 1680. The same age is attributed to a portrait of Increase Mather; and the portraits of "the Gibbs children" are dated 1670. (*Vide* Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings, September, 1867, page 47.) Nobody knows who painted the paltry portrait of John Winthrop (1587–1649), belonging to Harvard College; but granting that it was drawn from life, in Boston, it is the oldest work of native art in this part of the world. There is record of an artist named Joseph Allen, who sailed from England for Boston in 1684; and that still other painters made Boston their home long

before Pelham and Smybert came to this country is shown by the following extract from Judge Sewall's Diary, volume ii. page 170: —

"November 10, 1706. This morning, Tom Child, the painter, died.

"Tom Child had often painted Death,  
But never to the Life before:  
Doing it now, he's out of Breath,  
He paints it once, and paints no more."

This lugubrious epigram is the only existing memorial of an artist whose abbreviated name suggests that he may have been a well-known character in the snug little town at that time, and that he may have been also something of a Bohemian. It is at least interesting to know that a city which has given birth to and adopted so many eminent painters may trace the beginnings of her art almost as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century.

Pelham and Smybert did not come over from the old country until Tom Child had been under the sod near twenty years. The former was a portrait-painter, a mezzotint-engraver, a mathematician, and a land surveyor all in one, but his chief title to fame probably consisted in his relationship of step-father to a certain young man named Copley, whose earliest efforts in the study of painting were guided by this versatile exponent of the arts and sciences. Pelham painted a portrait of the eminent divine, Cotton Mather, whose identification with the witchcraft prosecutions is a melancholy page in our early history; and he was the author of a likeness of the Rev. Mather Byles, justly celebrated as the first New England clergyman who ever made a joke, and who was cleverly introduced by Hawthorne as one of the characters in his sketch of Howe's Masquerade. Pelham's list of sitters comprised Dr. Timothy Cutler, the president of Yale College, and two or three other well-known preachers; he made engravings of them as well as paintings. Smybert, who

came from Scotland, in the hopeful company of good Dean Berkeley, three years later than Pelham, by way of doing his part in the planting of the arts in America, free from the "pedantry of courts and schools," painted in a dry and severely formal style the portraits of many of the foremost New Englanders of his time, — solemn judges and clergymen, in wigs and black robes, frosty and austere. There are said to be over thirty Smyberts in and about Boston, but not more than half of them are well authenticated. The portrait of Judge Edmund Quincy in the Museum of Fine Arts and that of John Lovell in the Harvard Memorial Hall may be mentioned as characteristic examples. Considered as art works, their value is small. They are primitive, stiff, and hard, but they are undoubtedly good literal likenesses, as portraits go. In these respects, Smybert's portraits are similar to almost all the pre-Copleyite portraits which are to be seen in the Harvard Memorial Hall, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Smybert's studio, on Court Street, between Cornhill and Brattle Street, was the first "painting-room" of which there is any record in Boston. It was occupied afterwards by Trumbull, and in later years still by Allston.

Jonathan B. Blackburn, who arrived in Boston in 1750, was an abler painter than Smybert, if we may judge by his portrait of Colonel Jonathan Warner, of Portsmouth, N. H., which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts. Blackburn went away in 1765, leaving upwards of fifty portraits behind him. In the chapter on the fine arts, in the Memorial History of Boston, Mr. Arthur Dexter (on page 384) says that Blackburn's style "was much like Smybert's, generally rather harder and dryer." This remark is not borne out by the portrait of Colonel Warner, which resembles a Copley rather than a Smybert, and is much more delicate in color, besides being better

modeled and having a far more distinguished air than any example of Smybert that we have seen. It is very quiet in tone, and thinly painted, in neutral colors. The pose is proud and assured, the costume handsome, the expression almost supercilious. There are Copleys alongside of it, and they look as if they might have been painted by the same hand. Blackburn's portrait of John Lowell, in the Harvard Memorial Hall, is a less creditable specimen of his work. Little is known about this painter, but it is quite possible that young Copley may have got some useful hints from him.

Before Copley, however, there were so few artists worthy of the name that his development appears quite phenomenal. With him the actual record of Boston art may be said to begin. He was but a boy of fourteen when Smybert died in 1751, and it is probable that the youth was influenced to some extent by the examples of the old Scotchman's work which must have abounded at that day, as well as by the more direct instructions of Pelham; but more than all that could be derived from both of these worthy limners is needed to account for the young man's remarkable talent, already so mature and so prolific before his departure from this country. It is known that he never saw any pictures better than those of Smybert, Pelham, and Blackburn until he went to Italy, and this fact is enough to make him a prodigy. No previous nor subsequent period in all the story of Boston art could possess a livelier interest for the historian and critic than that extending from the opening of this young man's professional career up to the day that he left these shores, never to return. Here, in the old house facing the Common, surrounded by a princely estate of about eleven acres, — which he sold for so much less than its actual worth, after he quitted America, that it is said he never quite recovered from the chagrin caused by his want of shrewdness in



making the bargain, — he painted about three hundred portraits, most of which are in or near Boston to-day. People soon came to him from all parts of New England to have their portraits painted. In those days gentlemen dressed in colors; there were few black frock-coats except on the bench and in the pulpit. The artist appreciated his good fortune in being permitted to surround the faces and forms of his sitters with rich draperies and accessories which should make them decorative and splendid pictures, apart from their personal value as likenesses. He was a calm, deliberate, and methodical workman, who never hurried, and never neglected any part of his task. He required many sittings; and to illustrate how slow he was in painting a portrait, an anecdote was current, which alleged that he undertook to paint a family group, but that before the work was finished the wife died and the husband married again. The first wife was therefore represented as an angel, and her terrestrial place was given to the second wife; but the latter died also before the painting was completed, and had to be placed aloft, while her successor occupied the earthly centre of the family group. This story was merely an exaggeration of the actual circumstances. But if Copley was slow he was industrious, for three hundred portraits painted between 1754 (presuming him to have begun to work seriously at the age of seventeen) and 1774, the date of his departure from Boston, would give us an average of fifteen a year, or one and a fraction for each month; which, to be sure, cannot be compared with the rate of production maintained by certain more modern portrait-painters, whose rapidity has been made a subject of boasting, but which, for such a conscientious artist as Copley, is a considerable *œuvre*. His prices were extremely low in comparison with those of the successful portraitists of later times, as may be inferred from the fact that he

charged only eight guineas for the famous portrait of John Hancock. It is a matter for regret that so little is known about Copley's early life here. We are able to reconstruct him, after a palæontological fashion, from the scattered anecdotal bones preserved by the historians and biographers, who in general have failed to estimate him at his true worth as an artist; but it is the better way to go straight to his best works, and to study him through them.

That old Boston family is unfortunate which does not possess at least one portrait of a great-grandmother or great-grandfather, signed by Copley and distinguished by a somewhat angular elegance. As it is an enviable fortune to have a Copley in the house, so it was a happy thought to name the finest square in the city for him, since the Museum of Fine Arts, which faces it, always contains a representative group of his portraits.

The portraits of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, taken from Fanenil Hall, are permanent loans from the city. Hancock's slight figure is seen at almost full length, seated, and clothed in a well-looking costume of dark blue trimmed with gold cord, a gray wig, and gray hose. Holding an idle pen in his right hand, he rests the other on a large account-book which lies on the table before him. He is an exceedingly neat and punctilious person, and his air is somewhat self-conscious. As for Samuel Adams, he has been caught in the act of making a speech, and, with his dogmatic mouth, penetrating and assured glance, and convincing gesture (as he points at a roll of parchment on the desk), he is the embodiment of determination, energy, and grit. Adams's dark brick-red coat is far from unbecoming. The visitor to the Museum may find also, usually, numerous lent portraits by Copley, the property of individuals and families. His best portraits, however, are those of the Boylston family, in Harvard Memorial

Hall, Cambridge, and it is there that Copley must be seen to be appreciated as a portraitist. There are four of the Boylston portraits, namely, those of Thomas Boylston and his wife and two of Nicholas Boylston. It is sufficient to compare these works with any portraits painted before Copley's time to demonstrate his vast superiority over all his predecessors, and it is not too much to say that there are very few later American portraits which surpass them.

Copley's fame may rest secure upon the portrait of Mrs. Thomas Boylston, which recalls to mind the work of the great masters by its simplicity, repose, penetrating truth, and refinement. It is executed with the easy skill of a master-workman, and has no weak spots. The figure is of three-quarters length. Mrs. Boylston is seated in a handsome arm-chair, which is covered with faded yellow brocade fastened by brass-headed nails. Her gown is of a light olive-brown silk, and she wears a white cap, a broad white muslin collar, or cape, covered by black lace, wide white ruffled wristbands, and black silk mitts. There is a curtain in the background. The face, which is of a very intelligent and interesting cast, is described with perfect taste and, it may be presumed, perfect accuracy; and the lady's hands, which lie crossed upon her lap, are characterized with equal force. In its pretty old-fashioned frame, this portrait, so quiet, so well bred, so complete, utterly refutes the superficial judgment that Copley could paint nothing so well as his sitters' clothes. The Boylstons were evidently compact, wiry little people, keen, hard-headed, bold, with a sense of humor and an eye to business, — typical Yankees, well worth painting; and we have in this series of effigies a complete exposition of their character, which no mere painter of draperies could have given. Nicholas Boylston, at full length, is not likely to be forgotten by any student who has sat at his slippers three times daily

during a college year. The bullet head is superbly modeled and brimful of vitality. Seated by a table, with his left arm resting on some large books, and one slim leg crossed over the other, the man eyes you, an actual presence, with a half-mocking smile playing about his thin lips. His costume consists of an ample blue-figured brocade morning-robe over an "old gold" waistcoat, a red silk cap set jauntily on his bald head, and a pair of huge red slippers on his feet. The artist has been able to tell us on this canvas that Nicholas Boylston was an active, shrewd, nervous man, and something of a quiz: the character of a sitter was never more intimately revealed. The second portrait of Nicholas Boylston is a variation of the first; it is only three-quarters length, so that the lean ankles and immense red slippers are not in it. The robe here is green instead of blue, but has the same pattern, and is probably painted from the same garment. More agreeable than the other likeness, this is somewhat less piquant. There are ships in the distance, seen through an open window; these are the glorious symbols of the old Boston merchant's calling. Thomas Boylston bears a strong family resemblance to his brother, being, like him, small, bald, clean-shaven, and very wide awake. He too wears a cap, which is of pink silk. His long waistcoat is of white satin with gold trimmings, over which is a dark brown coat, thrown well open. He holds a pen in his hand, and there are writing materials on a table. His pose is easy and picturesque, like that of a successful man of affairs who has just stopped writing in order to turn and speak to a friend who has come in. His expression is as good-natured as Nicholas Boylston's, perhaps less sardonic. The flesh is firm without being too hard, and the draperies are crisply and brilliantly treated. Each of these portraits has a distinct personal sentiment, which, though unlike that of any

other painter's work, gives it a kinship with many of the masterpieces of European museums, and constitutes its final charm. The Nicholas Boylston is a gorgeous piece of decoration, which makes the black frock-coat portraits of to-day seem doubly stupid and colorless.

From Copley as a portrait-painter to Copley as an historical painter involves a journey from the Harvard Memorial Hall to the Boston Public Library, where, in the unfavorable light of the so-called Fine Arts room, hangs his King Charles I. Demanding in the House of Commons the Five Impeached Members, a fine example of his elegant and accomplished later style, executed in England, and brought to Boston in 1859, when it was given to the Public Library by the Hon. Josiah Quincy and eleven other citizens. It was first exhibited in a dealer's gallery, and a pamphlet printed at the time described the composition in the artist's own language. It may be remembered that Charles I. had demanded in vain the persons of the five Commoners whom he had accused of high treason, — Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Haslerig, and Strode, — and on January 2, 1641, he went to the House in quest of them. Mounting to the Speaker's chair, he asked if the accused members were present. The Speaker politely refused to answer: and this is the situation of affairs Copley chose for his picture, wherein the king has just finished speaking, and the kneeling Speaker replies with an air of meekness and words of defiance. There are about sixty figures in the composition. All the heads are portraits, derived from paintings by Vandyck, Lely, and other contemporaneous artists, or from busts. The size of the canvas is ninety by one hundred and twenty-one inches. The king, whose likeness was obtained from a portrait by Vandyck and a bust by Bernini, stands in the left of the composition, on the steps of the Speaker's dais. His rich costume includes a fine

blue velvet cloak with lace collar, worn over a white satin doublet, with scarlet silk breeches, blue hose, and a black hat with a white plume. Add to this array of brilliant colors and fine fabrics the sword, the coquettish red rosettes worn on the shoes, a decoration and a blue ribbon upon the royal breast, and we have a figure which any painter might well delight to represent, although the weak, good-natured face and the long, flowing brown hair combined to produce an appearance of effeminacy which ill comports with the haughty attitude of the unfortunate king, who holds his right hand on his hip, while with the left he points to the Speaker kneeling before him. William Lenthall, thus bending the knee in simulation of that reverence no longer felt for the representative of "divine right," is attired all in black with yellow ornaments, and holds his hat in one hand, while with the other he makes an appealing gesture. The members are grouped all about the hall in various attitudes, expressive of astonishment or approval, indignation or resolution. There is enough animation without violence of action. The artist has not made the king the most prominent figure. The most interesting group is at the right, nearer the foreground, and consists of six Royalist members. One of them, Sir Bevil Greenville, of Cornwall, who, as we are told by the pamphlet alluded to, led the Cornish Royalists afterwards at the battle of Stratton, and was killed in the fight at Lansdowne while leading a charge against the Roundheads, is a particularly fine fellow, and wears a yellow costume, with a cloak of gray velvet trimmed with gold and elegantly disposed. His attitude is full of grace and dignity, and altogether he is a good representative of the old nobility. The animated young man in the scarlet breeches who steps forward so earnestly is Philip Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. His figure is drawn rather clumsily, an un-

usual fault in Copley. The noble gentleman just in front of him, in a becoming suit of black, with one hand resting upon the table, is Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, an eminent and able supporter of the royal cause. The remaining three men in the group are Sir Philip Warwick, Geoffrey Palmer, and Sir Edward Nicholas. Behind them all is Lord Viscount Falkland, who was killed at the battle of Newbury. The man engaged in writing, at the extreme right, is the clerk of the House and historian, Rushworth. The group at the left of the picture, near the Speaker's chair, is also composed of distinguished Royalists, — the gallant Prince Rupert, who stands with one foot on the step of the dais, and behind him Endimion Porter, Sir Ralph Hopton (a Vandyck head), Giles Strangeways, and at the extreme left Sir Edmund Verney (from a Vandyck, a fine head), the king's standard-bearer, who lost his life at Edgehill. Sir William Waller, commander of the parliamentary forces, leans forward from behind the Speaker's chair, and a little farther back may be seen John Selden, the representative of Oxford University. On the king's left hand the seats are occupied by members of both parties. Very near the kneeling Speaker is the younger Harry Vane. Just at the end of the table sits Cromwell, as yet unknown to fame, and beyond him are Whitlocke, the historian, and Sir Henry Slingsby. On the same side of the House is a smaller group of six, — Edmund Waller the poet, Sydney Godolphin, the elder Harry Vane, John Hotham, Sir Dudley North, Sir William Widdington. The room is a Gothic hall, decorated in red and gold. The picture impresses by its complete elegance. The conception is picturesque, decorative, scenic, but without great insight; it adds no new light to the history of the period, and the reading of character is not remarkable. Charles I. interested the artist but little, Cromwell still less; and

there is some want of historical proportion in the design. The workmanship, however, is in general that of a painter of no mean ability. A pleasant glow of warm color pervades the canvas. It is the work of an accomplished artist, and it would be surprising that it should not have been kept in England as a part of the group of historical scenes by Copley in the National Gallery, did we not know that there, as elsewhere, such matters are regulated by the fashion of the hour.

Copley was essentially a portrait-painter, as we have seen, and his best days were those in which he painted the Boylston family. He had not much imagination, and could not make history live again in his canvases. The work we have just reviewed is not much more than a collection of portraits. He was a superior workman, and painted a head as lovingly as Gerard Dow painted a broom-handle, with the same pride and satisfaction in his own dexterity and competency. The peculiar merits of his portraits are their external accuracy and their distinction of style, — qualities strongly marked in his best paintings. His portraits may be stiff sometimes, but they are never commonplace. Their occasional hardness is seldom an offensive fault, for we feel that this precise manner mirrors forth fitly the somewhat artificial elegance of the time. Besides, of the two extremes in painting, hardness is always to be preferred to softness. It is only the very greatest masters who find the golden mean. Copley, by his direct and vivid naturalism, impresses us with the truth of his likenesses, and makes the men and women of the colonial period live before our eyes. His paintings give a better idea of Boston before the Revolution than can be gained from all the books in the Public Library.

Between 1774, when Copley went away, and 1806, when Stuart appeared upon the scene, there was a long period of almost entire vacuity in the history of

Boston art. There was no time to produce pictures when it was a question of founding and preserving a nation. Colonel John Trumbull's is the only name of note which appears in this interval. The Revolutionary struggle was still in progress when he retired from the army, and resumed the practice of his art in the room which had been built for Smybert. Here he painted portraits of John Hancock and of other local heroes of the Revolution. His picture of the Declaration of Independence, now in the rotunda of the national Capitol, which John Randolph called "the shin piece," and which was engraved by Durand, was first exhibited in Faneuil Hall, in 1818, and the venerable John Adams was prevailed upon to visit it. "He approved the picture," says Miss Quincy in her Memoir, "and, pointing to the door next the chair of Hancock, said, 'There! that is the door out of which Washington rushed when I first alluded to him as the man best qualified for commander-in-chief of the American army.'" Although Trumbull did not remain long in Boston, and his most important works are in Washington and New Haven, he is well represented in the collections of the Museum of Fine Arts by one of his best known historical paintings, *The Sortie from Gibraltar*; by one of his classic compositions, *Priam and the Dead Body of Hector*; and by two of his portraits. The latter, the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Minot, are respectable performances, but not great. *The Sortie from Gibraltar* is a large and lurid canvas, with an abundance of scarlet in it; the group of well-fed British officers in their red coats, at the right, forming the most conspicuous feature of the composition. The suggestion of carnage, excitement, action, and danger at the left is strong, but one gets only a confused idea of what is going on there. A much better painting in every respect is *Priam and the Dead Body of Hector*, which is smaller, and

on about the same scale as the *Battle of Bunker's Hill* in the Yale art gallery. It was painted in West's studio in London, and was one of Trumbull's earliest compositions. In the porch of Priam's stately palace a group of mourning women, which includes *Andromache* and *Helen*, surrounds *Hecuba*, who, robed in red, raises her arms in an ecstasy of grief, as she advances to view with overflowing eyes the body of the slain Trojan hero, which is borne tenderly up the steps by a soldier and an old servant, — the latter a very touching figure of melancholy and solicitude. The venerable king comes up the steps just beyond the funeral group, and earnestly addresses his frantic queen. At the left a group of soldiers and civilians witness the sad meeting, and "Troy sends forth one universal groan." The corpse of *Hector* is swathed in white, and the head drops towards the left shoulder. The fatal wound inflicted by *Achilles* is visible "twixt the neck and throat." The surroundings are lost in deep shadows, as if night were falling. Trumbull touched a chord here which was vastly deeper and more genuine than any that he struck in his huge historical canvases, and reached a higher level of expression.

In the great portrait gallery of Harvard College there are several of his most valued portraits, comprising his *Washington*, his *John Adams*, and his *Christopher Gore*, the last named being a replica of the portrait in New Haven. *The Washington* lacks substance, and does justice neither to sitter nor artist; the *Christopher Gore* is an indifferent performance; and the *Adams*, the best of the three canvases, is mainly interesting because it reveals to posterity a florid and handsome young man in a becoming coat, and gives us an original notion of the first and greatest of that remarkable line of statesmen. Trumbull was an earnest student of art, and made himself familiar with what had been done by the masters. It is related of

him that, being in Paris during the troubled period when the guillotine was kept busy lopping off aristocrats' heads, he became suspected by the Directory, and was arrested; whereupon the painter David saved his life and obtained his release by showing a print of his *Battle of Bunker's Hill* to the judges, and asking if the man who painted that picture were not a good enough republican. He had been less fortunate in England, where he suffered an imprisonment of eight months soon after the execution of André. His eyesight must have been uncommonly good, for the catalogue of the Yale gallery, referring to the *Battle of Bunker's Hill*, says, "On the day on which this battle was fought, the artist was adjutant of the first regiment of Connecticut troops, stationed at Roxbury, and saw the action from that point."

There is no name among those of the early artists of Boston that is held in greater esteem than Gilbert Stuart's. A native of Rhode Island, which has given birth to several eminent artists, when he came to Boston to live, in 1806, he was already fifty years old, and had been a citizen in turn of London, Dublin, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. He spent the last twenty-two years of his life in Boston, without further wandering, and, dying in 1828, was buried in the little cemetery on the Common. All trace of his grave has been lost, and all that is known is that his bones lie somewhere in that ground. There are scores of his beautiful portraits in the homes of the people who daily pass the picturesque little burial-ground in the heart of the busy city, but who thinks of honoring the memory of Stuart? Go to the Museum, and you shall see the famous "Athenæum portraits" of Washington and his wife, the Washington at Dorchester Heights, and a group of portraits which are of a charming simplicity and freshness, among which I need mention only that of the

bold, good-natured, and rubicund General Henry Knox and that of the Honorable Josiah Quincy. It may be said that Stuart has no need of a monument; and in one sense that is true, but Boston certainly needs to show that it appreciates his worth and the renown he reflected upon the town.

Frank and hearty, like himself, his portraits are full of robust character. For the purity of their color and the freshness and transparency of their flesh tints, his heads will be always remarkable. He never spoiled them by over-elaboration, for he knew when to leave them. "Let nature tell in every part of your painting" was one of his counsels to young artists; "be ever jealous about truth in painting." He forbade his pupils to blend their colors, and the admirable condition of his own works to-day proves that he practiced what he preached in this regard. He was in some respects more modern than his time, and undoubtedly partook of the tendencies and aims which distinguish the intelligent realists of the present period. He had the happy faculty of suggesting much by a slight touch, and did only what he could do well. He cared more for nature than for art, was a keen reader of character, and understood how to charm and draw out his sitters in conversation. He did not pay much attention to what had gone before him in art, but he had the great advantage of living in England during the golden age of painting in that country, and of associating with such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Sir Henry Raeburn, and the others who were the glory of British art. There is, therefore, nothing so phenomenal about Stuart's success as there is about Copley's. His paintings look easy when compared with others, and they were, in fact, executed rapidly. His small unfinished sketch of himself, in the Museum of Fine Arts, appears to have been the

work of twenty minutes, and has no resemblance to the engraved portraits; at all events, its vagueness gives a good deal of scope for the imagination.

In the celebrated Washington at Dorchester Heights, the only large painting by Stuart that I know of, the figure of the Father of his Country is well planted on its feet, and full of dignity and reserve power, but the accessories — mainly consisting of smoke and a wild white horse — are flagrant examples of what would be called *chic* work nowadays. Regnault's horses, in the same gallery, though not scientifically drawn, are very equine, but Stuart's steed is far from probable. Washington's uniform — a dark blue coat, ornamented by brass buttons, light facings, and epaulettes; buff waistcoat and breeches; black stockings; a white "choker" about the neck; and the three-cornered black hat held in one hand — is a rich, sober, paintable costume. Stuart has made good use of the uniform of the Revolutionary time in the portrait of General Knox also, which is a sterling example of his most vigorous, truthful, and simple style. Knox rests one hand on a cannon, and the other is held against his side in a strikingly plausible position. His highly colored countenance, framed by a thick and bristling crop of short gray hair, is delightful for its amiability, ease, and underlying decision. The man is completely in your presence. The painter felt sure of himself when he did this, and it was done joyously, with the unconscious power of a great workman. A quaint and memorable work is the portrait of Mrs. Bet-

sey Hartigan, with its attractive combination of fresh and rosy flesh and silvery-gray silk draperies. (Stuart's female sitters had the most marvelous pink and white complexions in the world.) The movement of Mrs. Hartigan's hands in sewing is one of the most masterly strokes of his art. So, also, the slow and rather supercilious upraising of the dame's eyes from her work is described with rare felicity. The unfinished heads of two sisters, the daughters of Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, are on one panel, and present an epitome of youthful grace, high spirits, and old-fashioned loveliness, as delicate and beautiful as a nosegay of wild-flowers. Stuart was not above liking to paint pretty things, and these sisters were certainly extremely pretty. We have his biographer's word for it that he painted the portraits of these ladies more than once, but always felt that he had not done them justice.

The number of heads by Stuart, in and near Boston, is very considerable. Soon after his death, in 1828, an exhibition of his works was held in Pearl Street, near the old Athenæum, which comprised no less than two hundred and fourteen portraits. Mason's *Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart* contains a list of his paintings, with many entertaining anecdotes about the bluff and irascible old painter. "He lived and had his painting-room," says Drake, in his *Old Landmarks of Boston*, "in Washington Place, Fort Hill, and later on Essex Street, near Edinboro Street," but during the War of 1812 he was living in Roxbury.

*William Howe Downes.*



## A BROWNING COURTS

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MAY 25. I am twenty years old to-day! I used to think that the first fresh bloom of one's youth was over at twenty; but I have reached that advanced period without even beginning to have any fun. I don't see what use there is in my being young and pretty, when there is nobody any more exciting than Miss Niles to tell me that I am so. I wish I knew some young men! I am fully aware how heterodox this sentiment is considered, but I repeat it boldly, and even underline it,— *I should like to know some interesting men!*

Just at this point mamma called to me from below, "May, dear, don't you want to cut the asparagus for me?" In order to live up to the standard of truth that my mother advocates, I should have replied promptly, "No, dear, I don't;" but I have all my life disguised my real sentiments beneath a veil of apparent cheerfulness and amiability; so I took the basket and knife, and descended to the garden. Mamma little knows how rebellious I am at heart, and how I hate this dull, quiet life. I should like to know whether the society in all small New England towns consists chiefly of maiden ladies, of all varieties and ages. The Northbridge maiden ladies are very nice, but they all have a more or less resigned expression. I wonder at what period they definitely gave up the hope of knowing any interesting men.

Miss Niles was in her garden cutting asparagus, too. She bobbed her long pale face forward, so that she could see me through the hole in the hedge. She looks queerer than ever since she has taken to wearing that green sun-bonnet; but she is so good that I ought not to make fun of her.

"Good-morning, May," she said in her slow, sentimental way. "How fresh and beautiful you look, and like the

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I never by any chance . . .  
poetry, and Browning is my especial aversion, but I smiled and said, "How lovely!" in the proper places.

"I am glad you care so intensely for Browning, dearest May," Miss Niles said; "you are a great satisfaction to my soul. You too feel the charm and depth of meaning in his lightest words. I recollect how deeply you enjoyed Childe Roland and Paracelsus, and I am going to read you *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*."

I contrived to hide the feelings caused by this announcement, and said politely, "You are very kind, and I shall be glad to hear anything that you choose to read, only — I don't think I wholly understand Browning yet."

"No one comprehends him at first, dear; the knowledge comes later, after much hard work and perseverance, like — like — the love of olives."

Miss Niles never knows how she is going to end a sentence when she begins it, and the result is sometimes startling.

There was a pause, during which we both cut asparagus assiduously, and then she began again: —

"You have such a true appreciation of the spirit of Browning's poetry that we have voted you into our club, although you are so much younger than the other members. Think what an honor!"

Just then I could not but admit that there was something to be said on the side of those persons who advocate perfect truth in all the relations of life, but it was too late to retreat. Had n't I sat for the whole of a long spring after-

work of apparent rapt contemplation, as semblar had me page after page, each more all comprehensive than the last; while deily thoughts refused to conform to any effort of my will, but flew vaguely from one inappropriate theme to another? And all because I could not bear to hurt her feelings.

"I suppose you have heard of our wonderful good fortune," said Miss Niles, leaning forward, and once more peeping at me through the hedge. "Paul Brown, the distinguished P. K. Brown, who is such a great Browning scholar, is coming to spend the summer here, and we hope to persuade him to conduct our study class."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "How delightful!" and my unworthy mind immediately busied itself in conjectures as to the age of Mr. P. K. Brown.

"He is a young man of great talent," Miss Niles continued. "They say the amount of knowledge that he has on the subject is really wonderful, considering that he is n't more than four or five and twenty. There comes the butter-man; how provoking! But we will talk this matter over another time."

Miss Niles kissed her hand to me and departed, trailing her black wrapper along the gravel path, and making the transition from Browning to butter with preternatural dignity.

I was left to my own reflections, which were of a mixed nature.

When the gods grant the requests of mortals, do they always hamper the fulfillment with some condition that sends leanness into their souls? I asked myself. Only ten minutes before I had been wishing that I knew some young men, and now this P. K. Brown, of four or five and twenty, was about to descend among us, but, as if by the irony of fate, devoted to his odious Browning, and consequently talking and thinking in a jargon with which I have not the smallest sympathy.

May 30. I have seen him go by

the house, and he has one of the most charming faces imaginable: not handsome, precisely, but intellectual, with dark eyes full of expression, and an adorable brown mustache. I have decided to join the Browning Class.

June 3. Heaven forgive me for my sins! I have told Mr. P. K. Brown that I am an enthusiast over Browning! It would be possible to extenuate my conduct by saying that I was driven into it, but I scorn to take refuge in such subterfuges. I will at least be wholly sincere with myself. This is how it happened:—

Miss Niles had an evening reception for Piquet (I can't resist calling him so, and making one word of it), and all the aristocracy of Northbridge was present, numbering fifty ladies and six gentlemen. Miss Niles was so busy that she forgot to introduce Mr. Brown to me, and he was immediately seized upon by Mrs. Jansen. I could catch a glimpse of his poetical face over her broad shoulders, and I wondered whether she would keep him to herself all the evening.

I don't like receptions. The wrong people always stick to you like burs, and the right ones have only time to say a word in passing. For instance, I really love Annie Fairchild, but she would hardly speak to me, for she was bent upon a missionary tour, as usual, and so departed to make herself agreeable to some forlorn person. By the way, why is n't it just as untruthful to pretend to enjoy stupid people as it is to appear to care for poetry that you dislike? I told Annie that I thought her very insincere, but she only laughed and went her mistaken way, not minding in the least that she left me to the tender mercies of Colonel Parminter, who is without exception the greatest bore I know. There is a limit to endurance, and this limit was reached when the colonel began to tell me for the fiftieth time his tale about the narrow escape he had at the battle of Bull Run.

"I am afraid I have perhaps told you this story before, my dear young friend," he observed, "but you are so sympathetic."

"A good story is always worth hearing a second time," I said, blandly; "but if you will pardon me, I suppose I ought to go and help Miss Niles pass the cake and lemonade."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear young friend," said the colonel, nodding his silver head with antiquated courtesy.

I went the rounds of the room. Most of the people selected their cake with as much deliberation as if it were a solemn duty. Annie took some caraway-seed cookies, for fear there would not be enough cake to go around. Colonel Parminster, on the contrary, picked out some cocoanut cakes and macaroons, with consequential gravity. I prefer his plan to Annie's, for I do not believe that you will benefit the world any more than yourself by being self-sacrificing. For it is quite probable that after fasting virtuously on caraway-seed cookies, you will discover that your neighbor has been secretly longing to feast on them, whereas, owing to your unnecessary self-immolation, there are none left. As with caraway-seed cookies, so with life.

Annie might avoid Mr. P. K. Brown as much as she liked, but I was not made in that mould. I proceeded to pass him the cake. He was very animated, and apparently much interested in talking with Miss Anderson. He put out his hand to make some explanatory motion, and hit the cake-basket, sending three cookies flying in different directions. Then he looked up. Our eyes met. I shall never forget how his face changed when he saw me. He glanced at me first with glad surprise, probably because I was the youngest person in the room, but afterwards he gave me a curious, satisfied look, as if he had been expecting me always, and found me at last. I flushed under his keen scrutiny. The mutual embarrassment

lasted only a moment, for he almost instantly stooped to pick up the cookies.

"What shall I do with them?" he asked helplessly.

"We will eat them," I replied audaciously. "Miss Niles's floor is always as clean as a plate. Won't you have one, Miss Anderson?" I added wickedly.

"No, thank you," she said, seeming greatly shocked. "To return to the Old Pictures in Florence, Mr. Brown. I shall be pleased to have you come and inspect my collection, and select those that are necessary for the illustration and elucidation of our first study lesson."

Miss Anderson always talks like a dictionary. I really cannot do her justice.

She surveyed me critically. I was sure she noticed that my bang did not curl as well as usual, and that my pink cashmere gown was my old white one dyed. I smiled back at her in my sweetest manner, yet in my heart I thought how gladly she would give her maroon satin in exchange for my dyed cashmere, if only she could throw her extra fifteen years in to balance the account. I don't like Harriet Anderson. Just then Miss Niles came up. "Talking about the Florentine pictures? How delightful!" she said. "Mr. Brown, have you been presented to my dear young friend, Miss Cheney? She is one of the most hopeful and promising of our Browning enthusiasts." At this point Miss Anderson raised her eyebrows. She looked at me coldly and most disagreeably. Her glance decided me.

"Yes," I said, "I am very fond of Browning's poetry, only I do not pretend to know much about him."

"No?" said Miss Anderson. "I am glad you make no pretenses."

This insulting speech roused me to fresh untruths. "I know very little about him," I reiterated, "but I care so much for some few of his things that I

am anxious to read as much of him as possible."

I felt so virtuous while I was saying this, so truthful and innocent, and as if I really were the appreciative young person that I knew Mr. Brown thought me, my words were so modest and my tones so truly convincing, that even Miss Anderson looked baffled.

"Do you belong to the Browning Class, Miss Cheney?" asked the hero.

What a pleasant voice he has! I thought. He will be sure to read well. Perhaps I shall really get to like Browning.

"Yes," I replied with enthusiasm, for Miss Anderson's eye was still upon me, "I am happy to say that I have just had the good fortune to be chosen a member."

Now I have told the whole disgraceful truth, and I have no doubt that Mr. Brown will begin the study lessons cheered by the thought that there is one congenial spirit in the class, who is as wildly devoted to Browning as he is himself. Well, it's too late for regrets. I am in for it now.

June 7. The Browning Club met for the first time last night. Subject, Old Pictures in Florence, but we only got through the first verse.

Mr. Brown began:—

"The morn when first it thunders in March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say"—

but at this point he was interrupted by Colonel Parminter, who wanted to know the reason why. He was very serious about it, and to look at him you would have said that the fate of nations depended upon the correct solution of the problem.

"That is n't what I call poetry," said little Miss Perkins in her high-pitched voice. "The lines are very unmusical, and then who cares to know whether the eel leaps in the pond or not?" But she was instantly frowned down.

"My dear madam, it is a matter of the utmost importance that we understand each line perfectly before we proceed to the next," observed the colonel.

"Yes," assented Miss Niles. "Do you consider that passage allegorical, Mr. Brown? Does the leaping of the eel in the pond symbolize the struggles of Italy for liberty?"

"I will get the encyclopædia and look up eels," said Mrs. Ellis. "I should like to know whether all eels leap in all ponds when it first thunders, or whether this habit is peculiar to Italy."

"Don't you think it is just a local superstition," suggested Annie mildly, "and had n't we better go on to the more important part of the poem?"

"It is all equally important," said Colonel Parminter gravely. "Each word that Browning ever wrote is of equal importance with every other word."

Just then Mrs. Ellis came back with the encyclopædia, opened at Ichthyology.

"My dear friends," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I had no idea that fishes were so interesting! Come and look at this picture of a trigger fish, and at this queer creature with a fluted collar. See, Grace, its eyes are stilted out from its head on a cartilaginous stem! How convenient it would be to have that arrangement of eyes when we are driving with your father, and he wants us to look at all the things that are just behind us!" and Mrs. Ellis laughed gayly.

We all joined in; it was a relief to find something that we were expected to laugh at.

Then Grace asked, "Had n't you better skip the cuttle fishes and their relations, mother, and proceed to eels? It is very interesting, but we did n't form the class to study fishes."

Mrs. Ellis followed her suggestion obediently.

"See here, girls," she said, looking abstractedly at Colonel Parminter: "the

town of Ely, in England, is said to be so named from the rents having been formerly paid in eels, and Elmore" —

"Does it say anything about the eel leaping in the pond, Mrs. Ellis?" asked the colonel. He spoke with that severe air of superiority which even the least wise of the opposite sex feels it incumbent upon him to assume over ours, if we chance to wander from the subject when he would like the floor himself.

"Electrical eels!" began Mrs. Ellis. "They are so interesting. Listen to this: 'These eels are captured by driving horses and mules into the water, the electric powers of the fish being first exhausted and'" —

"I have it!" cried Miss Niles suddenly. "The explanation of the eel leaping in the thunder-storm has come to me in an electric flash. They are *electric* eels, and so when there is electricity in the air they rise to meet it, as the magnet seeks the iron. Isn't this conformable with the laws of electricity, Mr. Brown?"

Piquet kept a straight face. "It is a very ingenious explanation," he said politely, "but, unfortunately, I believe the electric eels are found only in South America."

"Supposing we proceed to the next line," suggested Colonel Parminter (even his patience was giving way, it seemed), "and appoint a committee to look up the subject of eels for our next meeting."

His motion was cheerfully carried, and Mr. Brown began again: —

"The morn when first it thunders in March,  
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say.  
As I leaned and looked over the aloed arch  
Of the villa gate this warm March day,  
No flash snapt, no dum thunder rolled'" —

"What on earth is dumb thunder?" broke in Miss Perkins, who had n't seen the spelling of the word. "Of all outlandish expressions, that is the queerest. I should think even Browning would have more sense than that. Dumb thun-

der! Dumb lightning might be allowed, although peculiar; but dumb thunder!"

Mrs. Ellis flew to the dictionary, only to find that "d-u-m" was not in it, and Colonel Parminter began a vivid description of a battle, telling us how the roar of the artillery sounded like a severe thunder-storm. This reminded Miss Niles of a time in her youth when the house next to her own was struck by lightning. At this point Mrs. Jansen pounded on the table to call us to order, as Mr. Brown was too polite to interfere with us.

The last line of the first verse of our choice poem is: —

"Florence lay out on the mountain side;"

and so we were put through a series of tedious photographs, and made familiar with the map of Florence. I begin to wish that I had *not* joined the Browning Class.

June 15. Last night the club met again. After the lesson was over, Mr. Brown came up to me, while I was putting on my things, and asked if he might have the pleasure of walking home with me.

"You may," I replied, smiling. "It is the one object of my life to give pleasure."

"Then you certainly attain your ideal, which is more than most of us can say."

As he spoke he gave me a grave, flattering glance of approval.

The moon was shining brightly, and the scent of roses was in the air as we passed through Mrs. Jansen's porch. We could hear the sound of loud voices and laughter from the house behind us, where the club were putting on their wraps and overshoes; but in front of us was quite a different world, silver, and mysterious in its perfumed beauty. Even I was impressed by it.

"What a night!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, as if sure of my sympathy.

We had barely reached the gate when

we heard voices behind us, and presently Miss Niles's slow soprano. "Where is May Cheney?" she inquired. "I promised I would see her home, and I can't find her, and I am afraid to go alone."

"I had forgotten all about Miss Niles," I said, pausing, conscience-stricken. "I must go back for her."

I was full of apologies, and Mr. Brown offered his arm to her with the same quiet charm of manner that he had shown me.

"Exquisite moon!" exclaimed Miss Niles. "I am glad the rain is over. A truly poetic moon, is it not, Mr. Brown? I should n't have been so long, only I could n't find one of my rubbers."

Poor Miss Niles! In spite of my long acquaintance with her, I never cease to be surprised by her abrupt changes of subject.

July 5. We have Browning two evenings a week, now. The more frivolous members of the club have begged for some of the lighter selections; so there is the study class, which is still upon Old Pictures, every Tuesday night, and on Thursday evening Piquet gives us what he chooses. Annie enjoys everything he reads, intensely, and does not show it; and I don't enjoy everything, and don't show it. *Voilà* the difference. We are each deceitful after our own fashion. If Mr. Brown knew what was good for him, he would fall in love with her, even although she is twenty-seven, and he only twenty-four; but he has been indiscreet enough to—I am not sure of it, so I won't write it down, but it is pleasant. Not that I especially care about him, for he is too serious and conscientious to suit my taste, and then Browning will always be his absorbing passion.

July 25. Miss Niles is indefatigable. She proposes that we shall act *Colombe's Birthday*, I to be *Colombe*. I should die of it, there is so much to learn; and I never could commit poetry,

even when at school. Besides, there are seven men in the play, and we can muster only Mr. Brown, Colonel Parminster, and Mr. Seabury.

August 5. The hot wave has mercifully come, and we are all too limp to think of acting, but are to read *Colombe's Birthday*, instead.

September 1. It is very provoking. I am never at home when Mr. Brown calls; this is the third time I have missed him. On the contrary, I am invariably in when Miss Niles or the colonel appears. Such is the contrariness of fate!

To-night, after the class, Piquet complained that he never sees me now.

"You have that pleasure every Tuesday and Thursday evening. I should think that was enough for any reasonable being," I observed.

"Perhaps I am not a reasonable being," he said in a low tone.

"Well, I am," I returned lightly.

"Then, what satisfaction is there in seeing you among a crowd of people?" he asked.

But as might have been expected, just then two of the crowd interrupted us. They were full of *Sordello*, which Miss Anderson is determined we shall study next.

October 1. Mr. P. K. Brown is going into uncle John's office, so he will stay here indefinitely; certainly all winter, and longer if they like each other.

October 5. I have begun to make a Browning Calendar for a Christmas present for Mr. Brown. I think there could not be a greater proof of friendly regard than that, and he seems to want proofs. Of course I like him! If I did n't, would I write out three hundred and sixty-five deep quotations, each more stupid than the last? I wish he did not like Browning so well; but he shall have a portion of him for every day in the year.

December 25. Paul Kent Brown has given me a whole set of Browning bound in white vellum! What reckless extra-

vagance! And for the same amount of money he might have given me a gold bangle and a silver-headed umbrella, and ever so many other things I want!

January 8. It has come at last. I do not understand why men are such fools! Why could not Paul Brown have gone on quietly with our pleasant, peaceful friendship? For it was pleasant, a very, very pleasant — flirtation? Well, malevolent beings like Miss Anderson may say that I flirted, if they choose. I wonder just what a flirtation is. I should like to fly to Mrs. Ellis's encyclopædia and look it up. I do not see why they never put interesting articles in the encyclopædia. The dictionary says, "Playing at courtship," and I certainly never did "play at courtship," — never, never! I defy Miss Anderson, and Mrs. Jansen, and all the rest of them to say that I did. If I made Paul Brown think I liked him better than I really did, as he says, why, one never expects to be taken so seriously. Of course I liked him, and do now, in spite of his having been such an idiot, only — But I will write out the whole scene, that I may see clearly how I have not been in the least to blame. If Miss Anderson had not told him that I was a flirt, it would not have happened; and her accusation was absurd, as I have never had any one to flirt with.

I was skating with Annie, and we were trying to teach Miss Niles, who used to skate a little when she was a girl, which was so long ago that she has forgotten how. Miss Niles looks more gaunt and grim on the ice than anywhere else, poor dear. Paul Brown soon joined us, and asked us if we did not want to go up the river a mile or two, and see the huge fire that the boys had made on the ice. Miss Niles could n't, and Annie, with her mistaken idea of self-sacrifice, stayed with her, although I was dying to have her come with me, and cast beseeching glances at her.

Paul and I skated on for some moments in silence. Paul skates delightfully, and his fine figure shows off to especial advantage on the ice. At last he said abruptly, "I cannot stand this sort of thing any longer."

"Can't you?" I asked, instantly turning and facing the other way. "Then we will go back to Miss Niles."

"May," he said, in a certain masculine fashion of his own that is not to be withstood, "I won't be played with any longer. You must know that I, at least, am in earnest."

My heart beat very fast, and I did not reply at first. Then I answered, "I don't know what more you want. I'm sure I like you very much, almost as well as I like Annie Fairchild; and I, at least, am in earnest," I added, imitating his tones and skating rapidly on.

He caught up with me in a moment. I should think he might have taken these hints, and been satisfied to let the matter pass off lightly; but he was n't, and there was not the slightest use in trying to stop him.

"I wish you would skate on as fast as you can," I said, "for I want to get to the fire. I am cold."

"You never spoke a truer word," he rejoined; "you *are* cold," and then he began to quote Browning.

I have verified the quotation in my white-vellumed edition, and although it is not especially flattering, I will put it in: —

"But for loving, why you would not, sweet,  
Though we prayed you,  
Paid you, brayed you in a mortar,  
For you could not, sweet."

He said this verse between his teeth, in rather a savage fashion; and then — oh, dear! I can't remember all that happened, and if I could I would not write it down; only he was not satisfied, even after I had turned serious and talked sensibly.

I don't see why men want to have things so definite! It is one thing to



have a man nice to you, and quite another thing to promise to marry him. Why, I don't want to be married for ten years, at least. I don't know that I ever want to be married. I merely wished to know some interesting men, and now — now — Of course we shall be just as good friends as ever.

January 15. Paul Brown never seems to see me at the Browning Class. When he reads, he looks over in the corner where Annie Fairchild and Grace Ellis are sitting, and when I bow to him and try to say something pleasant, he merely nods coldly. I don't see why a man need be rude to a girl, just because she does not want to be engaged to him! There are plenty of men in the world a great deal nicer than Mr. Paul Kent Brown, and some day I shall know them.

January 28. I do not pretend to understand men. I am sure, if I had been as foolishly in love as Paul Brown gave me to understand that he was, I should n't get all over it in three weeks, and really be so uncivil that the whole club notice it. Not that he does anything; he just does n't do anything. Only he used to look at me as *if* — and now he looks at me as *if* — that's all; but there is sometimes a vast difference in an "if." Well, I'm glad I don't care about him.

February 1. Paul Brown is just as nice to Annie as he can be, and lovely to Grace, perfectly devoted to her. To be sure, she is thirty-three, but one sometimes hears of such marriages. Oh, dear! not that I care; only I wish there were somebody that I could be devoted to, — I should like to see how he would enjoy that; but there is nobody except Colonel Parminter, and as he is sixty years old, he does n't count.

March 1. I wish Miss Anderson would not say such hateful things. She was talking to Mr. Brown at the post-office, the other day, when I went to get my mail, and as I passed she stopped me.

"Good-morning, May," she said. "How are you? I was sorry that you were unable to attend the Browning Class, the other night. You are looking wretchedly; you've lost all your roses."

This speech was meant for Paul Brown's ears, and he showed such sudden interest that it brought all my roses back. It vexes me that I have not got over my school-girl trick of blushing.

I turned and faced the two. "I am very well, thank you. I stayed away entirely out of consideration for the class, and not on my own account, for I had such a troublesome cough that I knew it would annoy you all."

Miss Anderson looked at me as if she believed that my cough was a fiction, but it was n't. I don't see why she is always suspecting me of being untruthful. I should think Paul Brown might have walked home with me, but he did n't. I do not like "interesting men."

March 9. I wonder, if my cough were to get very much worse, and I should go into consumption, whether Paul Brown would be a little sorry. I think the whole Browning Club would feel just a trifle sad. They would undoubtedly erect a beautiful marble monument over my grave, with the inscription: —

"Fretless and free, soul, clap thy pinion,  
Earth have dominion, body, o'er thee."

There is a little poem of Browning's that persistently haunts me. This verse keeps running in my head: —

"Was it something said,  
Something done,  
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
Turn of head?  
Strange! that very way  
Love begun.  
I as little understand love's decay."

March 25. I cannot stand this sort of thing any longer. I am going to aunt Ruth's to make a visit. Is it possible that Paul felt as I do, when he used

those same words, and I laughed at him ?

I told them at the club that I should be absent from five meetings, and every one seemed to be very sorry except Mr. Brown. After the class was over, he said coldly that he regretted to hear that I was going away, for he should probably leave Northbridge before my return.

March 26. I did not know that the cocks crowed at such an unearthly hour. They begin at three o'clock, and keep it up steadily until daylight. There are only three hours in the night when there is absolute silence. I never stayed awake all night before.

I am glad that I was so frigid and icy to Mr. Brown yesterday, so that he will never suspect how much I care ; for I do care, — there is no use in trying to disguise the fact from myself. What a fool I have been !

March 30. That very afternoon, as I was sitting by the window, who should drive up to the door but Paul Brown ! He had a little colloquy with mamma, who was just going out of the house ; and she came back and told me to put on my fur-lined circular, as it would be so cold in driving, — as if it were a matter of course that I should drive about the country with Paul, when I have never done such a thing in my life. I opened the window.

"I am very busy," I said, "and I don't see how I can go."

"What are you so busy about ?" he asked.

I held up a doll's dress that I was making for little Ruth.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should finish this garment to take away with me," I said gravely.

"Won't you come ?" he asked beseechingly. "I may not see you for such a very long time."

Of course I "came." I had in fact meant to come, all along. He said nothing at first, and then he began to quote

softly to himself from *The Last Ride Together* : —

"Take back the hope you gave — I claim  
Only a memory of the same,  
And this beside, if you will not blame,  
Your leave for one more last ride with me."

"Drive," I corrected, as flippantly as I could ; but my heart was heavy with a foreboding that he considered everything at an end between us.

He did not quote any more, and for some time we talked on indifferent subjects. At last he said, "I wanted to see you this once, Miss Cheney, to tell you of my plans, and how I happen to be leaving Northbridge in this sudden fashion. I have had a good business opening offered me in Texas" —

"In Texas !" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes. Under the circumstances, I prefer to make an entire change, and I expect to start in a week."

I had a choking sensation, and felt the tears coming to my eyes. I never was in such physical misery in my life. I was determined that my face should show nothing, and so I resolutely drove back the tears, all but a little one, which might have passed for a raindrop ; for as if in sympathy with the general dreariness, it was beginning to rain. I said nothing. I could not speak. At last Paul broke the silence.

"I wanted to say good-by to you alone, and not in the presence of Miss Niles and her phalanx," he said, with the suggestion of a smile.

"Good-by is a very little word ; it does not take long to say it," I observed, as carelessly as I could. "Do you mean that you are never coming back ?"

I tried so hard not to show what I felt that I could hear my own words sounding strangely cold and formal, and as if it were a matter of entire indifference to me whether he came back or not.

"Yes, that is what I mean," he answered.

Then a sudden sense of desolation swept over me. I turned my face and looked at the big raindrops. The strain had been too much for me, and I began to shiver and tremble like an aspen leaf.

"Are you cold?" Paul asked. "You ought to have worn that fur-lined circular," and taking off his overcoat he enveloped me in it.

"Will he have no mercy?" I thought; for his kindness was harder to bear than his coldness had been.

"Yes, I am cold," I replied. "You yourself have told me so. Please take me home."

We had come to a dreary stretch through the leafless woods, and the desolate picture was completed by pools of dark water on either side of the road, and mounds of smirched and water-soaked snow.

"There is just one thing more that I want to say to you," Paul began. "I am going away; you know very well why. Well, there is nothing more to be said, only — only that I have loved you, and cannot help loving you." These words he uttered in quite a matter-of-fact tone. "I did not mean to tell you this when I brought you here," he continued abruptly, after a moment's pause. "I meant merely to bid you good-by. I have always vowed that I would never annoy a woman in this way but once, and — Why, May, dear May!"

I was crying. I could not help it. The tears that I had struggled against before came now, at the first suggestion of happiness, in an overwhelming, uncontrollable rush.

. . . I am very, very happy. Too happy to write, too happy to eat, too happy to sleep. As might have been expected, Miss Niles saw us driving back, and we looked so radiant that she spread the news of our engagement at once. So all Northbridge knows it, and they all say they are not surprised,

which is n't possible, and all are pleased except Miss Anderson. It is a pleasure to make so many people happy.

May 5. My bliss would be complete if it were not for one little black cloud. Paul himself is so sincere that he will never be able to understand how I could pretend to care for Browning when I did not. I ought to confess the whole thing, but I have not the moral courage. If I could deceive him on such a vital point, won't he naturally conclude that I may deceive him in everything? Still, I am not wholly insincere, for I do want to like what he likes.

When Paul and I are driving, or walking, or sitting together, suddenly this apparition of Browning will pop up in my mind like a Jack-in-the-box. How easy it ought to be to make a confession! It could be done in five words, — "I do not like Browning;" or even in three, — "I detest Browning." Then I try to say this sentence aloud, but when I picture the pained look on Paul's face I have not the strength to utter it. I stay awake at night constructing little scenes, in which he is angry and grieved at first, but always forgiving in the end. I must be in a very nervous condition, or I should not make a serious matter out of such a trifle. But is it a trifle? I have let Paul think that I share his greatest enthusiasm. He still believes a love of Browning to be the strongest bond of sympathy between us. Then, in addition, I am haunted by the thought that if I had not been such a hypocrite he might have cared for Annie, in spite of her twenty-seven years, for she really loves Browning. I am a wretch. The full enormity of my transgression never came to me until now.

"I detest Browning," — nothing easier to say in theory, nothing more difficult in practice.

May 20. I have spent such a wakeful night! Yesterday, at last, I screwed up my courage to speak of my secret. It was one of the first warm days, and

we were in the orchard. Paul had taken out my little sewing-chair for me, and we sat under the apple blossoms, which every gust of wind sent in a pink shower all over my hair and my pale blue gown. Paul was very happy, and unusually pleased with me.

"Yes, I will be brave and tell him," I resolved.

But just then he began to quote: —

"Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dew-drops at the bent spray's  
edge."

"I cannot tell him now," I thought. He had thrown himself on the grass by my side, and was lazily watching me with half-closed eyes, as I drew my needle swiftly in and out of my work.

I don't remember just how it began, but somehow or other he chose to talk of affectation, and how much he disliked it, and what a comfort it was that I was so absolutely genuine, so simple, and so unlike other women. I felt the color stealing into my cheeks at this undeserved praise.

"Paul," I began pleadingly, "supposing — supposing that you found that I was *not* as genuine as I seemed; supposing — supposing, in fact, that I were so *like* other women: would you still care for me, do you think?"

"I don't know," he answered, fixing his eyes on me with such an expression of love and confidence that I felt at once triumphant and humbled. "Why should we talk of what does not concern us? You are what you are, the sweetest, the truest" —

"But, Paul," I persisted, "I am really a different person from what you think, not as good, not as simple. There is a secret that I could tell you; and yet I am afraid, for you are so *absolutely* truthful, so thoroughly honest" —

"I! — good heavens!"

"Paul, what do you mean?" I cried, frightened by his tones.

"Nothing," he returned, vainly trying to reassure me; "only you cannot have the monopoly of secrets. I too have one."

But alas! at this critical moment Miss Niles, in her green sun-bonnet, indiscreetly came through the gap in the hedge, and, settling herself in the hammock, began to ask one question after another about Browning, and quoted him until she drove me into the house. For a thoroughly kind woman, Miss Niles is the most inconsiderate person that I know.

I have not seen Paul alone since, and I stayed awake half the night torturing myself with theories about his secret.

May 21. Paul and I took a long drive this afternoon, — it is the only way in which we are sure to be free from interruptions, — and I tried unsuccessfully to worm his secret out of him.

"Paul," I began, "I think I know what it is that you are concealing from me. I feel sure that you have been in love with some charming but insincere girl, and are afraid to confess it to me. But that will make no difference; it won't trouble me if you have loved twenty girls, if only you care last and most for me."

Paul laughed softly to himself.

"You can set your mind at ease upon that point," he said. "My secret is something quite different. It has nothing to do with any woman."

"Has it to do with a man?" I inquired.

"Yes, it has to do with a man."

"I suppose it is some money difficulty," I suggested. "Dearest, I beg you to tell me all about it."

"No," said Paul, "it is nothing of that sort; it is not anything that will affect your happiness, if you do not know it. It will only make life a little harder for me, which is a just retribution. Do not think of it again. I ought never to have mentioned it."

It is very mysterious. However, I

mean to put it out of my head, and go on as if nothing had happened; but if Paul will not tell me his secret, he certainly shall not learn mine; that is quite fair.

July 1. Uncle John, bless him, has decided to go abroad in the autumn for a year, and so Paul is to take all his practice, or clients, or whatever the proper term is. I shall have to study up legal phrases now, and there is a dear little house to be rented, just big enough for two people to begin house-keeping in. So we are to be married in November. I suppose we shall furnish our house chiefly with our wedding presents, for it is so many years since there has been a wedding among the *élite* of Northbridge that I am sure everybody will give us nice things.

August 15. Our presents have begun to flow in. There are two boxes waiting in the hall now, because I won't open them until Paul comes. One is from Mrs. Jansen, and I think it contains a silver tea-service, like the one she gave Anna Fuller, because years ago she jokingly promised me one.

Evening. We have unpacked Mrs. Jansen's box. I saw almost immediately that it was full of books, exquisitely bound in white vellum. "Probably a set of Shakespeare," I thought; "they will be a great ornament to the book-case." I took up one volume, and found to my horror that the title was *The Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*.

"Paul," I gasped, "it is a set of Browning, almost exactly like the one you gave me. Don't you suppose we can exchange Mrs. Jansen's present for silver?"

Paul opened one of the books, and found my name inscribed on the fly-leaf; and alas! each volume had an appropriate quotation written in it, in Mrs. Jansen's exquisitely neat hand.

The other present was from Grace.

"This will be something worth having," I thought, as I eagerly opened it.

It contained Colombe's Birthday, illustrated with sketches that she made herself, the dear girl. It is lovely to have it, only — I wish I liked Browning better. Paul is very much pleased. He has a soul above spoons, and forks, and tea-pots.

September 5. It is very provoking. The whole Browning Class have run riot on the subject of their master, and each member has vied with the others in trying to find a delicate and original expression of her regard.

Miss Niles has had a picture painted on purpose for us, by a New York artist of sixth-rate ability. The subject is a scene from *In a Balcony*. Constance and Norbert, in purple and green costumes, stand haranguing each other, and exchanging most sentimental glances; while just behind them is the queen in funereal black, stiff, stern, and implacable. The motto is, "I love once, as I live but once."

Dear Miss Niles! her intentions were good, but it is such a hideous picture that we shall have to banish it to the spare-room.

Miss Anderson has given us two of her *Old Pictures in Florence*, handsomely framed. I am glad Paul likes them so much. I think them hideous. They are photographs taken from the original paintings, and show all the imperfections. I can't see any beauty in a Madonna with a crack directly across her eyes, as if she wore spectacles. However, I bear up for Paul's sake. I am careful not to let him suspect my disappointment.

September 23. Colonel Parminter is a trump! He has sent us a huge square box. It is too big to contain Browning's works, and besides, I have taken pains to show Mrs. Jansen's edition to every one. Dear old Colonel Parminter! I begin to feel very remorseful for ever having made fun of him.

September 24. When Paul came he opened the box for me, while I stood by,

indulging in speculations concerning the delightful contents.

"Do you know, Paul, I think it is one of those beautiful bronze lamps like Mrs. Ellis's!" I exclaimed eagerly, having caught a glimpse of something bronze.

"It is too heavy for a lamp," he returned. "I think it is — Why, it's a bust!" and pushing away the excelsior, he raised it on end, and the countenance gazed at me with a genial, kindly expression, and yet with a merry twinkle in the eye, as much as to say, "Well, my dear young lady, how do you feel now?"

It is needless to add that it was a life-sized bust of Robert Browning. I could have cried with vexation, if Paul had not been there.

I have gone back to my former opinion of Colonel Parminster.

October 15. It is the same old story repeated in different forms. Even the beautiful clock that Annie Fairchild has given us has a Browning motto engraved upon it: —

"Time's wheel runs back or stops,  
Potter and clay endure."

Time's wheel won't stop long enough for me to tell of all the ingenious devices the club have resorted to, to vary their gifts, and yet have them connected with R. B.

Little Miss Perkins is the only member who has given me a wholly commonplace present. She handed me some silver sugar-tongs, with a somewhat abject air. "My dear," she said, "you know how I dislike Browning. I felt it would be an affectation in me to give you a present associated with him, so I've brought these sugar-tongs, and I hope you won't mind very much." I embraced her on the spot. The tongs are lovely, and just what I wanted.

October 25. It seems that Mrs. Ellis is going to send us a china tea-set. So "there is some light on the dark river."

October 26. The tea-set has come, and each cup and saucer has a Browning quotation around the edge! The way of the transgressor is hard!

We have just received a huge box from Paul's brother in England. I am very much excited about it, for as his family, it is undoubtedly something de-brother Philip is the rich member of the lightful. . . .

My curiosity was so great that I could not possibly wait until Paul came, so Bridget and I together managed to open the box. I saw it was something marble, and fancied all sorts of things. In another moment I discovered that it was merely a bust. This was disappointing, as I have never been fond of busts; but I rather like the head of Clytie, and hoped it might be that.

Bridget, with great difficulty, raised it and set it on the floor.

"Shure and it looks enough like that other gintleman to be his twin brother," she said, "barring that one is as black as the ace of spades, and the other white as the driven snow."

I looked at it with a sickening feeling at my heart. It was (there was no mistake about it; by this time the master's features were well imprinted upon my mind), — it was — a bust of Robert Browning!

I had been trying on gowns all day and was tired out; so as soon as Bridget had left the room, I threw myself down on the floor, and, leaning against R. B. for support, I wept bitterly. I laid my head against his marble head, and my tears coursed down his face. They might have melted a heart of stone, but produced no impression upon the unsympathetic countenance of Robert Browning.

Presently I heard a distressed voice say, "Why, May, darling, what is the matter?"

I sprang up, and faced Paul. The hour had come, and I no longer faltered.

"That is the matter," I said, with

the gesture of a tragedy queen. "Look at your brother's present."

"But I do not understand," Paul said, bewildered. "I thought you could not have too much Browning."

"I have never liked Browning, never from the first moment that I saw you, never through all these long months."

I did not dare to look at Paul to see how he bore this announcement, but I heard him exclaim under his breath, "Is it possible!"

"Yes," I said, "it is, unfortunately, too true. I have been a hypocrite, and willfully deceived you. You know my secret now. Break our engagement, if you choose. Whatever happens, I can endure this life of deceit no longer. I shall die of too much Browning."

I was terribly excited, and flung myself, trembling, on the sofa.

In a moment Paul was at my side. "Dearest May" — he entreated.

I pushed his hand away.

"I am not worthy to touch you," I cried, — "you who care so much for Browning; you who" —

"May," said Paul contritely, "I once told you that I had concealed something from you. I also have had 'too much Browning:' that is my secret." . . .

October 27. This morning a note came from Paul's brother Philip for me. I will copy it here: —

MY DEAR NEW SISTER,\* — I am delighted to learn, through Paul, that you are as great an admirer of Browning as I am myself. I am glad, too, to hear that you have been a sufficiently powerful advocate to convert him. He used to be only a half-hearted admirer, in the old days, but he tells me that he has been thriving on my reputation, and con-

ducting a Browning Class for your sweet sake. I have been trying to think what I could give you for a wedding present that you will not have a score of already, and I have decided to send you a bust of Browning, to put as a genial household god above your hearthstone.

Your affectionate brother,

PHILIP KENT BROWN.

I looked at Paul, and he looked at me, and then we both laughed.

"I can't get over my surprise that you should carry on this long course of deceit," I observed.

"Really, I was not so much to blame as you think," he said, "for I told Miss Niles squarely, in the beginning, that it was my brother who was the distinguished P. K. Brown. I did not mean to join the class at first, but after I had seen you — well, it was all over with me then, for I fell in love with you at first sight. I felt it was my best chance of pleasing you," he added, with a smile; "and I liked Browning well enough to begin with, but Miss Niles and the colonel were too many for me."

"Paul," I said pensively, after a moment given to retrospection, "we can never tell our kind friends what hypocrites we have been; it would give them too much pain. We shall have to bear the consequences of our deceit for all time. Do you know that even our wedding is to be different from other people's? Miss Niles revealed to me, in a burst of confidence, that the organist is to play, what do you suppose, as we come out of church? A *Toccata*, by Galuppi! Miss Niles says she hopes that we shall march through life to Browning music."

"Heaven forbid!" said Paul.

*Eliza Orne White.*



## THE TELEPHONE CASES.

ON the 19th of March, 1888, the Supreme Court of the United States re-assembled in Washington, after the usual spring vacation. It was generally expected that the long-deferred decision in the telephone suits would then be made, and the court-room was filled with inventors, lawyers, and shareholders who had taken part in the protracted and bitter contest over Mr. Bell's patent, and whose fortune in some cases, whose fame in others, depended upon the result. The audience, on this occasion, were not disappointed, for the Chief Justice announced that the court was prepared to render its judgment in the six causes known as the Telephone Suits. "But," he added, "as the opinion is rather long, and my voice is weak and not under control, I have asked Judge Blatchford to read it." These were his last words in the Supreme Court, for he was then suffering from the disease which ended in his death, a few days afterward; and the opinion which he had prepared, and which was read for him in the deep and somewhat tense silence of the court-room, proved to be the final act of his public career. That opinion, as everybody knows, decided — and doubtless the decision will be accepted by history — that Mr. Alexander Graham Bell was the first inventor of the telephone, and that neither Reis, the German professor, nor anybody else succeeded in transmitting human speech by the aid of electricity until Mr. Bell had shown the world how it could be done. Three judges dissented from the opinion, holding that Daniel Drawbaugh, an intelligent mechanic of Eberly's Mills, Pennsylvania, had invented and used a complete telephone, much better than any that Bell ever devised, years before the latter made his discovery. The dissenting judges did

not deny that Mr. Bell also was an original inventor of the telephone, and that it was he who introduced it to public use. "We have nothing to say," Mr. Justice Bradley remarked, "depreciatory of Mr. Bell at all, for he has real merits; but we think that this obscure mechanic did do the thing, and that he is entitled to the merit of being the first inventor."

Whatever Daniel Drawbaugh had done or attempted in this line (and I shall glance at his history in a subsequent article), it is well known that about the year 1875 the transmission of speech by electricity was a problem with which many able inventors were struggling, and there was a general feeling that it would be solved before long. A word or two as to the manner in which speech is produced will show what the problem was, and enable the reader to understand how much or how little had already been accomplished.

When one speaks, what he does is to set in vibration the particles of air with which he is surrounded. Motion is communicated from one particle to another in the air, just as it is communicated from one particle to another in water, when the wind springs up and waves are formed. In each case, the particles move only in a restricted space, but the character of the motion is communicated to the adjoining particles, and the same character is preserved just so far as the movement extends. It would be erroneous, however, to conceive that the vibrations of the air take the shape of waves, like those of the sea; they are not curved, but move in a straight line, and they cover a very small space, — usually about one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The particles of air, when words are spoken, are first crowded together, and then, when the pressure is removed, their elasticity comes into

play, and causes them to resume their former place. Waves require a surface, but the air is all about us; we are below it as well as above it. The movement of air particles during speech has been illustrated as follows:—

“If you are in a tightly packed and excited crowd, you are pressed on all sides; but as the people in the crowd sway a little, you are sometimes jammed more tightly, and again, presently, have a little more elbow-room. You and each of your neighbors touch each other all the time; but if the people in the part where you are move closer together, in their efforts to see something, you are pressed a little more; if some of them are attracted to turn and move a little away from you, you are pressed less. These movements of greater or less pressure are due to a slight to-and-fro movement of the different individuals composing the crowd.

“Such is the case with the air particles. Under the influence of the voice or some sounding body, those immediately near it are first, perhaps, pressed together; presently, by virtue of their elasticity, they spring apart a little more widely than they were before, and thus zones of condensation or rarefaction are produced. These zones of disturbance are propagated onward at the rate of about 1120 feet a second, very much as sea waves are propagated onward, without any traveling motion of the air or water itself, and are called ‘sound waves’ or ‘sonorous undulations.’ But as these zones are produced by and correspond to the slight vibratory motions of the air particles, it is found more convenient to study the motions of the particles themselves.”

This to-and-fro, or vibratory, motion of the air, being started by the speaker, and communicating itself gradually but speedily to all the air particles that lie between him and the listener, finally impinges upon the drum of the listener’s ear. The drum is a diaphragm, which

is alternately pushed and pulled forward and backward as the vibrating particles strike against it or recede from it, according to their condensation or rarefaction. The motions of the drum are communicated to the interior parts of the ear, which in turn act upon the auditory nerves, conveying through them to the brain, in some unexplained manner, the impression of sound.

If each vibration occupied the same length of time, the matter would be a very simple one; but the duration of each condensation (which forms the first half of the vibration), as well as the duration of each rarefaction (which forms the second half), differs, or may differ, widely from that of the others. Moreover,—and here lies the chief difficulty,—the *character* of each vibration, which will be explained presently, continually varies. Shortly before Mr. Bell’s invention of an electric telephone, the string or mechanical telephone was much in vogue, and was sold on the streets. It was thought by most people to be a new affair; but in reality it is a very old invention, dating back almost, if not quite, two hundred years. The “string telephone” is easily constructed by taking a small cylindrical tin box, knocking out the bottom, and affixing in its place a diaphragm of bladder or parchment. The diaphragms of two such devices are connected by a string, or, better yet, by a wire. When one of the boxes is spoken into, the diaphragm vibrates in accordance with the air particles thus set in motion; the vibrations are taken up by the string or wire, and thus communicated to the other diaphragm, which in turn sets the air particles in its vicinity vibrating, and thus the sound is repeated. By using a wire supported by poles, the mechanical telephone can be made to transmit speech about a quarter of a mile.

The problem, then, in 1875, was to substitute electricity for the string or wire in the mechanical telephone, and

to make an electric current the conveyer of those sound vibrations in which human speech consists. This problem, for reasons now to be explained (although they may be perfectly familiar to the reader), was much more difficult than it appeared to uninstructed persons; and in fact, the more a man knew about acoustics and electricity, the more likely he would be to despair of a successful solution. The air vibrations or sound waves have been described already in a general way; but the differences between them, which constitute the differences between one word and another, have not yet been indicated. There are three respects in which one sound varies from another, the most obvious of these being *loudness*. The next is that of *pitch*; sounds may differ in loudness while they are the same in pitch, and they may differ in pitch although they are the same in loudness. But a note of a certain pitch sounded with a certain loudness on a violin is distinguishable from a note of the same pitch sung with the same loudness by the human voice. These differences in the *character* of sound, which are neither loudness nor pitch, are known technically as differences of *timbre* or "quality." Quality, then, embraces all the differences which distinguish words from other sounds and from each other. In order to transmit words, therefore, it is necessary to reproduce the quality of the sound, a reproduction of the pitch, merely, being of no avail.

Such being the differences in sound, what are the mechanical differences in the air vibrations which correspond to them? The particles of air, when set in motion by the human organs of speech, vibrate, as has been said, or move to and fro over a very small space, usually rather less than that which would be measured by one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The pitch of a sound is determined by the time which it takes the air particle to perform this

complete vibratory movement to and fro. Ordinarily, it moves over its path and back again in one one-hundredth of a second; it may do so in half that time, in which case the pitch will be an octave higher than it was in the former instance.

But the length of the path, although always very small, varies in accordance with the violence of the impetus given to the air particle; and this length, or "amplitude," as it is called, determines the loudness of the sound. If the air particle which has been supposed in the preceding paragraph vibrates through an increased range, but in the same time, by moving at a faster rate, then the pitch will remain the same, and the loudness will be greater. But we have not yet arrived at those differences in sound which distinguish one word from another, and are summed up by the terms "character," "timbre," or "quality." Given the length of the path over which the air particle vibrates (which is *loudness*), and given the time allowed for its vibration (which is *pitch*), it is obvious that it may perform this journey in countless different ways. It may pass at a uniform rate, and stop; it may go fast at first, then slower, then fast again, and so on; it may go part of the way at a certain speed, then return on itself at a different speed, then go forward again at still another rate, and yet reach its goal at the appointed time. It is these eccentricities of travel, so to say, irrespective of the length of the journey or of the time occupied in performing it, which determine the quality of sound and distinguish one word from another.

It is plain that in 1875 the apparent difficulty of transmitting sound vibrations by electricity must have been very great indeed. These vibrations, to repeat, measure in space less than one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch, and in time they measure one one-hundredth of a second at the most; yet the vibration itself may be reproduced accurately,

so far as its length and time are concerned, without reproducing speech: it is the peculiarities of the vibration, so minute that they take place within these excessively small limits of time and space, and so complex that they correspond to all possible words, which must be copied by the electric current. It is no wonder, then, that the persons who knew most about the subject were, as a rule, the least inclined to believe that a telephone was possible.

This knowledge, however, — that is, knowledge of the wonderfully minute and complex movements of the air particles by which the quality of spoken words is produced, — was not common, even among men of science, until the year 1862, when Helmholtz published his famous work upon the subject. Before that time, it was usually supposed (though Helmholtz, and others, perhaps, had gained a more correct notion) that “the endless variety of tones depends entirely upon the rapidity and amplitude of the sound waves.” The “rapidity and amplitude of the sound waves” do determine, as we have seen, the pitch and loudness of the sound; but they have nothing to do with the “endless variety of tones.” The quotation just made is taken from a magazine published at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1854. The writer was an ingenious Frenchman, named Bourseul, from whom Philipp Reis is supposed to have derived much inspiration; and in this article Bourseul predicted that speech would some day be transmitted by electricity, not knowing the difficulty of the achievement. He said: —

“Suppose that a man speaks near a movable disc, sufficiently flexible to lose none of the vibrations of the voice; that this disc alternately makes and breaks the currents from a battery. You may have at a distance another disc, which will simultaneously execute the same vibrations. . . . It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be

transmitted by electricity. I have made some experiments in this direction. They are delicate, and demand time and patience; but the approximations obtained promise a favorable result.”

It will be noticed that Bourseul speaks of his disc or diaphragm as alternately making and breaking the current; and this alternate make and break of the current, in obedience to the movements of the diaphragm spoken against, was an essential feature in the apparatus which Philipp Reis constructed a few years later. Reis used a wooden box, with a membrane of thin sausage-skin stretched across an opening on one side of the box. (So far he copied the mechanical or string telephone.) A light piece of metal or two pieces joined together, so that the whole was shaped like the two equal sides of a triangle, projected over the membrane, the two ends of the piece being provided with short legs, which were fastened to the framework about the membrane or diaphragm. The angle of this metal piece was thus held above the centre of the diaphragm. To this angle was attached a little foot of platinum, which, in turn, rested upon another small piece of platinum affixed to the centre of the diaphragm. Such electrical connections were made that a current passed into the metal piece at one of its open ends, and so through the platinum foot, through the platinum piece attached to the diaphragm, and off over a wire to the receiver. The receiver consisted simply of a coil of wire, inside of which was a knitting-needle, the whole being placed upon a sounding-board. The operation of this apparatus was as follows: When musical sounds were produced in the transmitter, the vibrating air particles thus set in motion beat against the membrane, and caused it to move upward, so that the platinum foot of the steel piece or hopper resting on the membrane was thrown up at each vibration, as a boy is tossed in a blanket. The effect of this was of

course to break the current, by momentary severing of the contact, and the current being broken at each vibration, the *pitch* (or time of vibration) was copied by the current passing over the wire. The needle in the middle of the coil at the end of the wire was alternately magnetized and demagnetized, as the current was made and broken, and this operation had the effect of changing its size correspondingly, though in the slightest degree. These slight and imperceptible changes in the needle were, however, sufficient to move the air particles in its vicinity, causing them to vibrate in exact accordance with the broken electric current; and the air vibrations thus caused being the same in duration as those originally started at the transmitter, the pitch of the sound there made was reproduced.

Pitch merely, not quality, was transmitted by this instrument, because it was a circuit-breaker. Pitch, as we have seen, corresponds to and varies with the time consumed by the vibration of the air particles. Pitch, in other words, is the measure, in time, of vibration; and inasmuch as in Reis's apparatus the circuit was made and broken at every vibration, it did reproduce pitch. It did not reproduce words, because many vibrations must take place in the creation of a single word, and the sound of the word depends on the form of these vibrations; but if the current breaks at each vibration, the word is chopped in pieces, and cannot, of course, be repeated. For the same reason, this contrivance did not, except very imperfectly, transmit the loudness of the sound, or, in other words, the amplitude of vibration, the break in the current being made in accordance with the time (pitch) occupied by the vibration, and not in accordance with the length or amplitude (loudness) of the vibration. The instruments of Reis were made in various forms early in the sixties, and although Helmholtz's full exposition of

quality or timbre was published in 1862, neither Reis nor anybody else profited by his discoveries until the time of Bell.

The apparatus of Reis, though not practically useful, was a great invention, and it attracted much notice from scientific men. It was sold extensively in Europe and in England as a curiosity, and Professor Henry procured a Reis telephone for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Perhaps, indeed, the conception that the electric current might be made to repeat and transmit sound vibrations, and the imperfect means to that end which Reis devised, constituted as great an advance, intellectually speaking, as the subsequent discovery made by Mr. Bell. However this may be, Reis was, as we have seen, on the wrong track; his theory, though right so far as the transmission of pitch goes, was essentially wrong so far as the transmission of quality is concerned. It is true, therefore, as Judge Lowell said, in the first suit upon Mr. Bell's patent, — and it would be difficult to overestimate the value to the Bell Company of his remark: "A century of Reis would never have produced a speaking telephone by mere improvement in construction."

But the peculiar and the striking fact about the Reis apparatus is that by the very slightest change it can be converted into a practical telephone. It is necessary only so to adjust the metal piece or armature that the platinum foot in which it ends shall always be in contact with the membrane, instead of parting from it at each vibration, and the thing is done. In that case, and provided that one speaks gently into the transmitter, the diaphragm is always in circuit with the hopping-piece, the contact is never broken, the vibrations of the diaphragm are copied exactly by variations or undulations in the electric current which is constantly flowing from the battery. These variations magnetize and demagnetize the knitting-needle in the coil which constitutes the receiver, and the air par-

ticle in the vicinity of the receiver being attracted and repelled accordingly, the sounds spoken into the transmitter are reproduced. In this way it is perhaps possible to transmit speech even with the Reis receiver, though very imperfectly; and if a Bell receiver is used with the Reis transmitter the apparatus is a practical one. If Reis had known the reason for this slight mechanical change, he could have effected it in the twinkling of an eye; but he did not know; on the contrary, he thought that the value of his apparatus consisted in the very feature which, as we have seen, was its radical defect, namely, the break of contact at each vibration. Reis and those who used his contrivance could not account satisfactorily for its failure to transmit speech, but they were convinced that the principle upon which it operated was correct.

Fifteen years later, in 1877, and thereafter, when Mr. Bell's patent had been granted, and people were looking about for something which would serve to invalidate it, they lighted, naturally, upon the invention of Reis. It would be a difficult and a painful task to calculate the time, labor, and money that were thrown away in the effort to convince the courts that Reis first invented the telephone. The error was an excusable one on the part of laymen. Most people vaguely think that patents are granted for things, not for ideas; and inasmuch as the thing which Reis made differs in construction only by a hair's-breadth from a real telephone, is it not monstrous to hold that the prior invention of the one thing shall have no effect upon the later invention of the other! The fact is, however, that patents are granted for ideas. The materials in which the invention is embodied amount to nothing; any mechanic can make your patented contrivance when you have told him how to do it. It is the intellectual conception, the image which the inventor sees in his mind's eye, before he has shown

it in a drawing, or described it on paper, or copied it in wood or iron, — it is this, the idea, for which a patent is granted, and which is protected by the courts. When, therefore, the infringers of the Bell patent pointed to the prior contrivance of Reis, the court said, Yes, but Reis had the wrong idea: his apparatus, though resembling a telephone in appearance, was constructed upon a principle essentially misleading.

It is not quite so easy to account for the confidence and the ardor with which lawyers of undoubted ability put forward the Reis defense. But perhaps it would be fair to say that they were ensnared by oversubtlety, and still more by ambition. The Bell patent stood out as a shining mark: great advocates were defending it, and great capitalists were backing it. Fame and fortune awaited the man who could destroy the monopoly; and it is no wonder that acute counselors deceived themselves. "The glory of it, Mr. —, the glory of beating the Bell patent!" was the characteristic remark made by a leading supporter of the Reis telephone. Moreover, there was slight evidence to the effect that Reis had transmitted words by means of his device; and there were experts in plenty who swore that it would transmit speech without any alteration whatever. A whole book was written and published in England to prove that Reis really made a telephone; that he asserted it to be such, used it as such, and that the invention was generally recognized at the time. But the evidence to justify these statements was of the flimsiest character. The broad facts remained that Reis was working upon a wrong theory, that his apparatus was known and used extensively for fifteen years, and yet nobody ever discovered that it was a telephone until Mr. Bell's patent had been issued and the infringement suits began.

The year 1874 found Mr. Bell settled in Boston as a teacher of deaf mutes.

He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, his father being a professor of vocal physiology there. The son followed in his father's steps, and before reaching the age of twenty-three years had made a profound study of articulate speech. He was familiar with the work of Helmholtz, and had some knowledge of electricity. In the fall of 1874, there were two things in his mind, — the harmonic telegraph, which he had already invented, and the telephone, which he hoped to invent. Some men of means, in whose families Mr. Bell had taught, agreed to advance the money for further experiments in the harmonic telegraph, and for taking out a patent upon it, but they had no faith in the telephone. Like most inventors, Mr. Bell was exceedingly poor; and it was a question with him whether he should for a time abandon his teaching (the only means of support he had), and borrow a little money, upon which he might live until he had either failed or succeeded with his great project of the telephone. He decided to take this bold step, gave up his pupils, and staked his fortune on the success of the invention. Before the summer of 1874 was out, Mr. Bell had conceived the apparatus which he patented two years later, although — and this is another singular fact in the history of the telephone — he believed it to be defective, and never imagined that the thing would work until two years later, when he accidentally discovered that the supposed defect did not exist. Without attempting to analyze the different steps of the intellectual process by which Mr. Bell finally arrived at his invention, it will be sufficient to describe the apparatus which he first designed. This was very simple. It consisted, to begin with, like the string telephone, of a box or funnel, as a transmitter, over an opening in which was stretched a membrane. To this membrane a soft-iron armature was attached. Directly in front of the armature, but not quite in contact with it, was the core of a magnetized

electro-magnet. It is well known that when a piece of iron or steel, like an armature, is moved toward and away from such a core, an electrical disturbance is produced in the coils surrounding the core. When the armature is moved toward the core, an electrical flow takes place through the coils in one direction; when the armature is withdrawn again, an electrical flow in the other direction occurs. There is no current in the coil so long as the armature is kept still, but whenever the armature moves the current is started, and it moves in the same direction and with the same degree of violence as the armature. When words are spoken in the transmitter above described, the vibrations of the air particles thus caused are repeated in the diaphragm, and the vibration of the diaphragm causes the armature attached to it to move forward and back in front of the electro-magnet. Of course the vibrations thus transmitted are the same in the armature as they were in the air, and consequently the electrical disturbances produced in the coils of the magnet by the movement of the armature also correspond to the air vibrations. The same operation, but in the inverse order, occurs at the receiving station. The electrical changes produced in the electro-magnet near the transmitter are conveyed along the wire to another electro-magnet, which attracts and repels an armature; this armature, in turn, communicates to the diaphragm attached to it the same vibrations; the air, again, at the receiving station takes on these vibrations from the diaphragm, and thus the sound is reproduced.

This contrivance Mr. Bell had devised by the fall of 1874, and he described it then to Dr. C. J. Blake, of Boston. But the apparatus had never been constructed, for Mr. Bell (and Dr. Blake agreed with him) felt sure that it would not operate, and that further improvements were necessary. He considered that the very slight current which would be de-



veloped would be too weak altogether to transmit the countless and complex variations which should correspond to the form of vibration assumed by the air particles. Other persons skilled in electrical science, with whom Mr. Bell consulted, were of the same opinion; and indeed, the more thoroughly anybody had mastered what was known at that date about the electric current, the more sure he would have been that Mr. Bell's invention was not yet complete. The seeming reasonableness of this view may be gathered from the fact that the current generated by the Bell telephone is about one thousand million times weaker than that commonly used in telegraphing.

The inventor was now in great straits, harassed for money, overworked, and anxious. At Christmas time he was at home in Canada for a few days, and his father's diary contains these significant items:—

“Sunday, Dec. 27, 1874. Long talk on multiple teleg. and speech trans. Al. [his son] sanguine.

“Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1874. Talking half the night, motor and telephone.”

A month or two later, Mr. Bell was in Washington on business connected with his invention of the harmonic telegraph, and he had an interview with Professor Henry, which he described as follows in a letter to his father and mother:—

“I felt so much encouraged by his interest that I determined to ask his advice about the apparatus I have designed for the transmission of the human voice by telegraph. I explained the idea, and said, ‘What would you advise me to do—publish it and let others work it out, or attempt to solve the problem myself?’ He said he thought it was the germ of a great invention, and advised me to work at it myself instead of publishing. I said that I recognized the fact that there were mechanical difficulties in the way that rendered the plan impracticable at the present time. I added that I felt that I had not the electrical knowledge

necessary to overcome the difficulties. His laconic answer, was ‘GET IT.’ I cannot tell you how much these two words have encouraged me. I live too much in an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits. Good—is, unfortunately, one of the *cui bono* people, and is too much in the habit of looking at the dark side of things. Such a chimerical idea as telegraphing *vocal sounds* would indeed to *most* minds seem scarcely feasible enough to spend time in working over.”

Again, a month later, he wrote as follows:—

“I have just returned from my trip to New York, thoroughly worn out; found your letters of the 14th inst. awaiting me. I am now beginning to realize the cares and anxieties of being an inventor. In order to complete the apparatus [that of the harmonic multiple telegraph] as thoroughly as possible, I have decided to give up all professional work for some weeks. I have put off all pupils and classes until the 12th of April. Flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I have had upon me.”

At this time, then, Mr. Bell had really invented the telephone, without knowing it; that is, he was not aware that the exceedingly minute and complex vibrations of the air particles would yet move the diaphragm and armature with sufficient force to generate a current of electricity which would reproduce and transmit the sound vibrations. He knew that the principle of his apparatus was correct, excepting for the lack of power; and an accident disclosed the fact that, contrary to his belief, the current generated by the armature vibrations in front of the electro-magnet was at least strong enough to reproduce the loudness of a sound. In the course of some experiments with the harmonic telegraph apparatus, Mr. Watson, Mr. Bell's assistant, accidentally knocked the transmitting instrument with his hand, and simultaneously a sound was heard at the

receiving instrument. A mere trembling of the armature of one instrument had, apparently, produced an audible sound at the other; and if this were so, then the strength of the armature vibrations had been very much underestimated. "The moment the discovery was made," says Mr. Bell, "the practicability of the speaking telephone devised by me in 1874 flashed upon me, and I instantly gave instructions to have the instrument made." But this instrument was imperfectly constructed, and the membrane broke at the first trial. Mr. Bell still supposed that some means must be devised to increase the strength of the electric current, before quality as well as loudness could be transmitted by his apparatus. On the same day, he wrote as follows:—

"I have accidentally made a discovery of the very greatest importance in regard to the transmitting instruments. . . . I have succeeded to-day in transmitting signals *without any battery whatever*. The musical note produced at the receiving end was sensibly the equivalent of that at the transmitting end in *loudness* as well as *pitch*."

And a month later, in a letter to the same person, he said:—

"I feel sure that a study of Ladd's or Wilde's magneto-electric machine will reveal a means of *increasing the intensity* of the induced currents. I am told that Professor Lovering has one of Wilde's instruments in his possession, so I shall call upon him to-morrow for information concerning it."

This was in June, 1875. Mr. Bell was laboring under great difficulties. A legal controversy in regard to the harmonic telegraph was pending between him and Mr. Gray; he was obliged to live on money which he borrowed upon the strength of the tuition fees that he expected to earn during the succeeding winter. It was very difficult for him to prosecute his experiments, for he was not a skilled workman, and he could ill

afford to buy tools or to hire assistance. Shortly before, he had written to his father: "My inexperience in these matters is a great drawback. However, Morse conquered his electrical difficulties, though he was only a painter, and I don't intend to give in, either, till all is completed." And yet he had reached the goal, though he did not know it: he had but to stretch out his hand, and pluck the fruit which he had been seeking.

After some further and more successful experiments, in the fall of 1875 he drew his application for a patent. It was taken to Washington early in December by one of Mr. Bell's partners in the harmonic telegraph, but this cautious person came back just before Christmas, having done nothing with it. Finally, after many delays and disappointments, the application was filed in February, 1876; and even up to that time Mr. Bell had never succeeded in transmitting speech through the telephone. This highly interesting and significant fact was brought out in the subsequent litigation, and on it were based many ineffectual arguments against the validity of the patent. It is undoubtedly true that if Mr. Bell had died in 1875, nothing that he had done would have been held to anticipate a subsequent inventor. But this only serves to show the mathematical accuracy of his reasoning, and the firmness of his intellectual grasp. He had not himself made a telephonic apparatus which was a practical device, but he described it in his specification, so that skilled workmen, following his directions, were able to construct operative instruments. The patent was barely sufficient for this, but still it was sufficient, and thus the invention was saved to the inventor.

The telephone first came into public notice at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. It had been arranged that on Sunday, June 25, 1876, a private entertainment should be given to a few

distinguished persons by Mr. Elisha Gray, a well-known electrician and inventor. Mr. Gray desired to show his harmonic multiple telegraph for sending numerous messages at one time over a single wire, by means of musical notes. Sunday was chosen, because on that day the main hall, where the instruments were, would be comparatively quiet. Mr. Bell asked that he too might display an invention on this occasion, not mentioning what it was, and he was told, in substance, that if any odds and ends of time were left over, after Mr. Gray's apparatus had been shown, he might occupy them. Among the company were Sir William Thomson and the Emperor of Brazil. The day was intensely hot. Mr. Gray's explanation and exhibition of his invention had already detained the audience beyond the luncheon hour, and they were extremely anxious to get away. However, they curbed their impatience, and Mr. Bell was allowed to proceed. Presently, he sent his assistant to the further end of the line, and, putting the receiver to his ear, he repeated what he heard. This aroused the tired audience. Sir William Thomson rose from his seat, saying, "I will go and speak, myself;" and Professor Barker took the receiver. "I heard," he relates, "the well-known accents of Sir William Thomson's voice, and said, 'Sir William is now speaking.' A moment later I heard him say, 'Ay, there's the rub,' and repeated the words to the company. I then passed the receiver to the Emperor. He placed it to his ear with an expression of doubt upon his countenance; but immediately this expression changed, and he repeated slowly the words, 'To be, or not to be.'" The Emperor hastily put down the receiver, and started away to the transmitting end. Mr. Gray then took the receiver. "I listened intently," he says, "for some moments, hearing a very faint, ghostly, ringing sort of sound, and finally I thought I caught the words, 'Ay, there's

the rub;' I turned to the audience, repeating these words, and they cheered."

On his return to England, at a meeting of the British Association, Sir William Thomson gave the following account of what he saw and heard at Philadelphia on this hot Sunday:—

"In the Canadian Department I heard, 'To be, or not be,' 'Ay, there's the rub,' through an electric telegraph wire; but, scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers; 'S. S. Cox has arrived' (I failed to make out the 'S. S. Cox.');

'The city of New York;'

'Senator Morton;'

'The Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies;'

'The Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July.'

All this my own ears heard, spoken to me with unmistakable distinctness by the thin, circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as the one which I now hold in my hand. . . . This, the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph, is due to a young countryman of our own, Mr. Graham Bell, of Edinburgh and Montreal and Boston, now becoming a naturalized citizen of the United States. Who can but admire the hardihood of invention which devised such very slight means to realize the mathematical conception that if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of its current must vary continuously, and as nearly as may be in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sounds?"

Mr. Bell's work was now done, and his fame assured. Other inventors took up the telephone and made the improvements to which it owes a large part of its commercial value. A great corporation was formed to manage and develop the business founded upon the patent. Lawyers were employed to defend it,

and others were engaged to pick a flaw in it, if any such might be found. State Street took an interest in the invention, and the possibility of great wealth began to dawn upon the owners of the patent, and upon others who thought they saw how it might be evaded. Litigation soon began, and learned experts were called in, college professors and the like, who swore with much ability to conflicting theories. Meanwhile, the telephone became more and more common in all parts of the country. An army of mechanics, clerks, and laborers were occupied in

constructing, maintaining, and operating it, and a vastly greater army of practical persons were employing it every day in their business. What was the source of all this activity, physical and intellectual? It was a scientific and mathematical problem, worked out in a garret by a penniless teacher of deaf mutes. Man is a thieving, rapacious creature; if he were not, there would be no patents and no courts; but it is impossible to contemplate such inventions as the telephone without considering that he is also a wonderfully clever animal.

*H. C. Merwin.*

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#### DR. HOLMES'S NEW VOLUME.

THE small volume<sup>1</sup> into which Dr. Holmes has gathered the verses of his later years is in the main a book of memory. He has filled it with the sentiment of the past to which he is so strongly attached, and he has expressed this poetic affection for persons and places and traditions in a variety of forms. He has been a great part of what he sings, at Cambridge, at the old Saturday Club, and at King's Chapel. The subject delights him, and perhaps this is why his occasional verses are uniformly so successful. To him the occasion is all that inspiration is to the less ready and versatile poet, — a true gift of the Muse. Some fancy floats into his mind, and he subdues it to his uses with an ease and firmness that come from a command of style. It is a study to take a series of his Harvard poems, all upon very similar topics, and observe how he varies the image, what new terms he gives to the old thought, and yet how single is the feeling. At the beginning is a group of seven such

poems, written at intervals of a year between each two, for the gatherings of his college class; and all are not only much better than anniversary verses, but several of them are likely to haunt the memory, and none is without some touch or flash that betrays the poet. The story of the diminishing girdle of friendship is very prettily adapted to its new application, and the comparison of the aged survivors of his youth to the leaning stones in Salisbury plain is just one of those inimitable strokes which, once made, remains unforgotten and unrepeatable. In *The Angel Thief*, also, there are some attractive felicities of diction, like the "soft-shod vault explorers;" but in *The Broken Circle* there is a strength that is of nobler quality, and a pathos quite unapproached by the other members of this group: —

"Time, that unbuilds the quarried past,  
Leans on these wrecks that press the sod;  
They slant, they stoop, they fall at last,  
And strew the turf their priests have trod.

"So let our broken circle stand  
A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,  
While one last, loving, faithful hand  
Still lives to feed its altar flame!"

<sup>1</sup> *Before the Curfew and Other Poems, Chiefly Occasional*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

This ability to seize some striking figure and make it express the sentiment of the hour is just the characteristic which, in connection with the poet's capacity for strong and direct expression, raises Dr. Holmes's faculty for a kind of verse which seldom lives beyond the moment to a point at which it is not distinguishable from that for ordinary meditative and elegiac poetry. These stanzas add a new association to "old Sarum's plain."

These few Harvard pieces, with which the collection begins, give the tone to the volume. It is most deeply touched with reminiscence; the light upon it is not that "which never was," but that which has been, and will never be again. One sees it in the various tributes to the poet's old friends, Clarke, Peirce, Hedge, and in the admirable lines to Dr. Gould, in which there is a mingling of scientific and friendly inspiration that gives unusual glow to the sounding verses; but the best expression of this personal regret and fondness for the former times is found in the vision the poet summons up at the club in "the palace inn," with its "northern side" always "in grateful shadow," while the sunshine beats on the walls opposite. Here he sketches for us portraits of Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, and Hawthorne which may well be placed beside any that have been drawn of these favorites of New England's literary age. The lines are already familiar to our readers, but we will not forbear quoting a few of them, so vivid are they, so brief and clear, and conveying not only a true picture of the man, but the sense of his personality at the same time; —

"Modest he seems, not shy; content to wait  
Amid the noisy clamor of debate  
The looked-for moment, when a peaceful  
word  
Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues  
have stirred.  
In every tone I mark his tender grace,  
And all his poems hinted in his face."

The last line has the condensation of genius, at once the most beautiful, the

most expressive, and the most true, the trait that puts life in the sketch. Emerson's figure is without this final touch, but it has the same reality: —

"The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulders'  
droop,  
The calm, scholastic mien, the clerkly stoop,  
The lines of thought the sharpened features  
wear."

But this describes a type, "the Brahmin tribe," and one reads further to find the special features of the man. Dr. Holmes has singled out in his case, too, the most characteristic thing to mark Emerson's individuality, and he finds it in his method of speech, his hesitating slowness as he picks the chosen words for his diction. So all these portraits have the truth of intimate observation, but they are not less remarkable for the certainty of the expression, the sureness of a formed style excellently adapted to such uses as it is put to in this instance. The Harvard Commemoration Poem, which is the longest of the collection, introduces us to still a third form of the reminiscences of the author, and in this he takes the reader back to a much earlier time, when an elder generation held the stage, and he and his coevals were beginning their careers; but though there is much "honorable mention" in it, as befitted the occasion, there are no special characterizations that detain the mind, and none of those touches, such as we have called attention to, that endear the memory of the poet's friends.

There is here, however, something more than eulogy and elegy in their forms of pleasant remembrance. There has always been in Dr. Holmes's work a strong infusion of local feeling, of that attachment to places which is one of the most pronounced traits of the New Englander. The place here, of course, is Boston. That sketch of School Street which we have quoted is one that a realistic novelist could not better, and there are other bits of description quite as lifelike. The verses entitled *The Flaneur*

are the best example of local color, and there is in them, besides, a lightness and spirit which go far to make them the most attractive of any lines in the collection. Many of our readers will readily recall the scene on the Common at the time of the transit of Venus, which was the occasion of Dr. Holmes's paying the "white exiguous coin" to him who "farms the firmament:"—

"Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar  
That shuts the road to sun and star."

This is a kind of subject which requires the nicest handling between grave and gay, and the perfection of the author's skill is unquestionable. Only quotation could do any justice to the poem, or show the temperament of the poet in his town delights. One goes back to some scenes in the London poets to meet with anything of the same sort, though every frequenter of the Mall will find pleasure in these decasyllables that confess the attraction of the common and trivial when they have become habitual and have been mingled with many associations.

"My ear a pleasing torture finds  
In tones the withered sibyl grinds."

It was in this way that Dr. Johnson loved Fleet Street. In this poem, too, one comes on the scientific element which is never far off in Dr. Holmes's books; and indeed the contrast between the spot on the sun's disk—

"A little spot that, black and round,  
Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim"—

and the "blessed, beauteous evening star" was too excellent an opportunity for any poet with science in his thoughts to miss. The same scientific element is perhaps more nobly expressed in the lines to Dr. Gould, one stanza of which is really in the grand style of the pentameter stanza (which indeed does not admit of much grandeur):—

"He at whose word the orb that bore him  
shivered  
To find her central sovereignty disowned,

While the wan lips of priest and pontiff  
quivered,  
Their jargon stilled, their Baal disen-  
throned."

There is in it, perhaps, a touch of the *odium scientificum*, if there be such a thing, but it only serves to give heat to the lines. In one of the Harvard poems, also, one finds the same modern spirit, with a touch between satire and comedy in that instance; and in the Harvard Commemoration Poem there is a danger-signal or two to be observed.

Altogether, although there is an undertone of regret often noticeable, the collection is a many-sided expression of the author's personality, his tastes, his friendships, and the qualities of mind and heart that have given him so marked an individuality in the literary group with which he is indissolubly associated, and to which these new poems bind him with still more bonds. Their prevailing characteristic is sentiment rather than anything else, the feeling for the past, whether in historical or literary associations, in church, or college, or town; and, besides that, there is also a real poetic style in the workmanship, strong, able, and telling, and, whether light or serious, always true in its stroke. The poems are too well known to our readers to permit our making such extracts as would more fully illustrate these few words, many of them having appeared in our pages; but there is such a difference between the impression which poems make singly and that which they make when gathered together that the reader is often surprised at the variety, force, and evenness of the work as a whole, although he may know it very well part by part: and this is particularly true of this volume, which is a most agreeable addition to the long list of varied works which already bear the author's name on our shelves.

## LEA'S MEDIÆVAL INQUISITION.

THE popular idea of the Inquisition includes hardly more than the memory of its cruelties. It is regarded as an incident of horror in history, like pestilence or massacre, with the addition that its deeds were done in the name of religion. A broad and detailed view of the institution, however, such as these volumes<sup>1</sup> contain, must deal with those interests that far transcend this almost physical phase. In its own time, the suffering it inflicted upon heretics was less revolting to the feelings of men; judgment upon it is heavier now, because the world has grown more humane; to contemporaries its penalties bore a less harsh character. On the other hand, no institution in history throws so many lights upon the character of human error among the high and the low, the learned and the ignorant, the good and the bad; in the development of Western civilization it holds a place so peculiar as to afford some of the most valuable illustrations of the profound social changes of its era. The Church had been the guardian of civilization. In an age of violence, the ecclesiastical courts, the rights of sanctuary, the personal immunities of the servants of religion, were great defenses against brutal and capricious force, and in the monasteries was found the only intellectual life; as secular progress developed, the place of the Church became of less consequence as the conservator of social principles, and then was witnessed the singular spectacle of the new civilization gradually surpassing, and in the end displacing, that which had its home in the ecclesiastical organization. The system of thought and administration which belonged to the Church remained rigid and obstinate,

an impediment of vast resistance in the path of modern progress. The time of the conflict between the old and the new was coeval with the mediæval Inquisition, and this institution was an instrument in the hands of the ancient *régime*. Its history is of great importance for what it reveals of the temper of the combatants.

One cannot refrain from asking, Why was it that the Church, being the heir of the past and in possession of its accumulations of knowledge, and including in its ranks the best informed and ablest minds of successive centuries, did not itself develop our civilization? One way of answering the question is to observe what was the element in the Church which the new age found irreconcilable. This was sacerdotalism. The most widespread and vehement protest which it was the office of the Inquisition to eradicate was against those doctrines upon which priesthood was founded. The course of history does not often coincide with that of reason. It is abuse that comes first, and examination comes afterward. The corruption of the clergy had long been in the mouths of those puritans who arise in every religious community; the vices of the monastic life, the avarice of the Curia, the neglect of the bishops, the sacrifice of all things for advancement in secular power, from the Papacy down, were matters of common report; and in addition to these things, which offended the moral sense, there was the far-reaching doctrine that the Church owned "the treasure of salvation" exclusively, and the inevitable result, in such a time, that the guardians of this treasure, the priests, required in exchange for it, or as a condition preliminary to giving it in the sacraments, a money payment. In such a state of affairs, some men who are not of the

<sup>1</sup> *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. By HENRY CHARLES LEA. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888.



Church are sure to demand the grounds on which the sacerdotal claim was founded. The cry against clerical corruption in morals will be succeeded by skepticism in regard to the validity of institutions which are so administered; an area of discontent, uncertainty, and expectation of change will be formed, and the minds of men become ripe to receive new doctrines, however strange. This was what happened in those centuries when Protestantism was rising in ever larger groups and with greater force, until, when temporal circumstances were favorable, the Reformation was able to maintain itself. The truth or falsehood of the heresies which sprang up is a matter of little consequence. The object in view, whether known to the persons involved or not, was to destroy the mediæval priest, to discredit the grounds on which he claimed his functions, to abolish sacerdotalism. In this conflict, the Church, notwithstanding the reformers within it who desired to save the system by curing its abuses, remained wedded to the dogmas and the rites out of which, in conjunction, the evil perpetually was generated; and its leadership in civilization was lost.

The strife opened with a curious instance of the extraordinary vitality of thought. In that Albigensian province where civilization was most advanced, the belief that took root and spread was one of the oldest speculations of man. It was that doctrine of the double powers of good and evil in eternal conflict, of the essential corruption of matter, which, with added Pythagorean and Christian elements, was early an object of persecution as the Manichean heresy. It had continued to exist in Asia and had been transported to the Danubian lands, and thence it spread to challenge its old enemy, the Roman Church, in Southern France and the adjacent Latin countries. It was a religion of despair, as it had always been; but it satisfied the one demand of the time in being

anti-sacerdotal. The authority of the priest, with all that it rested upon,— sacraments, masses, relics, the suffrage of saints, tithes and offerings, and the entire body of saving observances,— was swept away; he became little more than the counselor and comforter of the faithful. The belief spread, as belief often does, rather by contagion than by conviction, and grew so threatening that it seemed not unlikely to drive out Catholicism. It allied itself with national sentiment; but when Albigensian crusades reduced the country to an appanage of France, it still required years of persecution by the Inquisition to stamp it out, both there and in Italy. The martyrdoms and lesser suffering which were undergone illustrate the commonplace truth that men will die as heroically for one opinion as for another. The popular character of this revolt, and especially that of the parallel Waldensian movement, also brings forward forcibly what the whole history of the time shows,— that social reform begins from below, among the poor and humble, and finds its enemies among those in power, place, and wealth. The success of the repressive measures was complete, and Manicheism was relegated to the limbo called the history of philosophy.

The other great world conceptions which contest the possession of men's minds with the Christian faith also arose in their turn. Pantheism, in one and another form, and sometimes with the most curious vagaries for its practical conclusions, sprang up in the North of Europe. The doctrines of Illuminism and the general mystical instinct of the Germanic mind were then declared, the fruitful seeds of mediæval heresy and of modern philosophies. Averroism made its way in another quarter, and it offered such new materials for examination, opened such new horizons for speculation, already wearied with the puzzles of the schoolmen, that in a time of mental expansion it necessarily became

an important element in the intellectual life of Europe. Christianity itself gave rise to many heresies, — the word being merely a general term for new ideas. The most interesting of these was the belief of the thinkers or dreamers who took refuge from the degeneracy of the established Church in the notion that the time had come when a new revelation was about to be made to the world, a new dispensation which should succeed the Catholic as that had followed the Jewish. Not far removed in spirit from these, whose delusion was the precursor of endless Adventist expectations since then, was the company of Franciscans, who strove to renew the Apostolic ideal by preaching the doctrine of Christ's poverty, with all its conclusions regarding the duty of Christians to renounce property. Besides such intellectual and pious innovations, one must count also the outbursts of emotional religion which were a marked feature of the time, such as that of the successive bands of Flagellants, who marched in procession, inflicting tortures upon themselves in penance, which was declared to be wrong only because not commanded by the priests. The briefest glance at the manifold forms which the discontent of Europe took shows what a mass of ignorance, superstition, fanaticism, on the one hand, and of metaphysical inquiry, pious aspiration, and spiritual reaction to the simple ideas of the Gospels on the other, was to be met by the Church which had undertaken to bind and loose the minds as well as the souls of men.

The instrument which was to be most effective in preserving for a while the ancient régime was the Inquisition; and, as so often happens in the growth of institutions, it was not planned, but was found, and its characteristics and methods were worked out by experiment. It was easy to preach a crusade, to destroy a province by giving to the invaders absolution, and the spoils besides; but the resource of the crusade could not be

used against the poor and scattered members of a sect who were zealous missionaries, and, moreover, the crusading time was already in decadence. The episcopal courts were tried, and the papal legate court; but in inquiries so difficult as those which concern beliefs, and not acts, especially when methods of procedure were entirely undefined for such novel cases, it is no wonder that these old remedies were unsatisfactory. Then the Dominican order arose, with the special desire to extirpate heresy, and willing to devote itself to the work. The Papacy accepted the plan, and gradually there came to be a body of men familiar with the tenets and the subterfuges of heretics, skilled to question and confuse them, with long records of their communions, with a police of its own, an immunity from opposition or arrest by the secular arm, a fixed type of examination a code of sentences, and an obedient executioner in the State. To form this body was a work of time, but it needed only time to make itself effective. The organization of the inquisitorial court was one from which justice, as it is now understood, was absent; all the defenses which Roman jurisprudence had raised about the accused were overthrown; the arrested victim was helpless. If one searches for the reasons which made such a court tolerated, there are enough to show that it did not violate the morals of the time. The work in which it was engaged was one in which it had the sympathy of the community; its professed aim was to save men's souls, not to condemn them, and to extirpate from society the worst enemy of mankind, — that spirit of heresy which was no other than the devil seeking food for damnation. The great stay of the Inquisition, was clearly enough its right of confiscation; the property of the condemned was booty, and however it was divided, the State, which means the rulers, got a large share, and often the whole.

To princes as needy as those of that military and ambitious time, this was no inconsiderable inducement to let the court alone. It was only when confiscations began to disturb business, to render titles insecure, and to depress commerce that measures were taken to restrict the effect of the sentences; and that this was an important consideration, in the course of time, is easily enough understood when it is remembered that the confession of a heretic might implicate a man dead many years before, cause his condemnation, the consequent forfeiture of his property, already inherited by his children, and possibly transferred by them, as well as the canceling of all debts due from his estate to others. Princes profited by the Inquisition in other ways besides confiscations. They used it occasionally for political ends. By this means the Templars were destroyed, and the vast booty gathered up by the Crown of France. The institution was convenient for the English when they wished to execute Joan of Arc. To persons more humble than princes, too, it was of service for ends other than those of pure religion. In the interminable and rancorous rivalry of the great orders of the Dominicans and the Franciscans, it was often resorted to for the purpose of silencing or humiliating the leaders. Whether it was directed against poor and humble peasants of the Alpine valleys, or wandering Cathari of Italy, or independent vassals and wealthy burghers of the southern kingdom, or the minority of the Franciscans who insisted on poverty, or the learned teachers of the schools of France, or the resolute reformers of Germany, or the rich order of the Knights of the Temple, it served powerful worldly interests as often as that cause of simple sacerdotalism which it called pure religion. It was because it was thus allied with the ambitions of rulers, the rivalries of monastic orders, the designs of the Papacy, and was in

turn an instrument of gain or warfare, that it had its hold as an institution. It is perhaps worth observing, as a striking indication of how Spain has declined in its civic life, that in that country and Portugal it was hardly known.

But those who would follow the history of the Inquisition will read it at large in these volumes. Here it is admirably treated in all its phases, and with relation to the larger movements of history. The spirit of the work is humane and tolerant. Both virtue and sincerity are unhesitatingly allowed to many of the most famous inquisitors, and the excuse of religious and moral delusion is made for them. For the great examples of the fanatic type of mind, with its resoluteness, intensity, energy, and its capacity for heroic actions, the author has quite sufficient honor: the persecuting is only another form of the missionary spirit, in his eyes, when it is devout; and his condemnation is reserved rather for systems, opinions, and designs than for persons; his view of history is philosophical. His work stops with the mediæval branch of his subject. He does not follow it into the better known era of Protestantism, when the institution was revived with such terrible effect as a weapon of the Catholic reaction. Within his limits are many interesting vagaries of human belief, many points of origin from which modern thought began, and several great episodes of history which he treats in detail, such as the Albigensian crusade, the trial of Huss, the fall of the Templars, the career of Joan of Arc, the Calixtine Church of Bohemia, the first outbreak of witchcraft; and he has besides the advantage of an opportunity to draw the portraits of several men of great character and of lasting interest, such as Bernard Délicieux, Jerome of Prague, Joachim of Flora, William of Ockham, Raymond Sully, and Peter the Martyr. Attention is kept fixed upon the general state of Europe, the misery

of the population, and the inchoate stirring of the elements of modern civilization. Mr. Lea shows in this survey much reason for his belief that the condition of the people in these centuries was far worse than at any other period of recorded history. The moral degradation of the Church at that time has been made notorious in modern books ; but the wretchedness of the peasantry, plain as it was, is largely a matter of inference. Their emancipation is still far from complete, but in comparison with what the face of Europe exhibited five centuries ago, its look to-day shows almost miraculous change.

It is, therefore, with optimistic reflections that Mr. Lea closes his work ; and it is well that a scholar can end with such words after a close study of what is, perhaps, the most dismaying period of history to one whose interest is in mankind rather than in events. The Christian faith, which affords the highest ideal of life and the purest motives for noble endeavor, was bound in a sacerdotalism which was fruitful only of evil, and promised only its continuance ; the people who were its care were miserable and oppressed, as if abandoned by hope of ever emerging from their fate, under priest and noble ; and the Church was engaged in a tremendous effort to make the system that entailed this state of things perpetual. The Inquisition was a deadly instrument in the hands of fanatics, who were sure that they were doing God service. And if one looks at the other side of the picture, there is a confused mass of strange errors, in which the only leaven was the conscience of the poor who led humble lives, and the vitality of the mind which could not forget to think. The heresies of the time, which rose up against the Church, seem to us, for the most part, dreary delusions, insane ravings, impracticable ideals ; the element of despair was strong in them, the hold of tradi-

tion was but little relaxed, the inheritance of theology from the priesthood was large. The slowness with which the human mind disengages itself from inveterate error is one of the constant lessons of the time. Yet the mistakes, the vagaries, the dreams, are seen to be mental ; the important element, the moral purpose, is true. Gradually one sees the chaos take on order, the forces gather and cohere, and, through all, the expansion of thought, the greater freedom of spirit, the slow enlightenment, go on ; at the end the times are ripe for a successful Reformation. The minds of men have been prepared ; and, other elements of civilization cooperating in the total progress, there is a place provided where the new ideas can grow and develop according to the force and truth there is in them to mould religious conceptions and civil institutions. This grand movement, involving so many elements, was hidden from the men of the day, as the large course of contemporary events is always concealed from the men who deal with them closely. We can now see how even in that seething and turmoil of war and religion, of thinking and persecuting, of killing and burning for false systems, for fantastic or trivial beliefs, the new age was working itself out, in all the tyranny, the sacrifice, and the wretchedness, as the Revolution was to do at a later day and the industrial democracy is now doing, to a more orderly, more prosperous, more rational constitution of society, in which justice is increasingly done in the world. If there ever were excuse for a hopeless pessimism, it was in those ages. The fact that out of them such a regeneration of the mind and morals of mankind did eventually come is one that may well encourage men, when they survey the worst that remains in the world, to believe that despair is impossible to the thinker.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.<sup>1</sup>

It is a pleasure to know that Kinglake's celebrated history has been brought to a conclusion. It is a literary work, and at the same time it fulfills amply the requirements of painstaking labor and thorough comprehensiveness of the field dealt with which are laid upon modern historical scholarship. Its distinction is that it is more than a narrative of events, more than a brilliant picture of battle and a stirring record of gallant action; it has, in addition to its substance, certain qualities, not only of style, but also of mind, which make it, if not a great history, at least a remarkable one. It bears the traits of the classical tradition in historical writing to a degree unrivaled by any contemporary work, and that of itself would suffice to render it eminent; but beyond this it has the stamp of intellect upon it, the sign-manual of an author whose interest in men exceeds his curiosity about things, whose view includes the special events of a campaign from that philosophical standpoint which frees them from technicality, and brings them into wider relations with the general course of human affairs. This history is as much a study of character as of war. These two aspects of the work interchange with each other, but it is the former that is kept to the front, and hence it is a distinguishing peculiarity of the story that in the movement of masses of soldiery individuality is never lost sight of, but is kept well forward in the reader's attention; nor is this personal element confined to the generals in command, but the subaltern officers and their men are often the heroes of the chapter.

One reason of this characteristic, which is the source of much of the vitality and

fine energy of the narrative, is no doubt Kinglake's desire to vindicate Lord Raglan. He wrote his volumes for this purpose. He was compelled, therefore, to a close examination of whatever illustrated the personality of the English commander, and to constant portraiture of the men by whom he was surrounded. The siege of Sebastopol is an admirable subject for a history of this kind. The field is narrow, the problem remains the same, the personages change. There was a fine conflict of wills in the central group of the allied commanders. Lord Raglan was in a peculiar position. He was a soldier of old experience, and as a man he possessed a certain impressiveness and noble manner; he was expected by his home government to control the conduct of the war, but he was in command of only a fraction of the forces, and his weight in council would naturally be somewhat proportioned to the size of his army and his consequent risk in operations of war; his ascendancy was, therefore, one which he could not base on right, but must acquire and maintain by virtue of the respect which he could win by his own personality; his work was as much diplomatic as military. It would require rare qualities to discharge this complex duty, laid upon him, with entire success; and it is not surprising that he should not have escaped criticism. Sometimes, one would have naturally prophesied, he would have to choose between following his military judgment as to what ought to be done at the moment, and yielding to his diplomatic sense as to what was possible when other elements than the necessities of war mingled with the situation; and then he would be blamed as

<sup>1</sup> *The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* Vols. V. and VI. By ALBX-

ANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1888.

a soldier and praised as an ambassador in the same breath. His post, however, was much more difficult than that of an ally in a divided command, with much the fewer troops and the duty of making his advice prevail over his associate. Possibly he might have persuaded Canrobert, who was a sound soldier and had a free and honorable nature. It was not Canrobert whom he had to overcome, but one whose part in the siege was, perhaps, not suspected by him, or only imperfectly guessed after the influence had been long exerted. This was the French Emperor himself. Louis Napoleon, as we now know, had a plan of his own for ending the war with French glory; he even indulged the ambition to be himself the captain of the victory. He had examined the field from Paris and charted the campaign, and, after he had given up the notion of putting it into execution himself, he still insisted on his general's following his orders and doing his will. In the earlier stages of this attempt to exhibit his own military genius, he sent Niel to the camp before Sebastopol, and laid upon him the mission to hold Canrobert idle until he himself should march to the front. In consequence of Niel's presence with such credentials, Canrobert was not only debarred from following Lord Raglan's advice, even if he wished to accept it, but he, on the contrary, was compelled to let the besiegers strengthen Sebastopol still further, and advance their defenses into the open ground between the two armies. Lord Raglan might look on, in ignorance of the influences swaying Canrobert, and counsel to his heart's content, but he was exerting his persuasiveness upon the wrong man. It was at Paris, not in the commander's quarters, that the conduct of the war was being determined. Even when the English general had once obtained French consent to an expedition to open the Sea of Azof, he was doomed to the great disappointment of having the force stopped midway by

a telegram from Paris; for Louis Napoleon meant not only that his plan should be carried out, but that nothing else should be done.

In time this plan was laid before the generals at Sebastopol, and was known by them to be impossible. Canrobert had long been uneasy at his position, and, finding it intolerable, retired from the command. Then a new personality came upon the scene, Pélissier. Kinglake's portrait of the new commander is one of the strongest, the most deeply cut, the most lifelike, of any which his history contains. Pélissier had seen the opportunities which Canrobert had been forced to neglect, and his impetuous nature chafed at the sight; but when he entered on his duties he was likewise met with the supreme orders from Paris. He, too, was to be a puppet, moved by the imperial hand over unknown mountain passes and into unforeseen perils; but he refused to commit himself to this chamber strategy, and designated the movements he was directed to undertake as "adventures." He met the Emperor in a rough but effective way; he ignored the orders, and went on his own path; he came to a cordial understanding with Lord Raglan, and in concert with him not only opened the Sea of Azof and attacked and took the entrenchments which the enemy had advanced during Canrobert's inactivity, but actually made a grand assault upon the town's great defenses. This course of action, however, was not without danger and anxiety; he apparently received some support from the French war minister in his conduct, but his action was such as could only be maintained by victory, and even then was met by the coldest recognition of the Emperor. At one time, indeed, the Emperor had removed him, and the dispatches to that effect were sent, but were fortunately stopped before they got out of France. The strain of the conflict, nevertheless, wore upon his mind, and at the critical point, the period of

the general assault, Kinglake thinks that he was so weakened as not to have full control of his faculties; his judgment, in other words, was impaired, and he made some grand errors, chief of which was the abrupt change of plan by which he decided to deliver the assault without the previous two hours' bombardment which had been agreed upon between him and Lord Raglan as a necessary preliminary. It was at this point that the inevitable choice of evils came to the latter. He had engaged to attack with the English forces. His military judgment told him that the movement was a hopeless error; on the other hand, if he should remain inactive, without making even the show of an effort, the French, who were sacrificing large bodies of men in this same assault, might charge him with holding back in a critical moment, and lay the defeat to his remissness; in any case, there was danger that the cordial understanding and coöperation with Péliissier might be broken. He chose to sacrifice his men. It is true that in making the movement he saw that all proper precautions were taken that the attack should be made at the least expense of life; but the fact remains that he put his own judgment and will in abeyance at the decisive moment of the siege, and wasted his forces in a desperate sally. This was a capital and definite action on which his military critics could lay the finger; and furthermore it must be admitted that he failed to make his counsels, which we now know were excellent, effective. It was the French plan that was carried out. Whether this was due to a lack of force in his character, which was not equal to the task of impressing itself resolutely on his associates, or was an inevitable consequence of his position, must be judged by the reader. Kinglake's defense consists only in exhibiting in full the hard conditions under which he was placed. In doing this, he incidentally shows the noble nature and personal attractiveness

of the old soldier of the Peninsula and of Waterloo, but all this eulogy and the touching account of his death do not affect the question as to the worth of his special services in the Crimea. In war more than in other things success is the touchstone of wisdom.

The defense of Lord Raglan and the general management of the siege, however, are only a part of what this history treats of. The warfare itself is the continuous story: the fortunes of the attack and the defense, the turns and eddies of the tide of battle, the charges, the *mêlées*, the struggles in the trenches by night, the bombardments and the assaults; and never have such incidents been at once so minutely and so vividly described. Kinglake's laborious search among the records enables him to make this account full of personal episodes. The artillery fight of Captain Oldershaw is the most remarkable of these single adventures, and it has the advantage in popular interest of having never been told before. It was a feat which will hereafter be remembered, among the incidents of the Crimea, with the charge of Scarlett and that more famous one of the Light Brigade. The presence in the trenches, too, of men who were afterwards to be distinguished, and were then having their apprenticeship in war, of Graham, Wolseley, and Gordon, adds much romantic interest to these details of the fighting. Naturally it is English valor only which is thus celebrated, because Kinglake's authority has been the English reports; but the allies have their fair share of praise for their fighting deeds, although one sees them in the mass, and not in the individual instance. The enemy, too, is well treated. For the great master of the defense, Todleben, Kinglake can find no encomiums too eulogistic, and in his final chapters he sums up the services of this remarkable engineer with telling force, and gives to him the credit which was then denied to him among his own people, because he was



only a colonel of engineers. The fight was, as he says, less a siege than a continuous battle between two entrenched armies, who fought with earthworks as much as with rifle and sabre. On the Russian side, Todleben was the real general in command.

In the narrative as a whole, one is especially struck by the part taken in it by what is known as the fortune of war. It favored the Russians very greatly. If the allies could have known the actual condition of things inside the town, or if they had guessed better the relative strength of the different parts of the fortifications, they could have taken the place many times over; but from the first moment of their appearance before Sebastopol, when they might have occupied it almost unopposed, and did not, — from the time when they deserted the MacKenzie heights, never again to regain the coveted position, — fortune was averse to them. On the other hand, there were times when the English lines were spread out so thinly, were so inadequately manned, that the Russians, could they have been aware of the true state of affairs, might have profited by it, much to the danger of the allies. It was in more senses than one "a battle by night." This aspect of war, its uncertainty, its confusions, its happy or un-

happy accidents, have lately been the subject of much writing, and Tolstoi in particular has emphasized them, and pushed his theory of the entire fortuitousness of military operations on a grand scale to the extreme; but in this very campaign of Sebastopol, in which this element is brought forward so strongly that one cannot neglect it, there is also the evidence of the tremendous force of energy and will and science properly applied as they were by Todleben, and of the power of penetrating to the real situation as it was shown by Lord Raglan, though by the perversity of his allies, and especially by the meddling of the French Emperor, his faculty was made of no avail. It seems to us a misfortune that Kinglake has chosen to leave the story unfinished, so that the reader cannot follow to the consummation this conflict of chance and skill, and see how the balance at last was struck between them. Lord Raglan's death is the period he set for himself, and he has limited himself accordingly. He has left a noble literary work in memory of his friend; and if it is not a complete history of the war, it is a history of battle, which has already taken its place among the masterly literary productions of our age, and a place that is unique.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

*The Science  
of Names.*

WRITERS spend much time and thought in selecting a name for a play or novel, for they know that success is largely dependent on it. Parents, however, are strangely careless and unscientific in giving names to children. In the Harvard and Yale catalogues of last year I find but two or three really good combinations. Usually, when a new-comer arrives, some old

family name is taken; or if the parents exercise an original choice, they are too much excited to be guided by any sound euphonic principles. They forget that not only from the social point of view it is very advantageous to have one's name remembered, but that from the business point of view notoriety is capital, and must be obtained by persistent and ingenious advertising. But if a certain

amount of notoriety could be obtained for John Smith by an expenditure of time, money, and ingenuity represented by  $x$ , and spread over a period of three years, it is safe to say that the same amount could be obtained for Hans Arrowsmith by  $\frac{x}{4}$  in eighteen months. Nor is the saving of time and money on the part of the knocker at the gate of notoriety the only thing to be considered, for, from the altruistic point of view, the lessening of the effort of recollection on the part of the world is far more important. The economy of the public stock of energy wasted in innumerable unconscious efforts to remember a name without any corners for the memory to grasp, but persistently thrust before it, would result in an increase of available mental force applicable to settling the question of future probation, or to raising the ethical standard, or to reforming the tariff, or to disposing of the surplus. The importance of the subject leads me to suggest one or two of the chief fundamental principles of the science of naming children. The system is simple, and any provident parent can easily master and apply it.

(1.) Avoid odd, or eccentric, or poetic combinations, and be guided by euphonic quality only. It is true that an odd name may be remembered, but the associations with it will not be pleasing. The idea of oddity or affectation may attach to the shadowy personality built up in the mind of the public. Under this rule, hyphenated names, especially hyphenated Christian names, like Floyd-Jones Robinson, are to be avoided. Writing the first given name with an initial and the second in full is also evidently opposed to correct scientific principles.

(2.) The best form of name is a dactyl and a spondee, like "Jeremy Taylor." Every one has heard of the "Shakespeare of divines," and has a dim idea of an agreeable personality attached to the name. Had his name been Charles Taylor, it is far within bounds to say that

his reputation would be about one third of what it is now.

(3.) If the surname is not one that can be treated according to the above rule, it should be fitted with a given name, such as to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence, as, Sidney Dobell, Ellery Vane, Henry Ward Beecher, Dante Rossetti, Theodore Watts, and the like; or, otherwise, to two long syllables, like Mark Twain or Bret Harte. The subdivisions of this branch of the subject are too numerous to be given, but all rest on principle No. 2. The phonic value of the surname is, under our custom, the controlling element in practically applying the science of names.

The great value of names beginning with Mac or O is evident, because they so readily combine with the ordinary Christian names. Any one would be favorably disposed to Arthur O'Connor, for instance. A boy pervades our quiet neighborhood simply because his name is Johnny MacWhorter. He is not in any respect a remarkable boy, but his name forces him into prominence by its phonic value. There are some ten or twelve boys who are comrades, but he and another dactyl-spondee boy, Emory Watson, are the only ones ever spoken of. No doubt there are others who do as much mischief and make more noise, but these two *reap all the fame*.

The nicknames given by children and base-ball players will be found to conform pretty closely to the true principles of the art.

I have formed names for my three boys in accordance with these rules, which will give the youngsters—if they ever appear—a start in life equivalent to a cash capital of at least fifteen thousand dollars. As their appellations will probably constitute their entire patrimony, I cannot be expected to mention them until they are securely attached to the inchoate personalities. I have indicated the outlines of the method, so

that any young parent can, with a little thought, construct as many names as he is likely to need.

What Pessimism is. — That pleasant little story which has been told so often, and never better than in the sixth chapter of *My Novel*, about the inexpediency of attacking those high in favor, received an unlooked-for illustration at my expense, when, awhile ago, I ventured to say in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* that I thought Mr. Browning's poetry was of the pessimistic order. I have learned since that if eternal vigilance be the price of freedom, eternal warfare is the portion of the heretic. Thrice have I been summoned to appear and make good my words before those mysterious tribunals called Browning Societies, whole roomfuls of hardened enthusiasts, more terrible to face, I should imagine, — for cowardice forbade the ordeal, — than the *Vehmgerichte* or the Holy Office. I have been guilelessly conversing with casual acquaintances upon the most trivial of topics, the weather or the insufficiency of the city railways, when suddenly my companion has turned upon me with an "intense" expression which Du Maurier might envy, and has asked in tones of chilling condemnation, "Will you please tell me *what* you meant by calling Browning a pessimist?" And at last, when I trusted that my offense was well-nigh forgotten, a very able contributor to the *Atlantic* comes forward with a whip of scorpions, and tells me, not only that I am wrong, which is always possible, but also — and here, alas! is the sting — that I have probably "missed the poet's plain meaning through too little attention to the verse itself, and too much to the superabundance of comment upon it."

Now I am far from disparaging the good old conservative practice of reviewing an author before you read him. One wiser and wittier than we has recorded his conviction that it is the best and surest way to avoid prejudice. Neither

do I censure those who follow the critics' judgment rather than their own, for it is just possible that they may arrive at more correct conclusions. But in this case, at least, I am innocent of the charge. I have read Browning, and I have not read his reviewers, with the one exception of Mr. Birrell, whose very charming and amusing essay can hardly be held responsible for any portion of my guilt. I have listened with Elvire to her husband's lengthy and pitiless self-analysis, and have wondered if her heart felt really lightened when at last the monologue was over. I have followed comfortless lovers to whom love is seldom sweet, and unmasked rogues and hypocrites who contemplate their own inwardness with a zest which is all the more inexplicable when we consider what it is they see. I have watched Martin Relph unpeeling his soul layer by layer, as if it were an onion, and would honestly rather see Count Guido Franceschini stretched quivering on the rack, pulled

"bone from bone,

To unhusk truth a-hiding in its hulls,"

than witness the more terrible self-inflicted torture.

And all for what? It is as easy to build up a theory out of selected quotations from a poet as to build up a religion out of selected quotations from the Scriptures. I should be loath to put forward such lines as these: —

"For I was true, at least — O true enough!  
And, dear, truth is not as good as it seems!  
Commend me to conscience! Idle stuff!  
Much help is mine, as I mope and pine,  
And skulk through day, and scowl in my  
dreams;"

or even these: —

"We mortals cross the ocean of this world,  
Each in his average cabin of a life.  
The best 's not big, the worst yields elbow-  
room;"

and then say, "The whole stuff of Browning's thought is indicated by such citations." But I think that he strikes

the key-note of his work when he confesses the

"Doubts at the very basis of my soul  
At the grand moments when she probes herself ;"

and the eternal probing for what is meant to lie beyond our touch can never yield us anything save perplexity and pain. Ruskin's *débonnaire* advice not to think enough about ourselves to be even sorry for our faults is more wholesome, after all, than this dispiriting and horrible self-scrutiny.

"T is an awkward thing to play with souls," says the author of *Sordello* and *The Ring and the Book*, while all the time his fingers fairly itch to handle these shrinking, suffering toys.

"Well, now, there's nothing in nor out of the world  
Good, except truth !"

he cries in self-defense, and then acknowledges that if you fancy this coveted truth

"May look for vindication from the world,  
Much will you have misread the signs, I say."

Nevertheless, to be perpetually searching for it by the analytic process has become a recognized pastime and a religious duty. We grow sodden with speculation, while the great world rolls carelessly on its way, very little the better for our trouble. Browning, indeed, has unswervingly taught the existence of another and a higher life, and if the contributor be right in asserting that "religion and pessimism are incompatible," then there is nothing further to be said. But to claim that our earthly happiness hinges necessarily on our immortal hopes is to cut off entirely that body of thinkers who believe that in this world alone they must find the fulfillment of their being. On the other hand, while scientific pessimists, as they choose to call themselves, may affirm that blind forces control the universe, the question for the mass of mankind is, not of the hereafter, which lies in the hands of God, but sim-

ply of the present, of life as life itself. If, in our journey to the tomb, we find more to suffer than to enjoy, then, whatever may be the compensations of the future, our earthly pilgrimage is a burden to be endured rather than a privilege to be relished, and he is happiest who escapes soonest from the struggle. When Bossuet said that man goes to his grave, "*trainant la chaîne de ses espérances brisées*," he was as fully convinced of the immortality of his soul as ever Browning could be; but none the less he felt the drag of the fetters, and knew that his brightest hour would be the dawn of his release. If there are those to whom the world and our enforced existence in it are rendered cheerful by Browning's lancet point, I can only say that I am glad they have that consolation. For most of us the panacea lies in action rather than in thought, but we may not always judge of one another's remedies. The contributor points out triumphantly that even Cleon, the pagan poet, "could imagine a state of being above the present, in which joy-hunger should be satisfied, if Zeus the All-Wise were the All-Loving too." We hold our hopes on a somewhat surer ground than an imagined possibility, which does not sound particularly reassuring; but we listen rather sadly while this same Cleon confesses that he too agrees

"in sum,  
O king, with thy profound discouragement,  
Who seest the wider but to sigh the more.  
Most progress is most failure! thou sayest  
well."

Mr. Stevenson's literary work is in itself a subject of such lively interest that any intelligent comment upon it partakes in some degree of that interest. In Mr. James's discriminating eulogy lately published in the *Century Magazine*, I note a point or two on which to differ from, or at least to question, the critic's judgment, though for the most part I heartily agree with the opinions which Mr. James has so happily expressed.

The first point on which I would like to contravene Mr. James is the alleged want of appreciation of so delightful a romancer by persons of my own sex. It is not women who most fall in love with him, says Mr. James. It may be true that Mr. Stevenson cannot count among his admirers as many women as men; but it may be asserted with confidence that no man can go beyond certain women in love for the author of *Prince Otto* and *Kidnapped*. I can speak for myself, who lost my heart to him at first sight, — reading, I mean, — on taking up the *New Arabian Nights*, and every fresh revelation of his gifts and graces has endeared him the more. I have a woman friend, already bound to me by many ties, between whom and myself a new bond has been forged by our common delight in Mr. Stevenson. We are agreed in differing from Mr. James, when he characterizes *Prince Otto* as “inhuman.” There is abundance of “glitter” in it, and glitter is apt to be “hard;” yet after all, what is this little story if not a love tale, — a tale in which hero and heroine are brought, through trial, to accept love as the sufficient compensation for a lost self-complacency, a lost ambition, and a throne? On a first reading, *Prince Otto* disappointed and puzzled me, but I have since discovered it to be a grown folks’ fairy-tale, as full of truth and poetry as of wit and cleverness. And if it had no definite meaning, I should still find each page fascinating for its own sake.

I cannot think with Mr. James that what Mr. Stevenson most cares for is youth, or that “the direct expression of the love of youth is the beginning and end of his message.” If we can say that he has one message, it does not seem to me to be this. A thought to which the author of *An Inland Voyage* and *Familiar Studies of Men and Books* often recurs is that a man’s wisdom lies in following his nature and its in-

stincts, rather than the conventions of the world; that a free life, in which a man chooses his own friends, pursuits, and pleasures, is the healthy and happy life. Another idea he constantly presents is the supreme worth of love and friendship. No author has written fiction with less of the passion of love in it, but in the short essays above referred to the reader finds Mr. Stevenson making confession of faith in the infinite value of these sentiments, the love of woman and of friend. He “cares most,” I think, not precisely for youth, but for life, and for youth as the embodiment of the fullness of fresh, vigorous, and unconventionalized life. This partly accounts for his delight in adventure, heroism, and personal gallantry, which are manifestations of life raised to the highest pitch of activity and vivid interest. To an invalid it is not strange that the ideal of happiness should appear a life full of out-door freedom and exercise of individual capacities and powers of all sorts. A *Child’s Garden of Verse* is dedicated to the nurse who tended the author through the years of a delicate childhood; and one feels sure that the verses are all autobiographical, memory’s record of the fancies and feelings of an imaginative child much shut up to his own lonely thoughts. In the volume called *Underwoods* there is a little poem, written in the quaint style of George Herbert, which in a few lines contains a special philosophy of life. It is entitled *The Celestial Surgeon*, and begins thus: —

“If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness.”

That is what the pursuit of happiness becomes to some of us, — a task, to be persevered in with resolute courage; and not on every one is bestowed, in aid of that task, the gift of imagination, in virtue of which, though the body be bound to one spot, and that a sick-bed, one yet inhabits the universe and ranges it at will.

It seems to me that Mr. James is mistaken in calling the feeling which constitutes one half of our author's literary character merely or chiefly the "feeling of one's teens." It is true that we have to do with an artist accomplished even to sophistication, whose theme is very often the unsophisticated, yet not "constantly." Mr. Stevenson has a kindness for vagabonds and Bohemians, persons sophisticated enough generally, but tintured with the philosophy he approves, of living one's own life, going one's own way, and choosing one's own pleasures. The critic described Mr. Stevenson's writings, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Prince Otto, apart, as a rhapsody on boyhood. Do the two series of *New Arabian Nights* or *The Merry Men* come under this head? Apropos of the last mentioned volume, I have noticed that critics beside Mr. James have picked out *Thrawn Janet* for commendation. It is an admirably told tale, of course, but the subject was made to Mr. Stevenson's hand, so to speak, and has none of the surprise of originality that belongs to *Will of the Mill*, or *Markheim*, the pendant of Dr. Jekyll. *The Treasure of Tranchard* pleased me for the engaging lightness with which its moral is set forth.

— It may be rather late in the day to open once more the vexed question of the infallibility of editors' judgments, but I do so with serene confidence, because I am the one person who ought to be heard from. I am, in fact, the court of appeals who sits *in banc* to sustain or reverse the editors' rulings. Do not confound me with the "regular subscriber," who has all the volumes of the magazine bound and ranged on his shelves, nor with the "omnivorous reader," who buys all the magazines and throws them away, little the worse, as he is none the better, for the reading. Those people are of little consequence. I am the average man, and editors know that my tastes must be

consulted. Literature is written for me, not for the specialists nor for the illuminated.

Many years ago, when I was abroad, I found that an intelligent official had filled in the blanks in my passport with the one descriptive adjective *ordinaire*, which stood at the top of a long column of dittos. Thus, I was declared to be of "taille ordinaire, bouche ordinaire, nez ordinaire, menton ordinaire, yeux ordinaire, cheveux ordinaire," and so on, through a minute catalogue of my physical parts and qualities. I was young then, and, with my average knowledge of French, was deeply hurt to find that, to the official eye, there was nothing to distinguish me from my fellow-mortals; but I have since reflected that this very fact proves me to be "myself alone," and that my position as a typical man was a proud one, and now I glory in it. I am of average intelligence, average culture, average income, average prejudices. I hit the *juste milieu*. What prompts me to buy a magazine? I approach the question the more readily because, as the Congregationalist ministers say nowadays, when they approach the discussion of the use of a ritual, "my position on this point is, on the whole, a meliorating one." I buy on impulse.

No doubt the craving for good literature influences me in the long run, and no doubt I am influenced by persistent advertising in a particular purchase; but neither of these motives counts for much in swaying my average mind. I open the magazine on the counter of some book-store, or as it alights in my lap with a whirl from the left hand of the train-boy. I take it up because I have some pleasant associations with the color of the cover, or with the name. If in the list of writers I see some name which awakens in me reminiscences of a pleasant quarter of an hour, I give my money. "T is a little matter decides me.

Do not say that I buy for the sake of

amusement, and must be guaranteed beforehand. I enjoy the flavor of delicate viands, but I am shy of new cooks. Nor can anybody predict that a new dish will please me.

Therefore, angry writer, blame no longer the patient editor who rejects your story, which you are sure I would like and buy. I am inscrutable. One can judge of extremes, but not of the average man. Consider well that if any one could predict my likings, such an one would not long remain an editor, nor even a publisher. He who could read a novel in manuscript and say, "The average man will buy this. Print thirty thousand;" he who could accurately cast the horoscope of a book, would be possessed of the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." He would be daily more valuable than all writers, for he could fore-

cast the literary future. Such a man is not possible, for he would be able to predict my action, which is more than I can do myself. Perhaps his coming would disturb the intellectual economy of the world. He will not come.

The other day you told me wrathfully that an editor told you that he would readily give Browning five dollars a line for a copy of verses which he would not print if he were forced to withhold the poet's name at the bottom, and were certain that the secret of the authorship would not leak out. Blame the editor no longer as "purblind, and sordid, and commercial," but recognize that he frankly admits his human fallibility, and say, "Brother, I too am fallible;" for I myself, the arbiter of literary reputation, I the average man, say boldly that I should not read the verses unless the name were appended.

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### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina: a Chapter of Reconstruction in the Southern States. By Walter Allen. (Putnams.) Mr. Allen had a most interesting task before him. No one has yet really discussed, in a historical method, the question of reconstruction, — a question which we venture to think will furnish subjects in abundance for historical students of another generation. Chamberlain made a gallant fight, and the history of his career in South Carolina is full of incident and dramatic action. But Mr. Allen makes a fatal mistake in his method of treatment. Under the conviction that he will strengthen his position by the citation of contemporary documents, he loads the book down not only with Governor Chamberlain's addresses, inaugurations, and letters, but with long reports of interviews, long editorials, and an astonishing number of newspaper "notices." All this entails great labor on the reader, who is compelled to pick out the story from a mass of material; it leads to repetition and to the incorporation of a deal of unnecessary comment by ignorant and un-

important writers, so that the real narrative is buried out of sight. Mr. Allen's book is as wordy as one of Chamberlain's long-winded harangues. He might have done a real service to the governor. If he had worked over all this raw material and made a compact story, and then bundled up all his detailed documentary evidence and deposited it in a public library for any one who desired to verify particulars, he would have found readers. As it is, instead of setting the governor on a pedestal, he buries him under a monument. — J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* has been reissued in a new edition, thoroughly revised by his widow. (Harpers.) Mrs. Green supplies also an interesting introduction, in which she allows herself to give a free sketch of Mr. Green's training as a historian. We trust we are to have by and by a full biography of so interesting a man. One is tempted to draw comparisons between him and Buckle. Certainly Green struck a deeper chord of life in his brief historical work. Both men were in a degree pioneers, but Buckle was applying an intellectual formula



to history. Green made history a graphic picture of life, taken not superficially, but profoundly. — *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Comte de Paris. Vol. IV. (Porter & Coates.) The four books of this volume are *Eastern Tennessee, Siege of Chattanooga, The Third Winter, and The War in the Southwest*. The count is above all a military historian, and sees his subject in the light of military science. He is evidently eager to get upon that period of the war when the American people had at last learned their lesson, and put the business of the war into the hands of men trained to conduct it, leaving them untrammelled by civil considerations. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent the completion of this important work. — *Life of Walter Harriman*, with selections from his speeches and writings, by Amos Hadley. (Houghton.) Mr. Harriman was a New Hampshire man, a war Democrat, who entered the army, where he commanded a regiment of volunteers. He did not follow his party in the second election, but spoke vigorously for Lincoln, and after that was identified with the Republicans. He was twice governor of New Hampshire, and naval officer under Grant. The last years of his life were spent in honorable retirement and in travel. The narrative is a detailed one, and interest in it will largely be confined to his friends and neighbors. — *Four Oxford Lectures*, by E. A. Freeman (Macmillan), is divided by the two subjects, *Fifty Years of European History, and Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain*. The former is a rapid summary; the latter, an outlook upon a field which Mr. Freeman hopes to occupy some day with more full and comprehensive treatment. The minute, critical, not to say captious, method of this historian appears more in the second portion than in the first. — *The Causes of the French Revolution*, by Richard Heath Dabney. (Holt.) Mr. Dabney makes a rapid and lively survey of society and politics in France in the years preceding 1789, and seeks to trace in a great mass of detailed incident the movements which finally issued in the Revolution. He writes as one who has accumulated his material with industry and made acute reflections upon it, and his arrangement of topics is orderly. At the same time we hesitate to say that he has himself clearly formulated in his own mind a full and satisfactory philosophy of French history. — *William of Germany, a Succinct Biography of William I., German Emperor and King of Prussia*, by Archibald Forbes. (Cassell.) The book is not quite so hasty a performance as at first appears. Mr. Forbes wrote most of the book while the Emperor was living; the final chapters, which are of slight consequence,

except as bringing the narrative to its natural conclusion, were supplied, after the death of William, by another hand. Mr. Forbes is a bright writer, but he has the journalistic stamp upon him, as when he says, "The millennium, whether for Prussia or as a general thing, was rather at a discount in Bohemia in the summer of 1866." The book is a convenient summary. — *Gouverneur Morris*, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Houghton.) A volume in the *American Statesmen series*. We liked Mr. Roosevelt's book on Benton, and should take up this with predisposition to like it, but the preface arouses antipathy. What if Mr. Sparks, a pioneer in work of the sort which Mr. Morse is doing so well, failed to come up to Mr. Roosevelt's notion of a biographer and editor? Why should this later writer be so bumptious? There is such a thing as good manners in literature, and Mr. Roosevelt offends against it. — *Martin Luther and Other Essays*, by F. H. Hedge. (Roberts.) The first of these essays is fresh in the minds of readers of *The Atlantic*, and another of the collection, *Classic and Romantic*, also appeared in these pages. Dr. Hedge has the ruggedness in his thought which results from a long, uncompromising course of study of great themes in a spirit of individual independence. Whether the reader agrees with him or not, he cannot fail to respect the integrity of mind which he confronts. The subjects of the essays are partly historical, especially in connection with the religious phase of history, and partly philosophical. — In the series *English History, by Contemporary Writers* (Putnams), W. H. Hutton edits a volume, *Simon de Montfort and his Cause*. The passages are taken largely from Matthew Paris. In the same series, F. P. Barnard takes up *Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland*. These little books are capital aids to teachers and students. They give the cream of books which such readers would take down from the shelves if they were working at a particular period. Of course it is better to take down the books, but if one has not a large library, nor access to one, he need not be above resorting to this handy aid. — *France and the Confederate Navy, 1862-1868, an International Episode*, by John Bigelow. (Harpers.) Mr. Bigelow, as is well known, was consul at Paris during the war, and held a responsible position. He now undertakes to relate from his own experience the adventures of the Confederates when they sought to make a bargain with France by which a navy should be put at the disposal of the Confederacy. He draws upon documents, written and printed, and though he does not follow, as we think he should have done, a strictly chronological order of events, he manages to disclose very dis-

tinely the animus of the Imperial government. — *The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay*, by George E. Ellis. (Houghton.) Dr. Ellis writes out of a full mind upon a subject which has engaged him, in its different phases, throughout a long and studious life. He writes leisurely and without much attempt at compactness of statement. His temper is judicial, and he seeks to look impartially at the facts of history. In some instances, doubtless, his earlier conclusions have been modified, but on the whole the book may be taken as an excellent representation of a school of thought in New England history which is likely to give way before habits of study less ministerial, so to speak. — *A Few Incidents in the Life of Professor James P. Espy*, by his niece, Mrs. L. M. Morehead. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A modest little volume concerning an eminent meteorologist, called out by some erroneous statements which had appeared in print. The narrative is really too brief for a satisfactory account of a man of strong character and large attainments, but it is long enough to set at rest the fables respecting his early illiteracy. — *History of the People of Israel till the Time of King David*, by Ernest Renan. (Roberts.) The interest which one takes in Renan's books is in part due to the peculiar position which Renan holds. No one of distinction represents so well the attitude of residuary legatee to Christianity, and the cheerfulness of the heir when administering the estate is tempered by a graceful sentiment of esteem which does not interfere with an entirely calm judgment upon the character of the deceased, and the value of the property accumulated by him. With this clearly in mind, one can enjoy the imaginative reading of history, and receive rich and abundant suggestion to freshen his conception of Israelitish development. — In the series of *Famous Women* (Roberts) two interesting volumes have appeared, *Hannah More*, by Charlotte Yonge, and *Adelaide Ristori*, by herself. Miss Yonge really rehabilitates Hannah More, and has done good service in destroying the fiction which had been getting possession of readers. The evangelical blue-stocking was a far more human and lovable creature than has been supposed, and full of rare common sense. Ristori's autobiography is admirable for its elucidation of a character of genius. — *A Biography of Henry Ward Beecher*, by William C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) In its plan and treatment this book addresses itself to those who are followers of Beecher. It is big, eulogistic, splashy. It does not really show the man, and yet he was a most notable

figure, and will one day, when the clouds disperse, be sculptured in vigorous prose by some one. Mr. Beecher is a legacy to future times from this century, and we wish the future joy of him, — the future, we mean, of writers. — *Cardinal Wolsey*, by Mandell Creighton (Macmillan), is an interesting study of Henry the Eighth's great minister, and is one of the first of a series of twelve volumes dealing with English statesmanship. — In *The Makers of Venice* (Macmillan) Mrs. Oliphant has told her story in episodes rather than in a consecutive narrative. Venice was richer in doges and soldiers than in painters and poets, and, consequently, Mrs. Oliphant's work lacks the kind of interest which attached itself to her *Makers of Florence*.

*Economics and Politics*. *Big Wages and How to Earn Them*, by a Foreman. (Harpers.) A sensible little book by a man who occupies a position outside of labor unions, not necessarily antagonistic to them, but critical of them and of their temporary use. It is quite possible that the writer is a foreman only on paper, but his position in logic is a sound one. — *The Art of Investing*, by a New York Broker. (Appleton.) A little volume of sound advice and prudent judgment. It is written by a man who clearly does not pin his faith upon any one class of securities, and who understands well the shifting character of the money market as well as the fundamental principles which underlie the growth of wealth. — *The Study of Politics*. By William P. Atkinson. (Roberts.) This is a little book and should not take long to read, but we have been spending most of our spare time over the note prefacing it. Mr. Atkinson is professor of English; it is a pity he does not always practice it. But the book is interesting, candid, manly, somewhat general in its treatment of an important subject, but refreshing in its stout assertion of the permanent in the study of politics. — *A History of Political Economy*, by John Kells Ingram, with preface by E. J. James. (Macmillan.) A science which so constantly calls upon its opponents to reëxamine fundamental principles may well call for historical treatment, and the advantage of this book is that Dr. Ingram represents the latest school, that which seems most in accord with the prevalent methods in all scientific study, and thus makes his survey from the latest point of observation. — *International Law*, with materials for a code of International Law, by Leone Levi, is the sixtieth volume in the International Scientific series (Appleton), a series which takes a wide sweep in its plan. The main part of the book is a direct contribution to a code. Under the head of the Political Condition of States there is also in compact form a considerable body of

information which makes the volume useful as a book of reference. — Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States, by Simon Sterne. (Putnams.) This is a new edition of a well known book, the addition taking into view legislative growth since 1882. — Taxation, its Principles and Methods; translated from the *Scienza delle Finanze* of Dr. Luigi Cossa, with an introduction and note by Horace White. (Putnams.) The Italians are making important contributions to economic science, and this book, apart from its intrinsic value, is interesting as illustrative of the trend of political thought in a nationality which one at first sight might imagine to be the last to cut loose so completely from its historic past. The appendix contains the existing systems for the assessment and collection of state taxes in New York and Pennsylvania, and the rates of taxation therein. — The Present Condition of Economic Science and the demand for a radical change in its methods and aims, by Edward Clark Lunt. (Putnams.) A vigorous rather than lucid critique of the so-called Historical school. It may be taken with Dr. Ingram's book, but will hardly give as much satisfaction to the ordinary reader.

*Books of Reference.* The first volume of a new edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) carries the work through the title Beaufort. This American edition contains a number of articles upon American topics mainly, which are copyrighted. The old edition is now twenty years old, and opportunity has been taken to revise the work and bring it down to date. The articles are for the most part brief and well condensed. It is a pity that the authorship of the longer articles is not given. — We have to record the publication of the first three volumes of the Library of American Literature (C. L. Webster & Co.) which has long been under course of preparation by E. C. Stedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson. Ten volumes are promised, and these three cover the ground down to the United States period, that is, from 1607 to 1787. "We term all literature American," says the preface, "that was produced by the heroic pioneers, whose thought, learning, and resolution shaped the colonial mind." This refers to the early colonial literature, and accordingly Captain John Smith and William Strachey appear in the Virginia portion, but not Sandys. The editors are more discriminating and we think more just in this respect than Mr. Tyler was in his history, to which these volumes furnish an admirable commentary. Any one who is conversant with the early writers is likely to have his favorite passages, and to look for them. We regret, for instance, the omission from John Win-

throp's History of the strong account of a boatwreck in Massachusetts Bay, but Anthony Thacher's narrative is given, and the selection is admirable throughout, since the editors have apparently not been so desirous of giving specimens of all writers as of giving passages of intrinsic interest and value. The result is that the general effect is stronger than that produced by Mr. Tyler's rather florid account of the same period, which leaves one with the feeling that he must adopt the philosophy of the Marchioness and make believe very hard. The editorial work of brief head-notes is done with excellent judgment, and the work bids fair to be a most admirable encyclopædia to accompany a biographical dictionary. It differs in this respect from Duyckinck's, which undertook to combine the two functions. — Old Plate, Ecclesiastical, Decorative, and Domestic, Its Makers and Marks, by J. H. Buck. (The Gorham Manufacturing Co.) Owners and collectors of old silver will find a great deal of valuable information and many useful hints in this volume, which is evidently the result of much careful and sympathetic research. The book is illustrated with numerous woodcuts and process plates.

*Books for Young People.* The Story of the City of New York, by Charles Burr Todd. (Putnams.) Written evidently for young readers, this book is rather a running narrative of the growth of the city than a study of municipal development. It has bits of antiquarianism and sketches of events which have taken place within the limits of the city, but one cannot read such a book without being struck by the absence of any strong civic independence or self-consciousness. The city seems to have had little really individual existence. — Derrick Sterling, a story of the mines, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) A story of adventure, heroism, poetic justice, and transformation from miner to student. — A new Robinson Crusoe, by W. L. Alden. (Harpers.) The story purports to be the narrative of a young Irish seaman who was shipwrecked in the Pacific with a man who professed to be a grandson of Crusoe, but was really an escaped lunatic, and insists throughout the adventure upon enacting the part of Crusoe, while his young companion, who is totally ignorant of the real Robinson, is obliged to pose as Friday. The idea of the book is funny, and as brevity is a relative matter, we may say the book is short. Nevertheless it is a piece of fooling which we should think might have wearied the writer even before it does the reader, and he gets tired of it before the book is done. — In his series of *The Lives of the Presidents* (Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York), W. O. Stoddard has reached Harrison, Tyler, and

Polk, all included in a single volume. The lives are plain, unadorned sketches, with little attempt at any characterization of the subjects or clear explanation of the political questions with which their names were connected.

*Poetry and Fiction.* *Wallenstein*, by Friedrich Schiller, done into English verse by J. A. W. Hunter. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The notable thing in Mr. Hunter's version of Schiller's masterpiece is the fact that the translator has given us the prelude whose "liting metre" frightened away Coleridge. Mr. Hunter has been very successful in catching the lively humor of this scene, which, however, has no connection with the main tragedy, and is valuable only as a study of camp life and character in the olden time. — *Monsieur*

*Motte*, by Grace King (Armstrong & Son), is a collection of four stories illustrative of Louisiana life and character. Miss King's Creole studies have a quality of fineness which is frequently lacking in Mr. Cable's work in this sort. The "Marriage of Marie Modeste" strikes us as the most charming of these stories, though in this, as in the other tales, Miss King falls into an error that destroys the illusion. She makes her characters speak a mixture of French and English. Their dialogue should be wholly in French or wholly in a correct English translation. — Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, with Mulready's illustrations, are the two latest additions to Putnam's series of tastefully selected and daintily printed little volumes called *Knickerbocker Nuggets*.

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE MISTRESS OF SYDENHAM PLANTATION.

A HIGH wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort streets, — a wind of as reckless hilarity as Mareh could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The pad-

locked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while young girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird, and the golden light began to change the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was training itself for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, — in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that this is the first year she has forgotten to keep the day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came, and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She asked mamma to bring her dolls, and

she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, — Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and its long memory of prayer and praise. The earthquake had touched it lightly, time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which stand fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure that afternoon, like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately little old lady, for one so small and thin; she was feeble, too, and bending a little with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her, who shuffled when they walked, and who boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South, were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind this lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of the row of new shops, and the lady turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud,

but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, in the dangerous business of crab-fishing; at the foot, in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, — old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that had gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the first bank of raccoon oysters, the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island had taken it into her poor daft head to go to look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild; she had forgotten the war; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, — the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her

mother's and her father's graves, — and her life was a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they slid quickly along the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sand-flies and the great drum-fish in Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but into the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhett's and Barnwell's, of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis', what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar 'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, of rarely listening to what anybody was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths

that had left her widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She had never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense. At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree, that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was the only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer, that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart. Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mis-



tress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, — he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, — and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

“My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now,” said Peter over and over. “Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de good marsa up dere done took f'om her ebryting; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'.”

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, — not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, — the un-

conscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam, and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a side road, where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block; he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

“I done like dem ole times de best,” ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. “Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de old times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me.”

He was growing gray-faced with apprehension; he did not dare to disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not ride any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in the worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman

in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, — he was always frightened when she spoke, — "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. Hurry the horses."

"Yas, mis', — yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch, while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf, what come down to show the cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How's all? Day ob judgment's comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mis-

stress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'elman; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hunderd poun' all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-look-in'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you; an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' dere's one wide ribber o' Jordan, an' we'll soon be dere, black an' white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you have done so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and — Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, — they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It

was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue; how the trees were broken in the storm! The house needed — They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston in the morning.

They passed the turn of the avenue; they came out to the lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. "Ole mis'!"

She was looking off into space. The crumbling, fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain.

On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the bending branches and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones. The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

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## A BISHOP OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

WHEN we read of Valentinian III. flying from Rome at the approach of Attila and his Huns, and then how the barbarians were turned back, and induced, this time, to spare the Eternal City, by the majestic front and solemn eloquence of Leo the Great, we know that these things mean the end of Imperial and the beginning of Papal Rome. But it is doubtful whether any contemporary Roman citizen fully realized their significance, and it is certain that

one man, of no little distinction, — one of whom, through his writings, we know more, perhaps, than of any other then living, and whose history was destined singularly to illustrate the great vicissitudes of his age, — was occupied almost exclusively with his own private affairs.

In the year of Attila's invasion, 452 A. D., Caius Sollius Sidonius Apollinaris married Papianna, the only daughter of the future Emperor Avitus. The match was in all respects a suitable one.

Both bride and groom belonged to the best of Gallo-Roman families; and the ancestors of Sidonius Apollinaris, though now for three generations professing the Christian faith, were said to have been priests in an ancient temple of Apollo, of which, if we are to believe tradition, a relic still remains. There is a mask, somewhat resembling the *Bocca della Verità* in Rome, surmounting a ruined portal on the site of the Château de Polignac, destroyed in the Revolution; and the archives of the Polignac family, which claims descent from the sainted Sidonius, and through him from the priests aforesaid, affirm this mask to have been the very vehicle of the oracles delivered in the ancestral temple.

Both the father and grandfather of Sidonius Apollinaris had been prefects of Gaul, and had fulfilled the duties of their office with honor; while on the maternal side he seems to have been distantly connected with his future father-in-law, Avitus. The latter had just rendered an important service to his Emperor, Valentinian III.; for it was apparently by his arguments that Theodoric I., King of the Visigoths, was induced to join his troops to those of Ætius, the Roman general, and march to the relief of Orléans, besieged by Attila and his hordes. Had Theodoric not been on the Roman side, victory must inevitably have fallen to Attila, in the hardly contested battle of Châlons.

It was in the breathing-space afforded to Gaul by the defeat of Attila that the wedding took place between Sidonius and the daughter of Avitus; but before we attempt to follow the fortunes of the young pair, a brief survey must be taken of the state of public affairs.

The Eastern Empire, under the rule of Marcian and Pulcheria, was in abler hands than usual. Its connection with the West had been weakened by the death, in 451, of Galla Placidia, whose tomb yet stands intact under its pictured dome at Ravenna; whose very

mummified remains, arrayed in royal robes, could be discerned through a grating but little more than a century ago, and were only then sacrificed to a freak of childish mischief.

In giving to the world her son Valentinian III. and her daughter Honoria, Galla Placidia had done what she could toward fulfilling the augury of Romulus's vultures, and putting an end to Rome after twelve centuries of greatness. There is no need to retrace here the careers of that brother and sister, each now about to close. Honoria's name is never mentioned in history after Attila's death, and Valentinian had but two years left to live.

The next Emperor of the West would enter upon a sadly contracted kingdom. Africa was in the hands of the Vandals, Spain given over to the Sueves; all attempt to retain the British Islands under Roman rule had long before ceased. Gaul was now divided into many more than the three parts known to classical history. None of its Atlantic seaboard belonged to Rome, and two of the four races between whom this was shared, the Franks and Visigoths, were ever pushing eagerly forward — the Visigoths east and north, the Franks southwards from Belgium — into Central France. Moreover, the Burgundians had established a firm footing in Western Switzerland, from whose mountains they looked down enviously on the rich valley of the Rhone.

The fate surely impending over the Gallo-Romans was that of absorption into one or another of the barbarian kingdoms by which they were surrounded, but they seem themselves to have entertained no suspicion of any such destiny. Their *insouciant* disregard of the signs of the times has been aptly compared to that of the old French *noblesse* upon the selfsame soil, thirteen hundred years later.

Pagan Gaul had been a reflection of Rome. Every considerable city had its

arx and forum, circus, temples, theatre, and amphitheatre. All aimed, in their public edifices and institutions, at copying as closely as possible the great Italian original. The rural districts, as always, had been slower to adopt new ideas. The worship of the Olympian divinities, even, was an exotic religion there, conformity to which, like the wearing of togas, the writing of hexameters, and the study of philosophy, was considered the correct thing, — a necessary part of the “high Roman fashion” of respectable citizenship.

When Gaul received Christianity, it was at the hands of Oriental, not Occidental, missionaries; and this probably accounts for one of the most curious features in the history of these years, namely, that while political Gaul, and above all Auvergne, remained intensely loyal to the Rome of the Emperors, Auvergne the bishopric acknowledged no allegiance to ecclesiastical Rome.

To return to the subject of this sketch. Sidonius Apollinaris was born in 431, at Lyons, where he probably passed the greater part of his youth, and where he received the education which was thought fitting for a young man of his position.

Here he made many lifelong friends, to one of whom, long afterwards, he sent a letter full of gay reminiscences of their schooldays together, in which this Probus who is addressed figures as an infant prodigy, coaching his fellow-pupils, and even correcting his teachers.

Sidonius completed his school course to the high satisfaction of a circle of admiring relatives, who held him, as indeed he held himself, a clever young man and a very promising writer. He had plenty of political ambition, and

desire for a Roman reputation; and he regarded his own facility in the manufacture of hexameters and the composition of complimentary letters as means to that end, rather than as an adequate object in life.

He married, as has been said, the only daughter of the most prominent Auvergnat of that day, and settled down as a member of his father-in-law's household, making himself generally agreeable, while he watchfully bided his time.

Of the villa where Avitus was then living, and which afterwards became his own, Sidonius Apollinaris has left a long and pompous description, professedly modeled on Pliny's well-known accounts of his Laurentian and Tuscan residences, but not by any means the most successful of his imitations. The less ambitious narrative of his visits to Ferreolus and Apollinaris is much more satisfactory, and gives a vivid notion of the ways of living among that generation of men.

“You ask,” he writes to Donidius, “why, though I set out from Nimes some time ago, I still try your patience by delaying my return home. I will explain the circumstances without loss of time,<sup>1</sup> for I know you are pleased with whatever pleases me. I have been passing my time most delightfully, in the pleasantest of places and with the most courteous of hosts, — Ferreolus and Apollinaris. Their estates adjoin,<sup>2</sup> and their houses are not far apart. It would be a longish walk from one to the other, but a short ride. The hills that overlook both dwellings are planted with vines and olives. . . . One of the houses has a view over the open country, the other looks out upon forests, but the situations are equally charming. So much for the places, and now for the manner of life.

<sup>1</sup> “Reddo causas reditus tardiores, nec moras meas proderere moror” (I return the reasons of my later return, and will not delay to explain my delay), is what Sidonius really says. This habit of playing upon words was inveter-

ate with him, but it would be too tedious always to reproduce it.

<sup>2</sup> They were, in fact, separated by the river whose name is associated with one of the most marvelous pieces of Roman work still existing in France, — the Pont du Gard.

“To begin, there was a friendly strife each morning between my entertainers as to whose kitchen-chimney should smoke for my first repast. Although nearly related to the one (Apollinaris), and only a distant connection of the other (Ferreoelus), I could not very well divide my time equally between them, turn and turn about, because the age and dignity of Ferreoelus over and above the deference due to a man who had held the office of prefect gave him the greater claim. However, I was hurried from pleasure to pleasure.” He goes on to describe how the tennis-court and the dice-boxes were ready for such as cared for that kind of amusement, and then follows a most interesting description of Ferreoelus’s famous library: “Here are books in abundance: breast-high cases, like those of the grammarians; wedge-shaped ones, like those of an athenæum; shelves laden like a bookseller’s. I observed that the manuscripts laid handy to the armchairs of the ladies consisted, for the most part, of *œuvres de piété*; while those which adjoined the benches of the fathers of the family comprised the noblest specimens of Latin eloquence. There are works of equal literary merit in both lines, no doubt. Thus Augustine may be compared with Varro, and Prudentius with Horace.” It was in this library that Sidonius usually passed his mornings until eleven o’clock, when the summons came to lunch, or rather dinner. “They dine quickly but plentifully, in senatorial fashion; for it is their fad and fancy to have many kinds of food served on few dishes.” This meal was over by noon; then came a short ride, and then a bath, taken, not in the elaborate bathing-rooms, though such were attached to each villa, but in simpler fashion. Temporary huts, erected along the river-side, and filled with steam by pouring water upon red-hot stones, made very effective *sudaria*, after the style of those described by Dostoïevsky, in the Siberian convict prisons. Here

the company not unfrequently remained for hours, in grave or gay discussion; and when they emerged, it was to take first a plunge into very hot water, and then a dip in the limpid river. After this, all felt themselves ready for the abundant evening meal.

We have no means of knowing whether the three years immediately following his marriage seemed to move quickly or slowly to Sidonius Apollinaris, for, save for the account of a visit which he paid to the court of the Visigoths, at Toulouse, he himself has left us no record of them, and it is doubtful whether even this narrative ought not to be referred to a later period.

In the great world, the history of these years is little more than a catalogue of murder. First, Valentinian connives at the taking-off of Ætius, — the skillful, if unprincipled, general whose lieutenant Avitus had often been. Early the next year, Valentinian himself was assassinated by the servant of one Maximus, a Roman senator, who seated himself on the vacant throne, and compelled the widow of his victim to take him as her second husband. Three months after his accession, — June, 455, — Maximus was, in his turn, stoned to death in the streets of Rome, and Genseric came over from Africa, at the summons of the outraged Empress. Leo’s venerable presence did not avail to overawe the Vandal, and the utmost Genseric would concede was to limit his occupation and sack of the city to a fortnight.

Fourteen days of systematic pillage ensued, and then the Vandal fleet set sail for Africa, bearing the Empress Eudoxia, her two daughters, and every portable object in the venerable city which had captivated the fancy of the barbarians. We are not altogether sorry to know that the treacherous Empress was ill treated by Genseric, and that one important bit of their booty escaped altogether out of the hands of the Vandals. The vessel bearing the plunder of the

Capitol foundered and sank on its southward voyage. The golden candlesticks from the Temple at Jerusalem, on the contrary, performed the voyage in safety, and were found in Carthage by Belisarius, a century later.

So the midsummer of 455 saw Rome headless and desolate, and Avitus had a mind to assume the inviting purple. By the help of Theodoric II. he succeeded in being proclaimed Emperor at Ugernum, now the Beaucaire, with whose features both the lovers of Mirèio and the friends of Tartarin are abundantly familiar.

The price of the Gothic support appears to have been a free field for unlimited conquest in Spain; and while Theodoric set off upon a protracted Suevic campaign, the new-made Emperor and his escort, his young son-in-law prominent among them, departed for Rome. On his arrival there, Avitus accepted the now shadowy dignity of the consulship, and entered on the duties of his new office after gravely going through with all the traditional preliminaries. The breed of sacred hens was still kept up, and slain for the consular auguries, but the auspices, one would think, must have been very bad on this occasion.

Sidonius — poet laureate by virtue of his relation to the Emperor — delivered the official panegyric, which went off entirely to his own satisfaction and that of all his auditors. What a chance was now afforded him to show the still self-sufficient old Romans that those fellows from the provinces were not behind themselves in elegant culture! In the six hundred and three lines of which his panegyric is composed, Sidonius does all that could have been expected of a court poet. Jove summons the gods to Olympus, and Sidonius rattles off their names with a fluency which, however, can hardly have sufficed to hide from his critical hearers the damning *faux pas* which he committed in closing a hexameter with *Cybele*.

Not only gods, but half-gods, come at Jove's bidding, and are faithfully catalogued. To them assembled appears Rome, *in persona*, recites a compendium of her history, and describes her present sorry state. On her Jove graciously bestows Avitus as ruler, and recounts his biography at length. Each deed demands its array of polysyllables, from the wolf Avitus killed as a boy to his reluctant acceptance of the Empire, which is described by his son-in-law as a coy acceding to the desires of beseeching Gaul.

The moment the Father of the Gods had ceased speaking, Olympus began to applaud, and the Senate did the same for Sidonius. They even broke their benches in his honor, and voted him a statue of brass in the portico of the Library of Trajan, which had been stripped of many of its choicest treasures, no doubt, by Genseric, in the preceding summer.

Avitus's reign is an almost complete blank, and in the next year it came abruptly to an end. He had ceased to be acceptable to Ricimer, the Teuton commander-in-chief of the Roman forces; and Ricimer, surnamed the King-Maker, could do anything, it appears, that he desired, short of placing himself upon the throne of the Cæsars.

With his father-in-law's death Sidonius's prospects of advancement were for the time sadly blighted, and he returned to Gaul a very disaffected subject of the central government. How far his disloyalty led him we shall never know, but if he did not actually join the Visigothic faction, he was probably privy to the plot then on foot in Gaul, — to revolt from Rome altogether, and make of Central France either an independent kingdom, or one tributary to Theodoric II. And it is to this period that it seems best, upon the whole, to assign that account of a visit to the court of Toulouse of which mention has been made above, and which, though nomi-



nally addressed to Agricola (the eldest son of the late Emperor), was evidently written for the public eye, and reads very much like a campaign document.

The description of Theodoric's person is too graphic and striking to be omitted: "He is a man of perfectly proportioned figure, shorter than the tallest, but higher and more commanding than those of medium stature. The top of his head is round, and his curling hair recedes a little from the plane of his forehead. He is not at all bull-necked. His eyes are covered by a shaggy arch of eyebrow, and where his lashes droop they seem almost to graze the middle of his cheek. The lobes of his ears are veiled, after the fashion of his people, by waving locks of the hair that grows above them. His lips are finely cut, and do not appear to broaden when parted. His regular teeth, if by chance you obtain a glimpse of them, are almost as white as snow. His mustache is trimmed daily. A close beard begins at his slightly hollow temples, but is carefully plucked out from the lower part of the face by the assiduous care of his barber. The skin of his chin, throat, and rather slender but well-rounded neck is white as milk; but if he be looked at closely it becomes suffused with the rosy glow of youth, for he oftener flushes from modesty than from anger. His shoulders are well made, his arms powerful, the forearm hard, the hand broad. His chest is well expanded; his abdomen recedes."

There follows an equally minute account — unfortunately too long to quote — of Theodoric's daily avocations; and a very clean, just, manly, simple, and yet kindly life he seems to have lived. It should also be noted that the laudatory description which Sidonius has here given of Theodoric receives curious confirmation from a most unexpected quarter, — the polemical writings of Salvian; and we must conclude the rule of the Gothic kings to have been a more just and equitable one, upon the whole, than that

of the Roman prefects. Moreover, under Theodoric, who, though nominally an Arian, was practically a free-thinker, Catholics were never persecuted; and it is no wonder if the Gauls, and especially the family of Avitus, outraged by the murder of their countryman and kinsman, felt their allegiance to Rome wonderfully slackened.

Some steps toward revolt were certainly taken, but they proved abortive; and in 458, Majorian, the first and the ablest of the Emperors whom Ricimer made, came to Lyons, and Sidonius, then quite in disgrace, at the age of twenty-seven took the hint of a friend that it might be a politic thing for so ready a writer to compose a panegyric on the new ruler. A second panegyric was accordingly produced, and though we cannot fancy the composition of it to have been other than a bitter task, reviving, as it must have done, all the memories of that brief season of triumph at the capital and its tragical close, yet it must be confessed that no evidence of any such sentiment appears in the text. There is, perhaps, a covert allusion to the past in the fact that Majorian's eulogy is carefully measured out to exactly the same length — six hundred and three lines — as that of Avitus, at which point it concludes with decided abruptness.

Majorian, however, was apparently quite satisfied. He not only relieved Sidonius from disgrace, but showed him distinguished favor. During the ensuing months, while the imperial court was at Arles, Sidonius was in frequent attendance, and proved himself an accomplished courtier. All his life through he remembered those days with peculiar complacency, and fully ten years later he describes with the greatest gusto a duel of words between himself and one Pæonius, which took place at Majorian's table, and how he won the imperial host entirely to his side, and came off triumphant.

Everything now seemed to smile on Sidonius. The Emperor made much of him; Petrus, Majorian's secretary, being himself a clever writer, had a fellow-feeling, and a very kindly one, for the young poet; Magnus, the prætorian prefect, was interested in him as the school-fellow of his own sons, Probus and Magnus Felix; and he also found a former acquaintance in that famous Egidius who was shortly after appointed by Majorian *magister militiæ*, and went away to perform those feats of arms in the North by virtue of which he became the Comte Gilles of early French legend.

But Sidonius's dreams of distinction under Majorian were as quickly and rudely dispelled as those had been which he cherished along with Avitus. In August, 461, Majorian was dethroned and put to death by the agency of Ricimer, who raised up to take his place one Severus, of whom little save his name is known. During the reign of this insignificant princeling, Sidonius lived quietly in the country, as he had done in the first years after his marriage. He made his home at Avitacum, an estate which was dearer to him, so he says, as the patrimony of his wife, than those even which came to him from his own father. Shut in among the hills lay the villa, where the valets dozed all day in the antechamber, and the flight of time was marked only by the varying sounds of the animal world: chirping of crickets at noon, croaking of frogs at dusk; at midnight, the cries of geese and swans, and the crowing of cocks; the hoarse caw of the rooks, when the first faint streaks of dawn appeared in the east; and as day broke, the song of the nightingale and the swallow.

A charming retreat, indeed, where he and his people lived in so great amity that he was afraid the friend to whom he sends his elaborate description might attribute this concord not so much to the blessing of God as to some fairy charm.

This villa of Avitacum was situated in the neighborhood of what is now Clermont-Ferrand, and was then that capital of the Arverni which the proverbial schoolboy knows to his cost as the seat of the valiant Vercingetorix, and which had given the great Cæsar a vast deal of trouble. Auvergne was now to show itself equally stubborn in its adherence to the Roman rule. They were a conservative race, those partially Romanized Gauls; the pagan temples had still their handful of worshipers, and it was more than suspected that even Druid rites were annually practiced in certain remote and shady spots. Still, the vast majority of the population was of course Christianized, and the bishops of the Orthodox Catholic Church in Gaul were, as a rule, remarkably able men.

With certain of these higher ecclesiastics Sidonius became well acquainted, during his years of retirement, although his friendship with the saintly Lupus of Troyes was probably of an earlier date. Lupus had done for his own city what Leo had done for Rome, — he had averted the descent of Attila by the mere power of his personality. Raised to the bishopric in 427, he was already regarded as the patriarch of the Gallic Church, and he entertained an almost fatherly fondness for Sidonius.

So for four years, or until the age of thirty-four, the twice-disappointed courtier lived that life of a Roman provincial of which Salvian has left so vigorous, if sensational, a picture, — a life which in many of its fashions remained curiously pagan. Crowds attended the games which were still held in the arenas, and pieces were produced at the theatres of which the subjects were taken almost without exception from heathen mythology.

The complicated machinery of Roman government was also maintained after a sort, and the burden of it fell with crushing weight on that class whose

well-being is most of all essential to the prosperity of a country, — the small proprietors. Taxes were so high as to be impossible of payment, and men were forced to become the serfs of some powerful lord, in order to find the means of subsistence for themselves and their families. But Sidonius and his cultivated circle appear to have taken this state of things quite as a matter of course. Not the least striking of his letters is that in which he recounts his successful intercession on behalf of a certain Turnus.

The father of this young man had borrowed a considerable sum of money at twelve per cent., and the debt was of so long standing that the original amount had doubled. The debtor was unable to pay, and, being apparently on his death-bed, he appealed to Sidonius to use his good offices with the creditor, one Maximus, for some abatement of the claim.

At considerable inconvenience to himself, Sidonius made a *détour* by the villa of Maximus, when *en route* for Toulouse, and it is to Turnus that he writes to tell of his success.

“When I arrived,” he proceeds, “Maximus himself came out to meet me. I had seen him in the old days, erect in body, brisk of pace, cheery of voice, and alert in expression, but his present appearance was very different. The man’s dress and walk, his complexion, speech, and downcast eye, all breathed religion. So did his close-cropped hair, his flowing beard, his three-legged stools, his hair-cloth portières, his featherless bed, his table devoid of purple covering, his hospitality at once kind and frugal, more abundant in vegetables than in meats; for if any particularly dainty *plat* was brought in, it was intended as an indulgence for his guests, not for himself.

“When we rose from table, I took occasion privately to inquire of those present which of the three orders he had

entered. Had he become monk, priest, or penitent? They told me that he had just assumed the bishopric, which had been forced on his unwilling acceptance by his admiring fellow-citizens.”

Sidonius now obtains a private interview, falls on his old friend’s neck, congratulates him on his new honors, and then introduces his especial business. To continue in his own words: —

“I presented the petition of your father; I alleged his necessity; I deplored his extremity, which would seem all the more grievous to his friends were he to be loosed from the body while still bound by debt. I begged him to be mindful both of his new profession and of his old acquaintance, and to appease by ever so slight a concession the barbarous insistence of the clamorous sheriffs. Should the sick man die, I entreated a year’s respite for his heirs; should he recover, as I still hoped he might, a little indulgence for himself, that, weakened by illness, he might have a clear space for convalescence.”

Sidonius was yet pleading, when Maximus burst into tears, and, in a broken voice, yielded all, and more than all, which the advocate had hoped. He abated the interest of the debt, and granted a year’s delay in the payment of the principal; and the letter concludes quaintly with some rather plain advice to Turnus to lose no time in paying the original sum, and thanking Maximus for his great generosity.

“For,” says Sidonius, with the involuntary and very naive cynicism which belonged peculiarly to himself, “when a man like that holds a note, and remits the half where he might exact the whole, if there be any further delay, he feels himself justly offended, and exacts once more that which he had conceded through pious compassion.”

The picture of Maximus is not altogether an attractive one to modern eyes, but Sidonius was ever tolerant and easy in his judgments. Most of the things

that people did seemed quite natural to him.

High and difficult moral standards did exist in a few select souls, and Sidonius recognized the fact and respected the individuals, but it was not to such that his sympathies went out most heartily. "I'll tell you a secret," he wrote, years later, to the Bishop of Vaisons. "I look up to those extremely austere men, and, conscious of my own imbecility, I bear with meekness their severity toward myself; but the fact is that such manners make me feel my inferiority more than they invite my confidence."

Yet it should be said in his honor that, however little disposed to idealize his fellow-beings, he was absolutely staunch and loyal, never deserting a friend in misfortune, though laughing at himself, sometimes, for the softness and impolicy of his own behavior. Of this disposition he affords us a striking example in the year 457; but to make the circumstances clear, a few words must once more be given to the political situation.

In August, 465, the phantom Emperor Severus had ceased to be, and his death was followed by an interregnum of sixteen months. At the end of this time, Ricimer, having balanced the advantages to be derived from alliances with Constantinople and with Carthage, decided in favor of the former, and, with the aid and sanction of the Emperor Leo, raised to the purple Anthemius, in whose veins, as it chanced, ran the blood both of Eastern and Western Emperors. The arrangement seemed to promise fairly enough. It was Leo's interest to support it, and Ricimer was thought to be bound by his betrothal to the daughter of the new ruler.

So Anthemius, then in command of the Hellepontic fleet, which had been ordered to watch the proceedings of Genseric, set out for Rome, and on April 12, 457, three miles from the city gates, he was met by a huzzaing multi-

tude, who hailed him Emperor. The news of his elevation, when it reached Auvergne, found the dispositions of Sidonius and his party very unlike what they had been ten years before. Their then lukewarm loyalty to Rome had been rekindled into an ardent flame. Two events had helped to bring about this change. One was the rapid growth of the Burgundian power, which had by this time overrun all that portion of modern France which lies east of the Rhone, except the department of Var and that small tract of debatable land ceded by Piedmont in 1859, and now known as the Alpes Maritimes. Theodoric, the long-haired and clear-featured, had been murdered, and succeeded by his brother Euric, a no less able ruler, but in one important respect a very different man. All religions had been much alike to Theodoric, but Euric was a fiercely proselyting Arian, and there could be no question in the mind of any good Catholic of tamely handing over Auvergne to his tender mercies.

Meanwhile, no suspicion that they were not altogether free agents appears even yet to have dawned upon the Auvergnats. They thought it best to send an embassy to their new master in Rome, and they appointed Sidonius its chief; and verily a more willing envoy never undertook a mission.

Full particulars concerning his journey were sent back to his friend Heronius; and however interesting these may have been at the time, they are at least equally so to-day.

Sidonius begins by frankly congratulating himself on having made his trip at the public charge, and by the admirably managed government post. He crossed the Alps, descending by Lago Maggiore, where he embarked on the Ticino, following the course of that river down to its confluence with the Po, and afterward the latter as far as Ravenna, where he had probably expected to find the court.

The city made a profound and inef-faceable impression upon Sidonius, and it is strange indeed to compare his description with one's own memories. "I hardly know," writes the Gaul, "whether to say of the Via Cæsaris that it separates or connects the old city and the new port;" and as we read of the broad and busy highway from a great capital to its principal mart, the vision arises of a lonesome, narrow rural road, leading between level rice-fields, miles away from the gray and shrunken town of Ravenna, to a majestic and solitary basilica.

Wonderfully imposing in its absolute isolation stands San Apollinare in Classe, and deserted of all save the bones that moulder in its immemorial sarcophagi, and the white-robed figures in fadeless mosaic that walk in radiant procession around its inner wall; and our sensitive Sidonius would have felt a pang of mingled pride and sorrow, could he have known that the very last relic of the rich and teeming port at which he marveled would have recalled, by its dedication to a local saint, his own half-pagan name.

That silent church is literally all that remains of Cæsarea or of Classis. The Adriatic has long since receded from the line where its billows broke before the curious eyes of the stranger from Auvergne, and on the tract of land thus lifted a mighty pine forest, beloved of many a poet, both before and since the days of Dante, has risen, and flourished, and decayed, until now, across the shadeless, flowery waste, only the faintest thread of blue can be discerned upon a distant horizon.

A sense of something *funeste* about the situation and prospects of Ravenna seems to have preyed even upon the mind of Sidonius. "You must think ill of your native town indeed," he writes in his lively fashion to Candidianus, "if you find yourself happy in being exiled to Ravenna, where a loquacious troop

of hopping frogs accompanies your steps through the town, while your ears are pierced by the mosquitoes of the Po. All the laws of nature are reversed in that quagmire: walls fall and waters rise; towers rock and ships are stationary; sick men walk abroad and doctors lie abed; baths are cold and houses hot; the living are parched with thirst, while the dead go a-swimming; thieves are wide awake and authorities fast asleep; the clergy practice usury, while Syrians sing the office; merchants fight and soldiers trade; old men play at tennis and young men at dice; eunuchs bear arms and barbarians affect literature."

The touch of malaria, which he very likely got at Ravenna, though he credits it to the "pestilential Tuscan country," may have helped to put Sidonius out of humor with the place. At all events, he suffered much from thirst and fever, while he proceeded Romeward by way of Rimini and Fano, noting the historic associations of these places with Julius Cæsar and with Hasdrubal. The act of paying his devotions at the basilica which then occupied the site of St. Peter's sufficed, however, for his complete cure, and he established himself in lodgings where he might rest and recruit, until the commotion attendant upon Ricimer's marriage should have subsided.

A few days later he takes up the thread of his narrative, not, as the reader of to-day fondly hopes, to tell of the aspect of Rome as he beheld it, but to describe how he had succeeded in obtaining the Emperor's ear; how, with the help of a friend, he had gone over a list of the senators, and satisfied himself that, "with all due respect to the others, only two were really worth cultivating, — Avienus and Basilius. Now the former was the easier of access, but he had a large family connection, ready to snap up all the favors which came in his way, so the sage Sidonius decided, while keeping on friendly terms with

him, to pay his more particular court to Basilius; and the old senator soon procured for his new-found friend an opportunity of delivering a panegyric of Anthemius in the presence of the Emperor himself.

Once again, therefore, Sidonius was fain to trundle forth the dilapidated old Olympian machinery, and to grind out five or six hundred hexameters, which "may or may not have been thought good work," as he naively says, "but at all events got the reward thereof;" for Anthemius appointed him prefect of Rome. "By the aid of Christ and the use of my pen," as he piously puts it, "I am come to the prefecture;" and very happy he was made for the moment by this big piece of preferment.

Yet to condemn Sidonius as a mere office-seeker, on the strength of a letter like this, would be most unfair. There is another, dating from his very last days of worldly prosperity, which puts him before us in a different light.

"I cannot disguise the fact," he writes from Rome, "that the fall of Arvandus preys heavily on my mind." Now Arvandus had been prætorian prefect of Gaul, and had come to Rome to stand his trial for maladministration there. The province was represented by three prosecutors, Thaumastus, Petronius, and Ferreolus. We have already made the acquaintance of the last, as the possessor of the wonderful library. Thaumastus was cousin to Sidonius; Petronius was his old friend. But Arvandus had been his friend as well, and though he was indubitably guilty, both of extortion and *lèse-majesté*, Sidonius could not find it in his heart to desert him.

When, however, in company with a fellow-noble, he waited on the accused with expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance, the unhappy man turned on them furiously, and with many abusive epithets ordered them out of his presence. They departed more sad than angry. "For where," says Sidonius, "is

the doctor who loses his temper every time an access of rage seizes upon a madman?"

He sorrowfully watched the case to its inevitable conclusion, by sentence of death against Arvandus; and then, when the criminal had been relegated to the Isola Tiberina to await his execution, he once more came forward, and exerted all his influence to have the penalty at least commuted to one of exile. "But in any case," our good Sidonius adds gloomily, "whether he suffer the extreme penalty of the law or only anticipate it, if, after all the insults and humiliations he has undergone, he can find death more terrible than life, he seems to me the most wretched of men." What the fate of Arvandus really was we do not know.

Sidonius retained his office of prefect for one year only. He found its duties very onerous, particularly that of provisioning the city, with the assistance of the *præfectus annonæ*; and he was glad, at the end of a twelvemonth, to exchange his prefecture for the patriariate. Shortly afterward, perceiving on the political horizon the unmistakable signs of freshly gathering storm, he returned to Gaul, abandoning once again, and this time definitively, his hopes of political advancement.

He arrived to find Lyons the Burgundian capital, and very unpleasant to the traveled patrician was the barbarian crowd which jostled him in the streets of his native city, nor was he slow to express his disgust. To a request for an epithalamium he replies in rollicking hendecasyllabics, to the effect that he cannot write a six-foot measure with a seven-foot savage standing over him, after which he proceeds to a very unflattering description of the personal habits of the new-comers.<sup>1</sup> A satirical skit of this kind may have obtained

<sup>1</sup> These lines have been rendered with admirable spirit in the second volume of Italy and her Invaders, by Thomas Hodgkin.

a succès d'estime among the outraged Lyonnais, but was not very likely to ingratiate its author with his new masters; and indeed it must have been a sore trial to a man of refinement to have to share his private possessions (for such had been the strange terms of the surrender of the province) with some one of these unsavory intruders. Erelong, therefore, our friend shook the dust of Lyons from his feet, and returned to Auvergne, most probably to Avitacum, where he occupied himself with the congenial task of editing a volume of his own poems. In so doing, he yielded, as he informs us (the old story!), to the entreaties of his friends, and especially of Magnus Felix. His selection consisted of twenty-four poems, of which eight, comprising about half the bulk of the volume, are made up of his three panegyrics, with their accompanying apologies and dedications. Of these he reverses the chronological order, placing that of Anthemius first, and that of Avitus last.

Then follows his apology to Magnus Felix for the quality of his verse; wherein he takes about three hundred and fifty lines in which to enumerate the subjects he has *not* treated, and the authors he has *not* presumed to emulate ("Quos multo minor ipse plus adoro"); and he concludes with a sentiment which, though not precisely original, obtains our warmer assent, perhaps, for the dreariness of the waste which had preceded it: "The things a man knows are never so many as those of which he is ignorant."

Many a time and oft we are tempted to wish that Sidonius had known less! The greatest poets test our patience by their catalogues. Those of Sidonius are well-nigh unbearable.

For information, the longer poems, including the descriptions of Narbonne and Bourg-sur-Mer, may be consulted, but hardly for pleasure. Sidonius is a great deal better in his less ambitious efforts. Some of his epigrams are neat-

ly turned, and the artificiality which is ingrain in the man's style is much less annoying here than in his familiar letters. The quatrain which accompanied his gift of a brace of fish is not without grace in the original:—

"Four fishes were caught on my hooks last night:

Two are for thee, O friend of mine!  
The larger two by the better right,  
For more than half of my heart is thine."

A single specimen must also be given of his graver and sweeter manner; the rather because, in the basilica "reared by the zeal of Bishop Patiens," he has portrayed for us a typical Christian church edifice of the fifth century, like many still existing at Ravenna, or like San Lorenzo fuori le Mura, and one or two others at Rome. The lines may be thus rendered:—

#### THE BASILICA.

All ye who love our Patient priest and father,  
Come and admire, with me, his finished task;  
Here pay your vows, and in his temple gather  
The boon ye ask.

Afar it shines, and, with no shade of turning,  
So justly set upon its lofty place,  
The sunrise of the equinoctial morning  
Strikes it, full face.

Enter, and all the dusk begins to glimmer,  
And all the lacquered ceiling to unfold,  
Beckoning the errant sun-rays where they shimmer,  
Gold upon gold.

Many-hued marbles lend their changing lustre  
To chapel, floor and window. Beings bright  
Tread the green-jeweled grasses wherein cluster  
Blue flowers of light.

Threefold the lofty porch, in all the glory,  
Fitly arrayed, of Aquitanian stone;  
Threefold again the atrium's inner doorway;  
And far, far on,

The eye that follows where the light is purest,  
Down the long nave, beholds on either hand  
The stems and foliage of a marble forest  
Arise, expand.



Foot-fall and hoof-fall, on the highway ringing,  
 Are answered from the river by the long  
 Cadence of creaking oars; and boatmen, sing-  
 ing,

Respond the song

Of chanting choirs who hymn the Christ be-  
 loved.

Sing on, ye travelers of all climes and seas!  
 Here is the home ye seek, the way approvèd,  
 Whose end is peace.

The poetical gift of Sidonius, such as it was, appears exactly to have suited the taste of his generation, and compliments on his collection poured in from all quarters. But it was not as a poet any more than as a courtier that he was destined to be longest remembered.

Accustomed as we are to the spiritual *retours* and sudden acts of self-dedication which ever characterize an age of general upheaval and disaster, there seems at first sight something unusually abrupt about the transformation of Sidonius from a literary *dilettante* and glass of Roman fashion into the character in which we find him next. A little reflection will mitigate our surprise, and make the turn of events which raised him to the episcopate appear quite natural.

He was widely beloved for his many amiable qualities; he had shown great energy in resisting the encroachments of the Arian Euric; his fellow-citizens of Auvergne, on the death of their bishop in 472, felt themselves to be in a peculiar and painful sense as "sheep without a shepherd," and their unanimous choice fell upon Sidonius to succeed him. His case was not unlike that of the sainted Ambrose in Milan, and there is no reason to doubt that the *nolo episcopari* which our friend so earnestly professed was quite as sincere as that of his great exemplar. Sidonius had seen much, both at Rome and Ravenna, of the deceitfulness of earthly glory. An unaffected patriotism helped him to overcome his personal scruples, and at the age of forty-one he was ordained, and inducted into what nearly corresponds with the modern see of Clermont.

The step meant, for him, a radical change of life: the renunciation of a thousand darling indulgences, the assumption of heavy, and at the first ungenial, duties. But his resolution once taken, he accepted its consequences manfully. Not the least of his sacrifices must have been the necessity of confining himself for the future to Christian literature and religious composition; yet such was the rule which he evidently adopted, admitting only occasional exceptions. Once or twice he was persuaded to transcribe an old poem (and one sees that he was always flattered by the request), or even to compose a few lines, where, however, martyrs replace his old pagan favorites, and his tropes and puns and similes appear sadly constrained. He fasted so severely as to endanger his health, and his bounty was almost too lavish. Gregory of Tours quaintly chronicles how once he even sold his table-silver, and gave the proceeds to the poor, to the horror of his wife. "Quod illa, cum cognosceret, scandalizabatur."

Nor were the duties which he assumed of a purely religious character, for a Gallic bishop of that day was, by virtue of his office, a member of the town council, which managed the temporal affairs of his city.

Now, in 472, Euric was preparing a fierce campaign against Auvergne. He coveted the fruitful, pleasant province, all that was yet lacking to enable him to realize the old Visigothic dream of a kingdom bounded by the ocean, the Pyrenees, the Rhone, and the Loire; and the Auvergnats, cut off from all direct communication with Rome, from whose enfeebled arms little aid was in any case to be expected, had only their own forces on which to rely for resisting the Visigothic invasion.

Into this cause the new bishop flung himself with great fervor, impelled by every motive, both religious and political; for one had but to glance at the south-

ern provinces in order to be enlightened as to the lot of Euric's Catholic subjects. Bishops and lesser priests were put to death with cruel tortures, and their sees suffered to lie vacant.

"All is neglect," writes the Bishop of Clermont, "in those deserted dioceses. You may see the very roofs of the churches crumbling and falling in, the doors torn from their hinges, the approaches to the basilicas choked with briars and thorns. The very flocks, alas, not only lie down in the open courts, but browse upon the verdant drapery of the grass-grown altars. Nor is it the rural parishes alone that are desolate. Even in the city churches, people assemble more and more rarely."

But the soul of Sidonius was not daunted by these calamities. From this time onward he has no thought but for the good of his province and the good of his church. In one or two of the letters of this year we detect a slight tone of wistfulness; he hopes that his change of condition may not have lost him this or that old friend; but it is evident that his conduct will no more be influenced by any such private consideration. In his epistles he appears the same kindly, tolerant, humorous, extremely sensitive mortal as of old, changed in one respect only: now he lives no longer to himself, and we find in him a clear perception of duty and a single-mindedness in fulfilling it which are very touching. So simple and matter of fact, so entirely unstudied and unpretending, is his own story of these days as half to blind us to the rare disinterestedness of his conduct.

When the metropolitan see of Bourges became vacant by the death of Eulodius, and the bishops of Berry and Auvergne were summoned to choose a successor, Sidonius Apollinaris was one of the three who alone responded to the appeal, and the choice he made of Simplicius, a son of the late bishop, was in all respects admirable. He has left three letters on

the subject: the first probably a circular one, addressed to all his fellow-bishops; a short note to Euphronius, who in connection with Patiens, Bishop of Lyons, the builder of the basilica, had pursued a very similar policy to his own in filling the see of Châlons; and a third to the Bishop of Tours, inclosing the inaugural address which he delivered, and which gives a minute account of all the proceedings. This last, he assures his friend with pardonable pride, was composed "in two watches of a summer night."

Occupied by his new duties, he had not found time to acknowledge to Claudian Mamert his dedication of the *De Statu Animæ*, but when reminded by the author of his neglect he pulled himself together, and quite outdid himself in that mingling of puns and praises which was considered the crowning charm of his literary style:—

"Here are words new because they are old, a style in comparison with which that of the ancients appears ridiculously antiquated; and what is better still, all this fine diction, equally cadenced and flowing, as amply illustrated as closely reasoned, seeming to suggest more than it says. By comparison with the holy Fathers, Claudian is Jerome for instruction, Lactantius for destruction, Augustine for construction. He exalts himself like Hilary, abases himself like John, reproves like Basil, consoles like Gregory, has the fullness of Orosius with the restraint of Rufinus, narrates like Eusebius, provokes like Paulianus, perseveres like Ambrose."

On the merits of Claudian's book we need not linger, nor tell how, in confuting the errors of Faustus, he fell into others of his own. It would lead us into the dreary maze of semi-pelagianism, a heresy more than usually unintelligible. Neither Saint-Simon nor Sainte-Beuve has succeeded in making quite clear to the average mind the story of Port Royal. Let us follow the example

of Sidonius, and avoid the fifth-century phase of the endless antagonism between grace and free-will. It is more interesting to note that after Sidonius has finished his praises of *De Statu Animæ*, he has something cordial to say of a certain hymn of his friend's composition which has been reasonably identified with the noble

“ Pange, lingua, gloriosi  
Prælium certaminis,”

which still holds its place in the Roman Catholic ritual.

With many of his fellow-bishops Sidonius carried on a brisk correspondence, after his elevation, and it is like him to have included in his own collection of letters three to Græcus, Bishop of Marseilles, of which Amantius was the bearer. The first is a graceful note of introduction and recommendation of the young Amantius, — an *epistola formata*, such as every cleric took with him on a journey, and which constituted a kind of passport to the bishops, who alone understood the cipher which such missives invariably contained. The bearer is described, in this instance, as a youth, poor, but of unspotted integrity, who has failed in business, and for whom Sidonius hopes that employment may be found at Marseilles. In the second he recounts with equal candor and animation what a dire mistake he had made about Amantius: how he had just discovered that the youth had begun life by running away from home; how he had next succeeded in capturing an heiress, by judicious presents to herself and flatteries of her widowed mother; and how this good lady,\* having discovered that she had a beggarly fortune-hunter for a son-in-law, was moving heaven and earth to get the marriage annulled.

Two years passed before Sidonius wrote again, and within this time events had moved rapidly. Anthemius and Ricimer were dead, and Glycerius and Olybrius had each sat for a little on the

throne of the Cæsars, now occupied by Julius Nepos. In Gaul, Auvergne, desperately resisting, under the leadership of Ecdicius, the able and popular brother-in-law of Sidonius, had beaten back the Visigothic advance; and during the brief truce — for peace it could hardly be called — which followed this victory, Sidonius went to Lyons, possibly to try and induce the Burgundian king to come to the aid of the Auvergnats. Here he learned that Ecdicius, for his very signal services, had been raised to the patriciate by Julius Nepos, and hastened to impart the tidings to Papianilla. This is the only letter to his wife which he seems to have thought it worth while to preserve; perhaps for the very reason that the rest are of too intimate a nature. “A good wife, certainly, but the very best of sisters,” he calls her, when congratulating her on her brother's advancement. On the whole, we must conclude that their relation, though pleasant, was not especially sympathetic. That he could appreciate the charms of a community of intellectual interests between man and wife we see from the letter to his friend Hesperius on the occasion of the latter's marriage. He reminds him how Martia held the light (“*candelas et candelabra*”) for Hortensius to read by, and Terentia for Cicero, and Calpurnia for Pliny, and Pudentilla for Apuleius, and Rusticeana for Symmachus. He even mentions, further on, the joint compositions of Catullus and Lesbia, — but this was in his carnal days.

Returning from Lyons to Auvergne about the time of the new year (475), and finding Ecdicius away and the inhabitants torn by dissensions, Sidonius besought Constantius to come to his aid. This able priest — the same to whom are addressed the dedication and epilogue of the first seven books of letters, and the epilogue of the eighth — succeeded in restoring the citizens to something like unanimity, and they set about preparing for the siege with which they

were threatened by Euric, for the opening of spring.

During the interval of suspense, Sidonius wrote to his old friend Magnus Felix, in the hope of obtaining further information about the fate in store for them, but Felix had no good news to give. Winter passed and spring came, and still their uncertainty continued. Sidonius now entreated Ecdicius, if he had ever loved Auvergne, to return thither without delay. "You never were so needed as now," he emphatically says: and, accompanied by a handful of Burgundian troops, Ecdicius accordingly came, while Euric and his great army were daily expected.

Suddenly an incredible rumor fills the air: Auvergne has been surrendered, — basely surrendered to the Visigothic king. The report is only too soon confirmed, and presently come the names of the bishops appointed to draw up and determine the articles of the treaty. Græcus of Marseilles was first on the list, and now it was that Amantius carried to the Mediterranean the third letter of the Bishop of Clermont, — a fiery epistle, which shows its author at his manliest: —

"Is this to be our reward for famine and fire, sword and pestilence, blades fattened on the blood of the slain, and warriors wasted by hunger? Was it in the hope of this most noble peace that we fed on herbage torn from the crevices of the walls, poisoned over and over again in our ignorance by the unwholesome grasses, which, heedless of the character of leaf or stalk, we snatched with our bloodless fingers? After testing our devotion thus often and severely, you will throw us over, as I hear! I pray that you may come to be ashamed of this treaty, — both useless and unseemly. You are the medium of negotiation. It devolves on you, in the absence of the Emperor, to settle certain points on your own responsibility, — not merely to ratify decisions already made.

Pardon me if I tell unpleasant truths. I do it in sorrow rather than in spite. You take little heed of the public good, and in the sittings of this commission have seemed less anxious to avert public dangers than to advance private fortunes; and this, moreover, has been your regular practice for so long a time that you, who were once the first of us provincials, are in danger of becoming the last. How long is this sort of thing to go on? What will become of the glory of our ancestors, if they are to have no descendants? I beseech you, by all the means in your power, to break off this disgraceful negotiation. We have not shrunk, thus far, from siege, or battle, or famine; nay, we have gloried in them! But if we, whom force could not conquer, are to be given up, it will certainly be because you have made some infamous compact with the barbarians.

"But why do I give way to this excessive grief? Pardon the violence of my expressions. Other provinces, when they are surrendered, expect servitude; Auvergne has to anticipate torture. If, indeed, you cannot help us in our extremity, pray, at least, that our stock may survive, though our liberties perish. Prepare a refuge for the exile, a ransom for the captive, a meal for the wanderer. If our gates are to be opened to the enemy, let not yours be closed against the guest.

"Deign to remember me, Lord Pope."

The conventional ending is almost amusing. One would fancy that Græcus was in little danger of forgetting his caustic correspondent. He must, at least, have recalled him to mind when, a few years later, Marseilles, in its turn, was handed over to the Gothic king.

The letter of Sidonius had no practical result. Auvergne was definitely given up to Euric; and no demands were made, so far as we know, on the hospitality of Bishop Græcus. Many of the Auvergnats left their homes, — among others Ecdicius, who went to the

Burgundian court, which he seems to have exchanged, a few years later, for the see of Vienne, — but Sidonius was not of the number who fled. He stayed with his flock; and he and they seem alike to have received better treatment than they had expected. Victorius, Count of Auvergne, under Euric, exercised an abler, and at the same time kindlier, rule than that of the Roman governors to whom they had been subject of late. Sidonius was quit for two years' imprisonment in the fortress of Livia, near Bordeaux; disagreeable enough, according to his account, but doubtless mitigated, as well as abbreviated, by the good offices of his friend Leo, minister of Euric. There are hints, indeed, that the reality of imprisonment was concealed beneath the veil of a mission. Be this as it may, he was back in Auvergne before the close of 477, and had resumed, as nearly as possible, his former way of life.

The old duties awaited him, but not the old pleasures. He was oppressed by a sense of estrangement from the companions of his youth. The fact of living under a different government appeared to divide him from them, as he had never been divided before. He almost hesitates about writing, even to as early and fast a friend as Magnus Felix, and the ceremonious opening of his last letter is, in view of the circumstances, peculiarly pathetic: "It is a long while since I have written to you, my lord, and many years since you have written me. I could not venture on my old frequency of correspondence, when under the ban of exile and far away from the borders of my country."

He had dwelt, in earlier and happier times, on the possibility of friendship between those who had never met. Let us at least hope that he proved in these declining days that love can outlast absence.

It distresses him to see the Latin tongue neglected and steadily declining,

after the change of rulers; and his warmest words of praise are for those who cling to the old cultured speech, and try to impart a knowledge of it to others.

There is no hint of any attempt having been made to throw off the Gothic yoke when once it had been accepted. Return to the Roman Empire was impossible, for the simple reason that the Empire of the West had ceased to be, and a barbarian king ruled even in Italy.

One does not wonder, in view of all the changes he had seen, that, though not yet fifty, Sidonius felt himself to be old. The requests of his friends that he would undertake this or that literary task were gently put aside, on the plea that his energy was exhausted, and he felt the time had come for him to devote the scanty leisure he could spare from his episcopal work to pious reading and thoughts of eternity. He did consent, however, to edit his letters, and put forth in rapid succession the first seven books.

Here, then, is perhaps the best place in which to say a few words of his literary style, which grates unpleasantly on our ears, no doubt, with its countless affectations, its pompous exaggerations, and wearisome and somewhat perfunctory *jeux de mots*. The utmost which can be said in its defense is, that such was the artificial fashion of his age, and that, after all, he is more readable than most of his correspondents. Here are two specimens from contemporary writers which will illustrate the prevailing manner. The first is from a congratulatory letter of Lupus of Troyes, on Sidonius's appointment to the bishopric; the second from Claudian Marnert.

"As for me, who loved you so much when you were intent on the barrenness of this world, what, think you, is the measure of my love, now that you are intent on the fruitfulness of Heaven? I

am sinking, and my dissolution is at hand ; but I shall not consider that I am wholly dissolved, for, held in solution, I shall live in you, and I leave you in the Church. I rejoice in putting off this body, since you have put on the ecclesiastical habit, and are put on the ecclesiastical rolls."

Thus Lupus, and thus writes Claudian to Sapaudus, a rhetorician of Vienne, to whom one of Sidonius's epistles is addressed : —

"For I see that Romans not only neglect, but are ashamed of, the Roman speech ; that grammar, like a barbarian woman, is knocked about by the foot and fist of barbarism and solecism ; that logic is feared as though she were an Amazon, her sword drawn ready for battle ; that rhetoric, like a *grande dame*, is unwelcome in narrow quarters ; that, in truth, music, geometry, and arithmetic are regarded with as much horror as if they were three furies ; and, finally, that even philosophy is considered as a beast of ill omen."

Surely Sidonius himself does not quite so ruthlessly sacrifice sense to sound ! And though this style may not appeal to the present generation, who knows but it may precisely suit the taste of the next ? Something very similar was quite the correct thing in France when Voiture wrote to the Abbess of Gères : —

"Madame, j'étais déjà si fort à vous que je pensais que vous deviez croire qu'il n'était pas besoin que vous me gagnassiez par des presens, ni que vous fissiez dessein de me prendre comme un rat avec un chat. Néanmoins, j'avoue que votre libéralité n'a pas laissé de produire en moi quelque nouvelle affection, et s'il y avait encore quelque chose dans mon esprit qui ne fût pas à vous, le chat que vous m'avez envoyé a achevé de le prendre et vous l'a gagné entièrement. C'est, sans mentir, le plus beau et le plus agréable qui fût jamais. . . . J'y trouve seulement à dire qu'il est de très difficile garde, et que, pour un chat nourri en

religion, il est fort mal disposé à garder la clôture."

To the seven books of letters first published was added, in 481, an eighth, and in 484 a ninth and last. About half of these epistles are dated after the return of Sidonius from Livia ; and one, long and very curious, contains a minute analysis of the character of a certain Lampridius, who had just been murdered by his slaves. The date and manner of the man's death had been accurately foretold by "certain mathematicians of African cities," and Sidonius suggests that his tragic end may have been Heaven's punishment on Lampridius for having endeavored, by illicit means, to discover the duration of his life. One cannot, however, repress a doubt whether the extremely technical description which Sidonius gives of his friend's horoscope could possibly have been written by one who had not himself dabbled in astrology.

The remaining letters of this period are for the most part answers to the demands of his friends, now for verses, now for the elucidation of some literary problem. Sidonius was always pleased by these requests, and gave them courteous attention. He appears to have kept on hand a stock of poems, dating from his secular days, upon which he drew freely, and once or twice he was persuaded to try a fresh bit of metrical composition. He sends some asclepiads to Tonantius Ferreolus, — who had by this time inherited his father's library, — but he accompanies them by the sage reflection that "it is not easy for a man to do anything both well and seldom."

When Prosper, Bishop of Orleans, begged him to write an account of the siege of that city by Attila, and the sublime conduct of Anianus (St. Aignan), Sidonius made an attempt, but found himself unequal to the task. The note of apology which he sent on this occasion contains the only allusion, in all his later correspondence, to his own ecclesi-

astical position. Concerning his family he is equally silent; yet both as a bishop and a father he suffered many trials and humiliations.

Sidonius had but one son, Apollinaris, who must have been about twenty at the time of the cession of Auvergne to Euric. This youth formed a close alliance with Victorius, governor of that region under the Gothic king, — a man who, after a short period of seemingly righteous rule, took a turn for the worse, and began to abuse his position as shamefully as any Roman prefect had ever done. In 480, the Auvergnats rose against him. Victorius, in terror, fled to Odovacer, and Apollinaris the younger was the companion of his flight.

In Rome their conduct was such that they were soon arrested. Victorius was stoned to death, and Apollinaris dispatched to Milan under the guard of a couple of soldiers. He contrived, however, to escape, and return to Auvergne, where he becomes confused with another Apollinaris, and it is impossible to determine which of these two was the second successor of Sidonius in the see of Clermont.

The Church was the refuge of nearly all the great Gallo-Romans of that day. Felix, Ecdicius, Ruricius, one after another followed their old friend's example, but not one of them has left us an account of his latest days.

The cathedral where Sidonius officiated was of great splendor, built by one Namatius: of a cruciform shape, adorned with precious marbles, and filled with the odor of sanctity, which in this case, we are told, resembled the fragrance of spices. Thither, feeling himself to be near his end, the bishop was brought by his own desire, and laid down before the altar, "while a great multitude gathered about him, of men and women, weeping, and loudly saying, amid their tears, 'Why do you desert us, O good shepherd, and to whom will you leave your orphans? How can we live after your

death? Who, after you, can ever so fortify us with the pungency of his wisdom? Who, by the example of his prudence, inspire us with the fear of the name of the Lord?' These and like things said the people, with great lamentation. Then the bishop, filled by the Holy Ghost, answered, 'Fear nothing, O my people! Lo, my brother Aprunculus lives, and he will be your bishop.' They, not understanding, fancied that he spoke in delirium."

He died on the 23d of August, and was buried in the church of St. Saturnin, situated in the suburbs of Clermont, to the south of the city. Hence his remains were translated, in the Middle Ages, to the basilica of St. Genès, destroyed, like so many other churches, in 1794; and with the rest of its treasures vanished the silver coffer containing the relics of Sidonius.

But though we look in vain for any trace of him at Clermont, there is another spot where we shall be more fortunate. From the less traveled of the two roads between Clermont-Ferrand and Mont Dore, about midway of its length, a narrow cart-track turns aside, and leads, after three miles, to a tiny village on the shores of a charming sheet of water.

There is a smiling landscape, a range of mountains on the horizon, vineyards and green pastures in the middle distance, and at your feet a limpid lake with a single island. L'Île de Saint-Sidoine the peasants call it, and they show you his altar in their little church, and in the choir a tablet inscribed in archaic and half-obliterated characters:

HIC ST DVO INNOCENTES † ET S SIDONIUS.

As we slowly spell out this inscription, we become conscious of a wish, lying somewhere very near the heart, that the ashes of our Sidonius may not, after all, have been flung forth upon the wild winds of the Revolution, but rather, by



some kind miracle, gathered here on the spot he loved so well.

For this is the site of Avitacum; this is the lake which lapped the villa walls; the ripples that break upon its further shore "are lucent green with the reflection of overhanging trees," and "the bitterness of the gray-green willows is nourished by the sweet waters," as of old. The landscape is unchanged, but a single bit of tenacious Roman masonry is all that remains of the once grand and spacious villa. That went long since, the way of Sidonius's early dreams, his

political ambitions, his fleeting social triumphs.

He witnessed the last throes of the Roman power, and the Burgundian and the Gothic which replaced it were soon to share its fate. They are French *pay-sans* who live at Avitacum to-day, and they never so much as heard of the perished villa, or its sometime imperial inhabitants. But St. Sidoine is their familiar friend, and we fancy that the thrice-chastened worldling is more than content with his immortality in their humble souls.

H. W. P. & L. D.

## YONE SANTO: A CHILD OF JAPAN.

### XXX.

#### CALAMITY.

As I entered the school, the next morning, I was met at the door by Miss Gibson, whose countenance gave warning of new evils.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"The children are no better," she said, "and Miss Philipson has at last frightened herself into real cholera, I do believe."

"Hardly that, I think; she will not be an easy victim. She has never subjected herself to the regimen of the establishment. Is that all?"

"Alas! that is not all, doctor; I have been greatly to blame. I cannot understand how I could be so thoughtless. I mentioned it to Yone."

"Mentioned what?"

"I told her that Miss Philipson had been taken ill. It was late. The children were mostly at rest, and she—Yone"—

"I see," said I, sternly; "you need tell me no more."

"Don't, doctor, don't!" she implored,

covering her face with her hands. "Heaven knows I foresaw no evil. And even now"—

"Well, child, well," I answered, as I led the way to the sick-rooms; "she would have heard of it from some one, I suppose. And then she is fated; I have always felt that. The long sacrifice of her life can have only one fitting end. So, then, tell me."

"It was about nine o'clock, doctor. I had gone to watch with the children, meaning that Yone should have a good night's rest; and by telling her she would soon be fit for nothing if she allowed herself so little sleep, I persuaded her to leave everything in my hands until the morning. It was only by chance—a miserable, hateful chance—that I spoke of Miss Philipson's attack. The instant I mentioned it I saw the mischief I had done, and tried to make light of the matter; but Yone shook her head, and said, 'No, I must go to her.' I assured her that the younger sister was perfectly well, and could do all that was requisite, but again she said, 'Oh, no, Miss Kezia is not equal to it; I will go.' Then I promised to look after the old

lady myself, watching half the night here and half with Miss Philipson ; but she would listen to nothing."

"You should have known she would not."

"I ought, indeed. Oh, doctor, do not reproach me. If any harm befalls, what shall I do, — what shall I do?"

"And did she pass the night there?"

"She did. I was there every half hour. When I first went in with her, the Philipsons made a pretense of refusing her aid, and then accepted it as if they were bestowing a favor. Yone said not a word, but set about caring for the thankless woman lying in bed. As for that useless Kezia, she sat comfortably in an armchair, taking great praise and glory to herself for staying and tending her dear afflicted sister, whom she never went near, contenting herself with ordering Yone about, until I told her plainly that if she spoke another word in my hearing, I would take her out of the room with my own hands, and lock her up somewhere."

"Ah, my child, if you could have done that with Yone!"

"I did what I could, doctor ; little enough, but my best. I gave her some beef tea, and made her rest at intervals, while I nursed and fanned that impatient creature. Doctor, not all the children together have shown one tenth of the ill-temper, selfishness, — oh, I can't say what, — of that one woman in a single night. At dawn, or just before, I did contrive to get my darling to my own room, promising faithfully to call her if I found things going beyond me. But I fear" —

"What?"

"I fear that the real reason why she consented to go was that she felt her strength was leaving her, and that she could do no more."

"Come," said I, starting forward ; "we have delayed too long."

On entering her chamber, we found Yone sleeping. I looked carefully at

her face, and, while I saw enough to give me deep concern, discovered no trace of that which was most to be feared. Placing on guard a quiet little scholar who was devoted to her, — as which of them was not? — with instructions to run for me the instant she saw signs of waking, I first went the round of the youthful invalids, having reasons for doubting the existence of the extremest peril on Miss Philipson's part, and finally made my way to that lady's apartment.

"Oh, Dr. Charwell," she cried, as soon as she caught sight of me, "at last, thank Heaven, at last! Twice have I been at the point of death, twice at death's very door. Save me, oh, save me!"

"Certainly, madam," said I. "I have come for that express purpose."

"I sent for you, sir, twice, last night. Two separate times, when I felt death stealing upon me, I gave orders that you should be summoned," continued the excited spinster ; "but I suppose you were absent, — absent from home, Dr. Charwell, when the grim spectre was hovering over me."

"Well, madam," I replied, "I am absent from home *now*, for that matter. The grim spectre is hovering over more sick people hereabout than you, perhaps, are aware of ; but still, I do not remember" —

I stopped abruptly at a sign from Miss Gibson, who privately told me that Yone had taken it upon herself to countermand the order, knowing that the case did not then require my attention, and that I needed all the rest I could obtain.

"She thinks of everybody," I whispered to Miss Gibson, "except herself."

"Oh, doctor, tell me, is there any hope for me?" moaned the occupant of the bed.

"I should be glad," I suggested, "to know who looked after you during the night."

"She was well cared for," said the

younger sister. "I was here myself, from the moment the danger declared itself."

"Ah, then," I observed, examining the medicine phials, "so these were measured and administered by your skillful hands, Miss Kezia. Nothing could be more regular."

"Miss Gibson undertook it occasionally," was the reply, every syllable of which sounded like the snapping of a jackdaw's beak.

As the reader knows, I had been made aware of what had passed, but, since it suited my humor that the truth should be drawn from the reluctant couple, I pursued my inquiries relentlessly.

"Then you and Miss Gibson were the only attendants?"

"No, sir, not necessarily," rejoined the now angry Kezia.

"Who were the others? permit me to ask."

"Is it important, Dr. Charwell, that you should know the name of every person who may have happened to be called in during the course of the night?"

"Dr. Charwell," interposed the elder sister, "I insist that you answer my question, instead of continuing this useless catechism. Is my life to be sacrificed in this dreadful devastation, or shall I be spared?"

"You see, madam," I responded, "it is desirable that I know what particular treatment you have been under; and to learn that, I should be informed of the names of your attendants."

"Well, then, do let him know," said the invalid. "There was my sister; and there was Miss Gibson, — very kind indeed of her; and there was that Yone Santo, who seemed determined to come in, — I don't know why; nobody asked her."

"Then I will tell you why," broke in Miss Gibson. "It was because difficult and wearying and thankless work had to be done; and wherever such things

are required, there you will find Yone Santo on the spot."

"Oh, indeed!" sneered Miss Kezia; "and little enough return for the countless blessings that have been showered upon her from this house."

"Come, Miss Philipson," I remarked, taking my hat in hand, "I can afford to waste no more time here. Unless my questions are answered, I shall be obliged to leave you."

"Don't let him go!" screamed the recumbent Sophia. "Tell him all he wants to know, I command you, Kezia. I slept so much that I remember nothing."

"Oh, well!" exclaimed the junior, while tears of spite stood in the corners of her eyes; "after nine o'clock, Yone Santo undertook a great deal of the work."

"After nine o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; after nine."

"And at what hour did the symptoms begin to appear?"

"At what hour? Let me see."

"Shall I tell you?" inquired Miss Gibson.

"No, miss; your interference has already been more than sufficient. It was about nine o'clock, sir."

"Then," said I, "Yone's attention began immediately upon the appearance of the disease. You are trifling with me, ladies. I bid you good-day."

"What do you mean, Kezia?" shrieked the terror-stricken elder. "How dare you disobey me? Tell him the truth at once!"

"Oh, if you wish me to magnify that creature into a saint" —

"Never mind what I wish. I wish to be cured. That is the first thing. Afterward, we can" —

"Very good," hastily interrupted Miss Kezia, whose wits were a little more manageable, for the moment, than those of her confused senior. "Then, if you must know, Yone was here from about

nine last evening, when the illness first showed itself, until sunrise."

"No one else touched the medicines?"

"N—no; unless, perhaps, Miss Gibson."

"I did nothing," said the young lady referred to, "but lend Yone my strong arms once or twice."

"And this excellent friend of ours," I continued, resolved, in my irritation, to push the matter home, "did nothing of any kind, I conclude."

"It was surely needful," Miss Kezia feebly protested, "that *somebody* should superintend the proceedings."

"Precisely, precisely," said I. "And now, Miss Philipson, I will answer the question I would have answered immediately, if your sister had obliged me with the information I have with difficulty extracted. From the moment that I know you were in the hands of Yone Santo, I know also that you are undoubtedly safe, without reference to your sister's capabilities of superintendence. Yone's experience was large, last year, as you ought to remember gratefully. She knows as well as I what needs to be done, and you may count yourself a fortunate woman in having secured a ministration which I don't mind saying, madam, you have not in any degree deserved."

I need hardly remark that the invalid's condition was not such as to excite the least alarm, as in that case I should have taken a more rapid diagnosis. Whatever danger there might have been in the beginning had evidently vanished some hours before; and I was simply enjoying my opportunity of probing for the conscience which these two ladies might be supposed to possess, — an operation which may be pronounced heartless and unmanly, but which I shall not take the trouble to defend, — neither that nor any part of my subsequent conduct toward this earnest-minded and, otherwise gifted couple.

Half an hour later, I was called, by her little guardian, to the chamber in which Yone was reposing. The child confided to me that her kindest of teachers was not so kind as usual, this morning. Instead of telling beautiful stories, as she always could, she kept interrupting the natural flow of her Japanese speech with long sentences in English, and would speak of nothing but furnaces, ovens, and such unpleasant things. I sent the child for Miss Gibson, and made all speed to Yone's bedside.

"You are there, doctor?" she said, smiling faintly. "I was going to dress me, but the atmosphere is so heavy here that I cannot get my strength. It is so warm in this place, close to the stoves; I cannot bear it."

As I brought her some water, Miss Gibson entered.

"Why have they kindled all the fires?" continued Yone, speaking with great rapidity and a slight huskiness of utterance.

"There are no fires, my dear," said Miss Gibson; "there would be none in any case, on this floor."

"Hark, Marian; you will hear the roar of the blaze, as well as feel the heat. Oh, doctor, it is terrible! What will the little sick ones do? I must go and stop it. And see," she exclaimed, glancing at the window, "the sun, the sun itself, is coming near us! What fearful sounds! Dear friends, what is threatening us? Look from the window. That angry, raging sun comes to consume us."

She made a sudden attempt to spring out upon the floor, but, being withheld, covered her face with the bed-clothes, shuddering violently. Miss Gibson gazed at me in speechless horror.

"Yone, hear me," I said firmly. "I can free you from some of your anxieties, but you must put great faith in me. Try to believe everything that I tell you, even if it is hard to do so. Doubt nothing that I say for a little while, no mat-

ter if you fancy I am mistaken, or am misleading you. And you, Miss Gibson, will think of the invalids elsewhere. You will go" —

"No, doctor, no. I shall stay here. Could you think" —

I stopped her with a hasty and violent gesture, pointing also to Yone, whose face was still concealed by the bed-coverings, to indicate that my meaning must be hidden from her.

"You will go," I continued, "and order all the ice that can be purchased, to be carried to the place where you will understand it is *most needed*. Then run across, yourself, to my hospital, select a comfortable litter, send it — no, let my servants bring it, and come you also. But leave instructions to make ready the up-stairs room in the southwest corner. Be here again in less than five minutes."

She was off like the wind.

"Now, Yone," said I, "can you speak with me?"

"Yes, doctor," she answered, cautiously drawing down the coverings. "Is the danger past? Did Marian bring it and take it away? But that is impossible; yet she is gone. Tell me, doctor, what is this dreadful heat?"

She was again speaking rapidly and wildly. My hope was that I could keep my hold upon her reason until our friend should return with the litter, and Yone's rare docility and confidence enabled me to accomplish this, in good part. She realized, at least, that she had overtaken herself, and accepted my assurance that she must rest for a while, without work of any sort. I allowed her to think the interval might be short, in order to cheer her with the hope of speedily resuming her labors.

In less than a quarter of an hour, she was on the way to a more suitable place for treatment. While passing through the street, from one house to the other, she spoke once, in supplicating tones: —

"Doctor — Marian — must I stay in

this burning boat, while you float beside me in the cool water?"

From that moment, for many a day, she uttered no word that could be understood by any listener. Miss Gibson at once dedicated herself to the sufferer, and at first resented the idea of sharing her task of affection with a hired assistant.

"My arms are strong, and my head is clear," she said; "there is nothing I cannot do."

"But your heart is not hard," I told her; "and some exercise of force will probably be needed. No, my child, you must have a professional nurse with you. There is no help for it."

### XXXI.

#### DARK SHADOWS.

The cholera ran its course among us, desolating many a household, and filling the city with gloom. More than one hundred thousand victims were believed to have been sacrificed to the perversity and arrogance of two ruthless agents of foreign oppression. But all traces of the visitation had vanished long before our most cherished patient recovered her reason. And when the light of understanding returned to her countenance, it was with an anxious dread that I beheld the ravages which a violent fever had wrought upon her delicate frame. Marian Gibson, less tutored by experience, was able to contain her joy at what seemed to her the beginning of the recovery only on being warned that Yone must be kept in ignorance of the perilous state to which she had been reduced. Her intellect being fully restored, Marian now became her sole attendant. Indeed, excepting that devoted girl and myself, she saw no one. The thick-witted husband, still terrified by wild visions of cholera, — which disease had never touched Yone at all, — would not

come near her ; and, indeed, his rough presence and coarse speech were not much to be desired in an invalid's chamber.

This was a time when the assistance of Shizu Miura would have been gladly welcomed, but she was already on the way to her new home in a distant land. Deep was the affectionate girl's distress at leaving the companion of her childhood in bodily pain and peril, but Roberts's plans for removal had been definitely arranged before the illness, and could not be set aside without injury to the interests of many parties. He was more touched than I had expected by the harsh necessity which compelled his wife to depart at a period when the mind of her friend and benefactress was clouded, and no intelligent farewell could be given or received. He promised without hesitation that Shizu should be privileged to return, after an interval ; and though the pledge was undoubtedly qualified by mental reservations, the deception was kindly intended, and beneficial in effect.

As the days went on, bringing no gain of strength to Yone, I called for the opinions, one by one, of the fellow-members of my profession, whose earnest and unaffected concern was a true consolation in that afflicted period. The missionary physicians — a set of men loftily elevated, as a rule, above their exclusively religious colleagues in the extreme East — were foremost in proffering their aid, with the magnanimity which is developed, I make no doubt, by their humane vocation, and which rises superior to the intolerance that often accompanies imperfect education. Not a few of these were familiar with the fine spirit and character of my patient, and well knew that her loss would be a grievous bereavement to the sick and poor of her quarter. But they could say little, either in encouragement or the reverse. We could hope only for the healing touch of Nature's comforting

hand, and those whose eyes were keenest saw that, to be effective, this must not be much longer withheld.

Presently we thought it wisest to allow her such simple diversions as befitted her condition, and for several days some of her little favorites from the school were invited to be with her, of an afternoon. She asked for others, who had not been able to struggle through the ordeal of the previous month ; and when we could not answer, the effect was so painful that we deemed the experiment too severe for repetition. But she begged so piteously for her child friends, promising that she would no more be disturbed by the absence of any of them, that they were admitted again, without further discussion.

"Why shall I mind missing those that are gone ?" she said, with a strange expression in her thoughtful eyes ; "it is for such a little time. My doctor knows it will soon be their turn to come to Yone's arms, and then *these* will be the absent ones."

I think, from something which happened a little later, that she would not have spoken thus if Miss Gibson had been present ; but she turned her face to me with a smile of sorrowful meaning, from which I learned for the first time with certainty what the near future had in store for us.

One day the Philipson sisters presented themselves, with an intimation that, if desired, they would favor the sick girl with an interview. I had then determined to defer in everything to Yone's wishes, and on finding that she made no objection, the ladies were admitted, though not with Miss Gibson's cordial concurrence.

"Why, Yone, child," was the salutation of the elder, "how shockingly you look ! Have they taken proper care of you here, I wonder ?"

"Shocking, indeed," said Miss Kezia ; whereupon a sharp glance passed between the pair, foretelling a philological

combat à l'outrance, at the first opportunity, on the question of employing adverbs or adjectives, here represented by "shockingly" and "shocking," in certain familiar forms of expression.

"Not quite such perfect care as Yone took of you, Miss Sophia," remarked Miss Gibson, "but still the best it was in our power to afford."

"I have been treated most kindly," was heard, in Yone's calm, sweet voice; "and of kindness only let us think, if I may ask it. You are welcome here, ladies; it does gladden me that you passed through all danger without harm."

"We are quite well, Yone," Miss Sophia replied, "as I am sure you will be, soon."

"Oh, we are all sure of that!" exclaimed the junior.

But to this our invalid did not incline to respond, although she regarded both the sisters with a pleasant smile.

"Well, we cannot stay long," said Miss Sophia, rising. "I hope, Yone, we are friends?"

"I wish you well, Miss Philipson, with all my heart."

"You know, if I sometimes seemed a little harsh" —

"Do not speak of it, I beg; it has not a place in my thoughts," said Yone.

"It was my religion that compelled me to take a course toward you which I would often have wished to avoid; but you cannot understand that."

"Certainly not," affirmed the second Miss P.; "we do not expect you to."

Yone now turned her lustrous eyes upon them.

"No," she said slowly; "no, truly, I cannot understand that."

"Never mind," rejoined Miss Sophia, glancing quickly at Miss Gibson and myself, — "never mind; we shall see you again, soon, and meanwhile I will pray for your convalescence."

"Do not think of that, madam: there is no need, and your prayers would not avail."

A scared look passed over the elderly woman's face, and her thin, pinched lips trembled as she replied: —

"Why, Yone, you speak as if you hated me. I have always wished to be your friend. And why should my prayers be unheard?"

"I never hated anybody, Miss Philipson. I should be in despair now, if I could remember to have hated anybody. And I thank you for your offer. I should have done that before, but I was thinking how certain it was that no prayers could keep me in this world. And my mind was fixed upon another matter, besides. We are taught, in our faith, that those who are taken away to heaven are permitted to plead for those who are left behind; and if, hereafter, I am not unworthy to be heard, I shall have no such happiness as to recall all the good" —

She was interrupted by a sudden start from Miss Philipson, who, pressing a handkerchief to her lips, moved hastily toward the bed in which Yone lay. What her impulse might have been I never knew. It remained unfulfilled; for after two or three quick steps, she turned about, murmured something the sense of which was obscured by her handkerchief, and hurriedly withdrew from the chamber, pulling her sister after her. If it was a tardy impulse of tenderness, — as to which, indeed, I cannot be sure, — it was checked before it could declare itself; and I have more than enough reason to believe it was held in characteristic restraint forever after.

While Yone was speaking, the color vanished from Miss Gibson's face, leaving it of a death-like hue; and as the visitors departed, she quickly followed them, with an apparent pretense of taking leave outside. Being alarmed for her, I, too, presently followed, and found her alone, in a state of passionate and convulsive grief.

"It is not true, doctor," she sobbed;



"her delirium has returned. There was no meaning in those awful words. Oh, tell me, tell me" —

"If you can be calm, Miss Gibson, you shall know all that I know. But if I may not reckon upon you, where shall I look? To-morrow, I give you my word, I will tell you my true conviction."

"To-morrow! But I shall fear the coming of each day, now. And I, also, have something to tell. Perhaps I should have told before; perhaps, I have thought, I should not tell at all. I have been greatly perplexed, but now you give me new and terrible reasons for deciding quickly."

"Does it concern Yone?"

"Yes, closely, intimately."

"Then I should say — But you will judge best, no doubt."

"Do not be offended, doctor. It is a matter of much difficulty. I have had such anxious hours; but from this moment I am resolved. To-night you shall learn the whole. As soon as I can leave Yone, I will go to your office."

At a later hour she came, bringing news that was indeed unlooked for.

### XXXII.

#### LAST LESSONS.

"Arthur Milton is here!"

My amazement was so great that for a while I could not answer, but stared speechless at her, awaiting further intelligence. As she likewise remained silent, I brought my mind to bear more clearly upon the strange announcement, and to consider what it portended.

"Arthur Milton?" I repeated. "Here again, to witness — Do you mean that he is in this city?"

"I believe so; certainly not far away. I received a letter from him, dated Yokohama, early this morning, — a truly mournful and penitent letter. Doctor,

I do think it would move the most unforgiving spirit. Pray tell me, are you as sure as ever that he has no good quality in him?"

"He has ingenuity, at least. Why did he write to you instead of me, do you suppose?"

"I have been wondering why."

"Then I will tell you. Because he knew his false lamentations could no longer impose upon me, and he thought a woman might be more successfully deluded. Nothing could be easier than for him to learn how intimate you and Yone had become. He would have no difficulty in informing himself about our journey in the country. I'll warrant he urges you to conceal his return, and the fact of his writing, from me."

"You are not altogether right, doctor. He asks me to see him first, and after one interview he is willing — he desires, even — that you shall be told. I wish to be guided solely by what is best for Yone. I think of nothing else. I will leave his letter with you, and to-morrow morning we will consider all its merits, or its faults. But I must ask — more than that, I must demand — to speak and to be heard in this matter. Yone is a woman, my younger sister, — I feel her to be that, and nothing less; and there are things concerning which a woman's loving instinct is more to be trusted than the wisest father's sagacity. Dr. Charwell, we must think and work together, in this."

"God bless you, my child. I ask for nothing better than your generous help; but I beseech you to build no flattering hope on so vain a foundation as Milton's honor or integrity. That is my only warning. And now, good-night."

The letter, as might be expected, was eloquent, pathetic, and eminently calculated to move the compassion of any person not familiar with the writer's loose and vacillating nature. Knowing him as I now did, I nevertheless was struck with its seeming grief and re-

morse. It was most difficult to distrust the genuineness of his emotion — at the time of writing. He had, moreover, some remarkable facts to communicate. He had met his party on their return from Peking to Shanghai, and after a series of vain endeavors to share their pleasures, and a futile struggle to accompany them on their journey through Southern Asia, had gathered together the members of his family, told them — unreservedly, he declared — the story of the past few weeks, and proclaimed his purpose to return to Japan without delay, there to fulfill what he knew was his duty, and to insure the happiness of his life. With no little pains, but yet with less than he anticipated, he had obtained his mother's and his sister's assent, which was not, indeed, indispensable, but which would stand in proof of the honesty of his intentions. At this point, the idea appeared to be conveyed that Mrs. Milton and her daughter were profoundly conscious of the sacrifice about to be made, and had pressed entreaty and remonstrance upon him, until they found his resolution utterly immovable. That was the weak passage in an effusion of which the greater part was distinguished by a touching accent of humility.

In the morning, I found Miss Gibson better prepared than I had hoped for what she had to hear. She listened with all the control she could command while I told her the hour of separation was very near at hand, and found some relief from her anguish in my assurance that Yone's life would end as tranquilly as it had passed, and far more painlessly. We agreed that she should herself decide upon the question of permitting Milton to visit her, as her composure was greater and her judgment, we believed, clearer than our own. And when we submitted it to her, we found that our confidence was justified.

"I told you, doctor, that he must never come to see me again," she said.

"Yes, you remember that. But I did not know what would happen so soon. It is different now. If you are willing, he shall come."

After a few words of explanation, Miss Gibson started for the place where he had said he could be found. Immediately upon her departure, Yone beckoned to me with the pretty Japanese gesture of invitation.

"Please sit beside me, doctor, and let me hold your hand. I am glad we may be alone a little. One thing I wish to say which Marian, perhaps, would not understand; but you, dear friend, understand everything. It is selfish, — oh, I can see very selfish thoughts, if I look to the bottom of my heart, — but it shall be confessed. I must tell you how happy I am to remember that you are not young. You do not need to show me that this is not right. I know, — I know. I love Marian dearly; she has been like a true sister to me, — how beautiful and good! But it is to you I owe everything, — all, all, all the brightness the world has ever contained for me. I can bear to wait for her; but you, my constant help and protection, the guardian of my whole life, the father of my soul, — ah, I have taken such pleasure in hoping we shall be so little time apart. If it is wrong, you will forgive me. You always have forgiven Yone's faults."

"Don't, Yone, — don't speak to me like that. You are stronger than I am, now, my child. Think what I am feeling, and say no more, dear; not just yet, — not just yet."

She took her hand from mine, and, as if wishing to dispel the sad emotions she had awakened, held up the little feeble fingers for my inspection, smiling at the recollection they happened to suggest.

"Do you remember Mrs. Steele?" she said. "Mrs. Steele would not complain of *these* hands. How they once did vex her! She would not scold me now."

"Nor would she ever, if she had a woman's heart."

"Oh, doctor, forgive me, but I think you are hasty to say that. It was a great trouble to her, my untidiness; and she could not know the reason. No, no; I should never mind that. Only, when" —

"Go on, Yone."

"Yes, there is something else. When we were all three together, at Miyano-shita, — oh, those glad days! — I was never so happy, and my thoughts went out joyfully to everybody I had ever known. I wanted to tell them all of my good fortune, my pleasure, how grateful I was. I wrote a letter to Mrs. Steele. I thought she would not be unwilling to hear about the brightness that had come, as she knew something of my sorrows. I thought so, but" —

"She did not answer?"

"No."

"Perhaps she never received the letter, Yone."

"She received it, doctor."

"Do not be too sure; I will make inquiry."

"That is not necessary; she sent it back to me."

"My poor patient darling. Why in God's name do all the women who come here leave charity and humanity behind them?"

"Not all, doctor, — not all. I have Marian, and for her dear sake I will think no evil thing of any of them. You will tell Mrs. Steele, some day, when it is right to do so, — when she knows all the truth, — that Yone sent her a farewell message through you, and" —

"Forgave her?"

"Yes, if that word is not amiss, to my teacher and my elder."

Again she clasped my hand, and we remained in silence until the faithful messenger reappeared.

"He will be here," she told us, "very soon; but if he gets a warning, at the

door, that he is too early, he will go away, and return after another hour."

"He must not wait too long," said Yone placidly, "if he wishes me to see him."

"Dear Yone," entreated Marian, "you cut me to the heart. Do not grieve us so."

"But we are not to deceive ourselves in what we think or what we say. Let us look at what is coming without fear. Tell me, Marian, where has he been since I last saw him?"

"Mr. Milton? He has been in China and Siam. He came back on your account only."

"Does he know how ill I am?"

"I have told him — all."

"Yes," sighed Yone; "yes, that is best. It will spare him pain."

"But — what can I say? He will not believe me. He passes it all by as mere exaggeration or illusion. Would to God he were right! I hope he is right. Oh, I hope, I hope" —

The tender-hearted girl burst into tears, and her speech became broken and incoherent.

"It gives me great joy to know how much you love me," said Yone. "That was the last blessing I could wish for; and it came, dear Marian, when I did deeply need it. Now I shall tell you all the truth. You know what my doctor has done for me ever since I was a little, foolish, ignorant child. He alone is nearer to me than you, my dear, and for a while he must be; but early in the millions of happy years of our next companionship, our affection will become quite the same. Yone will have no cause to seem unkind in speaking of earthly preferences."

"You are never unkind," Miss Gibson declared; "but is that the belief of your people?"

"That is what we learn for truth," answered Yone.

"I did not know it," said the older girl. "And do you think, — forgive me,

Yone, — do you think that in time your good-will may extend to all you have ever met — even those who have not cared for you — even such as — those ladies of the school ? ”

“ Oh, surely so ! ” replied Yone ; “ how can you ask me ? ”

“ I will ask no more, dear love ; your answers shame me. ”

Soon after, the dying girl requested me to move her bed near the centre of the room, so that one of us, her friends, might be on either side of her. As we sat thus upon the edges of the cot, she passed an arm around each, letting her thin, worn hands rest upon our shoulders, and raising herself by this means to a higher position.

“ Now I am comfortable, ” she said. “ Doctor, let my left hand hold your right, and, Marian, my right shall clasp your left. ”

Her pulse was feeble, though not alarmingly so ; and I should have derived some satisfaction from her slight ability to exert herself, but that a soft flush came into her cheeks as she remarked : —

“ This is a great liberty for a Japanese girl ; but for once you will not mind it. . . . Yet you are not to forget it, ” she added, smiling gently at us in turn.

### XXXIII.

#### FAREWELL.

A servant appeared, with the announcement that Mr. Milton was asking for me below. I was about to disengage myself, when Yone interposed, saying : —

“ No, do not go ; do not leave me, either of you. I am best in this way. Lifted upright, as I am, I speak more easily. ”

“ Are you well enough to speak at all ? ” I asked. “ Do not attempt too much. ”

But Miss Gibson had given orders that the visitor be brought to us, and Yone said softly : —

“ I wish to see him. I need to see him now. ”

I doubt, nevertheless, if she could have been in any degree prepared for the agitating incidents which ensued. We heard his footsteps rapidly approaching, then saw his well-remembered form and face framed for an instant in the doorway. For an instant, only, he stood motionless. Then he tottered, caught vainly at the lintel above with an outstretched arm, staggered blindly forward, and fell, with a sharp cry, by the side of the bed, where he remained kneeling, his head clutched within his hands, and resting, half hidden, close to the body of the girl from whose life he had driven peace and gladness.

“ My God, O my God, what is this ? ” he presently cried. “ What does it mean ? What have you done to her ? Yone, for merciful Heaven’s sake, speak to me ! I don’t dare to look at you, but give me a word, — just one word. Or you, Dr. Charwell, — are you here ? For God’s sake, tell me this is not the end ! ”

There was a brief interval, and then Yone’s sweet and plaintive voice was heard.

“ It is not the end, Arthur, ” she said, “ and I am more glad than I can tell that you are here in time. I wonder that I am so glad. I thought I could have died without much grief if you had not come ; but now I see how little I knew myself. ”

“ Why does she talk of dying ? ” exclaimed Milton, partly raising his face, and giving a sidelong glance at me, but still averting his eyes from the wasted form beside him. “ She shall live a life of such happiness as a man’s best affection can give her. I am here with my hand and my name for her acceptance. Santo will consent to an honorable divorce, and Yone shall have all the devotion that a true lover and an honest

husband can bestow. Oh, Yone, don't speak of leaving me, my treasure; don't think of it. Come to me as I have come to you."

Yone had started when he spoke of the divorce, for the scheme had never been revealed to her; but his meaning was plain before he had finished.

"Then you did come to marry me," she said simply.

"I do, I do!" he cried. "You shall soon see. My mother and my sister wish it, too, Yone. They have sent their love to you, and many messages of kindness. As soon as you are better you shall learn everything."

"Arthur," she said gravely, "look in my face."

With slow and reluctant movements, as if afraid to confront again the sight which met him when he entered, he turned his eyes upward, and fixed them upon the features he had hitherto seen only in health and loveliness, but which now revealed the fatal signs of a hopeless disease. Stricken speechless, he gazed upon the face which had once been lighted by a rare and noble attachment, — an attachment called into existence by him, but upon which he had trampled with the recklessness of a blind and unmanly egotism. And as she returned his gaze, there came back before our amazed view a strange and chastened reflection of the purity, the modest grace, and tender delicacy which had made all other youthful charms appear dim and dull beside those of Yone Yamada. At the summons of the only absorbing love she had ever known, the fairness of her brighter days revived and clothed her again with the forgotten beauty.

"I see nothing to disturb me," he faltered. "You have been ill, very ill, I fear; but Dr. Charwell — who has been my best friend when I least thought him so — will soon restore you to us. Heaven only knows what I shall owe him then!"

It was a marvel, the power of this creature of impulse over our senses, when our judgment still refused to condone his baseness. As he knelt before us all, with a glow, hardly less fervent than Yone's transient flush, beaming from his eyes, and with his whole aspect betraying the most eager and intense solicitude, it seemed cruel to doubt that he realized, at last, the force of his former iniquity. In any case, this was not the time for suggesting doubts, and we — Miss Gibson and myself — were grateful for even the briefest term of happiness which Yone could enjoy. As I caught Marian's interrogating glance, I almost allowed myself to disregard the sorrowful testimony of experience, and to imagine the possibility that the newly kindled joy might inspire with fresh vitality that fragile and exhausted frame. Alas, it was but a passing fancy, unsustained by any reality of hope.

"Come nearer to me, Arthur," said the fading girl; and as he moved forward, still kneeling, she disengaged her hand from my shoulder, and laid it upon his head.

"Regard him now, doctor," she continued, appealingly; "he never thought to harm me. Marian, he meant no wrong. He did not know. I am sure he did not know."

"Yone, you crush me with your goodness," Milton answered, in half-stifled tones. "I *did* think to harm you. I *did* mean wrong. I cannot keep the truth from you. But now all is changed. All shall be well, my poor, wounded dove. I know how to love you as you deserve, now; they shall all witness it. I think of nothing but to make you my wife, if — if only you will forgive me."

"Forgive you?" she responded, in a tone which, gentle as it was, thrilled through us all. "Forgive you? — Oh, Arthur! But I think my two best friends, here, may not understand you as well as I do. This is what they will

both do to please me. Doctor, you will forgive all his mistakes. Marian, you too, for my sake."

"I do not yet know Miss Gibson," murmured Milton, "and Dr. Charwell does not know me — as I am now. But if they will wait" —

"Oh, no," said Yone; "there is no need to wait. They will refuse me nothing. But I wish them to feel that you — that you deserve it. Therefore, in the days to come, when I can no longer speak for you, dear Arthur, let your actions, I pray you, always be such as to keep their friendship with you true and sacred."

He looked at us with a bewildered air, and again turned to Yone.

"Do not misunderstand me, Yone. I am sure you misunderstand me, for you could not be willingly unkind. I ask that we may never be separated. I shall always be near you till you are well, and from that time we shall constantly be together."

"Arthur, it is you who will not understand. Are you alone unable to see what all the rest can see? Speak to me no more like that. You cannot know the happiness I feel, except only for the grief I must soon give to you around me. And now — but you will wait for me a little; I am fatigued. Marian, dear, please raise me again."

She was moved, as she desired, and as her lips were dry, I moistened them with a cooling cordial. She thanked us, and closed her eyes wearily, still keeping her hand on Milton's head.

"If this is real," he muttered huskily, "what is left for me? Must I wait for God's just vengeance, or will it strike me here and now?"

Yone heard, but did not comprehend. She opened her eyes, looked at us intently for a space, and then, more faintly than ever before, said, with an effort that could not be concealed: —

"Now I shall ask you each to place your right hand upon my breast, as I lie

here. I wish to fold mine over them. It is only for a little time."

We did as she requested, and as she laid her slender hands upon ours, and pressed them near her heart, she added, with a smile of infinite tenderness: —

"This is my utmost power. It is all I have, and I give it to you to show the strength of my love for you."

Again the eyelids fell, and all was silence.

As we stood motionless, fearing, indeed, to stir, nor daring to look at one another, a curious sound came through the hall-way, as of heavy bodies moved or moving stealthily. We felt that the shock of a rude intrusion would be unbearable, yet none of us could stir to close the door.

Presently we heard rough whispering, yet still we were incapable of breaking that solemn circle.

The voices drew nearer. One of them, at least, could be recognized. Speaking in Japanese, that memorable "reclaimer," Miss Jackman, delivered herself thus, in an undertone, though apparently with little intention of concealment: —

"That is the door. Go in there: you will see what I have brought you for."

The next instant we heard her retreating footsteps, while Santo, the boat-builder, entered the chamber.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "The big woman — why, she is gone now — she came to my place, with round eyes and a green face, and dragged me hither in a *jin-riki-sha*. She had two *jin-riki-shas* ready, waiting for us. She told me to be calm, and to be merciful, and to shed no blood. Why should I not be calm and merciful; and why should I shed blood? Ah, ha! Is she crazy, more or less, that big one? Now here is nobody but the doctor, and the teacher-miss, and the young American buyer of boats. Yes, she told me he was here, very softly, making such awful faces as you never saw. Ha, ha! To

be sure, she is crazy, — all crazy, every pound of her. And there is my Yone. Will it do me no harm to go near her? You think not? Well, cholera is a thing to keep away from, generally. How is she now, doctor?"

Then noticing that we kept our heads averted, he drew nearer, and peered inquisitively at us. At the same moment, Yone's thin, attenuated hands relaxed their grasp, and fell to her sides. Milton dropped to his knees again, and hid his face from sight. Marian threw her arms about the frail figure, trembling violently, though with slight audible demonstration of grief. I turned to the husband, who had been brought with such malicious design, and whose advent had been so strangely timed.

"What! is she, then, dead?" he inquired, subduing his harsh voice, and staring with astonishment at the unexpected sight before him.

I made an affirmative gesture.

"But this is stranger than anything in the world. Why are they crying? You, too, — I see you are crying. Is it because she is dead?"

"It is."

"Well, I cannot understand it. I should never think of crying. I may cry at the theatre, or when I listen to the *hanashi-ka*, but not in my own house. Is it a custom of foreigners?"

"Not always. But we respected and admired Yone very much, and loved her dearly."

"What, that poor little doll?"

"She was a good woman, Santo, — the best woman I have known in all my life."

"I never knew that, Doctor-san, — never thought of such a thing. Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure."

"Because that other, the big woman, tried to say — Oh, but she is crazy from head to foot."

"Entirely so. And now, Santo Yori-kichi, if you will excuse me, we will not

talk any more. You shall stay, or go; but you must allow us to be quiet."

"Yes, I will go. I have no idea of foreign customs. To think that my poor Yone was so good a woman, and I never suspected it! It is a pity I did not learn it earlier. I will go, — I will go. To-morrow we will make some arrangements about the burial. Good-day to everybody. Farewell, Yone; I shall tell our neighbors how good a woman you were. I wish I had known that before."

He went out, with an evident desire to maintain a decorous bearing, but obviously more startled and bewildered than touched by grief, and, I made no doubt, calculating in his mind the probable cost of the ceremonies which he would be called upon to pay for. His anxieties on this latter question were, indeed, turned to our advantage; for we found no difficulty in obtaining his consent that the interment should take place at Tenno-ji, a tranquil and not too sombre burial-ground, partly appropriated to aliens, where we were able to procure a tomb in one of the most silent and secluded corners. There, at last, this long-suffering, white-souled little pagan saint found rest.

#### XXXIV.

##### REST AND SILENCE.

We were sitting, Marian Gibson and I, beside Yone's grave, one afternoon, some weeks after the sepulture, when we saw approaching a species of irregular procession, in the centre of which we detected the monolithic figures of the Misses Philipson. Our familiarity with the neighborhood enabled us to retire unobserved, and take shelter behind a cluster of willows, which, while concealing us, left the new-comers open to our inspection. Their object in visiting the spot we could not at first divine, being confident that the sisters, at least, had



no precise knowledge as to Yone's modest tomb; but we soon discovered that they were escorting a party of excursionists through the noted localities of Tokio, and had crossed over from the Park of Uyeno, hard by, to this sequestered retreat. Four or five of their most advanced pupils were with them; brought out, no doubt, to serve as guides and interpreters. As they drew near to Yone's little inclosure, these young girls detached themselves from the others, walked rapidly forward, and, falling on their knees before the gate, devoutly inclined their bodies until their foreheads touched the green sods. The astonishment with which the Philipsons regarded this proceeding proved to us that a revelation was awaiting them. First of all, however, a note of objurgation was sounded by the younger of the twain:—

"Whatever does this mean, girls, getting on your knees in all this dust and mud? Explain yourself, Tama Yasuda. Come here, all of you; don't stay sprawling there when I call you."

"Be moderate with them, Kezia, I beseech you," said the elder, not disinclined to pose before the visitors in the character of a merciful intercessor, and at the same time to impart an erudite interest to the occasion. "These poor children are all familiar with the ancient shrines," she continued, "even when the landmarks are set aside, as in this neighborhood. Now I dare say that if we listen to them, they can tell us an impressive story of fortitude and heroism, or pious devotion, connected with this very spot. That, no doubt, is the explanation of the reverent prostration we have just witnessed."

By this time the younger Miss P. had drawn the facts from her scholars, and was advancing toward her senior, endeavoring, by facial contortions of the most extravagant description, to arrest the latter's flow of historical eloquence.

"What is it, sister?" was the gracious inquiry. "What is the object of

veneration associated with this scene of classic beauty?"

A rapid whisper followed.

"Indeed!" said Miss P. No. 1, with portentous dignity. "You girls, you five, will report yourselves for punishment to-morrow, before breakfast. Such disgusting slovenliness! Such heartless disregard of the unhealed scars of our innermost wounds!"

Here, however, some of the travelers, whose curiosity was excited by the sudden transition from benignant complacency to vengeful ire, made bold to ask for an elucidation; whereupon the too precipitate superior of the academy found it necessary to take in sail, and tack, and perform other manœuvres to which her skill and cleverness were not wholly adequate.

"The truth is simply this," she said, trembling with indignation and a fear that she might, in her confusion, mix herself up more ridiculously than was appropriate to a responsible elderly female,— "simply this: that these forward minxes seem to have engaged in a conspiracy to mortify us. I now learn for the first time that this is the grave of a young woman, a Japanese, in whom we took a great interest both before and after her marriage, but who ill repaid our watchful care. She was respectable enough while under our eyes, but she afterward got completely corrupted by contact with a young American; and as she showed no shame, and would not repent, keeping up the improper connection to the day of her death, we believe, we were obliged, of course, to throw her off. She was a sort of leader among a certain set of native girls, and, as you have seen to-day, their obstinacy is incorrigible. There is no accounting for it, except by remembering, as we are constantly compelled to do, that we are in Japan."

We were listening, of necessity, to the chorus of asinine acquiescence which arose as the party passed on,— the silly

echoes of "Quite so," "To be sure," "How truly dreadful," "So sad," — when Marian uttered an exclamation of alarm, and, darting from me down a steep side-path, succeeded in arresting the onward progress of a young man who was marching with great strides in pursuit of the retiring body.

"Let me go," he said. "There may be a man or two among them, to learn what it is to desecrate a grave."

"You shall not go!" exclaimed Marian. "Would you cast a blot upon Yone's perfect memory? Come with me; come with us. You surely did not see the whole. The beginning would have reconciled you to the end."

"The brutes — the devilish hags!" he cried passionately.

"Milton," said I, having now made my way down to the level where he stood, "it was as hard for me as for you, but I had to bear it. Reflect seriously: shall the poor girl's peace be broken, and by you, in this her only place of repose?"

"You are right," he answered, "and perhaps I ought not to be here when foreigners are likely to come; but it is not easy to keep away."

"We have not seen you since the burial," said I; "where have you been?"

"I have found," he replied, after some hesitation, "a little house in the priests' quarters, close by. It is very comfortable, and the people are very nice. Will you come and see?"

He led us to one of the daintiest cottages imaginable, built originally in the quaint old native style, but variously modified and adapted for foreign occupation. Observing that our attention was attracted by the evidences of care and expense which had been bestowed upon it, he remarked: —

"It was hardly habitable when I first came, and, as I mean to remain, I had to put it in order."

Marian looked at him with innocent and admiring wonder. I saw no occa-

sion for pursuing a conversation on the line suggested, and we presently left him to his uneasy solitude.

The day was not far spent, and we directed our steps toward Yone's recent dwelling, upon the opposite bank of the river. Santo received us at the gate, as he had met us on Miss Gibson's first arrival, a few months before, and silently guided us to the chamber in which we had found the invalid of whom we were then in search. He threw aside the door, and we saw, to our surprise, that the contents were precisely as they had been left by the former occupant of the little apartment. Nothing had been removed, and the arrangement of the simple furniture appeared in all respects unchanged.

"Will you go in?" he said. "You see everything is the same. I have been thinking a little; perhaps she will be pleased."

"You have been very good, Santo Yorikichi; we thank you sincerely."

"It is a small matter," he answered quickly, in a tone which seemed to protest against the imputation of undue sensibility. "The house is large, there is plenty of room, it gives no trouble, and it costs nothing."

Observing that he remained in the passage, I asked him to come nearer to us.

"No, no," he objected; "I never go there. The servants do everything very carefully. It is their duty, but I never go in."

"Since you are kind enough to let us enter," said Miss Gibson, "I hope you will join us."

I translated her remark, but without immediate effect.

"Ah, it is different for you," he replied. "You understood, — I never did. You did not tell me about her. No, I will wait here."

"Beg him to come this once, doctor."

I told him that we both earnestly wished it, and then he yielded.

"Do you think I might? Would she like it? Truly, you ought to know. Well, I will do as you bid. The room belongs to her, and you are her friends. If you say it is right, I will come. Indeed, I do not keep myself apart from her always. I go to her tablet every day. You shall see the tablet presently. I hope you will be content with the name that the priests have chosen. To find the best name is not an easy thing, they say. It is a sorrow, Doctor-san, that no one told me she was so good, while she was alive. It is a great sorrow, but I have thought about it many times since she died."

He walked to the little bed on which she had lain, and knelt beside it, inclining his head as if in meditation. Miss Gibson was much moved. Approaching him, and resting her hand upon his shoulder, she said:—

"If you know it now, Santo-san, that is enough for you and for her."

Without responding, or appearing to be aware of her touch, he raised himself slowly, and began to recite the opening line of a song which we recognized as one that Yone had been used to sing. After a few unsteady syllables, his voice fell hoarsely to a dull, unmeaning sound. He flung out his right arm, as if to thrust away the unusual emotion which oppressed him, and endeavored, almost fiercely, to continue the familiar verse. Again his utterance was suddenly broken, and his heavy frame was shaken by three or four harsh, grating, gasping sobs. Then, dashing his hand across his forehead, he turned, and ran headlong from the room, while we stood in shocked amazement at the unexpected, and to me inexplicable, outburst. A moment later we heard him in the boatyard, furiously berating the workmen for some hastily imagined offense.

"Let us go," said Miss Gibson; "he cannot bear to meet us after this. He will think he ought to be ashamed of his weakness, the dear, rough, honest soul."

"But he wished to show us Yone's *ihai*" (posthumous tablet), I suggested.

"Not now; we will come another time. You do not quite understand him, doctor; Yone and I noticed that, not long ago, on this very spot. No, let us go at once, without speaking to him again."

As we made our way off the premises, we were obliged to pass near him, but he avoided us, pretending to gaze in another direction, and the air resounded with fresh and more vehement vituperations of his astonished laborers.

"How he scolds, God bless him!" exclaimed my companion, with what I chose to pronounce the purest feminine inconsequence. But I was fain to admit that his scolding was more satisfactory to my ear than Mr. Milton's protestations of unending constancy had been.

"Yet Mr. Milton declares that he means to remain in perpetual seclusion at Uyeno," said Miss Gibson, in a somewhat awe-stricken tone, as we walked toward Tsukiji. "Will he really never leave that place?"

"'Never' is a terribly long word," I replied.

"But to think that he should give up even the years of his youth so devotedly!"

"My child, he will not give up the years of his youth, nor yet a single year. Pray make no mistake about that."

"Doctor, you think him utterly incapable of truthfulness or good feeling. You are too hard upon him."

"Oh, no; I think he is a better man than he was, and that his experience in Japan has done him good. Whether the result was worth the sacrifice of such a life as Yone's I shall not say. But certainly it would do him no additional good to stay where he now is, even for a little while."

"He said he should."

"And he thinks so, undoubtedly, for the moment. But the mere fact that

he is fitting up the little cottage so luxuriously shows he is not in the ascetic frame of mind suitable for a long term of isolation. No, indeed; we shall soon see the last of him, — or rather I shall. You will meet him in another season or so, as you go your social ways in Boston."

"Then I am to be driven out of Japan, also: is that your determination, doctor?"

"There is not much to keep you here, Marian," said I. "At your age you can do nothing alone, and you have not the experience nor the patience to ally yourself with young women of Yone's stamp, even if you were sure of finding them. Yet I know you will never forget your little friend, and, far away in the future, when you have learned more of the world's lessons, you may be able to come back and give a helping hand to those who will then be struggling, as she did, and falling by the wayside, as she did *not*, for want of sympathy and charity. But I don't think it very likely. The odds are against your ever seeing this country again, after you once leave it."

"Perhaps so; who can tell? In any event, doctor, as you say, I shall never forget."

Nor do I believe she has forgotten, though I have heard but seldom from her since she sailed away, a few months after we had thus conversed together. Milton waited a little longer, and was then summoned home by that "necessary business" which is the convenient pretext of the habitual idler. He was fervent, on his departure, in protesting that he would rejoin me the following summer; but several summers have since passed, without bringing him. Not long after reaching Boston, he wrote to ask if I would take charge of a fund — a truly munificent amount, I am bound to say — for the protection and education of deserving Japanese girls; or, if preferable, for the establishment of an academy in which young

women should be harbored and taught, upon principles directly adverse to certain false and injurious Western methods. The scheme was not without attractions, but no amount of attractiveness could induce me to cooperate in such a project with Arthur Milton. By no process so easy and simple to him could I be led to condone his crime, or to associate any act of his with the memory of the gentle creature whose existence he had darkened with grief and desolation.

In the execution of a more modest and unambitious trust confided to me, I have, however, found a satisfaction which time has never deadened or diminished. At the appropriate seasons of each year, packages of flower-seeds, from Shizu Roberts, in Scotland, cross the seas, accompanied by small sums of money, which I am requested to apply to the embellishment of the inclosure wherein the dearest object of her love and veneration lies. An occasional line from her husband vouchsafes the information that nothing would gratify him more than to increase the humble contribution a hundred-fold, "in honor of that truly good woman;" but that Shizu has set her heart upon maintaining the supply from a little domestic fund, which is "all her own," and he cannot oppose a wish expressed with such extreme intensity of feeling.

The elder Miss Philipson no longer enjoys the satisfaction of attributing the mischances of her declining years to the circumstance that she is "in Japan." She was, in due season, relieved from the cares of school administration, and, with her sister, returned to illuminate the councils of credulous devotees at home. I have never heard that either of the ladies suffered in any form for the possible errors of their Oriental career. On the contrary, they flourished socially and prospered materially; the time not having arrived, in their day, for the application of such tests as

should determine the trustworthiness of those who bring tidings from the unknown East. They were greatly in requisition for lectures and addresses on topics with which their extensive experience was supposed to make them familiar. For reasons satisfactory to their friends, however, they did not pursue a common path. It was deemed preferable that they should separately shine as examples of zealous and devoted service among the heathen. Keen observers had remarked that when they were brought together upon the same platform, a jarring lack of perfect harmony was perceptible in the proceedings. Thus, when Miss Sophia would relate — “with due reservations, necessitated by political exigency,” as she explained — the circumstances under which she had converted an illustrious personage to Christianity, sister Kezia would assume an expression of countenance which could hardly be called confirmatory of that interesting narrative. And when the younger lady told how she had once marshaled a host of promising pupils, “daughters of the aristocracy,” and marched them into Yedo Bay, to be baptized in a body, sister Sophia was heard to whisper to those around her that the children certainly underwent the immersion described, but did so in the conviction that they were simply to be taught swimming in foreign style. When privately questioned as to these disagreements, Miss Sophia would declare, with a compassionate smile, that, notwithstanding her admitted seniority of age, it had been happily vouchsafed that *her* memory, at least, had never suffered from the strain of mental exertion to which she had, for years, been subjected; and Miss Kezia would intimate that one of her chief sources of content was the reflection that a protracted sojourn in a land renowned for the romantic inventiveness of its people had not tended to an abnormal development of *her* purely imaginative faculties,

however it might have affected others. Whereupon, although it was acknowledged, by the community they adorned, that the awakening stimulus of their recitals was too valuable to be sacrificed, arrangements were made by which they might, for the future, revolve in different orbits.

And Dr. Charwell? There has been little enough in his life to interest any reader, during the eight or nine years since the occurrences hereinbefore related. I dare say he is credited by his neighbors with an abundance of the morose eccentricity which distinguishes most foreigners who grow old in the service of an adopted country, and I am bound to admit that he makes few exertions to secure a more favorable verdict, either from aliens or from the people among whom he has cast his lot. I may mention that he undertook, last summer, not without misgivings, an excursion to a certain popular watering-place, — a favorite resort of his a dozen years ago. But the place had lost its old attraction. The streams sparkled less brightly; the bloom of the gardens was dim; the songs of the forest birds and insects failed to charm again. It was not a successful expedition, and it will never be repeated. I must confess that, as the days go by, the doctor does little to dispel the gloom which, as he very well knows, is said to be gathering mistily about him. He cares for no companionship, excepting that of an aged cat, which he cherishes with much consideration, although the creature has long outlived all possible usefulness, and he consorts with none of his own species, unless it may be, upon odd occasions, with an uncouth and crusty old carpenter, who plies his trade of boat-builder near Yokoami, on the Sumida River. For the rest, his sole habit of recreation, if so it can be called, is as lugubrious as the character attributed to him. At frequent intervals he walks out to Uyeno, the city's gayest pleasure park, not to

seek diversion in its noble avenues and shining lawns, but to wander among the graves of Tenno-ji, an adjoining cemetery. One of these, noted for its constant adornment of flowers at all seasons of the year, is said to be the object of his chief attention, though as regards the cause of his interest reports are uncertain. Time runs swiftly in Japan, and the periods of foreign residence are commonly so brief as to allow no extensive range of memory; and, as the modest inclosure contains no stone or tablet to assist investigation, it is an unsettled question whether the ground is tenanted or vacant. As nearly as I can ascertain, the general opinion is that the doctor, who makes no secret of his in-

attention never to leave the soil of Japan, has chosen this as his last tenement, and takes the same morbid pleasure in keeping it well prepared for occupation that is enjoyed by many philosophers who, in the prime of life, choose to surround themselves with coffins, skeletons, and other emblems of mortality. How far this surmise is correct few can learn with exactness, during his life, for he encourages no communication on the subject. That it will eventually prove well founded, to a certain extent, there is no doubt; for, whether his time for everlasting sleep comes soon or late, his resting-place will surely be by the side of the child whom he loved better than any other being in all the world.

*E. H. House.*

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## AN ENCHANTED DAY.

"Hot water, mem, and the 'bus leaves at seven," said a soft voice at the door.

"Are you awake, Saint Katharine?" I called. "Do you hear? *Must* we leave Inverness to-day?"

"Yes," she answered, sleepily, to all three questions. "We must. But do you suppose that when we get to heaven we can stay as long as we want to? We have not been to the castle yet."

"Don't bother your blessed head about that," I said consolingly. "The castle is frightfully modern, and it is only a prison, at the best. Nothing is worth looking at over here that is not older than the seventeenth century. Is your portmanteau packed?"

The omnibus was soon announced; but early as it was, — and seven o'clock is very early in Scotland, — we found our genial host waiting to escort us to the steamer by which we were to go down the Caledonia Canal. Presently we were whirling away through the sunlit, silent streets and over the sparkling

river, on our way to the dock of the pretty little Glengarry. As we crossed the bridge, we looked up for the last time, not so much to the castle as to its site on the storied hill. For there Macbeth and his proud queen had dwelt, and there, in some dark chamber of the old eleventh-century castle, there can be little doubt that gentle King Duncan was foully slain. Malcolm Caen-More, he of the "Big Head," razed it to the ground in his filial vengeance, and builded in its stead another and a finer one, where he and fair Margaret Atheling held court for many a day. This, in its turn, was blown up by the troops of Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1746, and number three, the present castle, is a court-house and a jail.

It was a glorious morning, clear and cool, with the bluest of skies, and sunshine that transfigured whatever it touched. There was a merry stir and bustle on board the small craft, but even before we were fairly off order had suc-

ceeded chaos, and the passengers, singly, in pairs, or in groups, but all, like John Gilpin, "on pleasure bent," had chosen their seats and established themselves for the day. The comfortable, large-windowed cabins accommodated many; but most of us preferred the upper deck, from which we could watch the long, changeful panorama as it unrolled before us. For the Caledonia Canal, despite its prosaic name, is but a connecting link between a series of surpassingly lovely lochs, running through the Highlands, in almost a direct line, from Inverness to Oban.

For miles after leaving its dock, the little steamer wound its way between green banks, the canal following so closely every bend and curve of the river Ness, which was here scarcely wider than itself, as to seem its veritable shadow or double. The effect was very singular. They were so near each other, and there was so little that was artificial in the appearance of the latter, with its environment of reeds and rushes and the varied outline of its banks, that it was hard to say which was river and which was canal. Just below Inverness we passed the new cemetery, on a hillside sloping to the shore. Trees and flowers, green turf and golden sunshine, made God's-acre beautiful that morning, and we caught glimpses of granite columns and of sculptured marbles. Over one small grave a white-winged angel poised lightly, bearing aloft a flaming torch. The sunlight, streaming down upon it, kindled it as with fire from heaven.

But not for life nor death did our pretty Glengarry pause; and on we swept through little Loch Dockfour into Loch Ness, the longest link in the chain of lakes, and averaging but one mile and a half in breadth. Long and narrow as it is, it has depth enough and to spare, and it never freezes. Little cared the merry passengers whether it did or no, as we stopped for a moment

at Urquhart, and saw jutting out into the loch, on a bold peninsula, the ruins of Urquhart Castle. A truncated tower, ivy-mantled to its summit, and with many loopholes, in and out of which the wandering vines creep as they will, and some low crumbling walls, are all that is left of its ancient strength and splendor. A few miles farther down, and we landed at Foyers. There, it was said, omnibuses would be in waiting, to convey such of the passengers as did not care for so long a walk to the falls of Foyers. The boat would wait for us an hour. But the enterprising inhabitants must have made up their minds that the average tourist is a pedestrian. Just one nondescript vehicle waited at the little pier; and it was filled and whirling away down the road with the first comers long before the rest of us had left the boat. There was a rush for tickets, and then by twos, and threes, and half dozens, a boat-load of people hurried off in the direction of the falls.

"Go on, Saint Katharine," I said, "and see the show if you can. The attempt, even, is beyond my powers."

I followed, very much at my leisure. To see the falls was a matter of small account. But just once in a lifetime to have a few blessed moments all to one's self in those sweet, wild Highland solitudes, — would not that be worth the having? Fate granted me a full half hour. The crowd passed by me; the footfalls, the gay voices, the peals of laughter, died away. At my left, a narrow path wound up the heights and through the woods to the falls. Before me, the level road stretched on and on. Sheer cliffs, not bare and desolate, but mantled by all manner of creeping growths, towered on one side. On the other, behind a screen of trees, brightened here and there by the scarlet berries of the rowan or mountain ash, the beautiful lake shone in the sun.

It was about ten o'clock. The air was fresh, yet warm, and spicy with the



breath of the sweet-ferns. At a little distance, a gate in a hedge-row led into a descending lane, fern-bordered and thickly shaded. It was very enticing, and I tried the latch. Alas, it was fastened! There is always a flaming sword before the gate of Paradise — or, if not a sword, its equivalent — to keep us out. Yet why seek for anything better than the best? Paradise was all around me. Now and then a bird, forgetting that springtime and love were over, trilled softly. Butterflies, black and golden, fluttered in the sun, and held special rendezvous wherever the brown earth in the roadway still kept the moisture of the dews. Everything seemed strangely familiar: cranesbill and buttercups bloomed by the wayside, and in the tangled thickets brakes and ferns jostled each other precisely as in rocky Green Mountain pastures. I looked at my watch, and knew that just then the same sun that shone on me in that sweet sylvan solitude was rising over Killington and Pico, three thousand miles away, — kindling the mountain-tops with sudden glory, and filling all the fair valleys with radiant light. Nature was chanting the same *Te Deum* there as here, — “All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.”

But my half hour was over. Tramp, tramp, came the returning feet; laugh answered to laugh, and an occasional shout awakened the echoes. Saint Katharine, finding me under a tree, congratulated me on my wisdom in lagging behind. The falls were pretty enough, yet hardly worth the climb to those of us who knew the grand New World, where Nature works on so large a scale. Embarking again, we had a good view of Mealfourvornie, an isolated peak rising on the opposite side of the loch, and then swept on our downward way to Fort Augustus, where, by a series of seven locks, we ascend to Aberchalder, at the north end of Loch Oich. The passage of these locks takes an hour or two.

For a while we sat upon the deck, watching the slow procedure, as two dozen men tugged and pulled and pushed, turning a sort of turnstile round and round; and we wondered how long it would have been, in America, before some one of the two dozen would have discovered a way to apply horse or steam power to the work, which was evidently tedious.

Pictures to right of us, pictures to left of us. For our delight, no doubt, even though all unconsciously, a young woman in a brown gown, with a red kerchief knotted about her throat, and no covering on her bright brown hair, had seated herself on the very edge of the canal, and was devoting her strong, supple fingers and all her energies to the making of a great gray fish-net. No royal dame, no princess of the blood, could have glanced at the *canaille* with a more superb scorn than she at us. Her seat was her throne. What cared she for idle tourists? With bagpipes under his arm, his green plaid over his shoulder, and his Scotch cap set jauntily, here comes Sandy, striding along as if in seven-league boots. Two younger ladies — for Sandy is but a lad himself — trot by his side, small copies of the big brother or cousin, bagpipes and all. Scarlet coats gleam here and there, as her majesty's omnipresent soldiers mingle with the crowd, exchanging greetings and bandying jokes. Old women, in mob-caps with flapping borders, preside at little tables unsheltered from the sun, and dispense beer, ale, milk, and sundry other things to such of the passengers as are tempted to test their hospitality. But the old crones waste no time while waiting. Each has her knitting-work, and the long blue-gray stocking grows apace as the shining needles flash merrily. Children, quaintly dressed, and looking as if they had stepped out of a Kate Greenaway book, race up and down the pier. All is bustle and animation.

Not far off, the monastery of St. Ben-

edict rose in the midst of extensive grounds. We had seen the ghosts of monasteries and abbeys without number, and most entrancing we had found them. Now here was our chance to see one that was alive, — a bit of mediæval existence dropped into the last quarter of the nineteenth century. So climbing the rather long ascent from the dock to the pretty lodge at the entrance of the grounds, we made the usual inquiries of the portress. Yes, we could go in. The fee was a shilling. But it was too late to go over the monastery. A party from the boat had gone up long before (conscientious sight-seers that they were, while we lazily dallied looking at pictures), and there was not time to escort two parties, etc. Overwhelmed with remorse for our shortcomings, we looked at each other in dismay, and were about to go back, when we heard first an unobtrusive call, then a loud shout. Some one at the entrance of the monastery, at a long distance down a graveled walk, was waving both hands, beckoning frantically, and shouting something that sounded amazingly like a Yankee "Hurry up!"

Hurry we did, to find that the whole party of early birds had been kept waiting all this while, for the possible addition of two or three late comers. Our gesticulating friend, who proved to be the janitor, a talkative, red-haired Irishman, was soon conducting us up stairs and down, from chapel to cloister, from kitchen to refectory, from recitation-room to dormitory. For the monastery of St. Benedict, which was once Fort Augustus, having exchanged the clash of arms for the tumult of cricket and tennis, is now a college, or large school for boys. It was vacation, and not a soul was to be seen, — not a single lad in cap and gown, not so much as the shadow of a black-robed friar in hall, chapter-house, or cloister.

"Where are all the brethren?" asked an inquisitive American, with a broad

sombrero and a long beard. "Where do the monks hide themselves? Can't you show 'em up? Come, now, I'll give you an extra shilling."

The janitor looked at him with half-closed eyes, from beneath a pair of heavy eyebrows, for full half a minute. "You won't see them," he said quietly. "The brothers are not such fools as you may think. They're not on exhibition, — the friars."

It was interesting to see a monastery of our own time. But it lacked the atmosphere, the glamour, the mystery, of the past. It is a fine building, and doubtless a good school. Yet very poor and commonplace did it seem in the strong, clear light of to-day, and very prosaic and shadowless are its brand-new, spick-and-span cloisters, unhallowed by song or legend.

The warning-bell rang sharply, and as we hurried back to the boat we saw one or two tall figures, in black gowns and low, broad-brimmed hats, stealing towards St. Benedict, through the lanes and behind the hedges. Neither the friars nor the monastery were on exhibition now, and the brothers were hastening home.

As we left Fort Augustus we saw the prettiest picture of all. Do the folk about there live out-of-doors, I wonder, French fashion? Soon after we were under way again, on the very shores of the lake, we passed a family group that looked as if posing for a photograph. In the foreground, seated in a low chair, with her knitting in her lap, was a lovely lady in black, whose only head-covering was a widow's cap, so fresh and immaculate that one could but wonder how it was ever made and put on. A younger woman leaned on the back of her chair, and some pretty children, bare-headed, played at her feet, scarcely noticing the steamer as it passed so near them that it would have been easy to toss a ball into the midst of the group. At the right of the fair lady stood a gentle-

man in full Highland costume, with tartan kilt that left the knees uncovered, a belted jacket, and a bright plaid draped across the breast, and fastened on one shoulder with a cairngorm clasp, or brooch. His richly ornamented sporran, or pouch, reached below the kilt. By his side hung his dirk, and the handle of the sheathed knife with the unpronounceable name stuck from the top of the stocking, where it is worn. My laird would have been handsome in any costume. In this he was simply superb. For an instant, it seemed like a tableau gotten up for our especial benefit, and I, for one, felt an absurd desire to applaud as the pretty picture faded out of sight.

Soon after we entered Loch Oich it began to rain so violently that we were driven below, much to our chagrin. Yet the passing shower proved to be but a blessing in disguise, and by the time we had passed through two or three more *locks* and as many *locks* to Banavie, the sun, "clear shining after rain," made the constantly changing panorama more beautiful than before. There we left the steamer, and found omnibuses in waiting to convey us a mile or two across a sort of peninsula to Corpach, where we again embarked.

The long summer afternoon was at its height when we caught our first glimpse of the mighty bulk of Ben Nevis towering above Fort William. A little farther northward stood the round towers of ruined Castle Inverlochy, once a royal fortress, but dismantled even so long ago as when the chiefs of Glengarry and Kepoch and Lochiel sent the fiery cross far and wide through all the mountains of Lochaber, summoning their vassals to do battle with Montrose against Argyle. Here Argyle had encamped, in the narrow valley "where the Lochy joins Loch Eil," and here Campbells and Camerons, the Knight of Ardenvohr and bold Ranald of the Mist, had met hand to hand in deadly combat. Every mountain pass, every narrow defile, every

lonely glen, was peopled with the spirits of the past. And hark! What is that? The bagpipes are sounding. Surely it can be nothing less than the

"Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil!"

"Wild waves the eagle plume blended with heather," sang he who will live as long as the hills and lakes of his own bonny Scotland. We saw no eagle plumes that day, but there was not a Scotch man or woman on the boat who did not wear the heather fastened in cap or bonnet. Sometimes it was worn alone, as an all-sufficient ornament; sometimes it was held in place by a great cairngorm, as lustrous and full of imprisoned sunshine as an Oriental topaz, and sometimes by Lochaber axes, dirks, or claymores fashioned from pebbles set in silver. As a fine contrast to these northern splendors, we had on board an Indian nobleman, Prince Hername Singh, and his dusky princess, in whose brown ears gleamed long, barbaric pendants of emerald and pearl. All day long, their servant, a tall and stately figure in snowy turban and Oriental costume, stood on one of the stairways leading to the upper deck, silent, impassive, statuesque. He was a most imposing and impressive figure, with his folded arms, his compressed lips, and his dark, inscrutable eyes, that took in every unaccustomed feature of lake and sky and mountain. His master and mistress made few demands upon him; but more than once I saw the latter approach him with a few low words in soft Hindostanee, or perhaps some dainty from the lunch-basket. When we stopped at Corpach, the little street gamins, to say nothing of their elders, crowded about him on the dock; touching his strange garments, peering up into his face, and making themselves generally disagreeable. He did not turn his head nor lift his hand, heeding them no

more than if they had been insects buzzing about a marble statue.

Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, is grand and imposing, less from its height, which is only 4406 feet, than from its breadth, if one may use the word. Its circumference at the base is, we were told, nearly twenty-five miles. To the average eye it seems higher than it is, at least when seen from the water. It is a world of precipices, and glens, and huge rents and fissures, and vast shadowy masses that are always taking on new outlines and new proportions. Often it appears in the similitude of some great, crouching monster brooding in sombre majesty over the pigmies at its feet.

At last, as day began to wane, we passed through Loch Aber and the Corran Narrows into Loch Linnhe. And here the mighty spirit of the lakes and mountains took possession of us all, and held that boat-load of merry people silent and spellbound. It was as if we were being borne onward, swiftly and noiselessly, into the inmost holy of holies. Even the captain and the very deckhands stood like men entranced, overwhelmed by the surpassing splendor. Anything so grand, so weird, so magical, can hardly be imagined, much less described. The rain of two hours before had left the air heavy with vapor, through which the sun now shone gloriously, producing the most marvelous effects. "You might make this trip a hundred times, ladies," said the captain, as he stood uncovered, "and not get the half of what you are getting to-day, — no, nor the tenth of it."

I quote this, lest some of our dear wandering kinsfolk, who have been "down the Caledonia Canal" on some dull, gray day, when the Scotch mists hemmed them in on all sides, and they could scarcely see beyond the decks, should try out, "How that woman exaggerates!" But we have all seen transformation scenes on the stage,

where the effect of light and color, of rapidly dissolving views, and of seemingly supernatural revelations filled us with wordless awe. Now make the stage one vast panorama of shining, sparkling water, as still as a sheet of silver. Dot the surface with islands, dark masses of verdure rising out of the depths, and often picturesquely beautiful with ivy-grown mouldering towers, broken arches, and here and there a stately monument. Let the nearer hills, sloping upwards from the shores, be cultivated and clothed with living green more than half-way up; make them gentle and homelike by building stately mansions on the broad terraces, and letting small gray cottages, like birds'-nests, perch on the slightly cliffs; then, stretching far above these human habitations, let the purple of the wild heather, blending with the soft olives of ferns and mosses, climb to their very tops. Beyond them, tier on tier, not in regular ranges, but jutting out edgewise, and crosswise, and *allwise*, let the mightier hills stretch upwards and onwards, appearing and disappearing; now looming up out of the vapor in cold, blue splendor, then suddenly vanishing like pallid ghosts; changing every moment; presenting constantly new vistas, new cloud marvels, and new openings into far, radiant reaches, through which you seem to see heaven itself. Throw over all this light veils of mist, that soften rather than obscure, — pale gray, dazzling silver, soft rose, translucent amber, purple amethyst, — veils that float, and lift, and waver with every breath and with every motion of the boat, and you will have some faint idea of what our eyes beheld that August evening as we crossed Loch Linnhe and passed into Loch Leven, pausing for a few moments at Ballachulish, and then, turning into Linnhe again, swept on our downward way towards Oban. But you must do still more. You must imagine all this magnificence of cloud and mountain and

island so perfectly mirrored in the clear, still waters of the lake that even the changing splendor of color was duplicated, and heaven was below as well as above us.

It grew dark and chill at last. The overpowering glory died, and earth was

earth once more, but the effect remained. Young men and maidens, old men and children, were content to sit in silence, or to speak in subdued whispers, as we watched for the first gleam of the semi-circular cordon of lights that guard the bay of Oban.

*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

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### A CALL ON "MOTHER MOSCOW."

VARIETY of climate is the one relief which the seasons bring to the monotonous contour of the empire of plains. If earth has welded this territory into the awful unity of a land without mountains, heaven has at least given its spatial immensities the vicissitudes of her genial hues and changeful smile. In a very true sense it may be said that celestial pigments, not Appalachian ranges, mark off from each other the natural divisions of many-peopled Russia. She has her vault of blinding white, fit heaven of the frozen marshes and the Arctic Ocean; her sky of pale green, roof of summer midnight in her city of granite and cold; her arch of light blue, canopy of her spring floods and forest aisles; her concave of deep azure, lord of the waving steppe, from the "black earth," yielder of Ceres' choicest gifts, to the infertile plains, gray and smooth as a lunar sea; and then, southernmost of all, in Mediterranean parallels, her Krym and Caspian firmaments, tenderer than the sky of Italy, and more lustrous than the Egyptian night.

Below, as above, to the traveler moving through it, Russia is a panorama of shifting lights and shades, or rather, one might say, a complete story of Nature's relation to her environment, with the hypothesis of natural selection left out. Among the snow-fields of the north, life runs its cycle bleached from year to year. The very trees seem to mimic

with their garments the universal whiteness; while the lower vegetation goes its round in never-varying livery of deadened, inert green, — a green which, compared with the vivid hues of southern flora, can scarcely be called worthy of the name. The human visage itself reflects the prevailing monotony, and so widely is color banished from the faces of human beings that it has come to rank, by mere rarity, as the chief attribute of beauty in women. Easy, nevertheless, is the escape from the tree-belted realm of this tyranny of snow. Go southward but a few hundred versts, and already you shall see the widening out of summer's dominion around you, and above the deepening of the heavens into blue. The further you descend, the brighter grows the prospect. At first the forests relax from their sombre severity, and ere long salute you with their thousand voices; then laughing lights play from the steppe lands; soon you come to regions where village children grow brown and maidens red in the sun.

It is through changing scenes like these — like them in kind, if not in degree — that the traveler passes, in his first trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Even the natives call it a journey from Europe into Asia, yet the route suggests antitheses of quite another kind. Such details of line construction as meet the eye recall, not the Orient, but the far

West. The method of securing rail to sleeper, the rudely built wooden station-house, the roughly trimmed tree doing duty as a telegraph-post, the rail-iron used in the making of gates, the slow-going locomotive with its cone-shaped stack, the train itself, its stove, and conductor, and end-to-end passage, — all these things belong to the category of railway experiences in the New World. The terminal buildings, on the other hand, are English in their massive ugliness, while the restaurants and dining-halls they inclose bring back memories of midday repasts in the French capital. It is noteworthy, as illustrating the truth that civilization first makes its way along the great highways of commerce, that to the iron road falls the credit of having introduced into Russia the American country depot, flanked by the English lawn and garden, bright with many flowers.

It is only the social character of traveling in Russia that can rightly be called Russian, and so the novelty of the trip from St. Petersburg to Moscow is largely reserved for him whose railway experiences have been gained in the countries of the West. The fear to converse with one's fellow-passenger, which destroys the pleasure of a trip, say, between Liverpool and London, has no place on railway lines in a land where the forming of "travel acquaintances" constitutes so large a part of the exhilaration of movement from city to city. The Russians journey as, for the most part, they live, with the profound conviction that men and women are human beings; and so far they have not reached that modern stage in which the fleeting attribute is made superior to the thing which it should merely qualify, in which the redness or blueness of its binding has become of more importance than the book itself, in which the minor classifica-

tion of money swamps the major classification of man. That Russian should be the only language in Europe which expresses companionship of travel in a single word<sup>1</sup> alone suggests this unique thriving of democratic manners in unfavorable soil. How valuable these railway customs are to a true interest in the life and ideas of a great people cannot be easily told. In a few hours one is made acquainted with everything weighty enough to be narrated concerning one's fellow-passengers, — the story, given in his own words, of each man's past and present, his career, his position or business, his aims and hopes for the future. Such confidences as these have all the charm of spontaneity; wholly unchecked by any suspicion that the listener can be bored by the flow of personal history under such circumstances, they illustrate the abounding social sense of the Great Russian, and show how he can be dignified and expansive, picturesque, enthusiastic, sentimental, by turns, but always at his best. Nor does all this communicativeness end merely in talk. Once fairly acquainted with each other, the passengers tacitly form a sort of society for mutual service, every member pledged to aid in the satisfaction of whatever necessities, individual or collective, the journey may from time to time bring forth.

Such racial characters as these gain added impressiveness from the fact that in Russia there is no wealthy class self-separated from the rest of the people by its habit, as the phrase runs, of "traveling first-class." Save on occasions rare enough to be phenomenal, the same carriages which receive the peasant, the priest, the artisan, the soldier, and the student also convey the merchant, the rich country nobleman, and the land-owning millionaire. Instead of being divided, moreover, by rival or widely

<sup>1</sup> *Poputchik*, in common use, with meaning as follows: Traveler A: "Whither bound?" Traveler B: "To Moscow." Traveler A:

"Moscow is also my destination. We are *poputchiki*," or, "You are my *poputchik*."

differing interests, the representatives of classes outwardly so various and isolated from each other are really united at many points by a common bond of union. The land-owner, like the merchant, has probably risen from the smallest beginnings, and feels sympathy, born of his own struggles, with the humblest phases of life. The nobleman — in all likelihood a man of the modern school — draws from principle the humanitarian breadth which comes to the man of affairs by impulse. Both men have sons at the universities, and both have passed through the army. The student's father is either a merchant, a priest, or a peasant, determined by the "new ideas," as they are called, to give his children the best education he can procure for them. The peasant character, again, is naturally interchangeable with that of the priest, and the priest, in a majority of cases, is a peasant transformed by a suitable course of tuition. Take this man of the flowing robe and rob him of his smattering of ecclesiastical Slavonic; simplify a little his ideas on geographical, astronomical, and political subjects; then re-apparel him in sheep-skin overcoat, fur cap, and bark sandals, and you will make of him as typical a peasant as may be. On the other hand, send this giant of the steppe to an ecclesiastical seminary for a few years, and discharge him in priestly attire, and you will find him fairly qualified for membership of the white clergy. Remember, too, that, widely as pursuits may separate these your fellow-passengers, a single habit makes them one. They have a horror of the sessile life by which higher as well as lower organisms degenerate. They are migrants to the core.

Especially worthy of remark are the traveling customs of the *bourgeois* and merchant classes. Simple to the extreme in everything they do, these people obey literally the Russian injunction: "If you go for a day, take provisions for a week." Even a short trip de-

mands its hamper of edibles. The butler brings tea from the station-house, and the lighter meals, at least, are enjoyed *en route*. Nor is the business man less solicitous in the matter of his sleeping accommodation. As Russian hotel-keepers supply guests with a mere moiety of the means of nightly repose, — compel them, that is to say, to bring their own bed-clothes, — the native traveler practically carries his bed about with him. The metamorphosis of carriage-seats into sleeping-couches is thus easy. But slumber is difficult, even to tired passengers. The constant demand for "your ticket," the perpetual crash of the closing door, make rest well-nigh impossible.

At one point alone can you be grateful to the conductor for disturbing you. A single spot displays the only scenery of the trip worthy of the name. It is a scape, moreover, not of land, but of river and sky, — a spectacle which is brightest in the absence of the sun, — and it catches the eye of the wakeful passenger on any clear summer night, when the train has just begun to cross the bridge over the Volkhov, in the government of Novgorod. Here he moves suspended between two heavens, almost alike in their brilliancy; for if the real sky lies overhead, with its fullness of stars softly shining, the very intervals between point and point dimly luminous, as broad and well-nigh bright a sky lies below, looking up with its thousand eyes through the mirror of the Volkhov. Midway over the flood the spectator forms the centre of two firmaments, perfect hemispheres, that have their meeting-line in the river's bosom, at a depth far too profound to suggest the presence of any reflecting surface.

But the time passes swiftly, and each hour brings some new evidence of our nearness to the old capital. The conversation more and more busies itself with Moscow, and passengers exchange reminiscences of former visits to Rus-



sia's city of churches. In the zealous talk and rising enthusiasm of the peasants, one may gather a whole philosophy of the affectionate interest with which Moscow is regarded by the people. Russia has a unique literature—partly in prose, partly in rhyme—of popular sayings about Moscow, and these the traveling agriculturists love to repeat, in a sort of patriotic competition, and with a view of determining which can recall the largest number. Some of these sayings relate to Moscow as a city, such as: "Moscow was not built at once: it took ages to build Moscow;" "Moscow was created by the ages, St. Petersburg by millions;" "Moscow with its seven seigniories, — seven shepherds to one sheep;" "Moscow, mother of all cities;" "Hump-backed Moscow, built upon hills;" "Who in Moscow ne'er has been, he a beauty ne'er has seen;" and "Moscow, white-stoned, golden-domed, hospitable, Orthodox, loquacious, Tsar-loving." Others describe Moscow as an ecclesiastical centre: "In Moscow there are forty times forty churches;" "In Moscow every day is a holiday;" "Moscow matin chimes may be heard on the Vologda." Among the general allusions are: "Live, live, children, until you have seen Moscow;" "It is high in the *terem*, but far to Moscow;" "There is plenty of room in Moscow;" "Moscow is not a suburb;" "It is refreshing to live on the Don; it is gay to live in Moscow;" "Moscow is not obliged to imitate, follow, be led or influenced by, the Tsar, but the Tsar must be led by Moscow;" "To taste bread and salt in Moscow is like listening to sweet music;" "Moscow is renowned for its virgins, its bells, and its bread rolls;" "There is never a bad harvest of bread in Moscow;" "Moscow mud does not soil;" "In Moscow the bread rolls burn like fire." A pessimistic vein is disclosed by such sayings as: "Moscow loves money;" "To one Moscow is a mother, to another a mother-in-law;"

"They calculate to the last copek in Moscow;" "Praise Moscow after you have seen it;" "Moscow delay;" "Nothing is to be had as a gift in Moscow." Four rhymes contain some of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin: "Our native village is more beautiful than Moscow;" "Moscow is a kingdom; our village is a paradise;" "It is good to be in Moscow, but not like being at home;" and "You will find everything in Moscow except your own father and mother."

The real Moscow, as distinct from the Moscow of the proverb, the guide-book, and the literary description, stands alone among cities, as Russia stands alone among countries. The ground which it occupies is a vast circular plain, into the southern half of which the river Moskva penetrates like a blunt wedge. The city has a *kreml*, or fortress, for its centre, facing the watercourse, and around it have been built successive concentric rings of urban growth, representing in the order of recession the business, residential, and village portions of the old capital. That is to say, the church lies at the core of life in Moscow; commerce comes next, bound to the ecclesiastical centre by the closest ties; third in line stand housekeeping and pleasure; last of all live huddled together the dependent and impoverished classes of one of the richest cities in the world. The parallel between the structural and the sociological order in Moscow is thus complete.

The best general view of the old capital is obtained from the tower of Ivan the Great, on the high ground of the Kreml. It is here, with an outlook over the walls of the fortress to the Sparrow Hills, that the spectator at all familiar with Russian literature recalls those charming lines of Glinka:—

"City wondrous, city olden!  
Nestling 'neath thy summits golden,  
Lie thy suburbs, villages;  
Shine thy mansions, palaces."

Afar off, the eye takes in regions where Moscow begins to fall away into houseless country and open champaign; nearer are the straggling outskirts, and just within them runs an endless thoroughfare of gardens, binding Moscow as with a peripheral belt of never-withering vegetation. The city proper is represented for the vision by a bewildering expanse of painted roofs, that swallow up the outlines of separate edifices in a flood of color. Only below and immediately around him can the observer study buildings in their totality, and even here the lines exposed are wholly those of the palace and the church. Viewed from the hills whence Napoleon caught his first glimpse of it, with its splotches of badly contrasted pigment, its tricky, theatrical appeals to the eye in vermilion, green, and blue, all softened by distance, Moscow is the "beauty" which the proverb declares it to be. But seen at close range the city is disappointing. It has neither the magnificence of St. Petersburg nor the multitudinous aspect of Paris: it is an inextricable complex of details, all jumbled together, without the slightest regard to proportion or harmonious grouping.

The Kremlin bears a relation to Moscow proper somewhat like that in which the High Town stands to Edinburgh. It is not only the most elevated and least noisy quarter of the city; it is a garrisoned fortress, under the strictest military discipline. A soldier sentry, with loaded musket, has station in front of every building of importance; strict watch is kept over visiting tourists; nor is permission to look upon certain historical monuments, to which the entry is nominally free, often granted without a course of the most tedious preliminary circumlocution. The lavish care thus taken of the Kremlin has another and worthier object than the mere preservation of costly things, for its whitish walls inclose memorials of the past of priceless value to the student of Russian

history. It is not only that the Kremlin pictures the ecclesiastical life of the people from the period of their conversion to Christianity; it yields in palace, mansion, and museum glimpses of every stage of their domestic progress and national advance. The very stones tell a new tale in architecture; the strange rooms, with their ancient tapestry and massive furniture, their striking windows and luxurious wall decorations, bring back the atmosphere of the semi-Byzantine terem, the rivalry of the grand princes, the struggle to save Moscow, the exploits of boyars and brigands, and the deeds of Ivan the Terrible. In glass cases are countless relics, such as the crown of Vladimir Monomakh, the sceptre of Alexei Mikhailovich, the throne of Ivan III., the flag of Prince Pozharsky, the swords of Minin, the bed of Peter, and the carriage of Boris Godunov. Then, passing from the Kremlin to the adjacent Red Square, the visitor looks upon the Gate of the Saviour, beneath which it is still the custom to pass uncovered; the figures of Minin and Pozharsky, beloved of the peasant generation; and the Vassily Blazhenny Cathedral, with its grouping of fantastic towers and cupolas.

Once leave the Kremlin, and you are reminded of that early stage in the development of urban thoroughfares which finds its expression in so many old English and German towns. In primitive times, streets seem to have had an intense individuality of their own, not unlike the early egotism of human beings; each line of travel in a city starting where it would, going in the direction it liked best, and ending where it was pleased to stop, all without the slightest regard for the feelings of the other streets. But in these modern days, with the rise of the collective sense in man and the cultivation of the altruistic sentiments, the streets of cities, like the men living in them, have come to be conscious of each other's existence. In-

stead of the lack of sympathy which, using the word in its Greek sense, marked their ancient relations, city streets now pass along side by side without collision; thus illustrating in the parallel lines of their symmetrical development the same regard for the rights of others as that which limits individual activities in the modern community.

Moscow's streets belong largely to the old period. It is true that many of them, being concentric, are to that extent regular. Yet between these successive rings of roadway, encircling the Kremlin at various distances therefrom, lie numberless crooked, winding, labyrinthine ways that would do honor to the oldest town in Western Europe. Nor is the suggested connection of such thoroughfares as these with human characteristics merely what people unaware of the part played in knowledge by analogies call a fancy. In Moscow, at any rate, there are grounds for asking whether this individualism of streets had not its origin in the imperfect solidarity of different sections of the urban population, — sections not yet bound closely together in the mutual relations of the later communal life. The Russians have shown little art as builders of cities, and I have sought to show elsewhere how straggling, disconnected, and incoherent a thing a native Russian city really is. Note especially the evidence of names given to the pathways of Moscow. I traversed, for example, the Street of the Cooks, the Place of the Apothecaries, the Field of Virgins, the Street of Carriages, the Place or Square of Newspapers, the Street of the Blacksmiths, the Thoroughfare of Gardens, the Way of the Hunters, the Passage of Onions, the Road of Church Bells, the Street of Caps, the Place of Drums, the Court of Pancakes, the Street of Peas, the Alley of Baths, and the Honey Cul-de-Sac. I also found such designations as the Square of Horses, the Place of Crows, the Alley of Swans, the Court of Bears, the Street

of Fish, and other channels of traffic named after pigs, dogs, wolves, and "wild beasts." Some of these names, of course, are peculiar to Moscow neither in the designation itself nor in the process by which it came into being. Yet the remainder, especially those descriptive of occupations, seem to indicate that early stage of the tendency to segregation out of which progress lifts fluent, changing human units without being able to affect thoroughfares, that, once determined by urban growth, are established, as it were, for all time.

Moscow's streets are truly picturesque in winter, when the cupolas put on their caps of snow, and the painted scales of the great wing of roofs stretched over the old capital grow white in the waxing frost. But in the summer months, even far into the autumn, the same thoroughfares suffer from the double scourge of oppressive heat and blinding dust. The pavements, moreover, being largely of wood, discharge the filaments of their decaying structure into the air, or, in rotting through moisture, rob the pedestrian of his foothold. Rain falls rarely, and water is so far from being available for use in the streets that it has to be supplied to hotels in barrels, and must in like manner be tubbed to the scenes of conflagrations. Even the frequent use of the droshky fails to suppress these disadvantages of traversing Moscow in the daytime. My own daily investigations were much aided by a habit of rising early; in time, that is to say, for those abnormally matutinal services of the Greek Church to which the Orthodox are summoned by the "matin chimes," when the air is cool, and the thoroughfares are silent, and Moscow is mysterious by mere lack of the hurry and clamor of business. But the city's repose lasts scarcely long enough for a foreigner's early morning ramble. A full hour in advance of the costermonger at Covent Garden, the street-vender of a thousand specialties takes his stand in

the squares and market-places; the carts of incoming peasants, laden with the previous day's produce, fresh from outlying villages and farms, throng every gate with their invading lines; and then at innumerable points the droshky-driver, emerging from the place of his nightly sojourn, springs to the box of his vehicle, and drives amid the clatter of steed and wheel to the station which he has chosen as the base of his operations for the day. Later still begins the pilgrimage of Moscow's business army from the residential districts to the commercial quarter, known as the Kitaigorod, — a procession which, full of the strangest contrasts both of attire and equipage, illustrates the extent to which ceremonial usages and habits of distinctive dress have been developed in Moscow. Position and wealth are to some extent distinguished by dress in all parts of Russia, but in the old capital the distinction rises — or falls — to the status of a livery. The chief of a business establishment not only attires himself in the costliest furs; he drives officewards in a dashing troika, and dismounts with the air of an Eastern prince, — all of which means that inflection in ceremonial or dress, like inflection in language, tends to be thrown off at the two extremes, and to be insisted upon very strongly in its middle stage. Thus in the evolution of his manners of dress, the Moscow merchant is as far off, on the one hand, from the primitive chieftain, who has not yet learned how to express his rank in attire, as, on the other, from the American millionaire, who is not differentiated by dress from the humblest of those who render him service and owe him allegiance.

The Russian proverb which declares that "in Moscow every day is a Sunday" has a special verity for foreigners. The native is accustomed to these ubiquitous signs of worship; for the stranger they confer a holiday aspect upon the busiest thoroughfares. The plenitude of

churches, whose bells are rung three or four times a day; the throngs of worshippers marching to their devotions; the perpetual mingling of monks and priests with pedestrians and sight-seers; the frequent acts of religious devotion performed in public by rich and poor, quite regardless of the attentive curiosity of the un-Orthodox, — all seem to give an air of make-believe to the noisiest evidences of Moscow's passion for commerce. On the other hand, the most sacred places of the old capital are daily handed over to trade's itinerant host; and so searching is the process that you shall traverse the city from end to end without finding a single alley, place, or street not given up to buying and sale. Nay, the trafficker thrives, as we shall presently see, in the very churches themselves. It might thus seem that while in countries of the West men preserve the sanctities of religion by isolating them from contact with commerce, in Moscow the religious is yoked, Pegasus-like, with the secular, both being condemned to the meanest services in the interest of the tradesman, the priest, and the state. Yet Moscow simply illustrates the survival of a stage in the development of all peoples, wherein the life of religion is not merely inextricably mingled with the life of affairs, but has not yet been perceived as distinct therefrom.

In Moscow, every thought, like every thoroughfare, leads to a church. It is characteristic of the city that while more human beings die than are born within its walls, new temples of the Greek faith are yearly built that represent no increase of population whatever. The demand for ecclesiastical services in the old capital is permanently in excess of the supply. Hence it is that the Moscow priest in charge of a parish enjoys a state of well-being not attainable by the urban clergy in any other part of Russia. His town residence costs him nothing, and his resources enable him to

maintain a separate establishment in the country. His income is largely what he likes to make it. The lighting of his church involves him in no expenditure, for the edifice is illuminated by the votive candles of the faithful. Living makes but small inroads upon his purse, for he receives almost daily substantial presents "in kind." His charges are regulated by no fixed scale. None the less conscientious is his attention to social distinctions: if he consent to marry some wretched peasant to his wretched sweetheart for half a dozen roubles, he will exact a hundred, or more likely a thousand, from the merchant bridegroom who has a place of business on the fashionable Kuznetsky Most. At baptisms and funerals, the Church shows the same discriminating sense of the circumstances of its devotees. During a single service, that of communion, money is looked for five times. The payments begin with the purchase of a candle, the unburnt remains of which become the perquisite of the priest; money is given on the entry of the participant's name in the register; another payment is made after the act of confession; a fee is received on the drinking of wine; in finally blessing the communicants, the priest holds the crucifix over them with one hand, and stretches forth the other to receive their gifts. In ways like these the white clergy of Moscow often rise, in material resources, above the social position of the merchants who love to patronize them. Most prosperous of all is the priest who is fortunate enough to have a parish. For the priest's assistants — the one a kind of curate, the other a kind of sexton — a much less happy lot is reserved. I have seen one of these impoverished churchmen trudging home, in full ecclesiastical vestments, with a watermelon under one arm, and a bareheaded, peasant-like wife on the other, one or two slatternly, olive-faced children bringing up the rear.

The great demand for priests in Rus-

sia is usefully correlated with that widespread desire which exists among the peasants to enter the service of the Church. Forms of address, at any rate, set up no distinction between the two classes, for the term *batyushka*, "little father," is not less applicable to the agriculturist than to the priest. If the peasant knows nothing of "miserable books," it is a rare experience to find sacerdotal acquirements that include a knowledge of geography and European politics. Very few of Moscow's holy men speak or read French, in a country where an acquaintance with foreign tongues is remarkably common. Large numbers of priests do not know even Ecclesiastical Slavonic; in most cases, fluency during service in the liturgical language of the Greek Church may mean nothing more than a feat of skill in Russian mnemonics. A few stars of the first magnitude, it is true, shine in the firmament of this picturesque religion, but the majority of its lights are much too modest of effulgence to be noted of mankind. The priest in Moscow is simply adapted to his environment. While his surroundings remain what they are, he will continue to teach, not an intellectual religion, but an emotional and ceremonial one; he will go on thinking much more of the condition and price of watermelons than of the nebular theory, and his interest in the "mechanical equivalent of heat" will still be determined by the amount of exertion which his services require of him on a hot summer or a dusty autumn day. But if his environment vary by ever so slight an amount; should his parishioners demand something more than the stereotyped formulas of the Greek Church; suppose for a moment that the people among whom his lot is cast rise to higher levels of thought and faith, — then you shall see him respond to the change, and adapt himself anew to the surroundings. The questions to be asked are simply: Does the environment vary?

Is the priest being raised by his people? Are the conditions which make him what he is engaged in a movement of ascent?

All of us remember that the Greek Church came to Russia in the time, so to speak, of her national childhood. Its appeal was largely, if not wholly, to the sensuous perceptions. For the eye were its Byzantine framework, its shrines and mosaics, and its gilded, often golden, cupolas, just as for the ear its gorgeous music and its ritual in an unknown tongue. Impression upon the heart, or rather the intellect, its services made little. That it could gather a cultured class of ecclesiastics into its official ranks was impossible. For a long period there were no institutions in which these priestly recruits could be trained. Even when the Church established ecclesiastical seminaries, it did so only to permit them to fall into a condition which forty or fifty years ago had become intolerable. The fund devoted by the authorities to their support had then been much diminished by peculation, while the food and clothing supplied to the pupils were at once wretched and inadequate. The depraved superiors added to the vice of greed the crime of outrageous cruelty, and by means of espionage, punishments, and tyrannical regulations kept the students under their charge in a state of scarcely veiled revolt. Amongst the inmates themselves an immorality well-nigh inconceivable prevailed. Since their reform in recent years, these seminaries have given better account of themselves. But they still foster the same spirit of negation and of opposition to authority which characterized them five decades ago. On the one hand, we see them training up for positions in the state Church the most loyal and zealous adherents of the dual system in Russia; on the other, these same institutions, in

nursing youth destined in after years to join the ranks of the discontented and disloyal, develop the dragon's teeth that, sown in a thousand places of darkness and misery, are to answer each year's political punishments with the dread irony of armed men. Perhaps a third of the domestic enemies of the Tsar are youth who have left the ecclesiastical seminaries without passing into the service of the Church. Some of the most remarkable figures that Russia has produced spent a part of their lives in preparing to become priests. Pomyalovsky, Dobrolyubov, and Chernishevsky were all seminarists.

I must confirm from observation much that has been written concerning the unpopularity of the priesthood. These holy men are not beloved of the people. Their avarice is proverbial, and the popular epithets which perpetuate the belief in it do them little injustice. It is still considered unlucky — even amongst the classes by whom their services are most in demand — to meet one of them in the street; impending rencontres are usually avoided by abrupt crossing of the thoroughfare.<sup>1</sup> The moral influence exerted by priests is notoriously small. They are rarely admitted to the houses of the nobles and land-owners; rich merchants, on the other hand, as well as merchants who hope to become rich, eagerly purchase their favors. The frequent complaint made of insobriety within the Church is only too well founded. A few years ago the *Golos* drew attention to this vice of the clergy by publishing illustrative cases, gathered from time to time by its correspondents in various parts of Russia. The revelations made were regarded as "scandalizing," but it was the *Golos* that died a natural death; the evil of clerical intemperance came forth from the agitation unscathed.

<sup>1</sup> I have heard this superstition explained as a survival from the period in Russian history when the Christian priest was regarded as hos-

tile to the peasant not yet converted to Christianity from his earlier faith.

Only an unworthy student of Russian history can sneer at the Greek Church, as only a shallow lover of science can declaim against religion. When the true nature of this "quest of the highest" comes to be understood, there will no longer be room for doubt regarding the function of ecclesiastical systems like that enthroned at Moscow. Even now this Byzantine ceremonial in Slav surroundings — this faith of the crescent dominated by the cross — has aspects that affect a sensitive nature with a part, at least, of the charm of its appeal to the Orthodox mind. I remember thinking of this, one warm summer afternoon, when, as I passed through the southwest corner of the Kreml, a crowd streamed by me on its way to the Assumption Cathedral. Following the march, I pushed my way to a position in the edifice whence I could command a fairly unhindered view of the interior, and learned that only the attractions of a special service could have so filled the church an hour in advance of ordinary vespers. The congregation consisted largely of peasants and artisans, of both sexes, as well as of shopkeepers and merchants; yet all stood shoulder to shoulder, without the slightest regard to precedence or place. The people were packed so closely together that even a panic could have brought no injury to the throng, since it was impossible for any one to fall far enough to be trampled upon. All the more remarkable was the activity shown by the congregation, for the hour of waiting was spent in buying candles, and setting them up to burn before the images of favorite saints. The candles were displayed at a table near the main exit, and had each worshiper been obliged to make the purchase himself, but few offerings of piety could have been disposed of. The difficulty was ingeniously overcome. Money was passed from hand to hand until it reached the table, and the returning candle followed in the same

track, if in a reversed direction. Distinct lines of transmission were thus set up in the throng, to disappear and give place to others when one set of bargains had been consummated, and when, thanks to the willingness of the people, the candles ordered had been finally hung before the icons for which they were destined.

The service was wholly choral and ceremonial: boys and men chanted at intervals; in the pauses of singing the officiating priest read the lessons of the day from the liturgy. Only once was the monotony of three hours' chanting and reading interrupted. A sudden commotion occurred in the crowd, and then, without other warning, I became aware of an imposing figure seated on the throne of the cathedral; that is to say, in the centre of the throng, and elevated above it. The face was thin, and had a somewhat ascetic look; yet it wore an expression of mild benignity, and was, withal, the most intellectual Russian countenance it had ever been my lot to look upon. The people acted as if delirious with joy in the presence of their pastor, and when, at the close of the service, the Metropolitan of Moscow — for he it was — endeavored to leave the cathedral, the whole throng seemed to precipitate itself forward in an effort to come near him. I saw him struggle for a few moments with the crowd, and then surrender unconditionally. For a time he held out one hand; this was fought for, and, when captured, kissed with the same affectionate zeal by women and by men. Two hands soon became necessary to meet the demand, and these were held out rapidly to right and left, the scene continuing until the assistant priests had succeeded in making a lane through which the Metropolitan could reach the door of the cathedral.

It is not unnatural that power so tremendous as this should have been misused. But Moscow is something more



than an ecclesiastical centre. It has educational facilities not always possessed by cities blessed with free municipalities and the right of the popular vote. In addition to a famous university and many colleges and schools, public and private, the old capital maintains a Historical Museum, a Polytechnic Museum, a Museum of Ethnology, a Museum of Art and Industry, a Museum devoted to the Science of Pedagogy, and a Museum of the Practical Sciences. Five public picture-galleries provide art entertainment, and five public gardens open spaces for the people of the city, while for the study of natural history facilities are supplied by a zoölogical and a botanical garden.

None the less must it be said that, for the moment, industry, not education, is the true antithesis of ecclesiasticism in Moscow. A slow transformation is remoulding the life as well as the aspect of the old capital. In amongst the cupolas the darker outlines of chimneys are beginning to appear; the soot-be-smear'd artisan already jostles the merchant in the finest thoroughfares. By daytime Moscow's canopy is darkened prematurely by settling clouds of carbon smoke; after nightfall the same canopy flashes back the glare of flaming furnaces. Streets that once held only the habitations of the rich are now being rebuilt with the domiciles of artisans; villages that a few years ago surrounded Moscow with an outer ring of gardens are now noisy with the play of hammers and the hissing of steam-engines.

Industry is no foe of the Church, nor is the Church hostile to industry. But there is something in each which is incompatible with the interests of the other. There was once a Russia to the circumstances of which the ceremonial usages of the Greek faith were, to say the least, not ill adapted. It was the Russia of the native manufactures, — of the period when, without the aid of machinery, the people produced all they

needed with unaided hands. No check was then placed upon their habits or occupations by the frequency of *fête* or holy days. But in the Russia of the modern and industrial epoch, when the country is daily decreasing her dependence on foreign markets for the products of the mill, the forge, the furnace, and the factory; when the industrial needs of the people have dotted the land with manufactories from end to end, the Church holiday system, with its encouragement of idleness and intemperance, has become intolerable. The artisan who clings to the usages of his creed surrenders that capacity for regular work upon which his chief value for industrial operations depends; the workman who would remain valuable to his manufacturing employer must neglect his duty to the Church. A conflict of interests such as this can have but one issue; already thousands of the Russian Orthodox are laying at the feet of the capitalist what they have come to feel cannot reasonably be demanded of them by the priest. The Greek Church itself is half moved to compromise with the growing army of its members, who, belonging to industry, yet cling to religion; and thus the prospect of healthy change, faint and distant though it be, seems to open up thus late in the day for an establishment that no reform has touched for a thousand years.

Now a glance backwards over the way we have come. To sojourn in Moscow, and find a profounder meaning in one's surroundings than any which can be suggested by the gilded domes of churches and the painted roofs of domicile and palace and tower; to wander through the treasure-houses of the old capital with an eye for something far other than crowns bespangled with diamonds, worn by princes centuries dead, or costly armor in which the boyars once fought, or stately carriages wherein Tsars and Tsaritsas performed their imperial journeys; to stand over the sa-

ered coffins of ten generations of Russian royalty, and yet feel a greater chasm yawning between one and the sight-seer at one's side than that which separates both from the oldest sarcophagus which the priest shows at a rouble a head, — to do these things is not to take delight, but to be profoundly sad at heart, if not miserable, in Moscow.

St. Petersburg is European, and half the things which pain one there are felt to be in some sort of association with the evils and vices of the West. But Moscow has its own miseries, and they are so intensely Russian, so characteristic of that vaster Moscow of which the old capital is merely the tiny centre, that in becoming sensible of them one shudders, not for a community merely, but for a whole people. The contrasts which life offers in St. Petersburg are contrasts mainly between things which it is scarcely just to compare, — between a well-being which is foreign and a want that is native; but in Moscow wealth is elder brother to poverty, yet stands divided from it by a chasm as impassable as it is merciless. There is a distinct alliance of roughness and semi-culture between the rich merchant, who does business daily in the White Town, and the wretched street-vender, whom he passes on his way a dozen times; yet the two are farther apart than the poorest and the richest classes in Western Europe. Moreover, poverty is so unspeakably miserable in Moscow that it seems to be the characteristic rather of a distinct species of the animal man than of any particular layer of the population. The streets daily yield figures which can only on general principles of anthropology be called human. The eye disentangles a face from these moving masses of rags but slowly and painfully; unless the inspection is at long range, the nose itself is too apt to protest.

The Russian summer calls innumerable peasant beggars and country paupers to Moscow. In the daytime they ex-

plore the city from gate to gate, halting from time to time to beg alms, or munch the fragments of black bread which form the chief spoils of their diurnal quest. Many women of this class are young and robust, fresh from the labors of the field; but some are old, infirm, haggard. All trudge along with the aid of a staff, and all wear a rude canvas bag tied around the neck. At night, long after the last vesper has died away, when the White Town is deserted, and the suburban residences are gay with lights, with music, and with the laughter of happy men and women, this vast army of the penniless and the miserable seeks its nocturnal repose Heaven alone knows where, — on the forsaken field of the day's markets in the open air, on the steps of churches and cathedrals, or in the quadrangles and courts of palaces and public buildings. To be unutterably wretched, and yet to be a nightly sojourner in the "outer courts of heaven;" to be poor, and yet to fall asleep with only the thickness of a wall separating one from some of the most useless and costly accumulations of treasure in Europe, the conversion of which into money would furnish the means for banishing acute poverty from Russia altogether, — such experiences as these are the lot of thousands to whom Moscow is less a place of pilgrimage than a centre of hot, weary, dusty life, a focus of burning despair.

The very bells in Moscow suggest the impression made by many visits to Russian cities, — the impression of some strange complex of sociological conditions, the unraveling whereof discloses new and more intricate entanglements still; of some mighty power of specialized manners, unyielding as the coercive force of magnetized steel; and withal of some awful tragedy bending over individual and collective humanity with a destiny of iron. In these silver tinklings, in this multitudinous clamor of sounding metal, in the sonorous, per-

vasive, vibrating boom, running like a ground-swell through all the higher notes, you listen but to the clumsy play of some cruel Titan on that instrument of many strings, — rude, it may be, but wonderfully sensitive, — the Russian heart. Yet these very discords are the delight of the native imagination, and to a faith deep as mine they are the promise of harmonies to come.

*Edmund Noble.*

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### IVO OF CHARTRES.

Now may it please my lord, Louis the king,  
Lily of Christ and France! riding his quest,  
I, Bishop Ivo, saw a wondrous thing.

There was no light of sun left in the west,  
And slowly did the moon's new light increase.  
Heaven, without cloud, above the near hill's crest,  
Lay passion-purple in a breathless peace.  
Stars started like still tears, in rapture shed,  
Which without consciousness the lids release.

All steadily, one little sparkle red,  
Afar, drew close. A woman's form grew up  
Out of the dimness, tall, with queen-like head,  
And in one hand was fire; in one, a cup.  
Of aspect grave she was, with eyes upraised,  
As one whose thoughts perpetually did sup  
At the Lord's table.

While the cresset blazed,  
Her I regarded. "Daughter, whither bent,  
And wherefore?" As by speech of man amazed,  
One moment her deep look to me she lent;  
Then, in a voice of hymn-like, solemn fall,  
Calm, as by rote, she spake out her intent:

"I in my cruse bear water, wherewithal  
To quench the flames of Hell; and with my fire  
I Paradise would burn: that hence no small  
Fear shall impel, and no mean hope shall hire,  
Men to serve God as they have served of yore;  
But to his will shall set their whole desire,  
For love, love, love alone, forevermore!"

And "love, love, love," rang round her as she passed  
From sight, with mystic murmurs o'er and o'er  
Reverbed from hollow heaven, as from some vast,  
Deep-colored, vaulted, ocean-answering shell.

I, Ivo, had no power to ban or bless,  
 But was as one withholden by a spell.  
 Forward she fared in lofty loneliness,  
 Urged on by an imperious inward stress,  
 To waste fair Eden, and to drown fierce Hell.

*Helen Gray Cone.*

## THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

WE know distressingly little, we are eager to learn more, of the childhood of the Hellenic race. The Homeric poems offer us, as it were, a glimpse of a landscape seen by a flash of lightning. What came before and immediately after we cannot discern. Even the picture itself is avowedly an idealized one. Unconsciously, indeed, the Homeric poets have no doubt painted for us in the main their own age, the men and manners they knew; yet they profess rather to depict the more heroic earlier time, as they imagine it to have been. Such as it is, the picture remains indelibly outlined, beautiful and precious for all time, but isolated, undated, not to be verified by historical evidence.

The world is at least several centuries older when Herodotus unrolls before us, upon his crowded canvas, the varied scenes of Greek and barbaric life in his own day, and something like a connected history of civilization upon the eastern shores of the Mediterranean begins for us. Themistocles and Aristides, Leonidas the Spartan hero-king and Pausanias the regent, Xerxes and Mardonios, are the first Greeks, or foes of Greeks, whose figures and exploits are truly familiar to us. As soon as the sweet-tongued Father of History—and fable—begins to recount the tales even of the next earlier generation, we realize that romantic tradition and poetic fancy have been busy in the interval. The soften-

ing haze of the semi-mythical foretime dims even the very outlines of the accounts we hear of King Cræsus of Lydia and his conqueror, Cyrus; of Polycrates, the lucky despot of Samos, and Egyptian Amasis, his timorous ally; or even of Solon the lawgiver, and Pisistratus the tyrant, of Athens.

There is, perhaps, no moment in the history of civilization more dramatic, more decisive, than the midnight before the battle of Salamis. Millions of Asiatic invaders have filled the land from Thermopylæ almost to the Isthmus. Attica is overrun and devastated. The towns have been sacked, the temples defiled and set on fire. The Athenian women and children have been hurried away to destitute exile upon the islands. The only hope of the Greeks is in their united fleet, and the Peloponnesian admirals are determined to scatter to their homes when the morning breaks. Then the desperate patriotism, or duplicity, whichever it was, of Themistocles impels him to send the secret message to the Persian, bidding him blockade the straits and cut off the Greek retreat.

On so slender a thread, undoubtedly, hung the salvation of Hellas, and with it, in a sense, our modern civilization. But for the miraculous victory of the next morning, which frightened the cowardly lord of all Asia and half Europe into precipitate homeward flight, instead of the glorious fifth century of Athens

and Greece, we should have only such stagnant monotonous oblivion as now covers the annals of the hundred races absorbed into the unwieldy Persian empire, the Russia of antiquity:—

“Such whose supine felicity but makes  
In action chasms, in epochas mistakes;  
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of  
down,  
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.”

In such an hour the Athenians awoke to the full consciousness of their own future. Even the second devastation of their city and land, in the following summer, did not check for an instant their assurance of complete and glorious victory. The generation who beat back the long-haired Medæ at Salamis, and the next autumn at Plataea, strode on with confidence year after year, from that time, to make the city of Pallas queen of the Ægean, and the stronghold of Hellenic statecraft, philosophy, art, and literature.

Of this heroic generation, the first, as has been said, which stands out clearly and fully seen in the annals of Hellas,—the first, also, of the three which so distinctly divide the fifth century among them,—Æschylus is a most fitting type, even as Sophocles was the brightest ornament of the Periclean age, and as Euripides reflects in his dramas the breaking up of old faiths and morals with which the century closes.

Those awful disasters of 480 and 479, and the truly miraculous escape, after all, from annihilation or slavery, stirred the life of Greece, even as Prussia was born again to a nobler existence amid calamities and triumphs during the closing years of Napoleon's career, or as England was roused by the defeat of the Invincible Armada. Especially the Athenians of that age felt that only the personal and almost visible presence of the gods on earth, guiding the feeble efforts of men, could account for the signal vengeance inflicted so instantly on the presumptuous and impious tyrant

who had desecrated and destroyed their shrines. Herodotus records, with unquestioning belief, instances of evident divine interposition in those days, related to him by Athenians.

In this conviction that the gods control and guide aright the fortunes of men, as in many other respects, Æschylus was influenced by, and exerted an influence in turn upon, his own generation. He has no doubt whatever of a divine justice presiding over all earthly events. That is for him the one clear and evident truth amid all the vicissitudes of man's life. Indeed, his own boldest pictures of retribution for presumptuous guilt must have seemed to him but faint, far reflections of that tremendous drama for which his own land had been the stage.

The latest method of studying the literatures of the past is borrowed from the natural sciences, and its aim is to trace the evolution of rudimentary into more elaborate forms. The same difficulty, however, baffles us in the case of the Greek drama as with so many other literary developments. The masterpieces in each kind have so entirely supplanted the ruder works of an earlier time that these latter have perished, leaving hardly a trace behind them. Thespis, who “introduced the first actor,” is almost as empty a name to us as Arion, the inventor of the dithyrambic chorus, or Orpheus himself, the discoverer of the lyre, while even Phrynichos and the other elder rivals of Æschylus survive only in meagre fragments, which give no just idea of their artistic power or success. We are forced to begin with Æschylus, and though we have abundant reason to regard him as by far the most daring and creative spirit among all who aided in the development of tragedy, yet we cannot always know what is to be credited to his genius, and how much was, even in his day, part of the sacred traditions of the Dionysiac festival.

A number of the minor inventions and improvements in costume, stage machinery, etc., are doubtless due to him. By adding a second actor, he really became the creator of classical tragedy, since he thereby first made possible a dialogue wholly upon the stage, thus reducing the chorus from the leading element to the position of sympathetic listeners.

Æschylus must by no means be thought of as a poet of the study, a mere turner of verses. Again and again, during the Persian wars, he and his brothers fought gallantly in the Athenian ranks. His works, though they do not violate artistic propriety by covert allusion to current events, breathe unmistakably a spirit of steadfast, enlightened patriotism and soldierly courage as well as of fervent, pious trust in the heavenly justice. To the mood of his time, and to the lofty earnestness of the soldier-poet himself, may be safely attributed much of the noble elevation of tone, the sincere religious character, which continued to manifest themselves in Attic tragedy even long after Æschylus' own death. Especially congenial to his nature was that doctrine of Nemesis, which he taught with such terrible power. The chief lesson of tragedy, in his hands, is that full atonement in suffering must be paid by every man, not only for his own sins, but also for all the crimes of his ancestry:—

“For every guilty deed  
Holds in itself the seed  
Of retribution and undying pain.”

Out of seventy Æschylean dramas known and considered genuine by the competent Alexandrian critics, seven have drifted to us, several of them in tattered and imperfect form. It is, indeed, highly probable that for several centuries their transmission to us was dependent on the preservation of a single extant manuscript. Æschylus usually, perhaps always, offered for the competition three plays connected in subject. Only one such trilogy has come down to

modern times. That one describes the murder of Agamemnon by his unfaithful wife; the vengeance inflicted by Orestes upon his own mother and her accomplice, Ægisthus; and lastly the final rescue of Orestes from the pursuing Furies, and his purification from the defilement of matricide. Every lover of Greek literature should read Anna Swanwick's fine English version of these three plays; but not at a single sitting, nor in hours of mental depression. Upon the Attic stage the effect of these scenes must have been terrific, and tradition so assures us.

It is proposed in the present series of papers to offer to English readers three works of our poet, all earlier than the Oresteian trilogy. Each of them has survived the dramas with which it was originally connected. They are the *Seven Against Thebes*, the *Persians*, and the *Prometheus*. The first-named play was preceded by a lost *Laius and Œdipus*, and all three dealt, of course, with the crimes and sorrows of the Theban royal line. The *Seven Against Thebes* was admired greatly by the ancients for its martial spirit. It culminates in the fatal assault on Thebes, and the death, each by the other's hand, of Œdipus' two sons, the reigning and the exiled king. A final scene, in which Antigone declares her determination to bury her traitor brother, is, perhaps, a later addition, as it opens, but does not complete, the subject so effectively treated in Sophocles' famous play.

The *Persians* is in some respects the most interesting among the Greek tragedies we possess, as it is the only one founded upon an event of the poet's own time, and, moreover, contains the most graphic and authentic account which we have of the sea-fight by Salamis. This description of the battle, written by an eye-witness, to be recited before thousands of surviving contestants, has the highest possible trustworthiness. It is put into the mouth of a messenger from

Xerxes, for the scene of the drama is laid at the Persian court.

The Prometheus has, however, a wider interest than any purely Greek drama can have. It belongs, in part at least, as much to us as to the ancient hearers, for it is an attempt by a great poet to deal in a philosophic spirit with the relations of divinity to primeval man. Its chief ethical purpose seems to have been to free from degrading legends and bring out in clearer relief the figure of a just and wise supreme ruler. The tortured Titan only appears to be the loftiest of the poet's conceptions, because but a single act of the great drama has been transmitted to us. Yet even so, a careful reader will see that Prometheus himself can claim only our sympathy, not our approval.

In any study of Greek mythology, it must be kept in mind that there was no complete or harmonious system of belief developed at any particular time or place. Various attempts were, indeed, made to reduce the principal legends to something like a consistent body of theology, though with very imperfect success; but in reality Greek myths were more diverse and manifold, even, than Greek dialects. Every valley, every long-settled town, every ancient shrine or oracle, had its own local tales; the favorite tendency being to invent a hero bearing the same name as the locality, and then to associate that personage with the most illustrious figures of the universal Greek myths, making him a son of Heracles, of Poseidon, of Zeus. This multiplicity of local legends is best seen in the classical guide-book, as we may call it, of Pausanias the traveler, who visited nearly every portion of the Greek mainland in the time of the Antonines.<sup>1</sup>

There are undoubtedly figures in the

<sup>1</sup> A translation of this most curious and valuable book has been recently added to Bohn's Classical Library.

Greek pantheon which are as old as the days when the ancestors of the Greeks and our own forefathers dwelt side by side in some unknown region of Asia, or of Europe, in the cradle of that great Aryan race, which, by successive tribal migrations in prehistoric times, has spread itself over almost all lands, from Hindustan to the Hebrides.

One of the oldest and most universal figures is Zeus, the omnipotent father, whose missile is the lightning, whose nod shakes heaven and earth. The Latin Jupiter or Diespiter, the Greek Zeus-pater, and the Sanscrit Dyāus-pitr, the several names for the supreme divinity, are of precisely the same composition, and in Sanscrit the original significance, "sky-father," remains unobscured. Zeus is, therefore, not only the loftiest, but perhaps also actually the oldest, creation of the myth-making imagination; much older than the shadowy parents and ancestors with which the Greeks eventually provided him.

Yet even with this majestic figure the bold fancy of successive generations, savage or refined, of countless myth-makers, amid the diverse conditions of life in a thousand valleys and islands, played many a strange trick. To begin with the most bewildering of all, in Crete his grave was pointed out!

Of the countless legends which represented him as assuming animal forms, to accomplish some disgraceful or wicked deed, there is no need to speak in detail. Andrew Lang has thrown an interesting light upon this subject by calling attention to the custom, widespread among savages, of totemism; that is, the acceptance of some animal, generally one which can be easily sketched by untrained hands, as the name-giver and badge of each clan. This animal usually comes to be regarded as the actual ancestor of the tribe. Now many a gross legend about Zeus may have arisen when such a tribe had advanced in civilization sufficiently to prefer the belief, not that the



bull, the swan, or the serpent was their progenitor, but that the supreme god had miraculously assumed such a form to become by a mortal woman the ancestor of their race.

Whatever their precise origin, such legends were evidently a legacy from ruder forefathers. The historic Greeks never would have invented such tales. Most men were no doubt perplexed and shocked by them. Plato, and other philosophers before and after him, raised a bold voice of condemnation against all stories of evil-doing by the gods.

In one curious belief about Zeus all the Greeks were apparently united. He had not always reigned. Like a human monarch, he had a father and a grand-sire, who had ruled the universe before him. His father, Kronos, had been dethroned and imprisoned in deepest Tartaros by his rebellious children: a fate, it may be said incidentally, which the grotesque old cannibal richly deserved. The Prometheus is a drama which takes us back to that period of elemental strife.

Homer makes no allusion to Prometheus, and it is possible that the whole myth, in the form familiar to us, is the invention of an age later and more self-conscious than that which produced the Odyssey. The name Prometheus is a masculine formation on the same stem as the Greek word for forethought, "promethia," and the tale is thus avowedly, in its origin, a parable. Prometheus, the champion of humanity, is a personification of that quality which raises man above the level of savage life, and enables him to cope with those mighty forces of nature in which every savage's untutored mind hears and sees his gods. He is the fire-giver simply because the acquisition of fire is felt to be the most essential step in the progress toward civilization. But we must not try to detect a parable in every detail of this or any Greek myth. When once the character is invented, the pure love of myth-making, the imaginative fancy

of the race, supplies him with exploits and adventures, or attaches to him the floating tales which were already told of Somebody or of Nobody.

Later legends made Prometheus the father of the entire human race, or of Deucalion, the Hellenic Noah, sole survivor of the heaven-sent flood. In still other accounts he appears as the actual creator of mankind. The traveler Pausanias was shown, in Phokis, fragments of flesh-colored clay, having a peculiar human odor, remnants of the material out of which Prometheus shaped primeval man. In the earlier Hellenic myths, however, there is a striking absence of any elaborate attempt to explain the origin of man. Most Greeks seemingly contented themselves with the explanation of Topsy, — that they "jes' growed." Many passages in ancient authors point clearly to the belief formerly prevalent, that men at first developed in some way from trees, or grew out of the earth. This belief is perhaps hinted at in the usual remark to strangers, in the Odyssey: —

"Who, pray, art thou, or whence art come?"

For methinks thou'rt hardly sprung from rock or tree."

The grave Thucydides, least mythical of historians, tells us that the old-fashioned Athenians of pure descent wore a silver grasshopper to bind up their hair, an emblem that they, like that animal, were aboriginal, had sprung from the Attic soil. All lovers of the Age of Fable will recall the favorite legend of men rising full-armed from the ground where the dragon's teeth were sown.

In Æschylus' Prometheus, and in that earlier poem by which he was evidently most influenced, the human race is apparently coeval with the gods themselves. The poem alluded to is the Theogony of Hesiod, which has descended to us in an incomplete and interpolated condition. This is the first attempt to reduce mythology to a system which has been preserved.

Hesiod was a poor farmer of Ascra, an obscure village in Bœotia. As to his time, Herodotus, peering backward into the dark, says, "My opinion is that Hesiod and Homer lived four hundred years before my time, and not more." His guess is as good as any modern one. In his *Theogony*, consisting of ten hundred and two rather heavy and prosy hexameter lines, Hesiod attempts a complete genealogy of the gods, beginning with Chaos, Night, Heaven, Earth, etc., all these being individuals in the Hesiodic account. Zeus, as was remarked before, gains supreme power by dethroning and imprisoning his father. Zeus and his brethren are involved in a desperate struggle with their uncles, brothers of the deposed Kronos, who are called the Titans. Prometheus, with his brothers, Epimetheus (that is, Afterthought) and Atlas, are cousins to Zeus, being children of the Titan Iapetos. Hesiod says nothing of any share taken by Prometheus in this war between the Titans and the younger gods, but Prometheus does already, in the *Theogony*, appear as the especial champion of the human race, even then in existence, and apparently treated by the gods as familiar friends. Indeed, a line in the *Works and Days* (another poem attributed to Hesiod) declares that "gods and mortal men are sprung from the same source," — no doubt the common mother, Earth.

But Prometheus, says Hesiod, while making a sacrifice in man's behalf, attempts, by trickery, to beguile Zeus into accepting as his share the worthless bones and fat, which have been covered with thin slices of the choicest meat. Zeus, in revenge, deprives men of the use of fire, and Prometheus undertakes to steal it again from heaven (as later writers add, from Zeus' own hearth; or from Hephaistos' forge; or, most poetic fancy of all, by lighting a torch at the radiant chariot-wheel of the sun-god). Pandora is, moreover, sent to torture

mankind with her deceitful beauty and by opening the casket of woes. Epimetheus accepts her as his bride, and from her, says the poet, sprang the idle, mischief-making race of women. Whether he means that until then only men had existed can only be conjectured. Moreover, Epimetheus, the Titan's son, is surely not a mortal man; but here also the rude and fragmentary poem eludes our too critical inquiries. Prometheus is chained to a pillar and tortured by a vulture, which devours his liver, until, long afterward, Zeus allows his favorite mortal son, Heracles, that his glory may be yet greater on earth, to shoot the vulture and release the sufferer. Thus far the *Theogony* of Hesiod, a partial sketch of which is essential to any study of Æschylus' play.

Another Bœotian poet, but of far loftier flight, was Pindar, the contemporary of Æschylus himself. In Pindar's Seventh Isthmian ode we find, impressively told, a myth which influenced Æschylus powerfully: —

"For the hand of Thetis" (loveliest of the sea-nymphs) "there was strife between Zeus and glorious Poseidon, each desiring that she should be his fair bride. Yet the wisdom of the immortal gods brought not such a marriage to pass when they had heard a certain oracle. For wise-counseling Themis" (Justice) "told how it was predestined that the sea-goddess should bear an offspring mightier than his father, whose hand should wield a bolt more terrible than the lightning or the dread trident, if ever she wedded Zeus or his brethren." "Cease ye herefrom; let her enter a mortal's couch, and see her son fall in war," says Themis. So Thetis was given to King Peleus, and in his halls she bore Achilles.

These two legends, the tale of Prometheus and the prophecy concerning Thetis, Æschylus was probably the first to weld together. Prometheus is no fit subject for tragedy until he has some

means to resist, at least passively, the power of Zeus. In Hesiod's account his mother is a Titanid Clymene, but Æschylus has boldly assigned him to Themis as a son, and lets him learn through her of the danger into which Zeus will some day be brought by his infatuation for the lovely sea-nymph Thetis. This secret knowledge enables him to bear the tortures of his crucifixion for centuries, and finally so terrifies Zeus that he sends Heracles to release Prometheus, who, however, must first promise that he will immediately reveal in full the secret to which he has darkly alluded.

The attempt has been made to indicate the probable development of the tragic plot in our poet's mind. We are ready to begin the study of the drama itself.

The scene is laid in the extreme north-east of Europe. At the back of the stage is represented a desolate cliff, and the stage itself is to be considered as a ravine at the foot of the precipice. The ocean is seen on the right; upon the left, the wilderness.

Might and Force appear, dragging or carrying the gigantic form of Prometheus, while Hephaistos, the smith of the gods, follows, with sledge-hammer, spikes, and fetters. Here we have at once an evident reminiscence of Hesiod, who mentions Might and Force as brothers, and as Zeus' trustiest helpers against the Titans.

#### PROLOGUE.

*Might.* To earth's far outmost regions we are come,

The Scythian tract, the pathless wilderness.  
Hephaistos, thou the injunctions must regard,  
Upon thee by the father laid, this wretch  
Upon the lofty cliff to set in bonds  
Unbreakable of adamantine chains!

The glory of all-working fire, thy flower,  
He stole and brought to men. For such mis-  
deed

He to the gods must pay a penalty,  
That he may learn to love the rule of Zeus,  
And may desist from his man-loving ways.

*Hephaistos.* O Might and Force, behold, the  
will of Zeus,  
For your part, is fulfilled. Naught hinders  
more.

I lack the heart to bind a kindred god  
By force against this rude and wintry crag.  
But yet I must, indeed, take heart for this:  
The father's words are hard to disregard.

(*To Prometheus.*) O thou audacious son of  
Themis sage,  
Against thy will and mine in brazen chains  
I'll spike thee to this man-forsaken hill,  
Where neither voice nor any mortal shape  
Thou'lt see, but, scorched by Helios' gleaming  
blaze,  
Thy face shall lose its bloom. Thou wilt re-  
joice

When starry-mantled Night shall hide the day,  
Or Helios put to rout the frost of dawn.  
Even the agony of present ill  
Shall waste thee. Thy releaser lives not yet.

Such is thy gain through thy man-loving  
ways.

A god, thou didst not shrink from wrath of gods,  
But wrongfully bestowed thy gifts on men.  
And therefore shalt thou guard this joyless  
rock,

Upright, unslumbering, bending not thy knee.  
Many laments thou'lt utter, and vain groans;  
For unrelenting is the heart of Zeus,  
And ever harsh is he whose rule is young.

*Might.* Well! why dost thou bemoan, and  
tarry in vain?

Why dost not hate the deadliest foe of gods,  
Who has betrayed thy glory unto men?

*Heph.* Kinship and friendship are a mighty  
bond.

*Might.* I grant it. But how canst thou dis-  
regard

The father's words? Dost thou not dread that  
more?

Throughout the remainder of this dia-  
logue it will be noticed how aptly the  
very form of Hephaistos' single-line  
speeches indicates his aversion to the  
task imposed on him, while Might, in  
his double-line retorts, gives utterance to  
his unfeeling delight in the disgrace and  
agony of Prometheus:—

*Heph.* Still art thou harsh and full of inso-  
lence!

*Might.* For *him*, at least, there is no escape  
from grief;

But do not spend thy fruitless toil in vain.

*Heph.* O utterly detested handicraft!

*Might.* Why dost thou hate it? For indeed  
thine art

Is no way cause of that which now is done.

*Heph.* Would it had fallen to another's lot!

*Might.* All things are onerous save to rule the gods,

For there is no one free save Zeus alone.

*Heph.* I know it; nor can I that word gain-say.

*Might.* Wilt thou not hasten, then, to fetter him,

For fear the father see thee lingering?

Prometheus is now held firmly against the cliff by the two grim servants of Zeus, while Hephaistos reluctantly binds him fast.

*Heph.* And lo, here are the armlets to behold.

*Might.* Take them, and round his arms with mighty strength

Smite with the hammer. Spike him to the rocks.

*Heph.* Behold, 'tis done; nor is that task delayed.

*Might.* Bind fast! Smite harder! Spare not! He is skilled

Even from the impossible to find escape.

*Heph.* This arm, at least, is fixed beyond release.

*Might.* This, too, now fetter sure; so he may learn

That he, though wise, is not so keen as Zeus.

*Heph.* No one, save him, has cause for wrath toward me!

*Might.* Now pitilessly drive straight through his breast

With strength this adamantine wedge's tooth.

It is now, at any rate, evident that the part of Prometheus is not here taken by a living actor. It is only a great image which is thus fastened to the rock; and as Force is a mute, this scene, as well as the rest of the play, could be performed by two actors.

*Heph.* Alas! Prometheus, for thy woes I mourn.

*Might.* Dost thou again delay, and mourn the foe

Of Zeus? Perchance thou 'lt pity yet thyself!

*Heph.* Thou seest a vision hard for eyes to view.

*Might.* I only see one meeting his deserts.

But cast the girdling bands about his sides.

*Heph.* Be not too urgent, since this needs must be.

*Might.* But I will urge thee, and proclaim it, too.

Do thou descend, and bind in rings his legs.

*Heph.* Behold, the deed without great toil is wrought.

*Might.* Now smite the piercing anklets vigorously,

For harsh is he who is censor of our task.

*Heph.* The utterance of thy tongue is as thy shape!

Might and his companion are evidently made repulsive by hideous masks.

*Might.* Play thou the weakling; but do not revile

My sternness and the harshness of my wrath.

*Heph.* Let us depart. His limbs are fettered now.

And gathering up his tools, the soft-hearted smith beats a hasty retreat, but Might lingers to address a taunting word of farewell to the silent sufferer:—

Be insolent here! Steal now the rights of gods,

And fetch them to ephemeral men! How, pray,

May mortals rescue thee from this distress?

Thou falsely art of gods Prometheus called,

For thou hast need of forethought for thyself,

How thou shalt extricate thee from these bonds.

Hereupon Might and Force also depart. Prometheus, left alone, breaks his disdainful silence, and appeals for sympathy to the powers of nature about him. A modern poet, even a Shelley or a Scott, only tries to fancy that winds and waves, sun and earth, sympathize with man. To Æschylus—and especially in this drama—the world actually is full of life in myriad forms which are more real than humanity itself.

The same actor who played Hephaistos now speaks, from behind the image on the cliff, as Prometheus. The other player will appear successively as Okeanos, Io, and Hermes.

*Prometheus.* O air divine, and breezes fleet of wing!

Ye river-sources, and the deep-sea waves'

Innumerable laugh! great mother Earth!

And on the sun's all-seeing disc I call!

See ye what I, a god, endure from gods.

Do ye behold in what disgrace

Wasting away through unnumbered years

I shall endure? For the youthful lord

Of the Blessed Ones has contrived for me

Such unseemly bonds.

Alas! for the evils both now and to come I lament. What, pray, is destined to be

The limit for these my sorrows ?  
And yet, what say I? All do I foreknow  
Exactly that shall be; nor unforeseen  
Shall any trouble come. My destined fate  
With resignation I should bear, who know  
The strength resistless of Necessity.

But I can neither tell nor leave untold  
My lot. For bringing gifts to men in these  
Perplexities I wretchedly am bound.  
The source of fire within the hollow reed  
I sought by stealth, which has become for men  
Teacher of every art, and great resource.  
But this atonement for my sins I pay,  
Being aloft in air bound fast in chains.

Ah, ah!

What echo, what odor unseen, to me flits,  
Divine or mortal, or of both combined?  
Unto the hill on the bounds of the world  
Comes he to view my woes, or seeking what?  
Behold me bound, a god in evil plight!

A foe unto Zeus, and with all the gods  
Into enmity have I fallen, whoso  
Are permitted to enter the courtyard of  
Zeus,

Because of my too great love for mankind.  
— What rustling of birds do I perceive  
Yet again at hand? And the air resounds  
With the lightsome whirring of their wings.  
I dread whatever approaches!

The sea-nymphs, daughter of Okeanos  
(Ocean) and Tethys, have heard in  
their grotto under the sea the sound of  
Hephaistos' hammer, and, suspecting that  
Prometheus may be the victim, they have  
bravely hastened forth to proffer sym-  
pathy.

They enter singing, as they ride in a  
chariot through the air. Prometheus  
answers in the lively anapæstic form of  
recitative. This passage is the Parodos,  
as the Oceanids constitute the chorus of  
the tragedy. They have overheard Pro-  
metheus' last words; indeed, they were  
probably then already visible to the  
spectators, though the fettered Prome-  
theus is supposed to be unable to turn  
his head to see and greet them.

PARODOS.

Chorus. *Have no dread! A friendly band  
is ours,  
That with fleet contending wings,  
Not with ease the father's mind beguiling,  
Toward this rocky hill has come.*

*For the sound of beaten brass had darted  
Through the hollows of our caverns,  
Banishing my shy reserve. Unsanded,  
On my winged car I hastened forth.*

*Prometheus. Ah me! Ah me!*

*Ye offspring of Tethys, in children rich,  
And sprung from him who about the world  
Winds with his ever-unresting stream,  
The father Okeanos, — look! Behold  
In what captivity impaled*

*On the topmost crags of this ravine*

*An unenvied watch I am keeping!*

*Cho. I behold, Prometheus! To my eyes*

*Rushed a fearful mist*

*Full of tears, as I descried thy figure*

*Wasting on the rocks away,*

*In thy shameful adamantine fetters.*

*Youthful pilots rule Olympus;*

*Zeus with novel laws tyrannic governs;*

*What was mighty once is now unseen.*

*Prom. Oh that under the earth and to Ha-  
des' abode*

*He had cast me, to boundless Tartaros*

*That receiveth the dead,*

*And set me in bonds that could not be loosed,  
Where neither a god nor aught else that  
lives*

*Had rejoiced thereat!*

*Now, wretched, the sport of the breezes of  
heaven,*

*I endure 'mid the foes' exultation.*

*Cho. Who of gods is so unfeeling*

*That to him this brings enjoyment?*

*Who but grieves with thee in trouble,*

*Zeus alone except? But he*

*Wrathful holds a heart unbending,*

*While he sways the heavenly race.*

*He will yield not ere his soul be sated,*

*Or by some device his kingship,*

*Hard to win, be wrested from his grasp.*

*Prom. Yet surely of me, although I am*

*In merciless fetters and suffering wrong,*

*The chief of the Blessed will feel the need,*

*To reveal that new decision whereby*

*He of honors and sceptre bereft shall be.*

*Nor by Persuasion's honeyed charms*

*Will I be beguiled,*

*Nor yet from dread of his terrible threats*

*Will I this secret to him make known,*

*Until he release me from pitiless bonds,*

*And shall consent*

*To make for this shame an atonement.*

*Cho. Rash thou art, and no submission*

*Makest in thy bitter anguish;*

*All too bold the words thou speakest;*

*Piercing terror stirs my soul.*

*For thy fate am I affrighted,*

*Wondering where, from these thy toils,*

*Thou shalt anchor and behold a haven,*

*Since a nature unrelenting*

*And a stubborn heart hath Kronos' son.*

*Prom.* Full well I know that Zeus is harsh,  
And holds that with him all justice abides.

Yet milder of mood  
Some day he will be, when crushed thereunto.  
Then shall he allay his unyielding wrath,  
And with me in my eagerness eagerly he  
Into friendship and league will enter.

Here the Parodos ends, and a calmer dialogue follows between the great sufferer and the sympathizing sea-nymphs. We may call this the beginning of the first episode, though these technical divisions are not so clearly marked as in later Greek dramas. Especially is this true of a play which, like the present one, admits of little action after the opening scene.

#### FIRST EPISODE.

*Chorus.* Do thou reveal and tell us all the tale;

Upon what charge has Zeus laid hold on thee,  
And treats thee bitterly and shamefully?  
Instruct us, if thy words shall work no harm.

*Prometheus.* Even to speak thereof is pain to me,

But silence too is pain, and every way  
Is woe.

When first the gods began their wrath,  
And strife against each other was aroused,  
Some wishing to drive Kronos from his seat,  
That Zeus, they said, might reign; but some,  
again,  
Earnest that Zeus should never rule the  
gods, —

Then I, who would have won to shrewder plans  
The Titans, progeny of Heaven and Earth,  
Avalued not; but all crafty artifice  
Disdaining in their strength and pride, they  
thought

By violence easily to be supreme.

Prometheus' real sympathies, then, were,  
by his own confession, on the side of  
Kronos and the Titans, against Zeus.

But not once only had my mother Themis,  
And Earth, — one figure under many names, —  
Foretold how destiny should be fulfilled:  
That not by force, nor yet through violence,  
But by their craft should the victorious rule.

Yet when with arguments I showed them this,  
They did not deign to glance at it at all.  
In such conditions surely it appeared  
Wiseest for me, winning my mother's aid,  
Gladly to succeed Zeus, who welcomed me.

Prometheus is not describing his own

action as a very creditable one. He aids Zeus because he is sure to win, after failing to induce his own proper allies to adopt craftier measures.

And through my plans the deep and darksome  
vault

Of Tartaros holds ancient Kronos now,  
With his allies.

The tyrant of the gods,  
Having received such benefits from me,  
Required me with recompense so base;  
For this is somehow a disease innate  
In tyranny, to put no trust in friends.

And as for what ye ask, upon what charge  
He thus maltreats me, that will I make clear.  
When he was seated on his father's throne,  
Straightway to various divinities  
He allotted various honors, and his realm  
Divided; but for wretched men he showed  
Nowise regard, and, blotting out their race,  
Desired another new one to create.  
And this not one opposed except myself;  
But I did venture, and released mankind,  
Who else had perished and to Hades fared.  
And therefore with such tortures am I bound,  
Grievous to suffer, piteous to behold.  
By pitying mortals I have not deserved  
This treatment, yet I ruthlessly am brought  
To order thus; for Zeus a shameful sight!

Æschylus has modified the account of Hesiod in important respects. There is no hint of a fall of man from a previous happier state. The dishonest sacrifice, as well as the consequent wrath of Zeus, and also the creation of Pandora, have vanished from the tale. Such legends were without doubt beneath the dignity of the conception formed by Æschylus of the supreme deity, but their disappearance leaves Zeus' desire to destroy mankind quite unexplained.

Prometheus is no doubt sincere in his criticism, but he has failed to comprehend fully the scope of Zeus' plans. The destruction of the present mortal race was to be accomplished only in order to prepare the earth for fitter inhabitants. Such an annihilation of humanity for its unworthiness is a familiar feature in Greek as well as in Oriental tradition. Indeed, in the Works and Days, the race then living is supposed to be the last of five wholly distinct successive creations. Hence the mere statement

of his intention to destroy the existing race would not necessarily stamp Zeus as a cruel and arbitrary tyrant, nor justify the resistance of Prometheus, though it does, of course, secure for the sufferer the sympathy and gratitude of mankind.

It is curious that in the Works and Days Hesiod (if it is he) repeats in somewhat altered form the tale of Prometheus and Pandora related in the Theogony. The former poem, however, does not appear to have influenced Æschylus in any important detail of his drama; and it would perhaps be difficult to prove even that he was acquainted with it.

Zeus' failure to carry out his project indicates that his power is not unlimited. That is indeed a notion almost inherent in any polytheistic creed. The Zeus of Æschylus is a most noble and lofty figure; but the poet deals cautiously, in fact reverently, with the traditions of his ancestors, even when they weaken somewhat the simple majesty of his own conception. Many of the myths he deliberately avoids; in some he tries to bring out a worthier significance; but he cannot openly combat even the most repulsive. A very similar spirit pervades Pindar's poems, and is clearly avowed in his treatment of the Pelops myth, in which the Blessed Gods had been represented as cannibals.

We must never forget that this whole speech of Prometheus is an *ex parte* statement of a rebel; heroic, indeed, self-sacrificing, and sincere, yet a rebel, who eventually sees and confesses his short-sightedness and error, binds his brows with the willow of repentance, and puts upon his finger the iron ring of submission.

*Chorus.* Of iron soul and wrought of stone  
is he

Who with thy troubles sympathizes not,  
*Prometheus.* I desired not to behold  
The sight, and seeing it am pained at heart.

*Prometheus.* A wretched sight indeed for  
friends am I.

*Cho.* No further, even, didst thou go than  
that?

*Prom.* I rescued mortals from foreseeing  
fate.

Whatever the poet's intention may be in this mysterious allusion, we shall probably agree that it is a blessing not to foresee the destiny which we are helpless to avert. It is strange that Prometheus should be the power mentioned as depriving men of any prophetic insight. The allusion is perhaps to that overwhelming dread of imminent death which paralyzes human activity.

*Cho.* What remedy hast thou found for that  
disease?

*Prom.* Blind hopes have I implanted in  
their souls.

*Cho.* Thou gavest mighty aid thereby to  
men.

*Prom.* And fire besides I did convey to them.

*Cho.* Ephemeral men have now the blazing  
fire?

*Prom.* Ay, and through that shall learn  
full many arts.

*Cho.* Upon such accusations, then, does Zeus  
Maltreat thee, and relaxes not thy woes.

But to thy struggle is no limit set?

*Prom.* No other but whenever pleases him.

*Cho.* How shall he wish it, or what hope is  
there?

Dost thou not see thine error? That thou  
erredst

For me to say is pain, and grief to thee.

—But leave we that. Seek some escape from  
toils.

*Prom.* Lightly may he who is secure from  
woes

Advise and chide that one who fareth ill.

And all that thou hast said full well I know.

Of my free will I erred, I do confess.

Through aiding mortals I have come to grief;

Yet did not think with such a penalty

To wither on these rocks aloft in air,

Chancing on this deserted friendless hill.

Yet do not ye my present woes bewail,

But earthward come, and what shall yet befall

Hear, that ye all unto the end may learn.

Obey, and share the toil of him who now

Is troubled. Wandering calamity

Comes likewise at some time to many a one.

That is, disdain not him who now is  
suffering and disgraced. Time may  
yet bring round his revenges.

*Cho.* Not upon the reluctant hast thou en-  
joined,



O Prometheus, this.

And deserting now my rushing car,  
And the sacred ether, the bird's highway,  
To the rugged earth do I approach ;

And I fain in full

Would hear the account of thy sorrows.

But as the nymphs are alighting, their father, Okeanos, comes riding in upon a griffin or hippocamp. Æschylus is fond of such daring devices and grotesque appearances as this, and makes much greater demands upon the stage machinery than does Euripides. Okeanos is a type of timid, time-serving good-will. He will aid Prometheus, especially with prudent advice, so long as his sympathy does not endanger his own comfort. Prometheus receives him with marked impatience, and eagerly dismisses him with scantiest courtesy.

*Okeanos.* To the goal of my far-away journey  
I come,

Which I, O Prometheus, to thee have made,  
This fleet-winged bird without a bit  
Guiding by force of my will alone.

And know that I sorrow with thee in distress.  
For indeed methinks our kindred blood

Compels me to this ;

And besides that tie, there is no one whom  
I in greater regard would hold than thee.

And thou shalt perceive how sincere are my  
words,

Nor known to my tongue are courtesies vain.

Come, how I can aid thee I pray thee make  
known,

For thou never shalt say that any friend

Thou hast than Okeanos stancher.

*Prometheus.* Well, what is this ? Art thou  
too come to view

My tortures ? How, pray, hast thou dared to  
leave

The stream that bears thy name, and thy  
rock-roofed

Natural grottoes, to approach the earth,

Mother of iron ? Art thou come, indeed,

To see my fate, and sympathize in woes ?

Gaze, then, upon the sight. The friend of Zeus,  
Who aided in establishing his rule,

See with what tortures I through him am  
bowed.

*Okean.* I see, Prometheus, and would offer  
thee

The best advice, ingenious though thou art.

— Know thine own self, and take on thee new  
ways,

For new, too, is the tyrant of the gods.

But if thou hurlest forth such biting words

And harsh, it may be Zeus, though high aloft  
He sits, will hear ; and so this present wrath  
Shall seem but mockery of suffering.

(Zeus does indeed hear. Every whisper beneath the dome of the cold, cheerless sky is reëchoed to his throne ; and the remembrance of this will add greatly to the impressiveness of the whole drama.)

Unhappy one, restrain thine ire within,  
And seek for a relief from this distress.

Foolish my words, perchance, appear to thee ;  
But yet such are indeed the penalties,

Prometheus, of a too presumptuous tongue.

Not yet thou 'rt humble, nor by troubles bowed,  
But wishest to bring others yet on thee.

If thou wilt take me for thy counselor,

Thou wilt not kick against the goad, because

A monarch harsh and uncontrolled hath power.

But I am going now, and I will try

If I may from this torture set thee free.

Do thou be quiet, and not bold of speech.

Or dost thou not well know, though otherwise,  
That punishment befalls a froward tongue ?

*Prom.* I envy thee, that free from blame  
thou art,

Who yet hast dared and shared in all with me.

But now refrain, and trouble not thyself.

Thou 'lt not persuade him ; he 's not tractable ;

Be cautious, lest thy errand harm thyself.

*Okean.* Fitter by far art thou to instruct  
thy friends

Than thine own self : by facts, not words, I  
judge.

But do not check me in my eagerness ;

For I declare that Zeus will grant to me

This boon, and so release thee from thy toils.

*Prom.* I thank thee, but will nowise ever  
yield.

Thou lackest not for zeal, yet trouble not

Thyself ; for all in vain, not aiding me,

Thou 'lt take the trouble, — if indeed thou  
wilt.

There is evidently some irritation aroused on both sides ; and Prometheus does not seem quite sure even of Okeanos' sincerity in offering to intercede.

But prithee hold thy peace, and stand aloof ;

For though my fate be hard, I not for that

Would wish that sorrows might on many fall.

Ah, no ! my brother's lot distresses me, —

Atlas, who in the Hesperian region stands,

Holding the pillar of the sky and earth

Upon his shoulders ; not an easy weight.

The wearisome task of Atlas brings,

perhaps naturally, to Prometheus' mind the somewhat similar fate of the giant Typhon, or Typhœus, who is buried under Ætna; but the length of the digression is certainly surprising. The explanation usually given for it is that Æschylus, during a visit to Sicily, had seen a great eruption of Ætna. This had made such an impression upon his mind that he seized upon the opportunity to allude to it in his tragedy.

The earth-born dweller in Cilician caves  
I pitied when I saw, a prodigy  
Most wretched, hundred-headed, held by force:  
Fierce Typhon, who resisted all the gods,  
Hissing out death from his terrific jaws;  
And from his eyes he sent grim lightnings  
forth.

The power of Zeus he strove by force to crush.  
But unto him Zeus' sleepless missile sped,  
The downward-plunging bolt that breathes out  
flame,

And all his haughty boasting overwhelmed;  
For he was smitten to the very soul,  
His strength by thunder and by fire destroyed.

And now, a helpless, sprawling shape, he lies  
Near to the narrow channel of the sea,  
Beneath the roots of Ætna weighted down.  
But on the topmost peaks Hephaistos sits,  
Forging the iron; whence shall some day break  
forth

Rivers of fire, with fierce jaws to devour  
The wide-extending meads of Sicily.  
So Typhon will pour forth his boiling wrath,  
With the hot missiles of fire-breathing rain  
Insatiable, though by Zeus' lightning charred.

This digression, which by the way closely resembles a passage in Pindar's first Pythian ode, does not strengthen the drama. Prometheus seems to forget himself in glorifying the might of Zeus. Again addressing Okeanos directly, he continues:—

Thou art not inexperienced, nor hast need  
Of me as teacher; save me as thou canst;  
And I my present fortune will endure,  
Until the spirit of Zeus shall cease from wrath.

*Okean.* Art thou, then, O Prometheus, not  
aware

Words are physicians of a mind diseased?  
That is, conciliatory words will calm the  
wrath of Zeus.

*Prom.* If at a fitting time we soothe the  
soul,  
Not check its rage at height with violence.

*Okean.* But in my zeal for thee and ventu-  
rousness  
What harm dost thou perceive? Explain to  
me.

*Prom.* Superfluous trouble and vain foolish-  
ness!

*Okean.* Leave me to suffer with this ailment,  
since  
He who is sage had best not pass for wise.

This is no doubt a taunt: "It is perhaps better to be simple, since thy far-famed wisdom brings thee to this sorry pass."

*Prom.* The error will be counted as mine  
own.

*Okean.* Thy words dispatch me plainly home  
again.

*Prom.* Lest grief for me should draw his  
hate on thee.

*Okean.* His, who but lately holds the al-  
mighty seat?

*Prom.* Beware of him, lest he be vexed at  
heart.

*Okean.* Calamity, Prometheus, teaches thee.

*Prom.* Set forth. Depart. Hold fast thy  
present mind.

*Okean.* Thy words, already on my way, I  
hear,

For my four-footed bird skims with his wings  
The ether's far expanse, and joyfully  
In his home stables he would bend the knee.

And borne on his eager griffin, the  
sea-god straightway vanishes.

The chorus now sing the first lyrical  
interlude, commiserating Prometheus:

#### FIRST STASIMON.

*I bewail thy fatal doom, Prometheus.*

*From my tender eyes*

*Pouring forth a stream of trickling tears,  
I my cheek have stained with moistening rills.*

*Melancholy is thy lot!*

*Zeus, commanding with his new decrees,*

*Unto gods that were of old*

*His imperious sceptre now displays.*

*All the earth resounds with lamentation*

*Even now, and mourns*

*For the honors, ancient, glorious,*

*By thy kinsmen held of old, and thine.*

*All who dwell within*

*Holy Asia's neighboring domain,*

*Mortal men, in sympathy*

*Sorrow for thy much-lamented woes.*

*Dwellers in the Colchian land,*

*Maidens fearless in the fray,*

*With the Scythian throng, who hold  
Far-off regions by the lake Mæotis;*

*With Arabia's martial flower,  
They who on the lofty crag  
Near to Caucasus abide,  
Furious host that rage with keen-edged lances.*

The fearless maidens are the Amazons. We hardly understand an allusion to Arabia in the far North, and German scholars calmly propose to change the text to "Chalybia's," "Chalkis's," "Aria's," or "The Sarmatians's,"—a proceeding which a disciple of Professor Goodwin is not likely to approve. Of the city on the lofty crag we know nothing whatever; perhaps it is Ekbatana.

*Only one of Titans heretofore  
Have I seen subdued,  
Bound in shameful adamantine chains,—  
Atlas the divine;  
Who forever, on his mighty back,  
Groaning, holds the sky.  
Waves that crash together mourn for him,  
Ocean-deeps lament;  
Hades' darksome subterranean cave resounds,  
And the holy river-sources mourn his wretched  
pain.*

The central thought of this ode seems to be: All mankind mourns for Prometheus; only the forces of nature express sympathy for his brother Atlas.

The calm dialogue which must be considered as the second episode of the drama opens with a long and important speech addressed by Prometheus to the chorus.

#### SECOND EPISODE.

*Prometheus.* Think not in arrogance or stubbornness  
I hold my peace. I gnaw my heart with thought,  
Seeing myself maltreated as I am.  
And yet, who else to these new gods, save me,  
Rendered their honors altogether sure?  
But this I leave untold; for I should speak  
To you who know.

But hear the former woes  
Of mortal men, whom, senseless until then,  
I rendered thoughtful, masters of their wits.  
I'll speak, not in resentment toward mankind,  
But showing my good-will in what I gave.

At first they, gazing, gazed but fruitlessly;

Hearkening, they did not hear, but, like the shapes

Of visions through an age that lasted long,  
All things confused. Nor knew they sunny homes

Shaped out of bricks, nor handiwork of wood.  
Beneath the earth they dwelt, like helpless ants,  
In the sunned recesses of the caves.

This sketch of primeval man is said to agree wonderfully with the results of research in our own day.

And no sure sign had they of winter time,  
Or flowery spring, or summer rich in fruits;  
All things in utter ignorance they did,  
Until the risings of the stars I showed  
To them, and settings hard to be discerned.  
Number, most shrewd device, I found for them,  
And letters well combined; and memory,  
Worker of all things, mother of the muse.

I was the first who yoked the beasts to bear  
The collar and the rider, and relieve  
The race of mortals from their heaviest toils.  
I harnessed to the car the steeds that love  
The rein, the pride of wealthiest luxury.  
And no one else before me did invent  
The sea-tost, sail-winged craft of mariners.

So many things have I contrived—ah me!—  
For mortals; but myself have no device  
Whereby to free me from my present woe!

The pause is gracefully contrived in order to relieve the exhausted actor. It may be remarked here that our poet has clearly no belief in a previous happier state of man. Human life is steadily improving, and the higher powers are all beneficent and helpful to us: Prometheus, with excessive haste and presumption, which make him seem very human, and bring him at last to bitter humiliation; Zeus, through farther-reaching and more mysterious ways.

*Chorus.* A grievous woe is thine! Bereft of sense,  
Thou errest; like a wretched leech fall'n ill,  
Thou art disheartened, and canst not discover  
The drugs by which thou mayst thyself be healed.

*Prometheus.* Hearing the rest from me,  
thou'lt marvel more,  
Learning what arts and means I have devised.  
Chiefest of all, if any one fell ill,  
There was no remedy,—nor edible,  
Nor drink, nor ointment,—but for lack of drugs  
They pined away, until I showed to them

The ways of mingling gentle curatives,  
Wherewith from each disease they guard them-  
selves.

The following lines touch upon all the various forms of divination employed by the Greeks: partly from accidental meetings, words overheard by chance, etc.; partly from inspection of the vitals of animals which had been sacrificed:—

And many means of divination I  
Arranged, and first from dreams what must  
occur  
In waking hours discerned; made clear to  
them  
Mysterious sounds, chance meetings on the  
way.

The flight of crooked-taloned birds I explained  
Exactly: which are ominous of good,  
Which baleful, and the mode of life of each;  
And what dislikes they have for one another,  
Or what affections and companionships.

(A line is apparently lost, containing  
the verb "I first interpreted.")

The smoothness of the vitals, and what tint  
They needs must have to please the higher  
powers,

The varied shapeliness of bile and liver.  
Burning the limbs enveloped in the fat,  
And the long chine, I led men to the art  
Hard to discern. And omens from the flame  
I showed to them, which were before obscure.

The "art hard to discern" is the method of deciding, from the appearance of the flame during the sacrifice, whether the gods favor an undertaking. This bold allusion is a distinct reminder by our poet that he knows nothing of, and wishes us to ignore, the unworthy tale of the deceitful sacrifice. Men do, indeed, says Æschylus, burn the bones, fat, and chine in the gods' honor, and Prometheus did teach us so to do; but the poet was mistaken who connected the names of Prometheus and Zeus with a tale of petty deception and ignoble resentment wreaked upon the guilty and the innocent.

So much for that. And then the benefits  
That were for mortals in the earth concealed,  
Copper, iron, gold, and silver,— who would say  
That he before me had discovered these?  
None, I know well, who would not vainly prate.

And in brief words learn thou at once the  
truth:

All arts to mortals through Prometheus came.

Toward the end of this long speech the allegory seems more transparent than usual. We are inclined to say that a mere personification of human foresight, and not a living divinity, fills the poet's mind. But we must not, for this reason, hastily conclude that the classical dramatist or auditor doubted the *reality* of Prometheus. For us, personification is a device of rhetoric. To a savage, to a child, and to the ancient Greek, it is an irresistible instinct.

And even to us, familiarized from childhood with the terminology of abstract thought, with centuries of Puritanism behind us, forbidden for ages by our religious teachers to imagine a multitude of divine beings, or even to depict the Deity under any form as an individual, how real, in spite of all, is fickle Fortune, as she turns her wheel above the staring crowd, or the little blind love-god, with fluttering wings and quiver full of arrows!

It was hard for a Greek to describe or to comprehend the development of an abstract quality. It was easy for him to imagine and to accept a kindly divinity, whose especial task it was to inspire foresight in the human heart.

Æschylus' own tendency is toward monotheism, simply because he sees in the universe evidence of all-wise and omnipotent rule. But it is only a tendency, operating within a reverent and conservative nature. He selects and interprets myths; he does not, like Euripides, quarrel with them. The minor characters of the Pantheon are quite as real to him as Zeus. They are noble and generous, also. Their inferiority is quite as much in wisdom as in power. They learn eventually to fall in with Zeus' plans, and to realize that in combating and thwarting him they only work evil, despite their good intent. The conception of Zeus, in Æschylus'

soul at any rate, is not so very different from the Jehovah of the Hebrews. Like him, Zeus is resisted for a time by superhuman rebels and sinners as well as earthly ones. But the digression leads us too far from the dialogue.

*Chorus.* Out of due season aid not mortals now,  
Neglectful of thyself in wretchedness.  
For I am hopeful that thou shalt be freed  
Yet from thy bonds, nor be less strong than Zeus.

*Prometheus.* Not so is't fated that these things shall be  
By destiny fulfilled. Erst overwhelmed  
With countless woes shall I escape my bonds;  
Craft is far weaker than necessity.

*Cho.* Who, then, is pilot of necessity?

*Prom.* The three-formed Fates, and Furies unforgetting.

*Cho.* And Zeus is not so mighty, then, as they?

But even the arch-rebel hesitates to answer directly so critical a question as this. His response is intentionally equivocal.

*Prom.* From the allotment he could not escape.

*Cho.* What is allotted Zeus, save still to rule?

*Prom.* Be not importunate. This thou mayst not learn.

*Cho.* 'Tis something fearful, surely, thou dost hide!

*Prom.* Think ye of other words. To utter this

The time is nowise fit. It must be hid  
As far as may be; for, concealing it,  
From fetters and from pain I shall escape.

It will be remembered that Prometheus, through Themis, his mother, knows that in some far future time Zeus, among his numberless celestial and earthly loves, will be attracted to the beautiful Nereid, Thetis, who is destined to bear a son far mightier than his father. It must be constantly kept in mind that this and other similar allusions are overheard by Zeus upon his invisible throne on high.

Here the second episode closes, if such it may be called when no one has entered or left the stage. The following choric song expresses the desire for moderate prosperity which is so charac-

teristic of Greek feeling, followed by a vivid allusion to the wretched mortal race, for which Prometheus is suffering such torture:—

## SECOND STASIMON.

*Never against my desire may Zeus, the controller  
of all things,  
Set his opposing decree!  
May I not fail, by the father Okeanos' water un-  
resting,  
Offering unto the gods  
Banquets sacred of oxen slain. Nor in word be  
my error!  
May this by me be attained; let it not vanish  
away.*

This stanza suggests a charming picture of the graceful sea-nymphs issuing from the waves of their father's realm, and making due sacrifice on the beach to the dreaded higher gods, with all the reverent humility of mortal maidens. Throughout the play these daughters of Tethys are so delightfully girlish in their gentle and almost timid modesty that we are hardly prepared for their unflinching courage in the final crisis.

*Pleasant it some way is, through hopes, that en-  
couragement bring us,  
Longer our life to extend;  
Yet do I shudder with dread, as I gaze upon  
thee, in thy sorrows  
Numberless wasting away.  
Thou, O Prometheus, fearest not Zeus, but in  
willful endeavor  
Honorest more than is fit men who are destined  
to die.*

*Lo, how thankless was thy gift, O friend!  
How may it avail?  
From ephemeral men what aid may come?  
Hast thou not beheld  
How in helpless, dream-like feebleness  
Fettered is the sightless human race?  
Plans of mortals nevermore  
May the harmony of Zeus evade.*

*Such my thoughts as I thy fatal doom,  
O Prometheus, saw;  
While another song recurred to me:  
How the nuptial hymn  
Round about the bath and bed I sang,  
For thy marriage, when our father's child,  
Won with gifts, Hesione,  
Thou didst lead to be thy wedded spouse.  
William Cranston Lawton.*

## LITERATURE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE motive which urged our fathers to the establishment of schools was professedly drawn from religion; the motive which impels us to-day is professedly drawn from politics. If we could have asked John Cotton why it was well that the children of Massachusetts Bay should be sent to school, his reply would have been, that they might learn to fear God. If we ask ourselves why the Commonwealth provides common schools, the answer is, that the children may become good citizens. In the former case, the conception of religion was bound up with the conception of a particular ecclesiastical order; in the latter, the conception of politics is limited by the special form of society in which it has play. The former anticipated the political conception, for the germ of a free state lay imbedded in the combined theocratic and commercial company; the latter has not lost the religious conception, for it guards jealously the vested rights of religious bodies. In both cases, the human mind is seen struggling toward a larger liberty.

The common schools thus epitomize the nation. They reflect the prevailing thought of the people; they embody its ideal. If we would measure the spiritual force of the national mind at any one time, we must examine the contents of the common schools; for as there comes a moment in the life of every father when he is less eager for himself and more concerned for his child's fortune, so the hope, the forecast, the precipitation of ideals in the whole people, is to be looked for in the form which popular education takes. The stock-market is not a more delicate register of the financial pulse than is the common school of the national conscience. Consider along what lines educational thought is running, and we shall discern

on what great circles the nation is sailing. Observe the criticism of a prevalent system, and we touch the national life at its most sensitive nerve. The counter-currents as well as the currents of popular will may be estimated by this gauge.

The two leading activities of the national conscience at this hour regard the just relations of labor to wealth and the superiority of the spiritual to the material, and this double activity is mirrored in the double pressure upon our schools: on one side, the axe, the hammer, the saw, the file, the pencil, and the needle are thrust into the child's hand; on the other, literature in its purest, noblest form seeks an entrance to the soul through the eye and the ear of the child. Great as is the apparent distance between our present school condition and that which existed in the early days of the nation, the essential nearness is quite as marked. In primitive times, when our national life was less complex, there was no necessity for the organization of education of the hand. An enormous pressure of circumstance made the boys farmers, artisans, hunters, seamen, the girls housewives, in alternation with their experience of books. No nice adjustment of intellectual and manual pursuits was called for; school waited on the farm and the shop, and each made way for the other. This relation is not unknown to-day, and on the sands of Cape Cod, within sound of the water that has covered the footprints of the Pilgrims, the hand drops the slate-pencil and the chalk when the ripe cranberry summons.

In like manner, the spiritual training of the young was determined by the conditions of society, and limited by the horizon which encircled the community. In the conception of that day, religion

and theology were synonymous terms, and Christianity itself was an ecclesiastical structure. The tremendous conflict which the Puritan waged with the powers of darkness was such a hand-to-hand fight that he recognized no friends who did not wear his colors, and saw in art, in literature, and in nature itself only foes in disguise. The one weapon which he used, his sword, his buckler, his shield, his javelin, his whole armory for defense and for attack, was the Bible. I count it not the least of the miracles wrought by this book that it should have so transformed the nature of the people worshipping it as to have spiritualized and rationalized the conception in which it is held. We speak of the steady degradation of idolaters who begin by using an image as the shelter of a god, and end by reverencing only the stock or stone from which all notion of the god has fled. But I do not hesitate to say that the spectacle of modern Anglo-Saxon Protestant Christianity deliberately destroying its idol of literal inspiration, in order to apprehend more perfectly the divinity enshrined within the sacred edifice, is one of the most striking manifestations of the power of spiritual Christianity. While assailants have aimed to overthrow the authority of this ark of the covenant, the reverent hands of the most fearless, yet most devout, scholars in Christendom have been at work tearing down the defenses which men have set up about it, confident that no power on earth can destroy the real sacredness. That is as indestructible as light. The revision of the Bible, by opening the Bible wider, has put an end to bibliolatriy.

Now the ecclesiastical progenitors of the men in this country who have engaged in this work of revision set an extraordinary value on the Bible, making it, in fact, the political as well as the religious text-book of the people. They did more. They gave it a supreme and exclusive place in the home and school. They used

it as a reading-book, because the conception of education was a religious conception, and the Bible was first and always in the minds of these men a religious book. Its authority was unimpeachable, and its influence was enormous. Within its lids were shut all those literary forces which made for the spiritual enrichment of the boy or girl. Rightly was it named the book of books, for outside of this book there was scarcely any literature of light accessible, while within it the sky overarched the human soul. History, biography, political philosophy, ethics, — all these lay on the pages of the Bible, and the reasoning faculties were strengthened and stimulated by means of this book; but the forcible discussions in church and state served the same end, and the world gave forth a literature of knowledge and dialectics which was availed of. What our fathers did not receive from the world to any considerable extent was that literature of the spirit which finds a response in the imagination and fancy. There was, indeed, in the educated class a recourse still to the spring of Helicon and the mount of Parnassus, but I am keeping in mind those who had not a classical education. The literature of light that had its expression in English letters was frowned upon in the Puritan judgment, but by a great and fortunate provision it was not excluded from the Puritan common education. The Bible contained what was necessary to salvation, and so, in a scheme which resolved society into individual persons, the Bible became the possession of each person. Most truly was it necessary to salvation. It saved men from the starvation of their higher natures. It fed the sources of spiritual power. This book brought poetry and the vision into minds which otherwise would have been darkened by knowledge. It spanned the whole arc of human life with its bow of promise, and the radiant light which streamed from psalm, from prophecy,



from narrative and parable, penetrated the minds of the young. The sanctity which was thrown around it enhanced the power of its appeal to the spirit, and while its teachers were using it for its doctrinal efficiency and also as a reading-book in the schools, they were opening vistas into the realm of poetic beauty, all other entrances to which they had carefully closed.

In process of time, as the religious power which so largely influenced our early educational system in this country relaxed its stringent hold, and gave place to a philosophy which partook of the prevailing intellectual temper of the eighteenth century, the Bible became less exclusively the book of the people, and less distinctly the one book of the schools. But the schools themselves suffered for a while a neglect in the public estimation. It should be remembered that England gave little help to the colonies or to the young republic in this matter, for popular education in England was to receive its impulse, after many days, from America itself. In the low ebb of our educational life, when the first great religious force was spent, and the second great political force had not yet awaked, literature was represented in our schools by such a book as Bingham's *Columbian Orator*, which contained, as its title-page promised, "a variety of original and selected pieces, together with rules calculated to improve youth and others in the ornamental and useful art of eloquence." It is noticeable that literature and speech-making were nearly identical in the minds of people at that period. The poetry of the book was from Hannah More, Addison, and Rowe. There was a farce by Garrick, and a passage from Miss Burney's *Camilla* arranged as a dialogue.

When this indifference to schools began to give way before the growing sense of the importance to the country of a general education, the result was seen in the production of a higher class

of school-readers. Those who remember the American First Class Book, and others of its kind, will recollect how high was the order of literature presented in these books. They held their place for a while, but by degrees a change occurred, and the new order is an interesting one to consider, both because it was part of a more extended mental process, and because, as I think, we are now passing out from under its influence.

Roughly speaking, our present system of common schools is about fifty years old, and in that time there has been an extraordinary activity in the production of text-books in the great departments of human knowledge. This activity is a natural result of the widespread attention to popular education. It is not the competition of publishers alone, but the set of public interest, which has made our geographies, histories, arithmetics, and spellers so elaborate, so ingenious, and so attractive in mechanical aspects. Every specialist in education sees defects in the text-books which teach his science. If he makes a text-book himself, it is because he cannot find in any of those in use just the quality which rises before his mind as the ideal excellence; and after he has made his own, he longs to bring out a new and revised edition. This authorial energy has kept pace with the growth of the school system. It would be hard to compute the literary force which has found a field for exercise in the construction of school text-books in America. It may be said to be the one department of literature where, without international copyright, American authors have had full play, and have been affected scarcely at all by English book-makers. The text-book literature of America is almost as independent of English literature of the same kind as if the writers were debarred by law from the use of English material. They were not debarred by law, but they were subject to that higher, unwritten law which makes a great in-

stitution like the common schools of an independent nation compel those who serve the institution to consider its peculiar needs, and to be strongly affected by the spirit which resides in it. The schools of our country have had such innate force that they have shaped themselves and the apparatus they require after the law of their own being, and not after some foreign model. We go to England and France and Germany and Sweden and Russia, and bring back criticisms on our methods and suggestions; but after all, the Americanism of our schools for good or for evil is too potent to be greatly modified by other nationalities.

Now while this activity in fitting text-books to the needs of schools has been exercised freely in the direction of the literature of knowledge, what do we see in the field of text-book literature of the spirit? Externally, a like advance in all that attracts the eye. The reading-books are often exceedingly beautiful. The best of paper is used, the type is clear, and there is a profusion of delicate wood-cuts. Again, there is evident the same refinement in method which characterizes other text-books; a like regard for intellectual gradation; a minute attention to all the apparatus of reading, the details of pronunciation, of definition, of accent. In a word, the reading-books partake of precisely the characteristics which are observable in other text-books. They stand on the same footing with geographies, histories, arithmetics, and spellers. They are grouped in the same system. It is not uncommon to see a series embracing all these elementary studies, and the craze for uniformity is satisfied by finding readers, arithmetics, geographies, and spellers all made by one man, published in external harmony by one house, and applied with nice precision of grading to all the children in a town.

But the agreement between the text-book literature of knowledge and the

text-book literature of spirit is even closer than through external conformity. There has been a constant attempt at making the latter do the work of the former. Elaborate systems have been contrived by which the pupil, when employed in the exercise of reading, shall reinforce the departments of knowledge. His reading-book tends to become an encyclopædia, and it is hoped that when he has escaped the toils of the biologist, the geographer, the historian, he will find in his reading-book more natural history, more geography, more civil and political history. The idle muses are set at work. Pegasus is harnessed to a tip-cart.

This indifference to the higher functions of literature, this disposition to regard the reading-book as mainly a means for promoting an acquaintance with the forms of written speech,—whence is its origin? Why is it that with the whole realm of English literature open to the text-book maker, there should have been, until recently, almost an entire disregard of it, especially in the construction of those grades of reading-books which are coextensive with the school life of the vast majority of American children? I think the answer will be found in the power of this great institution of common schools to compel those who serve it to partake of its spirit, to be strongly affected by the very character of the life which they are seeking to shape. To see the bearings of this, we must take into view the whole mass of literature for the young.

The period of fifty years last past has witnessed an increasing volume of this literature, and also the growth of a sentiment in favor of it. The disposition to separate the reading of the young from the reading of the mature is of very modern development, and it has resulted in the creation of a distinct order of books, magazines, and papers. Not only has there been great industry in authorship, but great industry also in

editorial work. The classics of literature have been drawn upon not so much through selection as through adaptation. Great works, whose greatness lay much in their perfection of form, have been diminished and brought low for the use of the young. The accumulation of this great body of reading-matter — we can scarcely call it literature — has been largely in consequence of the immense addition to the reading population caused by the extension of the common-school system. When the children of a nation are taken at the age of five or six, and kept eight or ten years at school, and this schooling becomes the great feature of their life, dominating their activity and determining the character of their thought, it is natural that books and reading should be largely accessory, and that the quality of the audience should largely affect the kind of speech which is addressed to it. In a general way, this great horde of young readers in America has created a large number of special writers for the young, and both readers and writers have been governed by the American life which they lead.

Now the text-books in reading which have prevailed in our schools have come under this influence, — an influence pervasive and unstudied rather than acute and determined. The quantitative, and not the qualitative, test has been regarded. By no preconcerted signal, but in obedience to the law of their social and literary life, the makers of reading-books began to disregard English standards, and to fill these books with the commonplace of their own writing and that of those about them. They lost their sense of literature as a fine art, and looked upon it only as an exercise in elocution and the vehicle for knowledge, or, at the highest, for ethics and patriotic sentiment. They lost also their apprehension of the power of great literature in its wholes, and made their books collections of fragments. There are two facts which signally characterize the condition

of the popular mind under this *régime*: first, that literature is relegated to the higher grades as something to be studied; and, secondly, that the newspaper is advocated as a reading-book in schools. So remote has literature come to be in the popular conception. This state of things may have been inevitable; it is none the less deplorable.

If it ever was inevitable, it is so no longer. The Americanism which controls our common schools has had, during this period of fifty years, a development in a direction of the utmost value to education. The organization of the common-school system has come to be a great factor in our civilization. It yields statistics with extraordinary facility. The value of school property, the number of children in schools, the number of teachers, the sums expended in salaries, the cost of the plant, the running expenses, — all these things can be faintly guessed at by any one who sits down before the reports of the Bureau of Education in Washington. The results seem to be measurable; such a mighty engine, such an expenditure of fuel, so much power. We can marshal the figures, and set them against the figures of the standing armies of Europe. The eye, the ear, are assaulted by this great array of mobilized facts. And yet the largest fact remains that the system knows no central bureau organizing and directing it, no head, no compact array of officers ordering and controlling it. It is a living organism, sentient in all its parts, moving under discipline, yet the discipline of law beyond the mastery of any man. It is at once an exponent of national life and one of the great forces of America.

Look now upon this other page of our national history, which lies open by its side. Fifty years ago there were living in America six men of mark, of whom the youngest was then nineteen years of age, the oldest forty-four. Three of the six are in their graves, and three

still breathe the kindly air. One only of the six has held high place in the national councils, and it is not by that distinction that he is known and loved. They have not been in battle; they have had no armies at their command; they have not amassed great fortunes, nor have great industries waited on their movements. Those pageants of circumstance which kindle the imagination have been remote from their names. They were born on American soil; they have breathed American air; they were nurtured on American ideas. They are Americans of Americans. They are as truly the issue of our national life as are the common schools in which we glory. During the fifty years in which our common-school system has been growing to maturity, these six have lived and sung; and I dare to say that the lives and songs of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell have an imperishable value regarded as exponents of national life, not for a moment to be outweighed in the balance by the most elaborate system of common schools which the wit of man may devise. The nation may command armies and schools to rise from its soil, but it cannot call into life a poet. Yet when the poet comes, and we hear his voice in the upper air, then we know that the nation he owns is worthy of the name. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, pure poetry springs from no rank soil of national life.

From the Americanism, then, that is the mere appropriation of the nearest good, we turn to that Americanism which partakes of the ideal and the spiritual. It is not a remote concern of our common schools that these six poets whom I have named because they are distinctively poets, and those other great ones, like Hawthorne, Irving, and Cooper, who associate with them in spiritual power, have been the consummate flower of American life; for it is through their works that spiritual light most surely

and immediately may penetrate our common schools. We cannot turn back the wheels of time and replace the Bible as the sole reading-book. The day may come when the reasonable and reverent study of this book shall be an essential part of the education of every child in America, and Christianity shall not be robbed of its most precious document and most efficient teacher by irrational methods, false notions of reverence, and professional assumptions; but that day has not yet come, and we may meanwhile take courage and have hope when we consider in how many schools of the land its words still fall daily on the listening ear as the blessing before the morning task. We cannot, I say, nor would we, replace the Bible as the sole reading-book. The conditions of our life and thought forbid this. The avenues by which spiritual power finds entrance to the soul are more varied than our fathers supposed, or than we have yet fully recognized in our systems of education, although we are feeling our way upward. Nature is such an avenue, and we have not yet learned to place our school-houses in gardens, as we one day shall, though there are glimpses of the perception of this truth in many bright school-rooms in the land. Music is such an avenue, so also is art; but neither music nor art, though there are signs of greater native earnestness in application to them in America, has anything like the possibility of power to affect the spiritual nature of children which our literature possesses. God has set great lamps in the heaven of our national life, and it is for us to let the radiance stream into the minds of the children in our schools.

I am not arguing for the critical study of our great authors in the higher grades of our schools. They are not the best subjects for critical scholarship; criticism demands greater remoteness, greater foreignness of nature. Moreover, critical study is not the surest method of secur-

ing the full measure of spiritual light, though it yields abundant gain in the refinement of the intellectual nature and in the quickening of the perceptive faculties. I am arguing for the free, generous use of these authors in the principal years of school life. It is then that their power is most profoundly needed and will be most strongly felt. We need to put our children, in their impressionable years, into instant and close connection with the highest manifestation of our national life.

It may be objected that this is too restricted a view to take of literature in our common schools. Why not, some may say, give them the best we have, irrespective of time? Are there not writers to-day whose Americanism is just as fervid, and who stand a little closer to the ear by reason of their youth and promise? I answer that we cannot afford to dismiss from the account the immense value which our classical writers have by reason of their being classical. The perspective in which we see them adds to their symmetry in our eyes, and there has grown up about them already a circumstance which invests them with dignity and authority. They are in the philosophic sense idols of the imagination, and by virtue of the divinity which thus hedges them their lightest words have a weight which is incommunicable by those spoken from the lips of men and women not yet elevated above the young by the affection and admiration of generations of readers. To the group which I have named others will be added from time to time, but for educational purposes the writers whom America has accepted as her great first group must long continue to have a power unattainable by others.

I have not cared to divide my argument; to show the power of humane literature in enlarging and enriching the common-school system, and then to demonstrate that American literature is the most fit instrument to this end. I have

preferred to postulate what is inescapable, that American literature of some sort our schools will have; and my plea calls us away from the cheap, commonplace, fragmentary American literature of our school text-books, which has so long done disservice, to the inspiring, noble, luminous, and large-hearted American literature which waits admission at the doors of our school-houses. The volume of this literature is not very great, and it is lessened for practical purposes by parts which are inappropriate for school use; but it would not be difficult to replace the volume of reading-matter offered in the reading-books above the grade of the elementary by an equal volume of American classic literature, and the gain would be enormous. If, according to the common practice in our schools, the child were reading over and over and over again the great literature which he would never forget in place of the little literature which he will never remember, how immeasurable would be the difference in the furnishing of his mind!

Nor do I fear that such a course would breed a narrow and parochial Americanism. On the contrary, it would destroy a vulgar pride in country, help the young to see humanity from the heights on which the masters of song have dwelt, and open the mind to the more hospitable entertainment of the best literature of every clime and age. I am convinced that there is no surer way to introduce the best English literature into our schools than to give the place of honor to American literature. In the order of nature, the youth must be a citizen of his own country before he can become naturalized in the world. We recognize this in our geography and history; we may wisely recognize it also in our reading.

Yet in the same order there is an incipient, prophetic humanism before there is a conscious nationalism, and this earlier stage of the mind requires food of

its own kind. I said just now that we had sufficient classic American literature to answer the demands of the exercises in reading above the elementary period. To meet the needs of the earliest years, after the primer has been finished, we have in our reading-books chiefly tried to produce moral effects. We have been too anxious to teach elementary ethics by means of elementary readers, and if we have given ourselves up to what may be called unmoral literature, we have been content to reproduce for the child just the limited experience of life which its senses may have taught it. We have left out of account that very large element of wonder which inheres in the young child's nature, and we have been too neglectful of that pure sentiment to which the child is quick to respond. We are to find the literature for this period in the corresponding period of the world's childhood. The literature of fable, myth, and legend may be drawn upon. The ancient world, the mediæval world, and the infrequent children-authors of the modern world, of whom Andersen is the leader, may all be laid under contribution to satisfy the demands for literature which shall not leave the child just where it was after it

has conned it, but shall have given wings to its fancy and imagination, and suffered it to take flight beyond the little confines of its sight and hearing. Literature of this sort makes the transition from the primer to national literature.

The place of literature in our public-school education is in spiritualizing life, letting light into the mind, inspiring and feeding the higher forces of human nature. In this view, the reading-book becomes vastly more than a mere drill-book in elocution, and it becomes of the greatest consequence that it should be rigorously shut up to the best, and not made the idle vehicle of the second-best. It must never be forgotten that the days of a child's life are precious; it has no choice within the walls of the school-room. In its hours for reading it must take what we give it. The standard which we set in our school reading-books will inevitably affect its choice of reading out of school; the conceptions which it forms of literature and the ideal life will be noble or ignoble, according as we use our opportunities. It is for us to say whether the American child shall be brought up to have its rightful share in the great inheritance of America.

*Horace E. Scudder.*

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## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

### XV.

AN interval of silence succeeded. The heavy, black shadows of the great trees hard by did not stir. The mute moonlight lay all down the vacant road, and rested unbroken upon the rude floor of the loft. The man at the square window stood motionless, his hand still uplifted, his illumined face questioning, intent. The only sound was the vague, lingering stir communicated through all

the fibres of the hay when Bassett, half rising upon one knee in its midst, had shifted his weight. Suddenly an acorn from a chestnut-oak fell upon the roof, with a loud, imperative accent in the tense, expectant moment. It cracked upon the clapboards, that reverberated with the ready resonance of the void spaces of the interior, rebounded with a rattle, rolled deliberately down the eaves, and dropped thence to the ground. It was a slight thing, but if aught more signifi-

cant had sounded in the interval, this trivial clamor had nullified it. The opportunity to continue to listen and identify the mysterious voice was lost, for one of the cows, below, had begun to low fitfully, and the rocks close at hand prolonged and reduplicated the lingering, melancholy note.

A half-articulate curse, and here and there a long-drawn respiration, intimated that the breathless tension of expectation had given way.

"T warn't nuthin' but a owl," said one of the mountaineers, who had paused, as if petrified, in the middle of the floor, his hands in his pockets, his hat on the back of his head. He had a sedulously unimaginative aspect, as if determined to belittle the occurrence and denude it of consequence; and yet there was something in his tone that intimated a hope of contradiction.

"Owel! Waal, mebbe 't war," ejaculated the man at the window perversely, divining his desire.

"Waal, then, what did it sound like ter you-uns?" demanded the first speaker, frustrated in argument, and realizing that he would first have to foster a sensation in order to assume his favorite iconoclastic rôle. It is an old saying that two are required to make a quarrel, and it is not worn out yet.

"Sounded ter me," put in the simple Clem, "like a woman a-callin'."

"Else a wild-cat, or suthin'," suggested the first speaker. He was Peter Bryce, Mrs. Bowles's former lover; and although he had survived her cruelty, his disposition had succumbed to the souring influences of disappointment, and his estimate of women had suffered.

"Naw, sir!" said Clem, with a definite accession of acerbity, and becoming communicative under its stress. "I 'lowed 't war *my mother* a-callin' me. Mought hev been mistaken, though," he qualified.

Bassett, still half kneeling in the billowy hay, in the shadow save for a

slender moonbeam falling upon him from a crevice in the roof above, skein-like and fibrous in its long, unbroken effect, turned a suspicious eye upon the stalwart young blacksmith, indistinct in the semi-obscurity.

"Clem Sanders," he said sternly, "hev ye been fool enough ter tell her 'bout we-uns, an' sech ez we air lookin' ter do?"

There was no striding to and fro now; all the burly armed figures were still and silent for a moment, their eyes, whether distinct and shining in the moonlight, or barely discerned in the shadow, fixed with one accord upon Clem Sanders, who needed all his courage to face the suspicion of treachery that they expressed.

"Of course I never. What would I be a-tellin' mam sech ez that fur, in the name o' common sense? She be a-callin' me, I reckon, ter feed some apple-parin's ter the peegs, fur all I know."

There was a momentary silence; then discerning the distinctly sullen note in his reply, Bassett found the tact to say:—

"Ye know, Clem, we hain't got no objection ter Mis' Sanders, 'ceptin' her bein' a woman; bes' one in the worl', though. But ye know, Clem, 't ain't safe ter trest 'em with sech. They tell everythin' they know, an' they hain't got no sense ter reason on jestic an' sech; 't would jes' let them men plumb off, ef enny woman war ter git a-holt o' it. 'T won't do ter trest 'em with sech."

"Nor with nuthin' else," said the cynical Peter Bryce, speaking from the fullness of his own experience, but with an abstract application to the whole sex that gave Clem Sanders no offense for his mother's sake, and left him at liberty to experience sundry guilty pangs that beset him at the recollection of his disclosure to Marcella. He threw himself down on the hay, close to the wall, his hat pulled far over his brooding eyes, his elbow upon the elastic masses,



and resting his head in his hand. The cat, in a crevice between the unchinked logs, looked around at him with lustrous, recognizing eyes, and, kitten-like, she put out a white, velvety paw with a feint of touching his brown hand, falling short by an inch. Then she once more gazed calmly out, drawing her tail about her, and seeming always to rise slightly, as she purringly closed and unclosed the nails of her fore-paws. Her shadow on the floor, above that of the prostrate man, was like a crouching tiger, ready to spring.

"Can't trest wimmen with nuthin'," asseverated Peter Bryce loudly, for the cynic is rarely ready to enjoy alone his discoveries in human nature. He calls in all his world to help him make merry over the distortions of the poor, warped thing before it can get itself away.

"Waal, now, the Lord made 'em," expostulated an elderly, grizzled fellow. It was not altogether piety which animated him. He had the threatening, lowering mien which bespeaks a personal interest. He had seven daughters, when he would have infinitely preferred seven sons. He had, in each instance, absolved himself of any obligation to feel any special affection for these young people, who persisted in being so great a shock to his prejudices; he sought to steel himself in indifference, and in his judgment that each was an affliction and a dead weight. But poor human nature is weak at best. His seven afflictions, all unabashed, proceeded to entwine themselves about his rude heart-strings as valiantly as could any seven sons. When he became conscious of this, and of his helplessness in the premises, he applied such simple philosophy as his untutored brain could evolve to devising excuses for them, as it were; and thence he advanced to insistence upon their equality — nay, superiority — to any seven sons that could be mustered in Broomsedge Cove. "The Lord made wimmen," he solemnly declared.

"By accident, I'm a-thinkin'," said Bassett.

"'T warn't no job ter be proud of," echoed Dake.

"War they made a-purpose so durned changeable?" demanded Bryce.

"An' so onreasonable?" said Bassett.

"An' sech a tongue onto all of 'em?" Dake suggested.

"An' no answer but 'Bekase 't is,' ter every why?" said Peter Bryce.

The father of the seven afflictions looked from one to the other, his eyes vigilant, like a creature at bay. He seemed to have a large contract on his hands, but he was inured, in his paternal charge, to large contracts, and thus he was not altogether dismayed. Perhaps in the exclusively feminine association at home he had learned something of the potency of feminine logic, and of the futility of imposing upon one's capacities the devising of answers to categorical posers. He took refuge in a broad, unimpeachable proposition, which he delivered with all the impressiveness of refutation. "The Lord made wimmen," he solemnly asseverated anew, as if piety forbade any criticism of the supreme handiwork, and on this ground defying contradiction.

"An' what diff'ence is that?" demanded Bassett, with a sneer that the moonlight accented, glittering on his teeth.

"Who hev said contrariwise?" echoed Dake.

"The Lord made 'em," the pater-familias again averred, with an arrogation of originality in his attitude and face, as he advanced into the square of moonlight, which showed his bronzed features, with his short beard broadening the effect of his countenance; his mild eye assuming belligerent intimations, as of a peaceful soul, who will, nevertheless, fight for his own; his long, thin lips firmly compressed beneath his bristly mustache. "The Lord made 'em, an' I ain't goin' ter hear nuthin' said agin 'em."

There was a pause. The frolicsome filly down in the stall below, kept awake, perchance, by the noise above, frisked about on two or three boards, upon which her small hoofs clattered noisily, doubtless to the admiration of her slower, wide-eyed friend the calf, and sent forth a shrill, gleeful little whinny, all head tones, indescribably callow. The mother responded with a note of maternal remonstrance; there was a sound of a scampering gallopade to her side, and the stall was still. The setting hen, close in to the wall, amidst the hay, stretched her long neck with its panting open bill, and emitted a sort of hysterical clucking of apprehension when the whole great mass trembled, as Bassett flung himself at length into its midst. His head was pillowed high amongst the fragrant billows, but his booted and spurred feet hung down unsupported, dangling to and fro with a disparaging gesture, as he demanded, "Hev ye tole yer wife an' that thar congregation o' small gals o' yourn 'bout sech ez air goin' for'ard ter-night 'mongst we-uns?"

The grizzled head, held askew as its owner listened, gave an angry jerk. "Course I hain't," the elderly champion rejoined, in surly but succinct denial.

There was a sort of suppressed snort of indignation amongst the vigilantes, prophetic of the fury that would await the supposititious betrayal; it seemed, indeed, that the very hypothesis was not a safe subject. Clem Sanders stirred uneasily.

"Waal, now," said the crafty Bassett, "why *don't* ye tell 'em?"

The elderly champion of the fair stood helpless and at a hopeless disadvantage; he lay hold of his square-cut beard, and held it meditatively as he gazed silently at his interlocutor.

"Why *don't* ye tell 'em?" repeated Bassett, half chuckling at his own cleverness, the trend of his argument seeming hardly less than inspiration. "Ye know wimmen - folks never talk none;

't warn't one o' them, surely, ez tuk ter gossipin' in the very Gyardin o' Eden with the Evil One hisse'f. They *never* talk none an' spread the news, an' when thar ain't no news air plumb ekal ter makin' it. Then they *never* sets tharse'fs ter frustratin' the men on principle, jes' fur the enjyemint o' the thing, though *some* folks, ez don't know 'em ez well ez ye an' me, hev' lowed wunst or twict sence the worl' began ez they air always ekal ter *that*. A leetle spindlin' snip o' a gal kin fool a man six feet high an' a two hunderd pounder 'bout ennythin' she gins her mind ter."

"That she kin!" sourly exclaimed Peter Bryce, whose infelicitous love affairs had been so widely bruted abroad, at the time when he and Maria Price, subsequently Mrs. Bowles, quarreled, that reserve on the subject would have been but an empty formality.

"Oh, Pete, he's jes' funnin'; he ain't hed no 'sperience o' thar onreliability," resumed Bassett, enraptured by the extent of his own satiric capacities when fairly tested, and having no mind to relinquish the floor of which he was so conspicuous an ornament. "Then they air so reasonable, — that's what makes 'em so easy ter git along with. Ef enny one o' them war ter know 'bout what we air aimin' ter do, an' ez we air ready ter hang them men ef we find Jake Baintree air arter enny mo' devil-mint — sence he killed Sam'l Keale, an' got off from the court through the jedge an' jury bein' so all-fired weak-kneed. what would that woman say? She'd say, 'Don't hang 'em; it mought hurt 'em.'"

There was a smothered guffaw from the younger men, and the father of the seven reasonless beings stood mute and without a word of contradiction.

"Don't hang 'em; it mought hurt 'em, — that air what every sistren of 'em in this broad land would say," the speaker continued, in high feather, gratified by his unexpected fluency and the

flattering coincidence of the majority. "Now, Clem, ye kin bear me out," he said, turning unexpectedly toward the young blacksmith, who gave a guilty start, so abrupt that the cat in the moonlit crevice rose up suddenly, with a back bowed high and an angry hiss; then, with her tail aloft and stiff she ran off with an unprecedented nimbleness, up the mound of hay, and composed herself to watch studiously a certain beam high out of reach, on which she had seen a lithe whisking shadow of rodent-like action. Clem heavily turned himself in the hay; he was swift to indorse mentally any plausible proposition, and he remembered with anxious self-reproach and many twinges of conscience his disclosures to Marcella. She had disapproved, as Bassett urged that any woman would. Would she act upon this disapproval? But after all, would she dare, and what could she do? He sought to solace his fears, and to shake off his overpowering sense of treachery and guilt, by arguing within himself the futility of any scheme she might devise; even circumstance seemed to favor him. He felt ashamed to experience a certain gratulation that her father, so vehement a stickler for the maintenance of the law, was not available in this emergency. "Eli be too sick fur her ter resk excitin' him 'bout sech. *She* ain't goin' ter 'sturb Eli ef Jake Baintree war ter git hung, like he oughter hev been a year ago an' better, an' would hev been ef Teck Jepson hed hed his way."

He was summarily roused from these absorptions by Bassett's raucous drawl:

"Why n't ye answer, Clem? Air ye a-snoozin' thar, ye sleepy-headed sorrel-top?"

"I hearn ye," replied Clem gruffly. "I dunno how *I* kin bear ye out. I dunno all the wimmen in the mountings, an' I don't wanter. Some will do one way an' some another; ennythin' ez air onexpected an' suddint."

"That 's jes' it!" exclaimed Bassett.

"The Bible 'lows ez the woman war made from one o' Adam's ribs, an' I'll be bound, though the Bible don't say so, ez her brains war jes' the odds an' e-ends lef' over from Adam's brains, an' that 's why her thoughts air jes' higlety-picklety; a leetle o' this, an' a tech o' that, an' pone ter las' more 'n a minit. An' she did n't shine on that 'casion in the Gyardin as an adviser, an' that 's how it happens men ever sence hev been glad ter git shet o' thar wife's advice."

"I ain't never seen one woman ez larnt enny lesson from Eve," remarked Peter Bryce. "They gin thar advice yit ez ef 't war one o' the precious things o' the yearth, an' air always powerful 'stonished an' confusticated every time ez the men folks ain't willin' ter break thar necks ter profit by it."

The sentinel had left the discussion, and reverted to the window; he beckoned to one of the other mountaineers presently, and pointed down the long avenue of the great oaks. Here and there were broad open spaces, where the moonlight fell in unbroken and splendid effulgence; the autumn winds had left the trees but scantily leaved; bough and bole were often distinct through the foliage, and even amidst the motionless shadows, which duplicated each leaf and twig; the white frost lent an accentuation of brilliancy. Upon the sere curled leaves that lay on the ground a hoofbeat was falling, and an equestrian figure rode with a mounted shadow beside him to lurk among the trees; to skulk, strangely foreshortened, on the ground; to rise suddenly upon the vertical surface of a crag into the full stature of a man and the complete equipment of the horse, with a definiteness that had an uncanny effect, somehow, in the solitude. So brilliant was the moon that it seemed to seek out and reveal vague, spectral, half-realized things, affinities of the night and the unknown.

"Edzac'ly, — jes' ez I said. Teck

ridin' 'long like some great captain," exclaimed Bassett, whom the faint jingle of spurs in the frosty air had brought to the window.

The mounted figure passed close to the building, never lifting his head nor making a sign, although he must have been conscious of the half dozen men looking down at him. The horse whickered gleefully upon nearing the barn, and the rocks echoed and reëchoed the sound, until it simulated the distant neighing of a squadron of cavalry. Even when it had sunk to silence, some seeming charger far away again broke the quiet, neighing in the solitary defiles of the mountain. The men looked significantly at one another; here and there a spark of irritation, perceptible the moment that the horseman had first been glimpsed through the aisles of the woods, began to flare definitely into anger.

"Hev ye ever hearn a bigger racket?"

"He ain't keerin' how much n'ise he lets them men hear."

"He don't mind sech ez we-uns say; he air jes' sot an' sodden in his own way."

"He oughter be tuk down somehow. He air too robustious an' domineerin' ter live."

The next moment a step sounded upon the rungs of the ladder. As Teck Jepson emerged through the aperture in the floor, glancing up at the silent figures grouped about, watching his ascent, there seemed something in his eye which coerced apparent acquiescence, and in this fostered a sort of subservient dissimulation toward him. His grave "Howdy, neighbors," in his low, melancholy drawl, evoked a friendly "Howdy, Teck," which expressed all the good-fellowship of approving welcome. Only Dake stood silent and morose, retaining in his manner something of the sentiment which had animated the coterie before Jepson's entrance. He could not have expressed a categorical opinion of Jepson's character, but was aware of

his acute observation and his alert divination of motive. Jepson, he was sure, could not have failed to notice the chill protest and displeasure in the single exception to the cordiality of the greetings.

Dake felt that Jepson's lofty indifference and serenity were in the nature of a triumphant retort. He broke forth angrily:

"What air yer notion, Teck Jepson, ter kem ter a secret meetin', a-tromplin' an' a-jinglin' with spurs through the woods, an' ridin' of yer horse ez goes whinnyin' fur corn inter the stable. Ef I war Clem, I would n't give him nare grain. Ef them men hev enny ears, they air bound ter hear ye an' take a warnin'. I b'lieve ye air in league with 'em."

Jepson turned slowly upon him. "I b'lieve I 'll throw ye out'n that winder," he said.

There was a hasty cry of protest from the group, and several interposed between the two. "Naw, Teck, naw; ye must n't git a-fightin', ye an' Gid!" exclaimed the father of the seven, with a patriarchal air which became him well at home, and in view of his seniority did not seem out of place here. "Ye know, boys, we-uns hev got ter gether ter hold up the right, whether the law will tote its e-end or no. It air fur the good an' the peace o' the kentry. We can't gin our corsent ter wickedness goin' on an' dodgin' its due in the darkness, but we 'll meet up with it an' medjure it, sure. 'T won't do ter git ter quar'lin', so jestic will be frustrated in the courts an' out'n 'em. Ef the arm o' the law be got so spindlin' an' puny ez it can't take holt an' deal jestic, but flops par'lytic in the empty air, the people air strong yit, an' ain't goin' ter suffer no wrong-doin'. Naw, sir!"

He uttered this with a sing-song delivery, reminiscent of the pulpit of the circuit-rider, his voice rising and falling

in alternate waves and with rhythmical cadences; then he suddenly assumed an indescribably coaxing tone, that had often proved exceedingly efficacious with recalcitrant small girls, and its persuasiveness was not altogether without effect upon these children of a larger growth.

"Don't ye git ter quar'lin' with Gid, Teck! An' Gid, ye oughter be 'shamed! Teck's our main man; he's a plumb ringleader, an' ye know we air all bound ter b'lieve in Teck, wharfore or what not. I notice we-uns all do his bid, whether we aim ter or no. Teck ain't goin' ter git up no commotion ez them men kin hear. An' ez ter Teck bein' in league with 'em, we-uns all know — everybody knows — ez he hev been plumb down on Jake Baintree ever sence the jury let him off; Teck 'lowed ez Jedge Lynch ought ter take his case up. Teck's our main man!"

An unwonted frown had gathered on Jepson's face, distinctly seen in the moonlight which sifted through the dark shadows from the crannies of the high peaked roof. The peacemaker had touched some false note, and the jarring discord was instantly manifested. Jepson deliberately drew his arm from the grasp of the elder man.

"I ain't a-aimin' ter be a leader," he said. "I ain't sech ez covets the fust place. I hev no wish fur words of praise. I look within fur the testimony an' the voice o' the Lord ez sounds in the silences. Sech ez my steps air, they air tuk in His path."

He half turned from his well-meaning exhorter, who stood, a trifle crest-fallen but deeply impressed, gazing at him, the ligaments of his strong bare neck tense as he thrust his head forward.

Jepson paused, looking over his shoulder; his luminous handsome eyes rested upon Dake for a moment with a more familiar and worldly expression.

"Ez ter Gid Dake, he air welcome ter his thoughts; his wust enemy would n't

gredge him sech pore leetle things ez he kin think. But ye air in an' about right ter gin rebukes fur quar'lin', — we ain't met fur sech ez that. An' I won't throw Gid out'n the winder jes' yit; but," he sneered, "let him think his thoughts. A body ought ter be sorry fur a man condemned ter pass his life in sech comp'ny ez Gid an' his thoughts."

The elderly peacemaker received the intimation that his interference was praiseworthy and well timed with a distinct and grateful glow. Dake, with his hands in his pockets and a flouting shrug of his shoulders, ejaculated, "Shucks!" and walked away amongst the others, quick enough, however, and sensitive enough to note the glances askance and the half-veiled contempt which marked the degree to which they considered him defeated, and the consequent depths to which he had sunk in their opinion.

"I rid, but I tuk a short cut through the woods, an' never teched the road no-whar," continued Jepson, standing in the middle of the floor, taller than them all, very distinct in the moonlight, his chin held a trifle high, "I rid bekase I war so all-fired late." It was unusual that he deigned to explain his motives, and this betokened an unwonted geniality and sense of nearness and oneness with them all. "It takes me mighty nigh the whole evenin' ter cook a leetle dab o' supper. My mother war the bes' cook ez ever seen a fire, but I don't 'pear ter take arter her. I actially can't turn a hoe-cake over." He smiled slightly at the laughter that this revelation of his domestic difficulties evoked. Then he went on: "Mos' folks rej'ice mightily when meal-times come, but it air a season o' hardship an' labor fur me. The skillet an' the pans 'pear ter hide, somehow, an' I can't find nuthin'; though I aim ter put everythin' in its place, t' ain't thar whenst I want it agin."

"Ye miss Mis' Bowles corno'sider'ble, don't ye?" suggested Bassett, with a leer, — "specially meal-times."

"I never hearn Mis' Bowles war ennythin' so tremenjious s'prisin' ez a cook," sneered Peter Bryce, nettled at the very mention of her name, and resolved not to indorse any presumable merits and culinary accomplishments.

But Teck Jepson had a sentiment of loyalty to the hospitable board, although it was self-interest that had spread it. "She never let me go hongry," he averred heartily, "an' that's more'n I kin say fur myself."

"Ye oughter git married, Teck," said the champion of the fair. "A man 'thout a wife air like a house 'thout a h'a'th-stone: thar ain't no chances for comfort, nor cheerfulness, nor light, nor nuthin', 'thout it; it's jes' the heart o' a home."

"Yes; an' ye kin make mighty sure thar ain't a skillet in Brumsaidge Cove spry enough ter hide from Marcelly Strobe," broke in Dake irreverently, glad to touch upon a tender point; having heard and believed Andy Longwood's representations of Marcella's preference for Clem Sanders, and knowing that Teck Jepson had also been an aspirant for favor.

Jepson, with an angry start, was about to retort, when Clem Sanders, growling an oath, rose up from the hay, stamping heavily first one foot and then the other, to rouse them from the premature slumbers in which they had been surreptitiously indulging while the rest of his system was broad awake. "Air we-uns a-goin' ter stay hyar all night, a-colloguin' 'bout skillets an' sech, an' not even peekin' out o' the winder ter keep watch on them men at the forge? They could hev been at thar evil works, an' a-doin' a dunno-what-all in secret an' agin the law, an' we-uns air sech all-fired drivilin' idjits we can't ketch 'em, though we sets up night arter night a-watchin', kase we gits ter jawin' 'bout Eve an' Adam, an' skillets, an' Marcelly Strobe! Them men air mighty safe. I wisht I knew I war a-goin' ter be ez fur

off from harm an' hurt all my days. Them men air mighty safe, no matter what they air a-aimin' an' a-plottin'; mighty safe from sech vengeance ez we-uns kin git tergether in Brumsaidge Cove."

It was seldom that Teck Jepson was affected by the speech of others, but the coercive influence of this logical outburst was very apparent in his manner, as he turned abruptly away, evidently terminating and casting off the whole previous train of thought, and strode to the window. As he stood there, the moonlight upon his clearly chiseled features, his full, deep eyes fixed with a searching intentness upon the dark little shanty of the forge down the road, his hand resting upon the handle of his pistol that he wore thrust in his belt, his high boots drawn over the trousers to the knee, his spurs catching the light and scintillating, albeit they were as motionless as if they had been the accoutrements of some sculptured soldier, there was so much agile strength suggested in his pose, so much fire and force in his face, earnest of the vassalage of circumstance to this full-pulsed spirit, that Clem Sanders, dolorously gazing, felt his heart sink within him. Teck Jepson had forgotten his enterprise, for the moment, and he himself had reminded him of it, forgetful in his turn of the horror Marcella had expressed, and of his own protestations that no task she could impose would be too onerous for him to show his wish to please her. And now he had had but to hold his tongue, and the intruders might have come and gone while the vigilantes wrangled together in the loft; no bloodshed would darken this silver night, and Marcella's tender heart would be unwrung. "Me, ez 'lowed I'd shoot all these fellers an' run 'em off from hyar ter keep 'em from harmin' Jake Baintree an' that thar slouch of a blacksmith he hev got along with him!" he said, aghast at the rift between his performance and his

protestations. He began to be appalled by the significance and consequence that now seemed to attend his hap-hazard speech and actions. He was not reflective, he had no habits of forecast and serious intention, and he felt enmeshed in troublous toils in the knowledge that he secretly wished to hinder that which he apparently sought to help forward. He would have given much to recall his words. He had lost all desire to assist in adjudicating public affairs in the courts of Judge Lynch, to investigate the mystery of the intrusion into his own forge, even to punish the bungling smith that surreptitiously broke and mended; these things had become repugnant to him, under the knowledge of Marcella's disapproval. He stood for a few moments in the shadow, silently regarding Teck Jepson in the mellow splendor of the moonlight, adding its indefinite idealization to those advantages of symmetry and pose which Clem considered constituted a "powerful fine-built man." The blacksmith turned, slouching forward his heavy shoulders, a manner he affected when displeased and out of sorts, and which had an oddly aging effect, making him appear like some burly fellow of forty-five or fifty, bent with toil and trouble. He flung himself, with a short sigh, into his former nest in the hay, and upheld his head on one hand. The moonlight had shifted since he last lay there. The hay that in the semi-obscurity retained its dull amber tint, tending here and there to a dusky brown or the nullity of invisibility, was in the light a fine and fibrous silver; it gleamed with lustrous reflections as he moved, and threw his head and face into distinct relief, despite the shadow of his hat-brim.

"Clem looks like ez ef he hed been a-feedin' on ten-penny nails as his daily fare," suggested Jube, the parson's son, who had lately come in, and who sat upon an inverted half-bushel measure. He was amusing himself by shelling an

ear of corn, and dropping the grains through the cracks in the ill-laid flooring upon the little filly in the stall below, which he could see quite distinctly, and enjoying the surprise of the little animal; it was varied by periodic panic and flight, the filly always returning, however, to reexamine the phenomenon, until, finally, Jube forced the empty cob through the crevice, hitting her fairly upon the head, when, with a terrified snort and an elastic bound, she disappeared, to return no more.

Clem made no retort. He did not fail, however, so sharpened were his blunt perceptions, to notice that Teck Jepson, despite his preoccupation, glanced round at the sound of his name; he remembered, with an irritated sense of the grotesqueness of the mistake, that Jepson fancied him an accepted lover, and there was no relish in masquerading in this triumphant guise with so dreary and hopeless an identity within.

"What's the news from the forge, Teck?" demanded Jube, reaching out to the pile of corn for an ear to hold in readiness in case the filly should venture out again. Jepson once more turned to the window.

"All dark thar," he replied.

"Shucks!" said Jube easily, craning over the crevice in the floor in an effort to see the filly again, as if badgering the small denizen of the stall below were the praiseworthy errand which had brought him hither; he even broke off a bit of the ear of corn, and cast it down the cranny, in the hope that it might prove a lure. But the filly, though slow to learn, learned thoroughly, and his craft was in vain.

There was a sensation among the others that savored more of angry disappointment than their disinterested professions of seeking to promote the welfare and the peace of the community might justify. They became more sensible of the hardship of their long restraint, and manifestly chafed at being thus balked



of the expected excitement. More than one was restively striding back and forth upon the quaking flooring, and between Dake and Bassett arose a somewhat clamorous controversy concerning the number of times that they had thus fruitlessly watched and waited.

"I ain't half awake in the daytime, stumblin' along arter the plough-tail or huntin' like somebody walkin' in thar sleep!" Bassett angrily exclaimed. "An' ef we-uns war the men we-uns purtend ter be, we'd go in the daytime, an' git Baintree off ter the woods, an' hang him then."

"Oh, shet up, Joe!" called out Clem from where he lay half buried in the hay. He had scant imagination or sensitiveness, but his pulses had come to beat in sympathy with Marcella's sentiments, and he felt as it were by proxy the cold thrill of horror at the murderous words; his nerves were tense with a sense of resistance to the bloody-minded cruelty of the careless proposition. "Ye fairly make me hone ter git up an' beat that empty cymblin' o' a head off'n them narrer, spindlin' shoulders o' yourn."

He had not gauged the effect of his words. Before Bassett could reply Jepson whirled round, with a flash of the eye that was fiery even in the pallid moonlight.

"An' what ails *you-uns* ter take this suddint turn, Clem Sanders?" he demanded, his voice tense with scorn. "The las' time I hearn from you-uns ye war plumb crazed 'bout yer leetle tongs, — not kase they war bruk, but kase they hed been *mended*. 'Peared like 't would kill ye kase ye could n't approve o' that thar job. *I* war 'feard we could n't find a rope long enough nor a tree high enough ter hang the man ez war so gin ter pernicious ways ez ter fool with them leetle tongs. An' now ye 'pear not ter keer nuthin' 't all 'bout them desolated leetle tongs. Ye can't hold ter nuthin', Clem Sanders, an' ennybody ez puts thar 'pendence in

ye air leanin' on a broken reed, — even ter shoein' a horse-critter, ef the truth war knowed."

Clem Sanders had palpably winced under this arraignment, despite his bluff courage, fancying that he had too definitely evinced his changed feeling, and fearing that in some way it might result in eliciting the fact that he had divulged their plans to Marcella Strobe. He detected the influence of her fancied preference in the evident acrimony of Teck Jepson's sentiment toward him, but he was not moved to reply until the slur was cast upon his capacities as a blacksmith. Even in this moment of supreme emotion his simple art was dear to him.

"Whar 'll ye find a better blacksmith?" he cried, springing to his feet, and holding both arms outspread. "Whar 'll ye find him? Tell me, an' I 'll walk a hunderd mile ter see him!"

The dignity of the worker who loves his craft and does his utmost in its service was in his face and manner, as he stood, and served to neutralize his overweening vanity.

"Ef he war ter tell ye, ye would n't b'lieve him," said Dake discerningly, as Jepson turned slightly away, and Clem sank back once more into the deep, elastic meshes of the hay.

"Waal," Bassett resumed his objections, "air we-uns a-goin' ter keep this up till Christmas? An' what did we begin it fur? Ef it air perlite an' agreeable ter hang Baintree down hyar, why ain't it jes' ez perlite an' agreeable to go git him up in the mountings? 'T would save time an' sleep, an' be jes' edzac'ly the same ter him."

"Hang him fur what?" demanded Teck Jepson succinctly.

Clem Sanders, with a galvanic start, turned his head as he lay in the masses of the hay, and stared at the speaker.

"Fur — fur — a-doin' of whatever he air a-doin' of," said Bassett, to whom a reputation for a logical, level head was by no means a cherished ambition.

Jepson shook his own head with an imperatively negative gesture. "We hev got ter find out ez he air arter some harm fust, — some wickedness ez air agin the interus' o' the kentry. He mought hev done nothin' wuss 'n fool with them leetle tongs; an' ef Clem's half the blacksmith he makes hisself out ter be, he ought ter be able ter fix 'em agin."

"Hang him fur a-killin' of Sam'l Keale, o' course," said Bassett casually, his unthinking face repulsive in its lack of any expression that might attest some protest of humanity, some reluctant though urgent and distorted sense of justice, as he paused in his striding to and fro, and stood in the illumined square of the window. "Ye always 'lowed 't war jestic."

"Not now!" cried Jepson vehemently, — "not now." He lifted a convincing forefinger, and laid it in the palm of the other hand at every point he made, as if telling it off. The others, great, lumbering, massive figures in the silver-shotted dusk, gathered about him, watching with pondering intentness his gesture as he spoke, and slowly deliberating upon the subject matter. "At fust, when the courts let him go, I 'pealed ter Judge Lynch. But now he hev ez good ez got the promise o' the kentry on it. He hev been let ter go free an' 'thout fear, an' Brumsaidge hev 'peared ter corsent ter the verdict o' the jury. An' arter six month an' better Brumsaidge can't turn around now an' say, 'I b'lieve I 'll change my mind, bubbly, an' hang ye arter all.' Naw; 'thout he hev done somethin' fraish, he 'll hev ter go scot-free. An' 'tain't likely he hev done ennythin' agin ekal ter killin' Sam'l Keale."

Clem Sanders had slowly drawn himself into a sitting posture in the hay. He gazed at the speaker with startled, dilated eyes, his suddenly formed conviction taking fast hold upon his mind. In this reasoning, inconclusive though

it was, he thought he saw that trait of mercy, of humanity, which Marcella had urged half heartedly upon him, and then let fall, since he could do naught, she said. Could Teck Jepson do more? He wondered if this were her decision. Had she rated Jepson more efficacious? Had she appealed to him for the men she chose to befriend in the name of sheer humanity? How else could be explained this sudden elaborate construction of the acquiescence of Broomsedge Cove in the verdict of the jury? What careful argument was this for the delectation of lynchers, assembled for the purpose of defying quirks and palliations, and administering condign punishment for the deed done? He noted the varying astonishment in the half-seen moonlit faces grouped about; and there was on more than one a flouting indignation, and here and there a baited, disappointed, bloodthirsty lout that he remembered to have seen in the unguarded look of a sheep-killing dog glimpsing a distant flock on a hill. But one trait made them all alike, — an expression of suspicious surprise. Had not Gideon Dake spoken more truly than he knew when he said that Teck Jepson was in league with those men? And if this were so, it was for Marcella's sake; and these words were almost trembling into sound upon the blacksmith's quivering, angry lips, as he rose up slowly and confronted Teck Jepson, still standing in the centre of the circle. There was something so significant in Clem Sanders's look that he turned expectantly toward him.

Keen, keen on the frosty air, incisive, iterative, metallic, fell the sudden stroke of a hammer on the anvil, and every pulse thrilled to the sound.

## XVI.

The moment had come. That fact took precedence of every other impression, and annulled all the previous care-

ful preparation. There was an instant rush toward the ladder, and the floor quaked beneath the swift but heavy feet. Swift as they all were, one was the foremost; a voice checked the advance, that was like a rout in its wild, unreasoning motive power:—

“The fust man ez steps a foot on that thar rung, I’ll let the light through him!”

There was a sharp, decisive click, and the lynchers knew that Teck Jepson had cocked the pistol, which he wore no longer in his belt, but held in his right hand, as he stood beside the aperture in the floor.

A momentary hovering about it, a sound of quick, excited panting, and the massive figures fell back a little.

“Why n’t ye say who air ter go fust, then?” exclaimed Bassett, in angry reproach. “Ye air too durned sot in yer way ter live, Teck Jepson. Ef we war right smart, we’d hang ye a leetle before we set out ter settle them t’other men.”

“Don’t quar’l, boys, — don’t quar’l,” urged the paternal peacemaker. “Teck knows jes’ what we’d bes’ do.”

There was a murmur of dissent to this, but the voice of the usurper is stronger than his who wields delegated authority, in that his supremacy is the trophy and the triumph of his bow and spear. These wild and lawless men might hardly have accorded so ready an obedience to Teck Jepson’s mandate had his power been conferred by the State of Tennessee.

“Ye’ll stay right hyar till ye air wanted,” he said despotically. “I be goin’ ter take one man an’ go down ter see what they air a-doin’ of. Ef I fire my pistol, ye kin come, the whole bilin’ of ye, ez hard ez ye kin travel. Me an’ one man will go fust.”

“I be that man!” cried Clem Sanders turbulently.

Jepson could hardly say him nay, since he was the first to volunteer. But

his objection showed very plainly in his shining eyes, and the blacksmith sturdily responded to it.

“It’s *my* forge!” He protested his special interest.

“Laws-a-massy, yes! an’ its *yer* leetle tongs, too!” sneered Jepson, with the scorn of one who cares little for material possessions, as he took his way down the ladder.

Clem followed, and as the two emerged from the shadowy barn upon the frost-whitened sward below and into the full splendor of the moonlight, they were conscious of the eyes that pursued them from the window above. Once Jepson turned his head and glanced over his shoulder. It was not a reassuring sight, even to one whom it in no manner threatened, — that broad, low window of the simple log-barn, filled with the bearded, eager faces of silent armed men, some half crouching, others standing that they might look over the shoulders of those in front. Behind them all was visible, the hay piled to the roof, here silver skeins in the light, and again full of shadows and indefinite suggestions of depth.

As the two walked on together, Jepson took note of the moon in the sky. “Ain’t it some earlier ’cordin ter the moon than ’t war that night when ye say ye kem so nigh ter ketchin’ ’em?”

“Dunno,” panted Clem. “I hev hed suthin’ else ter do, sence then, than ter stare-gaze the moon.”

The tone of the retort arrested Jepson’s attention. He had hitherto taken little account of his rival’s mental attitude toward him. As he turned his head, and, though still walking forward, looked at Clem, he could scarcely interpret his expression. Antagonism he could read, to be sure, in the hard-set jaw, the gleam of his teeth between his half-parted lips, the glitter of his eye; but a sort of uncertainty was shadowed in his manner, with a tumultuous, fluttering excitement, a badgered, hopeless, yet still

struggling anxiety, — he could not account for these in the light of the present surroundings. A much wiser man could hardly have divined the turbulent perplexity that surged through Clem's mind, the coercive rigors of decision and yet the wild regret for whatever course he took. He seemed to himself to be living at a climax. Every breath he drew chronicled an emergency. He was in the clutch of contradictions, the victim of distorted and strangely reversed circumstances. He had set the machinery of vengeance in motion again when it had seemed to flag, and he had wished to hinder. He had forced himself upon Teck Jepson as his lieutenant in this abhorrent enterprise, hoping that in the guise of lending him aid he might be able to frustrate him utterly. Yet he was beginning to perceive that, should his scheme in aught go awry, it would seem to Marcella as if he had been foremost and active in the participation of the deed which she deemed an infamous cruelty, and which her father accounted a crime. His senses reeled as he sought to escape his dilemma. He wished himself back at the barn, leaving Jepson to conduct the affair at his own imperious will, and he wondered futilely and bitterly why he should have come forth at all in obedience to an impulse so strong, but so unreasoning. What had he, in his folly, hoped to do? What could it avail to keep by Jepson's side, and hold him under surveillance? He realized acutely that his simple brain was no instrument for clever scheming, — that every course of action which he sought to plan had only its preliminary impulse, thereafter dwindling to vague nullity in lieu of logical sequences. Nevertheless, he caught himself ever and anon casting sidelong glances at Teck Jepson, informed with a wild inclination to spring upon him unaware, and stifle his cries, and overbear him — for what? Even the futureless Clem could look forward far enough to prefigure the sallying

forth of the reserves at the barn after so long a time, in default of any sign from the leader of the expedition.

"I don't want'er stan' in Jake Bain-tree's shoes," he muttered, forecasting their fury if balked. His tone, low as it was, was audible, so silent was the night, to the man who walked by his side.

Jepson cast a glance of deep objection upon him.

"His shoes air mebbe powerful safe foot-gear," he returned in a bated tone. "It depends on what he be a-doin' of, an' what sort'n account he kin gin o' hisself. Ye air jes' like them men yander;" he nodded his head backward toward the barn. "They 'pear ter rate tharse'fs with a pack o' hounds arter a wild critter what they hev got a nateral right ter pull down. They fairly yelled ez ef they war on a hot scent, whenst they hearn that hammer fust tech the metal."

Clem Sanders suddenly lost his scanty self-control.

"I know whar ye got all that thar fine talk from," he flared out in jealous rage. "Powerful nice an' perlite ter be a-comparin' baptized Christians ter hounds an' sech. Ye been a-talkin' ter Marcella Strobe. Them's her very words."

The next moment, the tide of suspicion that had rolled in so tumultuously upon him was ebbing gradually. Once more he was to learn the irrevocability of a word given to the air. The idea that sound-waves, once astir, infinitely vibrate to perpetuate a record, albeit too subtle for mortal ear, was not even a vague theory with him, but he experienced in some sort its practical illustration. Teck Jepson had paused in the road, smitten motionless in amazement, and the inadvertent Clem saw gradually dawning in his eyes, widely opened and speculatively fixed upon him, the counterpart of the view which he himself had entertained. The inference was too

plain for him to hope that Jepson might pass it over. It was now not difficult to divine Clem's confidences, and where they had been bestowed. It was evident, too, that with these words Marcella had received them.

Jepson said nothing. He still stood where he had paused, the moonlight a burnished glitter upon the barrel of the pistol that he held in his hand. His face, white in the pallid sheen, was reflective. He gazed now, not at Clem Sanders, but beyond him, into the vague shimmer of the frost amongst the black shadow of the trees; the curled dead leaves on the ground at his feet held within their curves the fine sparkling incrustation. Every bramble of the undergrowth close by the roadside showed lines of silver gleams, and through the heavy interlacing boughs of the gigantic trees above their heads, rising high into the clear dark air, came the crystalline scintillation of the stars. Encircling all, the mountains stood sombre and lofty, clearly defined against the sky; adown the road the heavy shadows gloomed; suddenly, athwart them a red light flared, and the sigh of the bellows breathed forth. Teck Jepson, reminded of their destination, turned abruptly from the road, which they had hitherto followed, into the undergrowth of the woods.

"Bes' take ter the bresh," Jepson remarked in an undertone. "They mought hev set a lookout ter watch the road."

Despite its denudation by the autumnal blast, the "brush" still afforded a dense covert, by reason of the young growth of the pines, whose lower branches jutted out level with the ground, and the predominance in its midst of the ever-green laurel. The crestfallen Clem kept close at Jepson's heels, as he pushed cautiously through the shrubs, laden with the white rime and glittering with the moon. Now and again some dry fallen bough cracked loudly beneath Clem's careless, heavy tread, or thorns of a stripped bush

would catch and tear his garments, the rending of the fabric loud in the dumbness of the windless autumn night. And when this chanced Jepson cast over his shoulder a warning glance, imposing silence and heed, so freighted with the spirit of their expedition, so oblivious of all else, that Clem, preposterously hopeful, began to breathe more freely. Surely he had not so definitely committed himself as he had feared. In the excitement of the moment, he perchance did not distinguish between what he thought and what he said. Jepson doubtless had not understood; had he not stood like a stock in the road and stared, motionless and mute? When he saw Jepson pause beneath the gnarled, low-hanging boughs of a chestnut-oak, gray with lichen, and here and there glimmering icily as if in presentiment of the coming snows, this idea had so possessed him that he had no apprehension that his coadjutor had aught of significance to say.

Jepson lifted grave, intent eyes as Clem came stumbling up. He was leaning, as he waited, against the tree. His hat was thrust far back, and his face was all unshaded; it seemed melancholy, but the light was pensive, and his voice had always those falling inflections.

"She war agin it, then," he said, and the tone had no more the spirit of interrogation than the form.

Clem took an unguarded step backward, recoiling as if he had been struck. Then he clumsily recovered his equilibrium, standing unsteadily on the uneven ground. He made some feint of self-defense.

"Who air ye a-talkin' 'bout?" he demanded gruffly, slouching his heavy shoulders forward and fixing his long, narrow, gleaming eyes surlily on Jepson.

"Marcelly Strobe," Jepson answered promptly. "Ye said she 'lowed them men war like hounds on a trail. She war agin 'em, then."

Clem made still another desperate

effort to shield himself. "She said some men — generally. How'd she know ennything 'bout our goin's on?"

"How'd she know? Kase ye told her," retorted the discerning Jepson. "An' it air ez much ez yer life air wuth."

This knowledge, familiar enough to his own consciousness, became doubly impressive and coercively veracious in another man's words. Clem Sanders, stout-hearted as he was, felt the sudden thrill of panic. It sharpened his faculties.

"It air jes' ez likely ye told her ez me — *ef she knows,*" he equivocated. "Hyar ye air, a-dilly-dallyin' in the woods, 'feared ter move hand or foot, doubtin' 'bout whether she air agin it or no. I ain't showed ez I set no sech store by sech ez she thinks or don't think. Ef ennybody tole her, it mought jes' ez well hev been *you-uns.*"

Jepson's reproachful and surprised gaze dealt a poignant wound to Clem's careless conscience, but it failed to elicit confession. "Ef *she* won't tell, the Lord knows *I* won't," he said stoutly to himself, but knowing his uncontrollable tongue, he was glad that Jepson began to speak of himself.

"I ain't one ter falter fur sech ez others say," protested Jepson, "though I ain't got the pleasure in this hyar business ez folks in the old time 'peared ter take. Them in the Bible never turned fur the sight o' blood, an' they hung folks an' chopped 'em into minch meat, an' seemed ter find a savor in sech doin's ez all my religion can't gin! I can't help feelin' sorter sorry fur the evil-doer wunst in a while, specially whenst the avenger air hard on his track; fur my heart is weak an' needs strengthenin' from above. The men o' this day air pore, degenerate critters, an' don't sense jestic much more 'n Marcellly Strobe. But my hand air nerved by a stronger power 'n I kin command, an' I dare all the mountings

ter show the road whar I tuk the back-track, or tell the day."

He turned resolutely, pushing on toward the forge, and Clem Sanders, greatly cast down and too much troubled to even glance toward the future, kept at his elbow.

The ringing clamor of the hammer came to them again as they pressed on, not regular, but with fitful pauses; and by the time that they were at the verge of the woods they heard voices, loudly conversing, casual voices. The tones came from the forge, and alternated with the clink of the hammer. Jepson paused, his hand closing with a vise-like grip on Clem Sanders's arm, for there were several voices, and one of them was a woman's.

The next moment the little low-browed log shanty was before them, seen through the arching vistas of the laurel and the oak; its slanting roof glistened with moisture; the crag loomed high above, with the sentinel pines on its summit. Beyond the valley the dark mountains, black but for dusky olive-green suggestions, towered against the horizon; and the moon, a sphere of lambent, gleaming pearl, swung high in the violet sky. So lavish of splendors was it, so munificent of magic, of gauds of fancy, of vacillating illusions! A great, gleaming, silver roadway seemed to span the dark, lustrous waters of the river, and bridge it from bank to bank. Before the open doorway of the forge, a feeble red flare alternated with a fleeting brown flicker as the sigh of the bellows again broke forth. When, suddenly, the two vigilantes stood in the broad doorway, a man was at the anvil once more, and its keen, fine vibrations rang out responsive to the shriller tone of the hand-hammer, for he had no striker.

He did not move, for all he must have seen their eager eyes fastened upon him.

"Hey!" he cried out, with a gay

intonation, not intermitting his labors. "Hello!"

That he was a stranger, a man of medium size and slenderly built, bending over the anvil in the shadow, since the fire languished for the lack of the breath of the bellows, was the merely momentary impression made upon Jepson's mind. He turned his searching eyes into the red, dusky, half-illuminated spaces of the room for the woman whose voice he had heard.

She sat motionless on a keg of nails, and he did not recognize her instantly, although she rose at once and advanced upon them.

Clem Sanders stepped back, a look of astounded doubt, as if he could not believe his eyes, contending with the certainty in his face. For the woman was his mother.

"Waal, I hev hunted fur ye, an' hunted," she exclaimed in a tone of acrid exasperation. "An' I hollered an' hollered. An' I sent leetle Silas hyar" — she pointed to a small nephew of Clem's, a frequent visitor at the blacksmith's house, whom Jepson had not seen until this moment, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, who sat in a clumped position on the hub of a broken wheel which lay on the floor — "arter ye, an' he could n't find ye. Hyar's a strange man in the Cove kem up ter the house a-sarchin' fur ye, an' wantin' a leetle job o' blacksmithin' done, an' ye can't be rooted out from nowhar!"

She was a tall, angular, thin-faced woman, with an expression of gravity and anxious care in her lined features, and she had a tone that might well promise the rigors of domestic inquisition as she demanded, "Whar hev ye been?"

Clem's wildly anxious glance at his tools in the stranger's hands availed nothing. The account of himself was evidently the essential preliminary.

Jepson touched his shoulder with his own as a secret warning, as they stood

side by side in the door of the forge, but had the disclosure been far more significant the hap-hazard Clem would have blurted it out as he did.

"In the barn," he replied.

"Ye air tellin' a story," his mother retorted, with a manner reprehensive certainly, but with a coolness as if contemplating an offense of infinitely multiplied precedents. "I sent leetle Silas ter the barn, an' he 'lowed ye warn't thar, though he hearn harnts talkin' in the loft, an' they made him 'feared. An'," lifting her bony arm, shaking her forefinger, and lowering her voice impressively, as if fairly cornering him, "I sent him *agin* ter climb up inter the loft, ez no harnts would hurt him with me so nigh, an' he kem back, an'," triumphantly, "he say ye war n't thar, nuther."

The small Silas, disingenuous beyond his years and size, turned his eyes, which were of a very light color, and with a superabundance of white, that made them marked even in the duskiness, with a pleading apprehensiveness upon his uncle, but the excited, confused Clem was quaking, even at this moment, with the danger overpast. How closely discovery had approached the vigilantes in the barn! He had not his wits sufficiently about him to reproach his mother for believing the deceptive Silas rather than himself.

"Whar hev ye been?" she demanded anew. Then with the impetus of her long pent-up rebukes constraining her, she went on without waiting for an answer.

"Hyar be this hyar man, obligated ter hev his tools mended, kase his work calls him betimes termorrer by daylight, an' him a stranger in the Cove, an' 'lowed mebbe he mought git a leetle blacksmithin' done, though 't war arter dark, bein' ez his work called him far up in the mountings by daylight. An' me an' Silas kem down hyar ter see ef we-uns could find yer tools, bein' ez



ye war nowhar, so ez he could patch his pick hisself. He 'lowed he knowed suthin' 'bout blacksmithin' " —

"Mighty leetle, I'll be bound!" cried Clem, his professional consciousness restored by this arrogation on the part of the stranger. He dropped the hang-dog look that he had worn under his mother's lecture, and strode with his habitual easy, confident air across the floor and stood beside the anvil, watching the amateur smith's performance with an air of silent, repressed ridicule and half-smiling scorn.

"Go ahead," he observed, with affected encouragement, as the young stranger looked up and hesitated. "What air ye goin' ter do now, — het it some mo'?" as the other turned doubtfully toward the fire. "Ho! ho!" with a manner of bluff superiority. "Shucks! Git out o' the way, my frien'. Lemme show ye what blacksmithin' air."

He shouldered the stranger summarily from his own post at the anvil, then paused to take the bit of iron, on which the amateur had been working, in the small tongs that had sustained so serious an injury in the mending, and shook his head smilingly, as if with an unspeakable contempt, as he carefully surveyed this handiwork. He turned and thrust it amongst the coals, evidently rejecting it as a mere beginning, and starting the process anew.

"I'm willing," the stranger said, with a laugh, as if accepting good-naturedly this cavalier criticism; and Jepson divined that he did not consider proficiency at the anvil the chief object of existence. He offered to work the bellows, but Clem, with a contemptuous "Don't take two men ter do a leetle job like this," discouraged further proffers of assistance, and then bent himself wholly to the work with as complete an absorption as if there were no band of expectant, eager, bloodthirsty men waiting at the barn for a signal, and as if Teck Jepson's presence, as he stood in

the door, were not more significant than his daily loitering there.

His enforced idleness and the white light of the fire flaring up as Clem worked the bellows with one hand, while holding the metal in the coals with the other, left the stranger to the scrutiny of Jepson, who, recovering from his surprise, was taking due note of him. He sought to be just; to contend with mere suspicion; to separate his consideration of the subject from the personal interest that persistently linked itself with the circumstances. How much had Marcela known? Had she taken any action in the matter? And with what motive? He could not banish these thoughts as he gazed at the stranger, who stood leaning against the elevated hearth, affecting to watch the smith's work, but with a tense, alert attitude, and a wary eye that ever and anon furtively sought the silent figure standing in the broad, moonlit doorway, with the dark landscape, silver-flecked, vaguely visible in the background. His light hair made his head very definite against the black and sooty hood of the forge. Now and then he put up a slender hand, sun-embrowned, and pulled his long, yellow mustache with a gesture and manner alien to the mountains. The very shape of his boot, his attitude, and garb, marked and individualized him. He was not of the region.

None of this did Clem Sanders observe as he worked. Once he held up the precious little tongs. "This is yer doin'," he said reproachfully, indicating a small protuberance where the piece, broken off, had been welded on again. The stranger burst into a laugh, showing his strong white teeth beneath his yellow mustache. A pleasant face he had, with this more jovial expression upon it. Clem Sanders's frown relaxed as he looked at him.

"So you've found me out, have you? This ain't the first time I've been here," he said easily.

And then, although it might not be

said how it was done, for there was not a perceptible lifting of an eyelid nor a hair's-breadth turn of the head, Teck Jepson was aware that the man had covertly looked to note the effect of the words upon him. Already he had made the distinction between the two men as to which was to be feared.

"Yes, that 's a fac'!" cried Mrs. Sanders, with an unwonted animation. The singular event in her dull experience had roused a not unpleasurable excitement, and she had looked on at the two at the anvil with a dull and reluctant sense of being shut out from continued participation, and having reached a finality. The allusion to the past revived her capacity for extracting more sensation from the circumstance. "What d'ye think, Clem? This hyar man 'lows ez one night, not so long ago, he started over the mountings, ter kem down hyar ter git his pickaxe mended,—it war bruk,—an' he los' his way, an' miscalc'lated his time somehow, an' 'twar middlin' late 'fore he got hyar. An' he kem ter the house, an' knocked an' knocked, an' never roused up nobody. So! ha, ha!" The detail seemed to commend itself to Mrs. Sanders's sense of humor, as she sat bolt upright on the keg of nails and recounted. "So ez he war goin' back he passed by hyar, an' a suddint thought streck him: he jes' kindled up the fire,—thar war a few coals lef' alive,—an' mended his tool hisse'f. He jes' wondered what we-uns would hev said ef we hed woke, an' seen the light an' hearn the hammer! I'd hev 'lowed 'twar Satan or a harnt, one."

She folded her arms, and with a deft motion of her head shook her sun-bonnet a little further back, that she might turn her smile upon the stranger; not so pleasing a demonstration as its good-nature might have desired to make it, for she had lost several of her front teeth, and those that were left were conspicuous in their isolation. It showed

Teck Jepson that the stranger had succeeded in winning her good opinion; and even Clem, more thoroughly posted though he was, lifted his eyebrows and looked significantly at his coadjutor, evidently accepting this candid and obvious explanation of the mystery. Jepson began to see that he need expect nothing but hindrance from both mother and son, and that the least plausible wiles might prove efficacious to hoodwink these simple souls. He still stood in the doorway, but leaning against its frame, his arms folded across his broad chest, his hat far back on his head; and although he often gazed up speculatively at the moon, whose light was full in his face, he saw that the stranger still held his every movement under notice, and gave him the attention of a conjectural glance after every phrase, as if seeking to judge how it impressed him.

The silence was broken only by a cricket, in some sheltered nook among the eaves, and a wheezing coughing that Silas presently set up, as he crouched on the hub of the broken wheel, as if some of the lies he had told were choking him. But when Mrs. Sanders remarked, parenthetically, that she would give him some hoarhound when she got him to the house, he contrived to swallow them all, and relapsed into wide-eyed silence.

"That was the time I broke the tongs. I was here once besides," said the stranger, who seemed to feel more and more at ease.

"Ye don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, who evidently thought the intrusions a great joke.

"Waal, stranger," said Teck Jepson, and the man's nerves became tense and his face rigid and watchful the moment the melancholy, drawling, mellow voice sounded on the air, "what mought yer work be on the mounting?"

Mrs. Sanders cast a glance of indignant reproof at her neighbor, for curiosity concerning another's affairs is a

breach of all the courtesies of mountain etiquette.

But the stranger answered quickly, as if he were prepared to meet the question and glad to have it asked. He had a sudden, sharply clipped method of enunciation, doubly marked in contrast with the mountaineer's liquid elongation of the vowels. His words were even more compact and staccato than their wont.

"I 'm prospecting, — prospecting for silver."

There was a momentary silence. Even Clem held the hammer poised for an instant, while the iron glowed on the anvil, and looked contemptuous comment from out his long, narrow, twinkling eyes. Mrs. Sanders observed, "Law, stranger, ain't ye got no better sense 'n that? Thar *ain't* no silver in these mountings, — leastwise none the yearth's a-goin' ter spare. Jes' enough ter fool fellers inter wastin' thar time."

"An' breakin' the p'int's off 'n thar good pickaxes," added Clem, examining the implement with some interest; "fust-rate one, too, — oughter las' ye a long time."

Jepson watched the stranger color with vexation; then his lip curled slightly in covert ridicule. Presently he observed, "I reckon may be I'll come up with a little silver, after a while; indications are first-rate."

"Thar war a man," Jepson began abruptly, "he lived hyarabouts five year ago an' better—he b'lieved thar war silver hyar. He got put down in the mouth of a cave; his partner done it; he war n't seen no more."

The stranger's light brown eyes were all afire. He leaned forward, and held out one arm to Jepson. "Say!" he exclaimed, "do you know where that exact cave is?"

Jepson turned an impassive look upon him. "Dunno the edzac' spot, an' don't want ter know."

A patent disappointment was on the stranger's face. Then rallying himself,

"I ain't one of the kind that gets put down in caves; you need n't be uneasy about me."

This was something in the nature of a flippant retort. He was evidently sorry for it immediately afterward, and there was a deprecatory expression on his face as he looked at Jepson, who, however, showed no sign of feeling of any sort as he casually inquired, —

"Who did ye hev ter strike fur ye? Could ye do sech work by yerself?"

He turned his large contemplative eyes on the stranger's face. It was not an ingenuous face, but the circumstances were coercive, and it showed the heed, the fear, the vacillating hope, that animated him as he replied, "Yes, I had Jake Baintree to strike for me."

His lips were dry. He bit the nether one hard as he looked at Jepson, seeing in his eyes that he understood much, — much that was not said.

For Jepson knew well that this man had been warned and that he had flung himself upon the truth perchance with some slight admixture for safety, and despite his fear could realize that the boldness of innocence alone could rescue him. Had he devised this course, Jepson wondered, or was Marcella so clever a counselor? As to Baintree, it was evidently in character that he should cringe, and cower, and lurk in hiding, knowing that the investigation by vigilantes impended.

Nevertheless, despite Clem's confidences to Marcella and the warning which she had conveyed, it was evident that the facts could be elicited here and now as well as if the men had been taken by surprise. The stranger made no resistance to the inquiry, and this indicated that he recognized its inevitable character, and had not sought to shirk it. Jepson went on steadily, unmoved by any consideration save the effort to perform his duty to the organization that had entrusted him with his mission. But notwithstanding its paramount in-

terest, it seemed secondary in importance, in Clem's estimation, to the necessity of forging the bit of metal on the anvil, and the subsequent conversation took place annotated by his ringing blows, from which the stranger, his nerves on the rack, palpably recoiled, but which had scant effect on the more impassive mountaineer, save to induce him to slightly lift his voice.

"How long hev ye been bidin' in the mountings?"

"Since August."

"Dell-law!" commented Mrs. Sanders. "Ye hev kep' yerse'f mightily ter yerse'f; I'll say that fur ye."

The logical inference might be that she commended his magnanimity in sparing them his society. But the good woman meant nothing of this kind, her exclamation being simply a rural formula.

"Who hev ye bided with?" demanded Jepson.

The stranger colored slightly. Then making an effort to put the matter in its most favorable aspect, he replied with some show of communicativeness:—

"With Baintree. You see I was his doctor — I am a physician by profession — when he was in jail, and he told me about the silver mine he thought he had discovered. So I came to see if it were true. I happen to know something about mining. But Jake, — he's a queer fish, — he was n't willing for anybody to know what we were after. I believe he never tells me truly where his best find was; he thinks somebody will chouse him out of it yet."

"Ez ef ennybody would hev it," exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, with sweeping contempt, "an' ez ef thar war enny ter hev!"

"Whar hev ye bided with him?" asked Jepson, seemingly all unaffected by any phase of the detail.

"Waal, Teck Jepson!" cried Mrs. Sanders, scandalized by his curiosity, as she construed his persistence, "ye mus' hev hed yer tongue iled. I hev never

hearn sech a lot o' whys an' wharfores ez it hev got on ter the e-end o' it ter-night."

But the catechumen responded at once, scarcely waiting for her to finish her sentence. "We stayed for a while in a deserted house, — the old Jepson house, he said it was."

"His'n!" broke in Mrs. Sanders, identifying the locality joyously, and pointing Jepson out still more unmistakably with a long, bony index-finger.

"Is it yours?" said the young stranger. "Well, the owner came and fired out our traps, one day, while we were gone, so we went to another cabin, over on the other side of the mountain."

"Mighty cur'ous way ter be a-livin'," commented Mrs. Sanders, with a very definite infusion of scorn. "An' fur a silver mine, ez mought be in the mountings, an' then agin mought n't. Look-a-hyar, stranger, ain't ye 'quainted with nobody in Brumsaidge Cove mo' spec-table 'n Jake Baintree?"

There was a sudden triumph in the young man's face. He shook himself free from his unpalatable confessions, as if they had been a cloak falling from his shoulders. "I'm acquainted with some very respectable people, — very good people. I'm well acquainted with the Strobe family."

He had lived somewhat in the world, and was aware that in some places people have been known to prop their social standing by bragging of their acquaintances. He had never thought that this necessity would supervene for him in Broomsedge Cove.

"Dell-law!" exclaimed Mrs. Sanders, seemingly as delighted to meet the Strobes in the desolation of the stranger's social circle — which had consisted, apparently, of Jake Baintree — as if she had encountered them in the solitude of a desert island. "Old Mis' Strobe!"

"Yes, old Mrs. Strobe," he said, "and the young girls, Miss Marcella and little Isabel."

The impartial, judicial interest with which Teck Jepson had listened gave way suddenly. His eyes were deeply glowing, and fastened intently on the stranger's face. His cheek had flushed darkly. Somehow the idea of the warning that Marcella had conveyed had suggested to his mind no personal association. She had told Baintree, perhaps, or she had sent a message. But her name upon the stranger's lips — the very sound of it odd and incongruous, with his unfamiliar accent and the unwonted and punctilious title — intimated abruptly the possibility of a personal interest, of a longer acquaintance, of a future of which Jepson had never dreamed.

She had risked much, — with the transparent blacksmith to know that she was in possession of the secret, — she had risked much. And what a dapper, slender, handsome young fool was this silver hungry stranger!

"An' Eli!" cried Mrs. Sanders in a shrill crescendo of pleasurable reminiscence.

"I never knew him before he was injured. But I had a long talk with him this evening, and" — he drew out his watch composedly — "I promised him that I would come back if it is not too late, after I got through at the forge here. A very respectable family, and very hospitable."

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

## CAN SCHOOL PROGRAMMES BE SHORTENED AND ENRICHED?<sup>1</sup>

IN the process of improving the secondary schools, colleges, and professional schools of the United States, — a process which has been carried on with remarkable energy since the civil war, — certain new difficulties have been created for the higher education in general, and particularly for colleges. These difficulties have to do with the age at which young men can get prepared for college, and therefore with the ages at which boys pass the successive stages of their earlier education. The average age of admission to Harvard College has been rising for sixty years past, and has now reached the extravagant limit of eighteen years and ten months. Harvard College is not at all peculiar in this respect; indeed, many of the smaller colleges find their young men older still at entrance. The average college student is undoubtedly nearly twenty-three years old at graduation; and when he has obtained

his A. B., he must nowadays allow at least three years for his professional education.

In respect to the length of time required for a satisfactory professional training, there has been a great change since the war. Twenty years ago, the period of residence at Harvard University for the degree of Bachelor of Laws was eighteen months; now it is three years. Many of the States of the American Union have passed laws which practically make three years the normal period of study before admission to the bar. Ambitious medical students are giving four years to their medical training. Twenty years ago, the leading colleges were satisfied to take men just graduated in arts as tutors in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Now they expect a candidate for a tutorship or instructorship to have devoted two or three years to study after taking his Bachelor's degree. School boards and trustees have become correspondingly exacting. In short, professional education in the

<sup>1</sup> A paper read before the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, at Washington, February 16, 1888.

United States is growing constantly more thorough and elaborate, and is therefore demanding of aspirants to the professions more and more time. The average college graduate who fits himself well for any one of the learned professions, including teaching, can hardly begin to support himself before he is twenty-seven years old. This condition of things is so unreasonable in a new country like the United States, being hardly matched in the oldest and most densely settled countries of Europe, that some remedy is urgently demanded; and the first partial remedy that suggests itself is to reduce the average age of admission to college to eighteen. This reduction would save about a year. In effecting this saving of time, it is greatly to be wished that no reduction should be made in the attainments which the average candidate for admission now brings to the American colleges; for it is probable that the saving thus effected will not be sufficient in itself, and that the public interests will require in addition some shortening of the ordinary college course of four years. College men, therefore, are anxiously looking to see if the American school courses can be both shortened and enriched: shortened so that our boys may come to college at eighteen instead of nineteen, and enriched in order that they may bring to college at eighteen more than they now bring at nineteen, and that the standard of the A. B. may not be lowered.

The anxiety with which men charged with the conduct of college education look at this question is increased by the relative decline of American colleges and universities as a whole. This relative decline, which was pointed out nearly twenty years ago by President Barnard, of Columbia College, has been very visible of late years. The population of the United States is supposed by the best authorities to increase about one third in every period of ten years. In

the ten-year period from 1875 to 1884 inclusive, the universities and colleges named in the tables published by the Commissioner of Education show an increase in their number of students of only eleven per cent. instead of thirty-three and one third per cent. If we select from the same tables the ten-year period from 1876 to 1885, the increase is sixteen per cent.; but the explanation of this higher percentage of increase is that the total number of students in the year 1876 was abnormally low, being 2400 less than the number for 1875. If we add to the institutions enumerated as universities and colleges all the schools of science and all the higher institutions for the education of women, we still find that this enlarged list of institutions has not gained students at the same rate at which the population has increased, although the schools of science have made very large gains in the decade referred to. Thus the increase in the number of students in universities and colleges, schools of science and women's colleges, taken together, was only twenty-three per cent. in the ten years from 1875 to 1884 inclusive. Obviously, there are serious hindrances affecting all the institutions which receive young men and women at the age of eighteen or nineteen, to keep them under liberal training for three or four years. One of these hindrances undoubtedly is that the colleges as a whole held too long to a mediæval curriculum; but a greater hindrance, in all probability, is the burden imposed upon parents when their elaborately educated sons cannot support themselves in their professions until they are twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. Hence the importance of the inquiry, *Can school programmes be shortened and enriched?*

In studying this problem, it is natural to turn first to the schools sometimes called preparatory, — that is, to the best high schools and academies; but if we examine the courses of study in these

schools, we find that the four years during which they keep their pupils are generally crowded with work. Thus the Phillips Academy at Exeter, N. H., one of the best academies in the United States, has a four years' course which is so full that hardly any suggestion can be made for condensing or abbreviating it. But what are the requirements for admission to Exeter? "Some knowledge of common school arithmetic, writing, spelling, and of the elements of English grammar." These requirements might reasonably be made of a boy leaving the primary school at eight years of age; yet the average age of admission to Exeter is sixteen and one half. Now, Exeter is an academy which would not content itself with such low terms of admission unless under compulsion. It would require more if it could get more from the average candidate; but it draws its pupils from a wide area, and its experience is against making greater demands. The Exeter course is itself encumbered with some studies suitable for a boy of ten. Thus it devotes much time to arithmetic, and teaches the very elements of English and English literature. A secondary school which is obliged to take its pupils in the average condition of the boys who enter Exeter can hardly do more for them, in the four years between sixteen and twenty, than is now accomplished at that academy. What is true of Exeter is true of the whole body of upper schools. They have to make up for deficiencies of the lower schools. It is necessary, therefore, to examine the American school programmes from the beginning, — to start with the primary school, and go on through the grammar school and the high school, searching for the places where time and labor can be saved.

The subject seems to be one chiefly interesting to colleges, but it really touches the whole school system. In the first place, whatever improves the school programmes for those children whose edu-

cation is to be prolonged, perhaps, until they are twenty-five years old, will improve the programmes also for the less fortunate children whose education is to be briefer. The public schools will never send to higher institutions any very large proportion of the children who are trained in them; but their programmes may best be made substantial and systematic by fitting them to the needs of their most intelligent and fortunate pupils. Moreover, we may reasonably strive to make every grade of the public school programme, primary, grammar, and high, and indeed every year in any programme, a thing good in itself, as well as a good introduction to the course of study which lies beyond it. The better the programme is in itself, the better it will be as a preparation for further study. To the primary and grammar schools this principle applies in all its fullness. In the high school and academy, the principle needs qualification for the foreign languages only; and for that portion of the programme options should be allowed. The question, Can American school programmes be at once condensed and enriched? has, then, a wide scope, and touches the interests of the whole population.

When we are brought face to face with a question of feasibility, — Can schools do more than they are now doing for the American boy? — it is interesting to inquire how much is done for boys by the public schools of other nations. It is easy to institute such comparisons by means of the printed programmes of German gymnasia, French lycées, and American high or Latin schools. For instance, let any teacher, superintendent, or school committee, desiring to study this question of feasibility, procure the programmes of the Boston grammar schools and Latin School, as a good American type in the absence of any programme of national authority, and compare the courses of study year by year for boys of the same age with



those of the official programmes of the French classical schools (*Plan d'Etudes des Lycées*). Programmes de l'Enseignement Secondaire Classique. Paris: Delalain Frères). This comparison is a limited but fair one. It is in each case the classical course, covering the ages from eight to seventeen, which is to be studied; but the corresponding programmes in which Latin and Greek are replaced by other subjects might also be compared. In the French schools, mathematical and scientific studies can be substituted for Latin and Greek in large part, and in Boston the English High School offers a programme like that of the Latin School, but with similar substitution of mathematical and scientific studies for all the Greek, and some or all of the Latin. A comparison limited to the classical programmes is, however, quite as instructive as any other. The French national programme may well be selected for study rather than that of a German gymnasium, because the work done in German secondary schools is more comprehensive, elaborate, and difficult.

The new French programme above cited is a recent reduction of that which was in force from 1880 to 1885, the reduction amounting to about twenty per cent.; and the number of recitations per week is nearly the same as in the two Boston schools. Of foreign programmes the French is the best to compare with those of American schools, because France is socially a democratic country, politically a republic, and industrially a country whose chief reliance, in the strenuous competition to which its population is exposed within and without, is the intelligence and skill of its producing classes. In all these respects France and the United States closely resemble each other. Moreover, the French boy has no possible advantage over the American boy in strength of constitution, intelligence, or endurance; on the contrary, he is not so large a boy

as the American, on an average, and he is not so well fed.

A brief examination of these two programmes side by side reveals several important facts. The French course of study is decidedly the more substantial; that is to say, it calls for greater exertion on the part of the pupil than the Boston; it introduces the children earlier to serious subjects, and it is generally more interesting and more stimulating to the intelligence. For example, at eight years of age the French boy begins to study a foreign language, either English or German; the American boy begins to study a modern language five years later, at thirteen, when the best period for learning a foreign tongue is already passed. The French boy of eight begins the study of history in a very attractive way through the study of biography; the American boy gets no history until he is thirteen, when he begins Greek history. The French boy of eight devotes just one third the time to arithmetic that the American devotes, and in the whole course does not give to that subject more than one third the time the American gives; yet for practical purposes the French are quite as skillful with numbers as the Americans. The French boy gets at natural history earlier than the American boy, and in better subjects. Again, the French programme represents an actual fact, the large majority of French boys passing regularly at the ages indicated through the prescribed course of study; whereas the programme of the Boston Latin School, prepared for the years from eleven to sixteen inclusive, actually covers the years from thirteen to eighteen inclusive. In comparing the attainments of the Boston boy with those of the French boy, we must therefore add two full years to the ages set down in the American programme. The inferiority of that programme then becomes conspicuous. There is no single subject mentioned in it in which the French

boy does not accomplish more than the American. This appears clearly in the amounts of Latin and Greek set down, but equally plainly in geometry and physics. Moreover, the French course extends a year beyond the Boston course, and in the final year, called philosophy, gives a comprehensive survey of philosophy and ethics, — a thing never attempted in the United States with boys of seventeen, but found practicable and in the highest degree useful in the French republic. The preponderance of the French language, the mother tongue, in the French programme is also most noticeable. Until Latin and Greek are introduced, French occupies half of the whole course; when the study of Latin and Greek is at its height, French still claims a substantial portion of the time; and in the final year French resumes almost exclusive possession of the programme. Great improvements have been made during the last ten years in the study of English and English literature in the best American schools; but the mother tongue does not yet hold anything like the place in American schools which French holds in the French schools. In the French lycées, geometry comes before algebra, and with the help of drawing is treated thoroughly before algebra is seriously attacked; plane geometry being finished by the time the boy is fourteen years of age. At the Boston Latin School, on the other hand, plane geometry is not completed until the boy is seventeen according to the programme, but nineteen in reality. Even a cursory examination of the two systems will convince any one that the French boy has a chance to make a much greater total attainment by the time he is eighteen than the American boy can make at the best schools of this country by the time he is nineteen. Thorough study of them will only strengthen this conviction.

The comparison thus instituted gives no warrant for impatient, revolutionary

action. The transformation it suggests is not to be wrought in a year, but should be the aim of patient labor during many years. Everybody knows that foreign institutions of education cannot be imported; that a nation's educational institutions are strongly influenced by its political, ethical, and industrial conditions; and that the improvement of schools and colleges must necessarily be slow. It may, however, be justly inferred, even from this limited examination, that the condition of secondary schools in the United States is at present one of inferiority; that the country ought not to be satisfied with that condition, and indeed should strenuously exert itself for the improvement of American programmes, both by condensation and enrichment. If it be said that the American boy turns out pretty well, after all, and that the American community, as a whole, is as intelligent as the French or the German community, the ready answer is that free institutions are in themselves a considerable education for the population, but that the advantage which the nation has over Europe in possessing free institutions ought not to reconcile it to a position of inferiority as regards schools. It ought to aim to have the best schools, too. If it be practicable to make American primary and secondary schools better, the work of improving them should be set on foot. The fair inference from the experience of European schools being that it is practicable, we are encouraged to consider some of the means of improving the American public school, from the primary grade through the highest.

(1.) In the first place, better programmes need better teachers. The great difference between the French and German secondary schools and the American is in the quality of the teachers. Two modes of improving the general body of those employed in the public schools demand special attention.

First, school committees, superintendents, teachers themselves, and all friends of public education should constantly strive to have a better tenure of office established. The American schools will never equal the schools of Germany and France until well-proved teachers can secure a tenure during good behavior and efficiency here as well as there. Consideration, dignity, and quietness of mind go with a permanent tenure; and the public school service will never compete successfully with the service of private educational corporations until the public employ is as good as the private employ in this regard. Secondly, the average skill of the force in the public schools may be increased by raising the present low proportion of male teachers. Herein lies one of the great causes of the inferiority of the teaching in American schools to that in the French and German. The proportion of women teachers in American schools is vastly greater than it is in Europe. The larger the proportion of women in any system of public schools, the larger will be the percentage of new appointments every year, and the larger the amount of work done by temporary substitutes. Newly appointed teachers and substitutes are generally inexperienced; or, at the best, they are teachers suddenly put to work in unaccustomed places. This superiority of men as teachers has, of course, nothing whatever to do with the relative intelligence or faithfulness of men and women. It is a well-known fact that many women enter the service of the public schools without any intention of long following the business; and, also, that women are absent from duty from two to three times as much as men. Young men who take up this service as a temporary expedient are also unsatisfactory material. The schools need the life-work of highly trained and experienced teachers. After these two most important means of raising the average quality of public school instruc-

tion come lesser means, which ought not to be neglected: thus, superintendents and committees can do something by invariably advocating the expenditure of money for teaching, rather than for mechanical appliances or buildings. Cheap teachers and expensive apparatus and buildings are precisely the reverse of wise practice, particularly if the fine buildings are not fire-proof, after all. Again, the work in the public schools can be improved by the establishment of teachers' examinations, which secure a better preparation in the average teacher, and by methods of supervision, which make known the relative merits of teachers who are on probation. Good progress has been made in this direction during the past ten years.

(2.) The second direction of untiring effort should be towards the improvement of programmes; for the programmes are all-important to the steady development of the whole system of schools, from top to bottom. A good course of study will not execute itself,—it must be vivified by the good teacher; but an injudicious course is an almost insuperable obstacle to the improvement of a city's schools. As a rule, the American programmes do not seem to be substantial enough, from the first year in the primary school onward. There is not enough meat in the diet. They do not bring the child forward fast enough to maintain his interest and induce him to put forth his strength. Frequent complaint is made of over-pressure in the public schools; but Friedrich Paulsen is probably right in saying that it is not work which causes over-fatigue, so much as lack of interest and lack of conscious progress. The sense that, work as he may, he is not accomplishing anything will wear upon the stoutest adult,—much more upon a child. One problem in arithmetic which he cannot solve will try a child more than ten which he can solve. One hour of work in which he can take no intelligent in-

terest will wear him out more than two hours of work in which he cannot help being interested. Now, the trouble with much of the work in the public schools is that it is profoundly and inevitably uninteresting to the childish mind. To enrich the school programme, therefore, and to make serious subjects follow each other in it more rapidly than now, will not necessarily increase the strain upon the child; it will, however, necessarily increase the skill demanded of the teacher: and hence the improvement of teachers must go hand in hand with the improvement of programmes. The best way to diminish strain is to increase interest, attractiveness, and the sense of achievement and growth. American teaching, in school and college, has been chiefly driving and judging; it ought to be leading and inspiring. Here are these beautiful fields. I will show you the way through them. Here are these rewarding exercises. I will show you how to practice them. Here are these heights. I will lead you up them.

(3.) Much time can be saved in primary and secondary schools by diminishing the number of reviews, and by never aiming at that kind of accuracy of attainment which reviews, followed by examinations, are intended to enforce. Why should an accuracy of knowledge and of statement be habitually demanded of children which adults seldom possess? How many well-educated adults can add long columns of figures correctly, or find the least common multiple or the greatest common divisor of six or eight numbers? Nothing but practice can keep one skillful in these exercises; and we may reasonably be grateful that few people are compelled to keep in the necessary practice. Few adult minds retain accurately considerable masses of isolated facts, and it is commonly observed that minds which are good at that are seldom the best minds. Why do we try to make children do what we do not try to do ourselves? Instead of

mastering one subject before going to another, it is almost invariably wise to go on to a superior subject before the inferior has been mastered, — mastery being a very rare thing. On the mastery theory, how much new reading or thinking should we adults do? Instead of reviewing arithmetic, study algebra; for algebra will illustrate arithmetic, and supply many examples of arithmetical processes. Instead of re-reading a familiar story, read a new one; it will be vastly more interesting, and the common words will all recur, — the common words being by far the most valuable ones. Instead of reviewing the physical geography of North America, study South America. There, too, the pupil will find mountain-chains, water-sheds, high plateaux, broad plains, great streams, and isothermal lines. The really profitable time to review a subject is not when we have just finished it, but when we have used it in studying other subjects, and have seen its relations to other subjects, and what it is good for. For example, the French programme puts a review of arithmetic, algebra, and geometry into the last year. With all his mathematical powers strengthened by the study of algebra and geometry, and with all the practice of arithmetic which his study of mensuration and algebra has involved, the boy returns at seventeen to arithmetic, and finds it infinitely easier than he did at fourteen. Further, the French boy has escaped those most vexatious of arithmetical puzzles which a little easy algebra enables one to solve with facility. Many an educated New Englander remembers to this day the exasperation he felt when he discovered that problems in Colburn's *Sequel*, over which he had struggled for hours, could be solved in as many minutes after he had got half-way through *Sherwin's Algebra*. Is it not an abominable waste of the time and strength of children to put them to doing in a difficult way, never used in real life, some-

thing they will be able to do in an easy way a year or two later? To introduce artificial hardness into the course of training that any human being has to follow is an unpardonable educational sin. There is hardness enough in this world without manufacturing any, particularly for children. On careful search through all the years of the public school programmes now in use, many places will be found where time might be saved and strain lessened by abandoning the effort to obtain an exaggerated and wholly unnatural accuracy of work. It is one of the worst defects of examinations that they set an artificial value upon accuracy of attainment. Good examination results do not always prove that the training of the children examined has been of the best kind.

(4.) In almost all the numerous collections of school statistics which are now published in this country, it appears that the various grades contain children much too old for them, who have, apparently, been held back. This phenomenon seems to be due partly to the ambition of teachers, and partly to the caution of parents. To illustrate with a specific case: In the Boston primary schools, which are intended for children of five to seven years of age inclusive, forty-four per cent. of all the children, for three years past, were over seven; and in the grammar schools of the same city, which are intended for children of from eight to thirteen years inclusive, from twenty to twenty-four per cent. were over thirteen. It has already been mentioned that the average age of admission to the Latin School is not eleven years, as indicated in the programme, but thirteen years. It is really thirteen years and three months. For three years past, from one third to one half of the graduating classes of the Boston grammar schools have been more than six years in the schools, the programme calling for but six years. In the Boston primary and grammar schools, the ten-

dency is in the wrong direction; that is, in 1887 there was a larger proportion of pupils over age than in 1877. The ambition of teachers tends to keep children too long in the several grades, because they desire to have their pupils appear well at the periodical examinations, and also because they like to keep in their classes the bright children as aids to the dull ones. The caution of parents tends to produce the same difficulty, because they fear over-pressure; not comprehending that with children, as with adults, it is not work so much as worry that injures, or finding that the existing system adds worry to work. The exaggerated notion, already referred to, that it is necessary for a child to master one thing before he goes to another, is also responsible for the retardation of children on their way through the regular course. The result of this retardation is that the boy comes too late to the High School or to the Latin School, and so fails to complete that higher course if he is going into business, or comes too late to college if his education is to be more prolonged. The great body of children ought to pass regularly from one grade to another, without delay, at the ages set down on the programme; and any method of examination which interferes with this regular progress does more harm than good. Of late years, many experiments have been made on semi-annual promotions and other means of hurrying forward the brighter children. The aim of these experiments is laudable; but the statistics suggest a doubt whether semi-annual promotions really promote, and whether they do not disturb, to an inexpedient degree, the orderly progress of the school work. In general, the work of any school must be laid out by years, and on this account irregular promotions will hardly provide a remedy against the common evil of retardation.

(5.) If we look back a generation or two in the history of American schools,

we shall find that the time spent in school by children, during a year, has been decidedly reduced, although great improvements have been made during the same period in the ventilation of the school buildings, and various bodily exercises, such as singing, gymnastics, and military drill, have been introduced. This reduction of school hours has gone quite far enough, and some steps need to be taken in the other direction. The ideal school should be so conducted that the child's physique is not impaired by attending it, or his enjoyment of his daily life lessened. Then longer school hours would not be unsafe or unwelcome. It should be the teachers that need rest and vacation, and not the children. In cities, vacation schools seem to be a desirable addition to our present organization. A long vacation may be a very good thing for children who have at home some intellectual resources, or who can go to the country or to the sea, and

there learn some things not found in books; but for children of ignorant or heedless parents, who have nothing of intellectual life to offer them at home, a long vacation is likely to be a serious injury, particularly in cities and large towns. Vacation schools tend to bring forward, or keep up, the least favored children, thus accelerating the general rate of progress during the year.

The chief objects of this paper are, first, to point out a serious difficulty which is embarrassing the whole course of American education; and, secondly, to indicate, briefly, a few of the directions in which labor may be wisely spent in improving our school system, to the general end that the pupils may receive a better training in a shorter time. The professional experience and zeal of superintendents and teachers will know how to devise and execute the appropriate measures of relief and improvement.

*Charles W. Eliot.*

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## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### II.

#### ALLSTON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

ALLSTON, like Stuart, was an adopted child of the New England capital. He was a South Carolinian, and settled in Boston in 1818, at the age of thirty-nine, passing the remaining twenty-five years of his life there and in Cambridge, as we are reminded by Lowell's affectionate lines: —

“There gentle Allston lived, and wrought,  
and died,”

Transfiguring street and shop with his illumined gaze.”

He was of a sensitive and æsthetic temperament, with a rich imagination, but he was not so great a painter as appears

to have been commonly believed during his lifetime. His mind was rather of the literary order, and he belonged to that large class of artists whose ideals and aspirations constantly outrun their executive ability, whose whole careers consist of more or less futile struggles to express on canvas thoughts which they might probably make clearer by means of the pen than of the brush. Allston was a lovable man, and his name has always been held in honor wherever he has been known. But it is a pity to be obliged to say that an artist's description of his picture is better than the picture itself; and this is what might have been said at times of him. He was the artistic lion of Boston in 1839, when a loan exhibition of his works made a

great stir. The forty-five pictures in this collection were lent by the most solid citizens of that day, and nothing could be better calculated to show the esteem in which Allston was held than the long list of their honored names in the catalogue. It was only four years later that he died, leaving unfinished the large painting of Belshazzar's Feast, which hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts, and which he had hoped to make his masterpiece. His friends unwittingly have done him a great injustice in placing this work on exhibition.

The story of his prolonged labors upon it, the anxiety it cost him through many years, and the preposterous expectations of a curious public concerning it is one of the most pathetic episodes in the whole history of art, which is full of the sad records of honorable failures. In relation to this "noble pictorial fragment" he said in a letter: "I think the composition the best I ever made. It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say so) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and the awful. A mighty sovereign, surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry, palsied in a moment, under the spell of a supernatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence; his less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet-table, the half-arrogant, half-astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining as it were in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing, like an animated pillar, in the midst, breathing

forth the oracular destruction of the empire!"

Such is the work as Allston wished to make it, not as he did make it; and a thorough examination of the great canvas must lead any impartial judge to the inevitable conclusion that, even if it had been finished, the work was destined to be a failure. The large figure of the prophet Daniel in the centre, instead of being in any respect like an "animated pillar," — which we are not sure that we should admire, — is theatrical and repulsive. The group at the right of the foreground is burlesque. Belshazzar himself is a shapeless, disjointed effigy of simulated horror; and the queen is the only important personage in the composition who has any life or naturalness of bearing. Parts of the background and some of the secondary figures at the right appear to have been of merit, but time and neglect, in the short interval since Allston's death, have already done much to ruin the work which was so loudly heralded and of which so much was expected. The canvas is sixteen feet by twelve feet in dimensions. It is in a very bad light, and it is not easy to see it advantageously. Yet it is apparent that parts of the composition are marked by special beauties of color, the use of yellow being lavish and rich in effect. There is a kneeling figure of a woman near the centre, which is full of grace. Of course due allowance should be made for the unfinished condition of the picture, but since it has been permanently exposed to the public view, there is no reason why it should not be discussed as it is. The mistake was in exhibiting it at all. So great did Allston seem to his contemporaries, however, that it would have been regarded as nothing short of sacrilegious to hint that he was not the equal of the most renowned painters that ever lived. He was commonly called the American Titian. William Ware, whose lectures on *The Works and Genius of Washington*



Allston (Boston, 1852) contain numerous comparisons between Allston and Titian, maintained in a serious and eloquent argument that the former's *Valentine* was quite as well painted as the latter's *Venus*. Coleridge said that Allston was the first genius produced by the Western world. William Page, speaking of *The Vision of the Bloody Hand*, expressed the opinion that "few pictures of Titian's, of that size, are so good in color." Tuckerman thought that Allston's pictures "represented every department of pictorial art and every excellence for which her most gifted votaries have been celebrated." Leslie compared the harmony of tint in *Uriel* to that of the best pictures of Paul Veronese. All these extravagances, and more, were soberly accepted; it was the fashion to dilate upon *Rosalie*, *Beatrice*, the *Roman Lady*, and the *Spanish Girl*, in a style overloaded with adjectives, italics, and poetical quotations, in which sentimentality was often made to pass for sentiment.

There are several of Allston's well-known pictures, besides *Belshazzar's Feast*, in the Museum of Fine Arts. *Rosalie* is the name given to a very romantic young woman, who is represented as languishing in love, — a condition which is betrayed by her affected pose and vacant expression, in amusing contrast with her robust figure. The poem fastened to the lower part of the frame, and beginning with these lines, —

"Oh, pour upon my soul again

That sad, unearthly strain,

That seems from other worlds to plain," —

is in the *Friendship's-Offering-and-Floral-Album* taste, and corresponds in some sort to the soft modeling and the saccharine savor of the figure. *The Flight of Florimel*, a bad imitation of the old masters, illustrating Spenser's *Faery Queen*, is chiefly noticeable on account of its impossible white horse, whose position is exactly like that of a hobby-horse, and its ill-painted landscape.

*Elijah Fed by the Ravens* is in fact a landscape of sombre tone, in which the prophet and the birds are but secondary items. *Elijah* is seen among the twisted roots of a great naked banyan-tree in the midst of a vast brown desert, which is closed in the distance by a range of dark mountains. Heavy clouds overshadow the desolate scene. The sky is hard, and the cloud-forms do not look like nature. The misleading title was the source of some disappointment at the time the *Elijah* was first exhibited, but Ware pronounced the landscape sublime, and proclaimed it superior to the tempests of *Salvator Rosa*, *Poussin*, *Vernet*, and *Wilson*. In *The Rising of a Thunder Storm at Sea* there is a fine luminous sky and some rare blue and gray tones. A ship is seen in the distance, and a small pilot-boat, which is putting off for her, staggers about among the big waves to a lively measure. From behind a great bank of dark clouds at the left the light of the sun smites the calm and tender blue of the heavens far beyond at the right, forming a dramatic contrast with the dark and troubled waters of the sea. *The Portrait of Himself when Young* is that of a comely youth, with mild and dreamy eyes, a mass of dark curling hair, a delicate complexion, an almost girlish cast of beauty. As far as execution goes, it is the best example of his painting in the Museum. *The Isaac of York*, the *Moonlight*, the *Landscape* painted when at college, the portrait of *Benjamin West* painted in London in 1814, and the study for the head of *Jeremiah* (a work which aptly illustrates the propinquity of the sublime and the ridiculous), besides a considerable number of drawings, tracings, and unfinished oil-paintings from Allston's Cambridge studio, may also be seen in the Museum of Fine Arts, where a special exhibition of about fifty of his works was held in 1881.

He made the profession of the painter more respected than it had been in Bos-

ton before his day; for he was distinctly a gentleman, and among those who might have been vulgarly disposed to look down upon his calling, he insisted upon its dignity, and made people take off their hats when they were in the presence of a work of art. This was a real service to art and artists at the time, for the epoch of Bohemian artists, inhabiting obscure garrets, living from hand to mouth, and affecting peculiarities of dress, had not then entirely passed away; and much was gained when art was, so to speak, clothed like a gentleman, and introduced to good society on an equal footing. Countless anecdotes are told by Dunlap, Tuckerman, Drake, and other writers regarding the American Titian, which show how much he was admired and beloved. His lectures on art, which were edited by R. H. Dana, Junior, his famous brother-in-law's son, were published in 1850.

Allston's influence was wholesome. Without him there would have been no George Fuller, and consequently no Winifred Dysart, forty years later. The element of ideality in his works and his love of the beautiful were thus destined to inspire some remarkable manifestations of art long after he had passed from the stage.

During his life he had seen growing up around him a group of artists who were glad to look up to him as a leader, and the Boston Artists' Association, of which he was the first president, in 1842, comprised in its membership such men as Henry Sargent, Chester Harding, D. C. Johnston, Joseph Ames, Francis Alexander, T. Buchanan Read, R. M. Staigg, and other painters, who were to achieve more or less distinction in various fields. Among Allston's other contemporaries were Thomas Doughty, Stuart Newton, James Frothingham, Alvan Fisher, S. F. B. Morse, G. P. A. Healy, William Dunlap, R. A. Salmon, Edward G. Malbone, and Henry C. Pratt. The dean of this galaxy was Colonel Sargent,

who was born in 1770. Like Trumbull, he divided his allegiance between the sword and the pencil, but this did not prevent him from doing some excellent work with the latter tool, as is proved by the great full-length portrait of Peter Faneuil in Faneuil Hall, which reminds one of a Copley, and of which the Massachusetts Historical Society possesses a replica on a smaller scale. Faneuil was a large man, who wore a huge gray wig and a rich red costume, which is set off by a variety of yellows, grays, and browns in the accessories. The portrait has fine decorative qualities, and the heavy, powerful figure of Faneuil is very actual and imposing. In his hands he holds a drawing of the Cradle of Liberty which has perpetuated his name. Sargent was a pupil of Copley and West in London. He painted anecdotal pieces as well as portraits, and occasionally essayed historical and religious compositions. His large picture of the Landing of the Pilgrims was, unfortunately, destroyed by being rolled on an unseasoned pine pole.

James Frothingham (born 1786) was a portraitist of talent, and Stuart is quoted as having said of one of his heads, "No man in Boston but myself can paint so good a head." Frothingham was greatly aided by Stuart's criticisms and encouragement, although at first his Nestor had advised him to adopt some other and less precarious means of earning a livelihood. There is a fine portrait of Samuel Dexter, by Frothingham, in the Harvard Memorial Hall. Dexter, who wears a white wig and a red cloak over a black coat, holds a book in his hand, and seems lost in meditation. The flesh in this painting is rather dry and parchment-like, but in general the color is very harmonious and agreeable. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that Dunlap was right in saying that his heads were painted "with great truth, freedom, and excellence."

Samuel F. B. Morse, the famous inventor of telegraphy, born in 1791, in Charlestown, was a pupil of Allston, and went with him, in 1811, to London, where he roomed with Leslie, and was encouraged by West and Copley. He returned to Boston in 1815, but although he was hospitably welcomed in society, and his pictures were politely praised, no one bought any of his works; so he left after a year's sojourn, to become in after time the president of the National Academy of Design, and finally the greatest inventor of the age. There are none of his paintings in any public collection, and possibly the only work of art by which he will be known to posterity is the portrait of Noah Webster engraved as a frontispiece to the dictionary. He was not a born painter, but he was one of those men of great general powers of mind and character, who are sure to rise to preëminent position, whether it be in art, statesmanship, war, or commerce.

Chester Harding (born in 1792) enjoyed a great vogue as a portrait-painter for many years. In 1823, he was the fashion in Boston. Even Stuart was neglected, and used to ask ironically, "How goes the Harding fever?" His full-length portraits of Daniel Webster and Chief-Justice Marshall are in the Athenæum. That of Webster is in character the most genial and winning of his portraits. It shows him as a younger man than the majority of his likenesses describe, and though his look is keen and serious, he is not yet so heavy-browed and stern as we shall see him when painted by Ames and Healy. He stands with the tips of the fingers of his right hand resting lightly on a table. His clothes are the blackest of black, and in the background is the inevitable red curtain. The quality of the work is in no regard remarkable, either as good or bad; it is mediocre; yet in this case, as in all others, Harding unquestionably got a perfect

likeness. The portrait of Marshall is decidedly one of his happiest productions, in arrangement and characterization. It has the same black and red draperies as the Webster, but the great jurist's robe and knee-breeches are more pictorial than Webster's modern coat and trousers. There is no trace here of Marshall's reputed awkwardness of bearing. Mr. Dexter, in the Memorial History of Boston, endeavors to account for Harding's success by recalling the fact that he was "a backwoodsman newly caught," and "trumpeted forth as a self-taught man." There is some excuse for saying that such an introduction goes a long way towards winning the favor of Boston amateurs; but it would be an injustice to Harding to attribute all of his popularity to his rustic origin and his unacademic training. His sincere and amiable character doubtless would have made him a favorite anywhere, and though he was sufficiently modest about his own abilities, they were of no contemptible order. He began life as a sign-painter, as many an artist has done. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, hearty, genial man, whom everybody in town knew and liked. He went to England, and met with much success there, painting the portraits of the poet Rogers, the historian Alison, and several members of the royal family.

Alvan Fisher (born 1792) was another portraitist who flourished at the same period, and whose pictures of children, dogs, horses, and landscapes were particularly admired. He had a good deal of invention, and his scenes from rural life were deservedly popular. Judging from the examples of his portrait work in the Harvard Memorial Hall, his endeavors in this direction resulted in indifferent success. His portrait of Samuel Gilman is decidedly feeble and thin; and the profile likeness of John G. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, holding a plaster head in his hands, is not much better.

Gilbert Stuart Newton (born 1793), the nephew and pupil of Stuart, painted small *genre* subjects with great ability. His *Forsaken*, in the Museum of Fine Arts, is a richly colored painting, about eighteen by twenty-four inches in dimensions, which represents a weeping woman crouching on a red sofa in a dark room. Her face is hid in her hands, and she rests her head on the arm of the sofa, buried in a handkerchief. She is dressed in white. The conception is seriously carried out, and the feeling of pathos is so genuine that some one (it was Leslie, I suppose) has said it is a painting of a sob. There is a very handsome gamut of warm reddish-browns employed in the work, which almost justifies Allston's remark that "Newton's color was magical." This exquisite picture belonged to the lamented Thomas Gold Appleton. Newton's portrait of himself is a half-length painted on a small panel. He stands with folded arms, his right side turned towards the observer. It is neatly and simply executed. The portraits of John Adams and of Fisher Ames (after Stuart), with a couple of sketches made while studying in London, are also included in the collections of the Museum. The portrait of Samuel Appleton in the Harvard Memorial Hall is warm and distinguished in color. It is evident, however, that his ideal pictures, which enlisted his imagination, and in their deep, sensuous color foreshadowed the works of Diaz, were executed *con amore*, and were therefore his best works.

The year that witnessed the birth of Newton — the year of the French Revolution — likewise marked the advent upon the scene of Thomas Doughty, a native of Philadelphia, who became one of the most accomplished and artistic of early American landscapists. He moved to Boston, and, after the opening of the Athenæum, was a regular exhibitor in its yearly exhibitions. His pictures were gray, his skies remote

and luminous. The foliage in his landscapes often showed by its fluttering the action of a breeze. He especially enjoyed and appreciated those silvery effects of light and those indescribably delicate atmospheric tones with which, in later years, Corot's name and fame were to be associated. Doughty's small canvases are rare to-day, and it is no wonder that they are highly prized by all who are fortunate enough to possess them. The British minister to the United States paid him twenty-five hundred dollars for one of his pictures, a price that was considered extraordinary in those days.

Francis Alexander (born 1800) was a successful portrait-painter, who was encouraged to settle in Boston by Stuart, and who, with Harding, Fisher, and Doughty, opened an exhibition in 1833, which was regarded as an important event, and proved profitable as well. Alexander went to Europe, and when in Rome made Sir Walter Scott's acquaintance. He had just painted a small *Magdalen*, and the great romancer, after looking at it in silence for some minutes, turned away, with the flattering comment, "She's been forgiven!" Alexander's portrait of Nathaniel P. Willis, which Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis bequeathed to the Museum of Fine Arts, is one quarter of the size of life, low and somewhat bituminous in tone, describing sympathetically a boyish and ingenuous head, full of amiability. His portrait of Joseph Tuckerman, in the Harvard Memorial Hall, though rather dry, is strong in expression; but one of his best portraits in all respects is that of Francis C. Gray, the donor of the valuable Gray collection of engravings to Harvard College, which is in the First Print Room of the Museum of Fine Arts. I know of no more refined and sympathetic work. The head is excellently drawn and painted. Kindness and intelligence are perceptible upon every feature of this good face.

G. P. A. Healy (born 1808) is best known by his numerous portraits of celebrated men. That of Longfellow in the Museum of Fine Arts is chiefly remarkable as presenting him in the character of a young man, with a dapper and brisk air, side-whiskers, and the bearing of a practical, prosaic person, so wholly different from the meditative graybeard of the print-shops that the contrast is amusing. Healy has painted a larger and later portrait of the poet, which is the best existing representation of him, made when he was in middle age and at the height of his powers. Healy's portrait of himself as a young man is in the Museum. But his capital work — which, if size were of itself a prime merit in a painting, would have no equal in Boston — is his vast historical picture of Webster replying to Hayne, which hangs in Faneuil Hall. This contains no less than one hundred and thirty figures, and measures sixteen by thirty feet. The published key shows that all but about a dozen of the heads are portraits, including those of Webster, Hayne, Edward Everett, Judge Story, George Ticknor, M. de Toqueville, John Quincy Adams, General Scott, John C. Calhoun, James K. Polk, General Cass, and many other celebrated people who are known to have been in the Senate-Chamber on January 26 and 27, 1830, the dates of Webster's famous speech. The orator is represented standing by his desk in the central aisle, directly in front of and facing the president of the Senate. His shoulders are thrown back; his left hand rests on his desk; his right arm falls by his side. He wears black trousers, and a dark blue dress-coat with brass buttons, closely buttoned over a buff waistcoat; and a high "choker" and white cravat, with a black silk watch-guard, complete his costume. This leading actor would appear insignificant if the minor personages in the drama were not so much more so. With a few exceptions, there

is very little life in the heads. The young page at the right of the president's desk is intrinsically the most interesting character in the composition. There is no unity of effect, and little atmosphere. Time has already blackened the shadows and made them opaque. The reds in the carpet and hangings are of an unpleasant dull tone. It may be that the work had at first a "success of esteem," which was materially fostered by the fact that so many Massachusetts people were flattered to have their likenesses included in a historical painting of such imposing proportions; but it is surprising to find even the genial Mr. Appleton speaking of it, in 1851, as if it were a masterpiece, — "a far better picture than any of Trumbull's, or indeed any kindred picture in America."

Joseph Ames (born 1816) was another member of the group of portraitists who made Boston their home in Allston's time, and had the good fortune to paint the heads of many distinguished men, including Lincoln, Webster, Choate, Prescott, Emerson, Pope Pius IX., and others. He was self-educated, like Harding, and his early works are said to have been especially fine in color. His likenesses of Webster have become, like Gilbert Stuart's Washington, widely recognized as the best counterfeit presentations of that statesman. His two-thirds-length portrait of Lincoln, in Faneuil Hall, the study for which is owned by the Paint and Clay Club, is austere, homely, and truthful; it has the half-grotesque and half-pathetic look of the great and well-beloved war President. Ames never flattered; he would be called brutal by latter-day critics, and perhaps that is none too severe a term to apply to him. His Rufus Choate, also in Faneuil Hall, represents that eminent advocate making a sweeping backward gesture with both arms, as if brushing away with one imperious stroke the other side's tissue of sophistical arguments. It has precisely the same characteristics

as the Lincoln: an aggressive plainness, a manly and rugged presence. Surely Lincoln and Choate both had some traits which Ames has missed in these portraits, but then the world is constantly asking too much of artists. Who shall undertake to rival nature? In the Museum of Fine Arts is Ames's portrait of Webster, which does not differ in its style from the Lincoln and the Choate; and in the Harvard Memorial Hall hangs his vigorous portrait of the eminent Grecian, President Felton. None of these portraits are extraordinary in respect to workmanship or color. They are strongly modeled and coarse in handling; the backgrounds are uniformly of cold gray. The innumerable reproductions of his *Death of Webster* have made that melancholy composition familiar from Maine to Texas. Moody and uneven, Ames at his best was capable of extremely fine work. He was the wonder of Boston at one time, but soon afterwards a period of neglect came, which, whether merited or not, caused him great suffering, and had a bad effect upon his work.

Richard M. Staigg (born 1817), the son of a Scotch stone-mason, who came to Boston in 1841, and was instructed by Allston, was a miniaturist, whose portraits of Webster, Everett, Allston, and others have been reproduced in engravings. Later in life he painted genre pieces, landscapes, and portraits in oil, but his best works were his early miniatures. The exhibition of his pictures, soon after his death, in the gallery of the Boston Art Club, contained twenty-five miniatures, one hundred and three oil-paintings, and thirteen water-colors.

T. Buchanan Read (born 1822) was a poet and a painter, who lived in Boston from 1842 to 1846, and was the secretary of the Boston Artists' Association. His ideal paintings were called *The Water Sprite*, *The Lost Pleiad*, and *The Star of Bethlehem*; and he made a picture of Sheridan and his

Horse, besides writing the well-known poem called *Sheridan's Ride*. His picture of Longfellow's children in a group, with their arms twined about each other's waists, was reproduced by photography, and attained great popularity.

D. C. Johnston, who had been an actor, was a caricaturist, — the first of any note in Boston, — whose two sons were destined to become remarkably gifted painters. He had a keen sense of humor and a good degree of invention.

William Dunlap was a portrait-painter, who, in 1822, exhibited his large picture of *Christ Rejected*, in Boston, and passed several months here painting portraits. He was the author of a *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, in which he devoted a large share of the space to his own acts. He states that he made a profit from the exhibition of his picture "in Doggett's great room, a noble place," and apparently accepted with the utmost good-nature Stuart's blunt criticisms upon his work.

R. A. Salmon was a marine-painter of considerable talent, who came to Boston from England early in the century, and established an enviable reputation. His paintings were highly finished, and what we should call old-fashioned nowadays. They were impregnated with a certain English sentiment, but the manner revealed familiarity with the works of Van der Velde. The execution was skillful and learned, and it was evident that Salmon had traveled and seen fine pictures. He lived in a rude dwelling on a wharf in South Boston, and was reputed to be eccentric, but nothing that suggests roughness or irregularity appears in his works.

Henry C. Pratt, who was a pupil of S. F. B. Morse, was a mediocre painter of portraits and landscapes. His full-length and life-size portrait of Edward Everett, painted about 1838, was shown lately in the Old South Meeting-House. The evening costume, the gesture of the

right hand, and the conscious formality of his position indicate that Everett is delivering an oration. Through an open door at the left, Bunker Hill Monument is visible. Pratt went to Mexico with the Bartlett expedition, which was sent there, about 1851, to settle the question of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, and he brought back from this journey some mountain and prairie scenes, which were a little hard, but had a decided appearance of truth. At that time he painted portraits passably well, but as he grew older he became a very bad painter, and resorted to lotteries to get rid of his pictures, which no one wanted.

Edward G. Malbone, miniaturist (born in Newport, 1777), established himself in Boston when about nineteen years old, and formed a close friendship with

Allston. His stay here was short, however, and after equally brief sojourns in several other cities, he chose Charleston, S. C., for his permanent home. He died at the age of thirty, leaving an enviable reputation as a miniature-painter. His most celebrated work is a group of three beautiful young girls, called *The Hours*. A good specimen of his delicate workmanship and his refined expression of character is the miniature portrait of Mrs. James Carter, in the Museum of Fine Arts. Mrs. Carter was a brown-eyed beauty in 1798, whose pale and transparent complexion was emphasized by a mass of dark curling hair. In her white dress she looks almost as unsubstantial as a ghost. In her day people were not above liking pretty pictures, with a good, smooth finish, and Malbone's success is not hard to account for.

*William Howe Downes.*

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### JOHN EVELYN'S DAUGHTER.

FEBRUARY the 6th, 1685. I am Susanna Evelyn, by your favour, third daughter of John Evelyn, esquire, of Sayes Court, Deptford, and of Mary, his wife. My Father is a gentleman well knowne, very grave and sad of mien, and of greate learning; and my Mother is still right faire and gentle, as in her youth. So is also Mary, mine eldest sister, who is as much prais'd for her beauty as for her rare voice and understanding of music. Yet so am not I, though I am not ill-looking, neither, were my sister but out of view; whereas for a quick and a ready wit—but of that I say nought. My Father is much elder than my Mother, for, being in France in the year 1647, travelling with Mr. Waller, the Poet, he tarried for a long season in Paris, and contracted a greate friendship with the family of Sir Richard Browne, then

Resident at the Court of France of our sore lamented King Charles the Martyr, at that very time in the hands of such as did him foully to death. He did then set his affections upon Sir Richard's young daughter, and they were married by Dr. Earle, then Chaplain to the Prince (now his Majesty King Charles the II.), but since Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Salisburie, in the family Chapell. My Father was then seven and twenty yeares of age, and my Mother but a child of twelve yeares. But she being faire of face, and of good conditions, and pleasing him well, he was full content to wait for her; and so left her with her parents, till she should have well learn'd, and should be of proper age.

After five yeares well spent in study, she came unto England, and he, going to meet her, fell into a rare coil, being



rob'd on the highway by two cut-throates, who bound him unto a tree, and his hands behind him, and scap'd with divers rings and Jewells.

Metlinks it were rare to be thus wed out of hand, ere one were well out of the nursery, and thus would be spar'd much vexation of speaking of this one or that one, and who were his grandsire, and chiefly whether he were of equall fortune, and ready to bring a goodly jointure. These be weary matters; I would it were all well away. Moreover, then might one know which should best please her husband, ere she go to dwell with him; whether to learn the Latine or the Italian, to study the lute or the harpsichord, or to look onely to housewifery, to be learn'd in pasties and manchets, in guarding of mantles with lace and fur, and in physicking of children. But alack! Mary is mine elder, and must be look'd to first. Yet might she be wed ere now, were she so minded, for she hath no lack of suitors, as Mr. Hussey, of Sutton, and divers beside. But so have not I, if it be not Ned Saunders, brother to mine onely neere friend, Nell. But, indeede, my Father would none of him, he being but the eldest sonn of Sir Williams second wife, and poore enough, belike.

My second sister, Bess, is not of such beauty and learning, yet of a most sweete countenance, well-shap'd, and exceeding amiable. She is seventeen yeares old, two yeares mine elder, and like to be soone wed, and to a right worthy youth. We have also a brother, Jack, much elder than we maids, and married five yeares since to a sweete, agreeable, and most vertuous lady, whom we do all love right well. They have too beautifull and hopefull sons, and had also a sweete little daughter, who liv'd onely two moneths, to our greate sorrow.

Now I bethink me, I know not if I desire an husband so much mine elder as my Mother hath, lest he should wish

to guide me in all matters, the which pleaseth me little. Rather would I wish one like unto Mr. S. Pepys, of the Navy, which hath to wife an exceeding handsome woman, and takes pride in seeing her in costly attire, and having all the pleasure in life. But what a foolish maid am I to write of these vanities, that am not like to be wed, save and except it were Sir W. Saunders himself, for his third wife; and a rare lot were that, forsooth, to be mother-in-law unto Nell! . . .

Thus far find I, writ by mine owne hand, and laid amongst mine antient Latine books in Sayes Court, whither we have late return'd. Wherefore I did take the paine to set downe the same I marvell, seeing that of a suretie I had no will to keepe a book like unto that in the which my Father hath writ whatsoever hath ben of greate note in his life time. But wherefore I did come to a pause, and added no whit thereto, that I have good cause to remember. Even the same hour of my writing the idle thoughts of a young maid, dy'd K. Charles II., after a reigne of greate prophanesse and luxury, having sorely disappointed the hopes of his loyale subjects, even to causing many to repent that they had brought him hither.

Also, on March the 14th, our deare Mary went to dwell with God. She was staying with my Lady Falkland in London, where she did sing at Lord Arundel's to Signior Jo. Baptists playing upon the harpsichord, a greate company being there present, and so won much praise. She came home but to die. There is none so much to be prais'd for beauty, for piety, for sweetnesse, and for greate and strange learning, though she were of 19 yeares onely. My Father was sore broken by this grief, and so also my Mother. Not long thereafter was Bess married, and I thus left alone at home. Then, to do my Father a pleasure, I did set myself to excell in Greeke and Latine; learning to pro-

nounce this latter as my Father doth, and not, as in the English Universities, in such manner that none out of England can understand it. But in sooth I ever lov'd better to paint, both in oil and miniature, or to worke fine broideries, as did also my Mother; who, indeede, did present to the late K. Charles a copy in miniature of a Madona, which it pleas'd him to cause to be plac'd in his cabinet, amongst his best paintings.

Now because it had become too-too quiet at Sayes Court, my Mother did entreate Frances Evelyn, daughter to my Fathers cousin at Nutfield, to visite us. She, though as yet very young, was already extraordinary beautifull: her hair pale yellow, in soft, curling lockes; her eyes gray and large; her brow and throate exceeding white and smoothe, with a countenance of greate sweetnesse and dignity; and in stature tall, exquisite-shap'd and wondrous gracefull. This beauty pleas'd me the more, that I am browne, with hair and eyes of a shining blacke, like unto my grandmother, in her picture, and of stature somewhat low and small.

Moreover, Will Draper, a likely youth, though overfond of sport, was here. He was neere mine owne age, and sonn to our friend Mrs. Draper of Adscomb, a lady of a very loving and excellent disposition. This was in June, the summer after K. Charles death, and a time of wondrous drowth.

It chanc'd, on a warm afternoone, that Frances and I sate in the gallery, with our needleworke. Over against us hung that picture of my Mother with a dog, painted when she was a young maid in France. It shows her exceeding beautifull, and rarely like our dear Mary; yet is it something the worse of being wash'd with soapsuds by some ignorant lout. Frances asking of me how this came to pass, I told her the tale.

Thus it was: Whilst my Father was for a time in England, one moneth after the blessed Kings martyrdome, my

Mothers unkle came out of France, bringing this picture for my Father. But he being rob'd at sea by Dunkyrke Pyrates, this and divers matters beside came not into port. A year or two thereafter, as my Father was dining with Lord Wentworth at Calais, he learn'd from divers English gentlemen there present that the Governor of Dunkyrke, the Count de la Strade, was in the towne, who had bought the sayd picture of my Mother. So it prov'd; and the Count generously and with greate politenesse sent it to Dover without charge or recompense; and thus strangely came it to Sayes Court at last.

Whilst we talk'd of this adventure, came in Will Draper, full of news, and with him Mr. Richard Lyttelton, who had ben with us severall dayes. He was a neere neighbour and friend of my cousin, a very handsome but silent young man. These told us that the Duke of Monmouth had landed in Dorsetshire, and set up his standard as King of England.

"Heaven protect us!" cry'd Frances, waxing pale.

"Amen!" quoth Master Lyttelton, solemnly. "What with a Popish King, and these Parliamentary elections, and Argyle coming downe from the North, and now the 'Protestant Duke' come over, 't were to be wish'd that Heaven would speake, on the one side or the other."

"What now?" calls Will (but half in jest, I trow); "whom have we here? What with Oates and Dangerfield, Plots and perjurie, Pillorie and carts taile, I would it were all well away, and we had our Merrie England once againe!"

"And when had we Merrie England, since you and I were borne, Master Will?" sayd Frances, sighing.

"I' good sooth, I know not, Mrs. Frances; I have ben merry enow," saith he, and with that he fell a-laughing. But the others laugh'd not.

At that moment certaine sounds arising from the court, Will did look forth from a window, and sayd it was somewhat concerning the hounds; and so, craving our leave, departed. Scarce was he forth of the doore ere Mr. Lyttelton, regarding me with a grave countenance, sayd, "Mistress, I pray you of your courtesie that I may speake a few words privily with Mrs. Frances, your cousin."

Being so desired, I went the length of the gallery, and look'd forth on the dry turf, and the fruite-trees devour'd by caterpillars; for never was such dearth of raine in memory of man, — "for our sins," as divers will have it, because the King was a Papist. I could hear their voices, but no word; and ere-long Frances fell a-weeping. Yonder were troublous times, when one had neede to consider the warning, "Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother." I made no doubt that Mr. Lyttelton lov'd my cousin, and here was cause to fear that he had thought of joyning the Duke. This caus'd me some heavinesse and perplexity, yet methought I could availle nothing, if such were the case. Without doubt Frances entreated him to yield his purpose, and if any might prevaile it were surely she. Howbeit, in brief time the speeche between them ceas'd, and the doore was suddainely shut. Frances was white as one that lies in a shroude, as she took up her broiderie frame, and went to the bed-chamber. Verily, to love one that is dead is an hard matter, but to love one that is a traytor, — how might that be, I marvell?

And yet in very sooth I judg'd his

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Evelyn's orange-trees must have been among the earliest in England, as he himself records the presentation to Charles II. of the first specimen seen in the country. He appears to have committed the nearly incredible imprudence of leaving them exposed during the famous January of 1684, when the Thames was frozen over, and he and his family spend-

action not so hardly as many might have don, nor perchance even as Frances herselfe. Verily, how may one judge, where good and wise men differ so widely? Here is my Father calling Oliver Arch-Rebell and Tyrant, whereas Mr. Pepys will have him the greatest general and ruler England ever saw. Yet is Mr. Pepys no whit a Precisian, but merry as man may be (yet marvellous discreete withall), and a lover of good company; moreover, a rare singer of catches and glees. And here again to-day, with our K. William and K. James, we are in a rare coil, soothly!

No word sayd Frances to me, save that, as I don'd my flower'd gowne, she pray'd me to go with her into the garden. A sorry garden was it; the rare plantes, the oranges<sup>1</sup> and mirtills, and likewise the rosemary and laurells, having ben destroyed utterly by the wondrous cold and frost two winters before, whilst we abode in London, and now all else kill'd by this strange drowth. I mark'd that she bare in her hand a Prayer-book, of convenient size to be carry'd in the pocket. Shortly appear'd Mr. Lyttelton, passing by the apple-trees on the south wall, who stood still on beholding us. "Mr. Lyttelton," sayd my cousin, advancing, "this is peradventure our last meeting. Take this book, reade it often, and remember that I pray for your safety and guidance."

With that she look'd upon him earnestly, and he upon her with deepe sadness. So he tooke the book, and kiss'd her hand, seeming in much distresse, and pass'd into the house with no word more. Within, he tooke leave of all with greate courtesie, and, coming forth, mounted his horse, and so was gon.

ing the winter in London. This garden is noted as the one which that great barbarian, the Czar Peter, during his two months' occupation of Sayes Court, a few years later, did his best to devastate, by such wanton tricks as cutting the shrubbery, and riding his horse through the hedge.

But I told none what I had heard and seene.

Three dayes thereafter was the Duke proclaim'd to be a traytor, and a reward of £5000 put upon his head. At his landing, he had 150 men onely; but many flock'd to his standard, although chiefly phanatics, brawlers, and men of low condition, as poore clothworkers, miners, and the like. We had fear'd it had ben otherwise, he being the idol of the people, handsome, gallant, affable, and of pleasing conversation, though given to evill courses. Though his numbers were greate, yet for a season he refus'd battail, seeking to traine his rude army. My Father receiv'd a warrant to send out an horse, with provision, and Brother Jack the same.

"Were it not for my Mother," saith Will, "I would go and drive 'King Monmouth,' as they call him, out of England." Whereat Jack was rare taken, seeing that Will was but a youth, though tall, strong, and well-favour'd.

At the end of June we had plentifull raine after the extraordinary drowth; and at the same time was Argyle defeated in Scotland, he executed, and his party dispers'd. Next came the news of the Duke's defeate, and of his capture the day following, sixteen miles from the place of battail, whither he had gon on foote, in a poore coate that he had taken to him. Still was no word of Mr. Lyttelton, as indeede none was to be hop'd. Living or dead, he was traytor to his King; and mine heart bled for my cousin. Yet, being but a young maiden, I deem'd that her quietnesse betoken'd some carelesnesse.

On that same day in the which the Duke came to the scaffold, we sate all together in the browne parlour, discoursing in part on this execution, and in part on the death of sister Mary's lover, Mr. Hussey, a few dayes earlier. He was a gracious and worthy young gentleman, and dwelt neere Wotton (mine unkle's abode), at a pretty

seate, exceeding well order'd. My Father had a will to consente, could my sister have answer'd his affection. After her death, he fell into an extream melancholy, and tooke no enjoyment. As we thus spake, came one of the wenches to say that a beggarman stood without, earnestly craving speeche of Mrs. Frances Evelyn.

She went forth, and I with her, and found one in beggarly raiment, with a rough beard that wellnigh cover'd his face, and a ragged hat low over his eyes. Without a word, he tooke from beneath his cloake a little booke, and gave the same to Frances. She utter'd a cry as of one in feare and paine, and, trembling exceedingly, lean'd her hand against the wall. Thereupon Will Draper ran speedily forth, and bare her in his armes into the withdrawing-roome, where was straightway a mighty to-do. As for me, I hasten'd to the poore man without, and sayd full softly, "Is Mr. Lyttelton slaine? Are you per-adventure one of his acquaintance?"

"Ay, truly, mistress," saith he. "Dick Lyttelton fell in a happy hour, ere he knew of our defeate. Happier he than any poore fugitive of us all. Two weekes agone was I one of the Duke's gentlemen; and to-day an outlaw, with life at your mercy, faire lady."

"Joyce," I cry'd to the kitchen wench, "give the poore man somewhat to eate."

For of force I must deale with him as he were a beggar, though he might be an Earle's sonn, for ought I knew. Then ran I in haste to the bedchamber, and fetch'd thence the crowne-piece my Father bestow'd upon me to buy a scarlett riband withall, and made speede to slip it into the poore man's hand, saying, "Would 't were more!" But I had bethought me of the silver buckle of my girdle; so that went after the other, unseene in mine hand.

His eyes gave a glint aneath his rough lockes, but he sayd nought save "God

save ye, kind lady." right like unto a beggarman, and so gat him away.

I was deeply griev'd for Frances, who, though she had her sisters at home, had no longer a mother to console her; and her mother-in-law, though kind, having her owne little boys to think on. She was, however, of admirable courage and serenity, and bare her trial like a Christian. She being now gon (and likewise Will return'd to Oxford), I had abundant opportunity for meditation; and I confesse it gave me little ease to consider of a gay young gentleman traversing the country with a silver buckle as a token from me. Howbeit, I consol'd me with the hope that he was gon beyond seas, having no doubt feare of his life. Our poore Bess dying shortly thereafter, in our deepe affliction I had small thought for a matter so trifling.

Early in the yeare following, and soone after the famous duell betwixt the Duke of Grafton and the brother of the Earle of Derby, came Sir Gilbert Gerrard to propose his sonn as a suitor for me. So soone as I learn'd thereof, and especially hearing that Mr. Gerrard was sayd to have an affection for me (though to me unknowne), it came suddainely into my mind that here was the courtly gentleman of the raggs and the beggars cloake, who had my silver buckle. Sir Gilbert was in suspicion and disfavour of his Majesty, and 't were nothing strange (if so it were) that his sonn should have joyn'd the rebels. I knew not what to wish, nor what to say. I had no will to be wife to any, least of all to one I had scantly behelde. Neither could I, for very shamefastnesse, tell my Father of the buckle, and beseeche him to obtain it from Sir Gilbert. Therefore I held my peace, yet ever the more assur'd that this was the selfe-same *Knicht-errant*. But, as it chane'd, though the King was favourable thereto, my Father brake off, not deeming the marriage agreeable to his desires for me, and so came an end.

And in very sooth, as me seemeth,

yonder were no dayes for marrying and giving in marriage. None could foresee who should prosper, or whose matters should stand, or who fall suddainely to disgrace and ruine. Greate men were going over to Popery every day, the people in evident disaffection, Judges perverting the Law, and all going ill. At the last, in that wondrous yeare 1688, came the Prince of Orange, bringing, whatever any may say against it, our *Merrie England* back againe, as Will Draper would have it.

Now this same Will, I may say in passing, was meanwhile gon to travell, soone after the coming of the Prince. His Mother, who came to visite us, did tell us plainly that his going was at her desire, in part that he might not share in these troubles, by fighting either for K. James or for K. William, for so we did continue to call them both. She told us likewise that he was in love (or deem'd himsef so to be) with a very worthy young lady.

"And," saith she, "besides the unsettled times, he shall not, with my goodwill, marry young, though it be the present fashion. Yet have I a greate affection for the lady, who is sweete, discrete, delicately bred, and withall an excellent housewife."

So much was she pleas'd to say, leaving me in wonder concerning this mighty paragon which mine old-time friend Will had discover'd. Him I had not seene for some yeares, but as children were we alway friendly, and methought some one were fallen into rare good fortune, Adscomb being a right beautiful seate, and the house richly furnish'd and very magnificent, and he like to be very rich, through his aunt Lady Temple, who was childless.

My Father was not well-affected toward the expedition of the Prince; but presently seeing how the condition of the Kingdom was improv'd by these changes, he became reconcil'd. It gave him some displeasure that my brother

was made a Commissioner of the Revenue and Treasury of Ireland; the more that it was necessary for him to reside in that country, with his wife and infant daughter, the boys being at school.

Not many moneths thereafter, whilst that my Mother and I sate in the red parlour, reading in the news-letter of the Lord Mohun's trial, and the extraordinary tales touching the Witches in New England, with other matters, came in Nell Saunders, our neighbor, for to tell of her betrothall to Mr. John Pryor, she having at the last her Fathers consent, and mightily pleas'd thereat.

"And long enough have I tarry'd, i' faith," saith she. "But as for thee, Sue, I marvell if thou hast taken the vows! Canst find ne'er an husband to thy liking?"

"Soothly so," spake I. "Here am I left the onely child at home, and there is neede of me." With that my Mother smiled as though rare diverted.

But, ere Nells marriage was come about, my Father had a letter touching the which he and my Mother spake privily in the library for a season. Coming forth both together, grave yet not ill-pleas'd, they told me that Will Draper was return'd to England, and had made proposals of marriage to the father of the lady we had heard of.

"And might one know her name?" asked I; "for without doubt she has no ill answer in readiness for so fair an offer."

"Sayest thou so?" spake my Mother. "Her name is Susanna Evelyn."

With that I blush'd greatly, and could onely say that I would follow the guidance of my Father and Mother. Then my Father said I must follow mine own heart; that Will would shortly visite us, and if he prove altogether (sayd he) such as his youth promis'd, this marriage must needes be a greate satisfaction to all our friends. Scantly knew I whether to be pleas'd or troubled.

One weeke later, learning that Mr. Draper was soone to arrive, I walk'd abroad (that winter being exceeding mild and warm) somewhat late in the afternoone, to consider what was before me. As I mus'd, came one riding up the lane, and, staying his horse, sprang to my side. It was Ned Saunders, and, catching mine hand, he fell to rating me full roundly, but all in terms like a new play, for that I had hearken'd to any talk of marriage with another, by reason that I was aware of his passion. As he knelt thus, a-kissing of mine hand like unto a strolling player, up cometh a rider in a sad-color'd cloake, but rare gallant to looke upon, and with one glance passeth by. So I answer'd Ned as I might, saying that I regarded him ever as Nell's brother, and in none other way; and so away home with all speede.

Here found I this very same gallant, deepe in talk with my Father, who, smiling, sayd to me, "Sue, here is Will Draper come againe."

He made me a low reverence, saying, "Your servant, Mrs. Susanna Evelyn," as he were a very stranger. And I, blushing greatly, and silent as any oyster, gat me up in haste to mine owne chamber. Yet I mark'd that he was growne right handsome and gracefull, though graver than of yore.

But a little season he tarry'd, scarce two weekes in all, then as suddainely departed. I fear'd it might be by reason of what he had behelde at his coming. My parents were well affected toward him, he proving well-natur'd and prudent, a man of businesse, and prosperous in affaires; like also to be heyr to the estate of my Lady Temple, to the value of £20,000 or over. It vex'd me that their expectations should thus be lost, yet was nought in my power.

Late in February came an amazing heavy snow, whereby we were all detain'd within. In all this storm came againe my young gentleman, walking in as though he had left us an houre be-

fore, and spake a season with my Mother, telling how the coach had thrice ben overset on the way hitler. Then my Mother leaving us two, he approach'd me, and gaz'd intently upon my needleworke, for I wrought certaine curious devices in silk upon greene sattin. On a suddaine spake he :—

“Mr. Ned Saunders is growne a comely proper gentleman, methinks.”

“Say you so?” cry'd I in a pet. “Verily, Ned Saunders is a very popinjay.”

With that he fell a-laughing, as was his wont aforetime ; and I scantly know what follow'd, save that when my Mother return'd there was no more to be sayd.

We were married in the chapell of Ely House, by the Bishop of Lincoln. My portion was £4000, and £500 per ann. to my jointure. A world of company was there present, all right magnificent. There was much ceremony of receiving and returning visites during

two weekes ; after which we proceeded, with our parents, to Adscomb, where was also greate ceremony. No maid could desire a gayer wedding.

At our marriage none was comparable in beauty and sweetness with my faire cousin Frances Evelyn, very gallant in a gowne exquisitely lac'd, who spake to me right lovingly, and delighted us both with her discreete jestes. My Father hath but now writ to me from Wotton that she is about to be married to our young neighbour Mr. Hussey, brother to sister Marys lover. Of this I am right glad, he being a worthy gentleman. May she be as happy as I!

Ere I left Sayes Court as a bride came a messenger with a smalle packet, in the which, when I had opportunity to open it (looking to find a wedding-gift), I saw my silver buckle. Who was he who, having kept this token so many yeares, did thus honourably restore the same at my marriage I have never divin'd.

*Agnes L. Carter.*

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### SONNET.

“Hic me, Pater optime, fessum  
Deseris heu!”

ERE yet in Vergil I could scan or spell,  
Or through the enchanted portal of that lay  
That ravished ancient Rome had found my way,  
How oft with heaving breast I heard thee tell  
Of horrors that the Trojan fleet befell!  
How for a time they were the tempest's prey,  
And how, at last, into a little bay  
Their boats came gliding, on the peaceful swell.  
There, though thick shade might threaten from above,  
Were rest and peace, nor any need to roam.  
Alas, I did not dream how soon for thee,  
Best father, sweetest friend, the quiet cove  
Would stretch its arms, while I, half blind with foam,  
Should still be tossing on the open sea.

*Lucy C. Bull.*



## MR. LOWELL'S POLITICS.

It is indicative of a healthy condition of American politics that Mr. Lowell, whose words receive the closest attention from the thinking public, practically is excluded from any share in the administration of public affairs. The discrimination of the governmental from the merely administrative function in modern democracy is a slow process, and we are very far yet from that political consciousness which compels us, as members of the body politic, to realize to the full our responsibility and opportunity, while denying absolutely any necessary identification of government with office-holding; but the distinction is so involved in the whole theory of democracy, and so disclosed in every crisis of our history, that we are justified in thinking time only required to make it common. We inherited, as residuary legatees of earlier political orders, the notion that we were governed by the men who occupied official position, and for a time we thought it a final distinction that we chose these governors instead of suffering them to be imposed on us by some outside authority. Gradually we are discovering that the men in office are our trustees, and that we do not relinquish to them an iota of our real authority; that they are accountable to us, not we to them. Meanwhile, there is that in official life which retards a like growth of consciousness, and the public officer has not been so quick to divest himself of the notion that he is the one in authority, and that his principal concern is to perpetuate his power.

It is inevitable that discussions about the civil service should help to clear the air, for they spring from the disintegration of the old notion that administrators of government are the governors; and taking the civil service out of politics is simply another way of saying that

the conception of politics itself is changing; that there are more persons than formerly who do not identify politics with administration, nor even with party, but who look with closer scrutiny upon the relations of politics to law, to sociology, to ethics. The independent movement, so called, that unorganized, unled protest of the spirit against the strict construction of the term politics, is of comparatively little importance as a mere possible vessel for holding the balance of power between parties; its real importance lies in the assertion that one may be so greatly interested in politics as to throw away all his chances of place, so thorough-going a politician as absolutely to disregard and hold cheap as dirt the rewards of politics.

In brief, there is evidence of an increasing number of men who take the liveliest possible interest in politics, not as a game, not for the sake of increasing their own power, nor for securing places either for themselves or for their friends, but because, as they have clearer consciousness of their political nature,—and the whole movement of American history has been toward the development of this consciousness,—they take a keener interest in politics as an expression of human thought, as an element in large problems. Time was when there was a more marked trace of boyishness in the national conception of politics. Before Jackson, the old traditions made statesmen a privileged class, and politics was a dignified profession. In Jackson's time, there was almost as much of a real addition to the political mass in America as there was to the English political world when the bars were formally let down and the right of suffrage extended. From Jackson's time to Lincoln's, politics was the national game. Partly from the simplicity of

social conditions, which offered fewer distractions than now, but more from the inherent force of the American character which found herein its proper outlet, politics was the theatre, the opera, the base-ball game, the intellectual gymnasium, almost the church, of the people, and a man suffered two great interests to divide his life, — his business, that is, and his politics.

It is quite true that this vigorous attention to concrete politics has an immense charm for many minds, and that there is apparently an undiminished zeal for racket and rocket; but we contend that the war with the problems which it brought to the front and the rapid maturing of the country in many directions have conspired to induce an attitude towards politics which is not boyish, but very manly; that with wider interests in life and with greater self-confidence as a people, we are not trusting all our fortunes to the keeping of a few men, whose taste and training lead them into official life, any more than we give over our religious convictions to the custody of clerical guardians, but are using our well-earned political freedom with greater fearlessness and more intelligent apprehension of means and ends.

Independence, then, does not necessarily mean indifference to politics, nor even an over-nice refinement; it is simply one form of expression of the growth of politics in the American mind, of the emancipation from conventional ideas of what politics means. This power to separate the essential from the accidental is excellently shown in Mr. Lowell, and illustrated in the volume of political essays<sup>1</sup> which he has gathered. Many readers, with their interest strong in current aspects of politics, will turn first to the closing paper, which is fresh in the memory of men because so recently given. They will find in it a noble *apo-*

*logia*, not without a trace of discouragement at the apparently sluggish movement of recent years, but with that faith in the substance of his countrymen which has given Mr. Lowell the right to use words of honest scorn and warning. What impresses us most in the paper, as we remember the thoughtless gibes flung at the patriot, is the perfect self-respect with which he defines his position, the entire absence of petty retaliation upon his aspersers, the kindness of nature, the charity, in a word, which is the finest outcome of a strong political faith.

It must have been somewhat galling to Mr. Lowell to find himself taunted with being un-American. He could afford to meet such a charge with silence, but he has answered it with something better than silence, for he has reprinted in this volume, with his latest address, eleven of the articles contributed by him to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review* between 1858 and 1866. It is impossible to read these papers without admiration of the political sagacity of the writer, — a sagacity before the event, and not after. Every page bears witness to the sanity with which he regarded contemporaneous affairs, when madness seemed the most natural temper in the world, and his insight of human nature was that of a poet who did not regard his power of vision as excluding the necessity of paying taxes. History has been supplying foot-notes to these pages for the past twenty years, with the result not of correcting the text, but of confirming it. We already had in various forms an expression of Mr. Lowell's perception of Lincoln's greatness, and we knew that this was no tardy recognition, but it is interesting to trace in these papers the steady growth of his judgment.

To read again papers which one read when they first appeared is to have one's blood stirred by the remembrance of days when the cannon was accenting

<sup>1</sup> *Political Essays*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

political principles that had been fought for on paper and at conventions and polling-places for more than one generation. We have been so accustomed, of late, to listening to stories of the war that it is a good thing to be reminded of that political contest which culminated in war. The American people never tire of politics, and in this volume they will find their favorite dish served with such a pinch of Attic salt as will relieve it of any possible suspicion of staleness.

It is more than wit, however, that

makes this book of Mr. Lowell's good reading to-day. It is because when he was writing it, as now, he neither allowed himself to be lost in the thin air of abstractions, nor to be tripped up by the network of so-called practical politics, that his words go straight to the minds of all Americans who see in politics a constant of human nature. There is comparatively little in this book which bears directly upon the political contest now raging, but it is impossible for one to read it without thinking politically with greater clearness.

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#### THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

THERE are few literary pleasures greater than to read the familiar correspondence of men of intellectual cultivation; and when, as in the case of Sir Henry Taylor, it extends over a long life, and has outlooks upon several eminent groups in both politics and literature, one may expect this pleasure in an unusual degree. Taylor was a hard-working man in the colonial office all his life; he wrote, beside other poetical works, a drama, Philip van Artevelde, which is thought to be one of the best plays of the century, and has had a continuous sale for fifty years; and his social position allowed him to see much of distinguished persons. The best of his life has been already made public in his Autobiography, to which the present volume<sup>1</sup> is a pendant, but by no means a superfluous one. It is concerned more with others than with himself. He entered life with the young men of whom Mill and Spedding were the most intellectual, and his friendship with the latter was lifelong. His own temperament

shared rather the seriousness and sound judgment of such companions than the traditional enthusiasm and spirituality of the poetic character. In youth he suffered from those irrational depressions which vex men of nervous organization, and of these we get some impressions by way of reminiscence when he visited the country where he passed those days. He speaks, late in life, of having lost the sense of nervous enjoyment which he felt in the beginning of his poetic career. Were it not for such touches as these, here and there in the pages, we should hardly see the poet in him at all. On the other hand, his mind was constitutionally practical, even skeptical, slow to accept and slower to be fired; he says, in one of his earlier letters, that he never had a devotional feeling, and he betrays no sign of one in his later utterances. It was a singular mind, sympathetic with the political economists and the business of administration in which he was engaged, and, at the other extreme, delighting in Wordsworth. The two elements, the intellectual and the literary, were admirably blended, and the result was an elevated if not a great

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Henry Taylor.* Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

life, and one of remarkable harmony within itself. In one place, he comments on finding himself more an observer of nature, perhaps from being less occupied with thoughts, that he used "to love poetry for its own sake, but nature for the sake of poetry;" and this shows that his start was rather in a literary impulse than in an inspiration. Then, too, the daily work at the desk must have had its effect, and he notes that his strength was thus regularly too much diverted to allow of writing poetry, which he calls one of the most exciting and exhausting of pleasures. He could not always command that leisure, sense of solitude, hope, and high opinion of his powers which he enumerates as the necessities of poetic production. More than all, he came late to the practice of the art; he wrote slowly and with much labor of thought; and though his work has taken a very respectable rank, one gets the impression that the poetic spark in him smouldered rather than burned. But it was not necessary that he should be a great poet, and, though it may sound paradoxical, his nature was too capacious to let him be a poet of the second rank; he was rather a remarkable type of the intellectual man, with the soundest moral qualities in the exercise of his mind, and it is for this that he is interesting. Our present concern, however, is rather with those whom he knew than with himself.

The first group with which he was brought in contact was that of Wordsworth and Southey and some of their friends. He occasionally met both of these men, and through Miss Fenwick, with whom he was intimate, he had nearer views. He presents Wordsworth, on his visits to London, on his most amiable side, and really makes him attractive; but Miss Fenwick's letters are the more interesting. She bears testimony to Wordsworth's emotional nature, which may have some bearing on his excuse that he did not write love-poems because

they would have been too passionate. "What strange workings are there in his great mind, and how fearfully strong are all his feelings and affections! If his intellect had been less powerful, they must have destroyed him long ago; but even in the midst of his strongest emotions his attention may be attracted to some intellectual speculation, or his imagination excited by some of those external objects which have such influence over him; and his feelings subside like the feelings of a child, and he will go out and compose some beautiful sonnet." There are traits enough mentioned that are well known, — his self-confidence, heaviness, delight in household praise, an old man's vanity; but as Miss Fenwick never loses the attitude of admiration, there is nothing ill-natured in such confessions. Crabb Robinson was with the family, and she deprecates his criticism in advance. She has a bit of bright portraiture of him: "I really like him very well, and never cease wondering how he has managed to preserve so much kindness and courtesy in his bachelor state. He and old Wishaw are the only exceptions I have met with to the tendency it has to deaden all love but self-love; but these two men seem both to love themselves and to make others love them. I remember making out to my own satisfaction that Wishaw preserved his benevolence through the want of his leg, — a want that made him feel his dependence on his fellow-creatures, while it called forth their sympathy and kindness, and all those little attentions which cultivate affection both in the giver and receiver of them; and thus I imagined that the heart of old Wishaw was kept humble, grateful, and loving. But Crabb Robinson . . . I thought, the other day, when I was contemplating him while he was asleep (he always sleeps when he is not talking), that his *ugliness* had done that for him which the want of a leg had done for old Wishaw: it was great enough to excite compassion and kind-

ness, which awakened his affections as well, perhaps, as a wife and children would have done, and made him the kind, serviceable creature he is."

Taylor's sketches of Wordsworth naturally have not the freshness that belongs to reminiscences of men who have been less frequently described, but they have the merit of directness. He reports him in London as "mixing with all manner of men and delighting in various women, for he says his passion has always been for the society of women;" and Lockhart is quoted as saying that when Wordsworth met Jeffrey for the first time there, the poet "played the part of a man of the world to perfection, much better than the smaller man, and did not appear to be conscious of anything having taken place between them before." Taylor himself describes the old poet as "one of the most extraordinary human phenomena that one could have in the house. He has the simplicity and helplessness of a child in regard to the little transactions of life; and whilst he is being directed and dealt with in regard to these, he keeps tumbling out the highest and deepest thoughts that the mind of man can reach, in a stream of discourse, which is so oddly broken by the little hitches and interruptions of common life that we admire and laugh at him by turns. Everything that comes into his mind comes out, — weakness or strength, affection or vanities." But this is the Wordsworth that the biographies all know.

Of other men of the time there are here and there a few glimpses, sometimes given with satirical humor. This is how Sadler looked at a dinner with Southey: "He talked slowly, clumsily, and continually; and when he stumbled in his talk and broke down, he got slowly up again and tried to do better, without appearing to be sensible that anything awkward had happened to him, or that everybody had hoped and expected that the break-down would

finish him. After tea, however, he got warmer and more flexible in his discourse, and at the same time not so hopelessly continuous, and seemed as if at times he might be agreeable, and at other times silent." There is, too, a biting characterization of "my Lord Jeffrey," in whose case, of course, Taylor was not without some disturbing remembrance of what the critic had been to Wordsworth; but he thought him worth seeing, "in order to understand by what small springs mankind may be moved from time to time. There came from him, with a sort of dribbling fluency, the very mince-meat of small talk, with just such a seasoning of cleverness as might serve to give it an air of pretension." He compares Wilson — "a jolly, fair-haired ruffian, full of fire and talent, big and burly, and at the same time wild and animated" — to O'Connell, and remarks that he had "never seen two men, each striking in himself, whose appearance bore so much the same moral stamp." Of Southey nothing remarkable is recorded; but the relations between him and Taylor were full of respect upon both sides, and there are some letters of advice from the younger to the older man, in which there is admirable sense for all literary men who criticise public affairs. His distinction between the different degrees of responsibility generated by the duty of writing and that of acting upon subjects of public concern is most important, and his criticism on Southey's style, that "contempt, if it is to be believed to be genuine, must be, not expressed, but betrayed," is a convenient epigram for a polemical writer to keep always about him. But of all this earlier circle the most attractive figure is certainly that of Miss Fenwick, whose virtues were of that kind which too seldom sees the light. Her character, however, is felt rather than observed; there is no portrait of her in these letters, but very much is suggested, and one sees her chiefly by the reflection of her

personality from the esteem and affection of Taylor and Aubrey de Vere. The latter pays a tribute to her, at the time of her death, in a letter to Taylor, which is the most humane in the whole series. On an earlier page he had said that her moral nature was greater than Wordsworth's, and here he speaks of her with such affection and sensitiveness to the unhappiness of her life, and in so pure a religious spirit, as to bring home to the reader the memory of a high nature.

To come to Taylor's own contemporaries, none of them who contribute letters to this volume impresses one more pleasantly than De Vere. He was a lifelong friend and a poet besides, and he expressed himself frankly, and often with fullness, in his correspondence. He was the only one, Taylor confides to him, who thought as highly of the latter's verses as he did himself, and there was a good deal of poetic talk between them upon each other's work. De Vere's mind is subtle, and yet one that looks at things in the mass and as a whole; not that he generalizes, but he is continuous, a seeker after unity and comprehensiveness at once. Taylor says of him that his life was a soliloquy; certainly his thoughts have the characteristics of a mind working in solitude and largely within itself. This gives distinction to his letters, and the extraordinary refinement of his nature adds a grace which is never absent, and often comes upon one in some unexpected word, some minor thought, of the beauty of which the writer is unconscious. It is something more, however, that we obtain here a few personal glimpses of him. In one place we find him "an efficient mob-orator." It was during the Irish disturbances of 1847. "The troops came to attack a mob of several thousands, and, finding that they were in Aubrey's hands, who had stopped them and was making a speech from the top of a wall, the officer in command very wisely took away the

troops, and Aubrey brought them to reason, and persuaded them to give up their enterprise and disperse." At another time he had an adventure with some men who came to kill a steward whom he had refused to dismiss, and in this case, too, "his invariable self-possession" stood him in good stead; but his knowledge of the people and their knowledge of him seem to have been the cause of his success in dealing with them. In other passages we find him winning a good word from Carlyle, after the battle between them (Carlyle being "furiously and extravagantly irreverent") was over; and in general, lightness of heart goes with his serious mind and kind manner. But such a man is best seen in his own words, though one will readily understand the feeling that there is a kind of privacy in this portion of the correspondence, an intimacy with a living man, which sometimes rebukes observation.

The friendship between the two poets imparts a more personal element than is elsewhere to be found in the volume, except where Taylor writes of his own youthful days,

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

to his wife. We feel this closeness when De Vere speaks of his "vexation at Alice's getting ill as the carriage wound up the steep hill to Perugia, and the strange touch of grief I felt at observing for the first time what looked like a solid tress of gray in your hair, as you stood before me at church in Naples." For the spirit of this friendship we leave the reader to search in what will not prove the least valuable portion of this collection; but before leaving the subject let us quote a short passage from De Vere's own retrospect: "Although there is a melancholy about the past, still the best scenes it presents to our memory seem to me presented even more to one's hope. They are less records of what was than pledges of what may be, and

therefore must be in that far future that alone makes either present or past intelligible. One knows, looking back on them, that somehow they were not all that they seem to have been; or rather that, though they were all, and more than all, yet they were not either felt aright or understood aright at the moment." We must find space, too, for De Vere's account of Tennyson's conservatism: "'You are quite a conservative,' I said to him, one day. He replied, 'I believe in progress, and would *conserve the hopes of men.*'" This was in 1848, and Tennyson was also saying in very good British, "Let us not see a French soldier land on the English shores, or I will tear him limb from limb." The occasional violence of the Laureate's prose, however, is not a new thing in our anecdotes.

There is a good deal, in one way and another, about Carlyle, the best being Taylor's remark *à propos* of Frederick: "The defect of Carlyle's book is one that belongs to the author, and which I once ventured to mention to him, — that he does not know the difference between right and wrong." Some years before, in 1845, he made a happy quotation with regard to Carlyle's style: "His light comes in flashes, and

"'Before a man hath time to say "Behold!"  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;'" and he comments on the general subject of Carlyle's teaching: "I suppose that it will generally be found that when a man quarrels with all the world for not giving an intelligible account of the ways of Providence, it is because he is much perplexed at them himself." Later on, in 1848, he says: "Less instructive talk I never listened to from any man who had read and attempted to think. His opinions are the most groundless and senseless opinions that it is possible to utter. . . . I think it is the great desire to have opinions and the incapacity to form them which keeps his mind in a constant struggle, and gives it over to

every kind of extravagance." Taylor never formed a more favorable opinion. In 1868 he compares him to "a Puritan of the seventeenth century, — that is, in his nature and character of mind (not, of course, in his creed, if he has one); a man who renounces argument and reasoning which every other intellectual man of the time thinks it necessary to stand upon, and trusts to visions and insights." Upon Carlyle, Aubrey de Vere, too, has a good sentence with regard to the democrats not being very angry with him: "The Revolutionary people readily forgive his phrases in praise of despotic rule, just as the Whigs forgave Moore for his Irish patriotism, when they found he was contented to hang his harp on the orange-trees in the conservatories at Holland Park. Carlyle's admirers feel that *his works* are at the Revolutionary side."

It is impossible to do more than touch upon many of the other interesting personal sketches and scraps of reminiscence that are to be found. Sir James Stephens, who took the interest of an elderly man in Taylor, is very welcome whenever he appears in the correspondence; and so is James Spedding, though he was not a good letter-writer. Taylor characterizes the latter's mind very sharply, in one place. He is speaking of Spedding's possible influence in causing Tennyson's revolt from Gladstone. "There is in it [his mind], however, a leaning to the controversial, which involves, perhaps, some tincture of the spirit of contradiction. If left to himself, he will contradict himself, till he works himself into just thinking and comes to a correct conclusion. But if a man like Gladstone is positive and absolute and vehement, and all on one side, the spirit will lift up its head and hiss like a serpent that is trodden on." In connection with this, and in general with the place Gladstone occupies in the politics at the end of the volume, it is amusing to turn back to the year 1839, and



find Taylor writing of him, "Two wants, however, may lie across his political career, — want of robust health and want of flexibility." Old Lord Ashburton is very keenly drawn, especially in regard to his power of seeing all sides of a question, so that he was said to be notorious for convincing everybody in the House of Commons but himself, for he "generally ended by voting in the teeth of his own speech." To this earlier period belongs, too, a parlor scene of the Duke of Wellington with Miss Jarvis singing to him and entertaining him, — just the sort of scene that one would find only in a letter. Among the brightest social sketches, however, is that of the scene at Lady Ashburton's table when Tennyson was a new-comer at the seat of honor beside her, and Taylor gave him warning: "Twenty years ago I was the last new man, and where am I now?" Whereupon the lady rose in defense of her constancy, and reminded him of his marriage, and ended by saying that "of course one's affection for one's old friends *was* a different thing." Then, Tennyson asking "what time it took to make an old friend," I replied that with her five years reduced it to the decencies of dry affection; and on Lady Ashburton's again coming to the defense of the lasting character of her attachments, Taylor said that he did "not dispute that they *hardened* into permanence. But what I was speaking of was the case of Alfred Tennyson, and I could only say that this time last year I had seen Mr. Goldwin Smith sitting by her side at dinner, just as I had seen Alfred Tennyson yesterday; and that I expected to see Alfred Tennyson this time next year occupying the position which I was told Mr. Goldwin Smith had occupied when he was here last week. I had not seen it myself, but it had been described to me. He came to the Grange last year, innocent and happy in the bloom of youth, with violet eyes; and what he was now I had

not seen, but I had heard of it." Then Lady Ashburton explained that a stranger is often shy, and so on, and Tennyson broke in with, "Then it appears, by what you say yourself, that you do not show me any particular favors." She said, "Well, it is a different sort of feeling that one has for a new friend and an old one; but you, Mr. Venables, are now almost an old acquaintance, and you can say what you feel about it." "Then," the narrative goes on in Taylor's words, "as Venables was beginning to bear his testimony, to his infinite horror Alfred said, 'Why, you told me yourself that Lady Ashburton had been very kind to you at first, and that now' — Here Venables stopped him, speaking aside in a deprecating tone, and I ended the debate by saying, 'Well, Tennyson, all I can say is that my advice to you is to rise with your winnings and be off.' Venables said to Mrs. Brookfield, afterwards, that Alfred was truly an *enfant terrible*." This, as an example of conversation "at the Grange," is not without interest, for one does not often meet with verbatim reports of how the men and women talked at that famous meeting-place. It is pleasant to read in the next letter that "there was no pain given in these passages between Lady Harriet and me," but all was "light, gay, stingless talk."

Another portion of the correspondence deals with political affairs, and here one finds Lord Gray, whose love of justice is a most noticeable trait, and, besides Gladstone in person, talk about Disraeli, Governor Eyre, and the Jamaica incident, and such topics as reform of the penal code, Irish affairs, constitutional changes, Bulgaria, the colonial relations, and the like; but this portion of the contents is incidental and comparatively small. It is interesting to observe that to a lifelong opposition to field-sports and a horror of vivisection Taylor added a belief in the efficacy of the lash upon criminals, and in general of sharp physical punish-

ments, though he disapproved, apparently, of employing such correctives upon hardened offenders. The inconsistency, from the sentimental point of view, is solved by remembering that Taylor thought out these conclusions rationally, instead of arriving at them by sensitive feelings. His defense of the whipping-post goes to the point of advocacy. Of the persons who are to be met with, in this part of the letters, Lord Gray is by far the most impressive; and of the lesser men, the Elliots are most attractive. The figure of Sir John Grant is one not to be met with outside of the English hunting-grounds, and it is briefly drawn: "I found him in what the house-agents call a 'spacious mansion,' with glowing pictures on the walls, presenting divers interesting objects without clothes. And I found flesh in a variety of other exquisite forms upon the dinner-table, and he looked a tall, large, solid, substantial man, with a russet face expressing ease and comfort; and I asked him what could induce him to leave all this, and 'live laborious days' in Jamaica. His answer was: 'I cannot tell you, for I do not know. When I came from India, three years since, I found my leisure altogether delightful, and came to the conclusion that what I was made for was to swing upon a gate. I have seen no reason to think otherwise since, and why I am going to Jamaica I cannot understand!' I hear," concludes Taylor, "he was infinitely laborious as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and that he is one of the few men to whom idleness and labor are equally welcome." But the life-likeness of Taylor's portraiture and anecdote is well enough known from his Autobiography. In age his pen was more effective than in early manhood, and seems to have been more free in comment. His remark upon Macaulay's

personal appearance, in connection with the latter's expressing some vanity on hearing that the handsomest woman in London had pronounced his profile to be a study for an artist, is an admirable example of the vigor of his short sentences in latter days. "His looks," writes Taylor, "always seemed to me the most impudent contradiction of himself that Nature had ever dared to throw in a man's face."

The correspondence as a whole is a subsidiary volume; but apart from the more important Autobiography, it has a high value of its own as a collection of letters by men and women of cultivation, and one feels in them the presence of social tact and manners, as well as much strength of mind, occasional wit, and in one case, at least, remarkable grace in expression. They are a record of London life, notwithstanding the fact that the correspondents often lived in the country; for it was London that united them. It is quite in keeping with the tone of the book to find Taylor himself, in early manhood, so much a Londoner as to confess that "the Regent's Park is more beautiful in my eyes than Venice;" and he follows up the declaration by a description of his evening walk there before going to bed, which redeems his preference for "the most beautiful civic scenery in the world." The intellectual life of London is a bracing one, and here one gets somewhat nearer to it than books often bring the reader, and finds himself always in excellent company for the mind. Taylor's individuality naturally gives unity and a dominant tone to the volume, and that is perhaps the reason why we are so constantly impressed with the solidity of mind and soundness of judgment which seem to belong to all these correspondents.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A New  
Earth in the  
Old Earth's  
Arms.

I HAVE made the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. Who has not felt the need of them? Who has not said to himself, "I have seen this whole thing over and over again. This world, which is 'round like an orange,' has, like an orange, now been effectually squeezed. Give me new worlds, not to conquer, but to live in." When the impulse to turn over a new leaf, to break with the past, to begin life all over again, is strong upon us, we look around in vain for "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to begin it. How put a new soul of existence into an old body of circumstances? But we are no longer driven to this dilemma. I do not mind making public, at least to all those choice spirits who read a Certain Magazine, the chart of my newly discovered world.

It is the world of the dawn. "Oh, *that!*" cries my young friend scornfully, and is about to turn away. But let me ask you, in confidence, When have you seen the dawn, the whole of it, from silvery beginning to golden end? It was not long ago that an ingenuous maid asked me, looking up from her favorite poet, "Is the sunrise so much, any way?" No, I might have said; not if you burst in on it rudely, jumping out of bed, or sleepily fumbling aside a curtain. You only get, in that case, the flash of an angry glare. But go quietly at very daybreak, steal to some rock, or hill, or only to some housetop, and lie in wait for its delicate first footsteps in the eastern sky. You must stalk your sunrise.

How often do we hear somebody say, "I had to get up early this morning, and I wondered why we don't always do it"! But the chances are it was a very inadequate experience. There was some invalid to be tended, or some owl-train

to be caught. Taken deliberately, and provided for beforehand by a full night's sleep, the wonder why we do not always do it would be vastly increased. Why we do not, however, is plain enough. It is because we cannot afford to burn our candle at both ends. "*Early to bed and early to rise,*" the whole prescription reads. It does not do to take half of it alone. If we are to see the morning-star properly, the evening-star must draw on *our* night-cap with its own.

The dawn, then, is protected from the throng of sacrilegious sight-seers by a great barrier. That barrier is the difficulty of going to bed. Our civilization has become a gaslight civilization. We try to turn night into day, and only succeed in turning night wrong side out; getting the harsh and wiry side that rasps the jaded nerves, in place of the gentle touches of "the welcome, the thrice prayed for" mantle of peaceful dreams.

It is diverting, to say the least, to take now and then a point of view outside of all our most cherished customs, even those that seem to us most "natural," because our patient natures have been so completely twisted into them, as the jar to the jar-bred Chinese dwarf. Casting such a glance from outside at our gaslight habits, we suddenly see something absurd in them. Standing in a crowded and brilliantly glaring room, half deafened by the horrid discord of a hundred jabbering tongues, we find it a relic of barbarism. We see the dancing rings of savages, yelling and beating tom-toms around a blazing fire. How much better off all these people would be, we think (supposing the din and confusion permit us to hear ourselves think), if they were all comfortably in bed, preparing their nervous machinery for a sane and energetic day-to-morrow!

For my part, I should be glad if I could go back and cut away from my life all that ever occurred in it beyond early bedtime, as the cook goes round a pie-plate and shears off the outlying dough. Mere ragged and formless shreds of existence those gaslight hours have been, containing, on the whole, far more evil than good; far more yawns, and the dreadful pangs of yawns suppressed, than refreshing eye-beams and voices.

Then there is another thing: could not the act of going to bed be made, from childhood up, a less depressing operation? The one daily torture of my own otherwise kindly handled childhood was the going to bed in the dark. I hated the dark, and have always hated it. Why could not some softly shaded light have been left for me to go to sleep by, and then withdrawn, instead of crashing down on my wide-awake eyes that horrible club of blackness? Or how much better to have "cuddled doon" in the still faintly glimmering twilight, and let the slowly coming starlight draw the child to sleepiness, and softly "kiss his eyelids down"!

And why must one assume a garb for the night that even the child feels to be ridiculously unsuitable? To take off one's warm and comfortably fitting garments, and barely cover the shrinking pudency of the limbs with some brief apology of flapping inadequateness,—it is an insult to the Angel of Sleep. They do this better, I am told, in Japan. There the man has a night-suit of entire and comely garments. He does not un-clothe and then half clothe himself, and sneak in mortified helplessness underneath a weight of vein-compressing sheets and blankets and uncomfortable "comfortables," squeezing him out as if he had covered himself with the cellar-door. He lies down in his complete warm suit, and throws over him some light affair of gossamer silk. It only needs a sudden cry of "fire" in the house to make us realize the prepos-

terous condition we are every one of us in.

The time of Going to Bed ought in some way to be made the pleasantest, and most decorous, and most dignified, even—if you like—the most picturesque, and certainly the most comfortable hour of the whole twenty-four. Then it would need no polite euphemism of "retiring" to veil its horrors. Then the child would no longer hold back from it, as if he were being thrust into a hideous cave of darkness, to be seized by all the nightmares of Dreamdom.

And then, best of all, we should be ready to rise at the whistle of the first chirping bird, perfectly rested, thoroughly refreshed, with the brain vocal only with light echoes of the wholesome day before, instead of still jangling with the cultured rumpus of a "social evening," or an "evening of amusement," or the uncanny, fevered visions which are only such evenings gone to seed. We should see the heavens at their purest, on earth peace, the big white stars at their best, unconfused by the haze of smaller stars and star-dust, and shining alone in the faintly illumined sky. We should know how our earth and its robe of ambient air appear to other planets,—a morning-star to the morning-stars. For the whole east, as it pales the planets in its growing light, is itself of pure and starry brightness. But if I am going to write of the dawn, I may as well do it in verse, and have done with it:—

#### AT EARLY MORN.

Walk who will at deep of noon,  
Or stroll fantastic in the moon;  
I would take the morning earth,  
New as at creation's birth,  
Air unbreathed, and grass untrod;  
Where I cross the dawn-lit sod,  
Making green paths in the gray  
Of the dew that's brushed away.

Would some depth of holy night,  
Sacred with its starry light,

Over all my breast might roll,  
 Bringing dawn unto my soul,  
 That its consecrated dew  
 Might refresh and make me new!  
 Then that thou and I might pace  
 Some far planet, poised in space,  
 Fresh as children innocent,  
 In each other's love content!  
 There our feet should recommence,  
 Lightened of experience,  
 Morning ways on dewy slope,  
 Winged with wonder and with hope;  
 All the things we 'd thought, or done,  
 Or felt before, forgot — save one!

Confessions  
 of an Ideal-  
 ist.

— In one of those hours of expansion that come when two old comrades sit together in leisurely quiet, my friend E—— indulged in certain confessions which, now that he is gone from this stage of human action, I have a mind to repeat, at least in part, for the sake of the human interest attaching to any sincere record of personal experience.

“ I know that I have sometimes been pitied for a poor devil with his head forever in the clouds, and I admit I have hurt my toes badly, at times, in stumbling against the stones of hard fact in my path. Yet have I not had a clearer vision of my far-off goal than if I had kept my eyes bent on the few feet of road just before me? I was born with that thirst for happiness which doubtless is native to all human beings, but in greatly varying intensity; and I have been too rational to lose myself in the pursuit of trivial satisfactions, too passionate to content myself in mere ease. If the desires of my pleasure-loving nature had been more fully gratified, I should have been a different man from the one I am. Circumstances, as you know, my friend, — lack of wealth and of that greater boon, health, — have restricted my activities and denied me much that others enjoy. What has been left me is the life of ideas and emotions. Knowledge is half of life; feeling completes the round of it. George Sand said that it is a misfortune to possess too great a supply of active ideas; and I

say yes, if the *Summum Bonum* consist, for any man, in the avoidance of pain, I counsel him not to think, above all not to feel. But against George Sand's irony I set off the serious judgment of another French writer, who maintains that our finest adventures are our thoughts; and in my own experience I estimate among my keenest delights visions of great truths, enthusiasms for great principles, and admirations of men nobler than myself. Yes, yes, no doubt I have suffered sharply in these same fibres of the soul; discouragement with the blindness and apathy of mankind, cold disappointment of hopes, and hot indignation at triumphant wrong, — these are a reality of pain for the lover of his kind.

“ I have made mistakes and committed follies, through fancying that others must see things with my eyes and feel them with my heart. Heaven be thanked that when I found I had trusted men too much and credited them with more good than was in them, I did not try to mend the matter by distrusting the rest of the world and disbelieving in all goodness. Experience is a dead, dumb thing, as our own poet says, and the victory's in believing. In days past I have spent some pity on myself for my mistakes; now I can smile at the blunders and their consequences. What if the fools and rogues outnumber the good and wise — as yet? A thousand or two years in the education of the race, — what are they in His sight?

‘ If we could wait! The only fault's with Time;  
 All men become good creatures — but so slow!’

Yes, I am an idealist, in life and art; for me the actual does not express the whole, the real. The actual, the particular, is no more than the partial and temporary, ever being done away with to make room for the coming Better and Best. This is a true saying in art because true in life. Study the actual,

artists all; but be sure you read between the lines, for if you stick at the letter your work will avail little to teach or give joy to men.

"You do not mistake me, and think that I pose before the world or you as myself an ideal, the admirable image of what man may be: that truly would be the finest stroke of self-irony, self-confutation! Yet it is truth to say that if, through weakness of the flesh, I have often been laggard to answer the call upon my life of those ideals I myself had placed as lords over it, yet I have

never been unheeding or faithless. And but for sight of the heights above that I *must* reach, where should I now stand? It is the vision of the invisible, of the Summa Veritas, the Summa Pulchra, that alone has upheld my feeble, faltering steps. I have *lived*, not slumbered with folded hands; and, in my measure, as a human being should. In my youth I was hungry for joy, and yet fastidious, inclined to grumble at the fare set before me; but now I say grace over my life: For what I have received, Lord, make me truly thankful.

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### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Nature and Travel.* Three Cruises of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer Blake in the Gulf of Mexico, in the Caribbean Sea, and along the Atlantic coast of the United States, from 1877 to 1880. By Alexander Agassiz; in two volumes. (Houghton.) In these two handsome volumes Dr. Agassiz has gathered the results of a series of observations of deep-sea and other soundings; he has traced the formation of the coast line, examined the fauna of the deep sea, studied the currents and temperature, and investigated the Florida reefs. His own work is supplemented and enlarged by the contributions of his associates, but the plan of the entire work is the author's own, and impresses the reader by the unity and directness which prevails in spite of the distractions which the process of the work rendered probable. That is to say, Dr. Agassiz has not wearied the reader by compelling him to cross and recross his tracks in following separate narratives of the several cruises, but has led him by a logical course from an account of the equipment of the Blake through an historical sketch of deep-sea work to the structure of the forms examined, an examination of all the elements involved, and, finally, to monographs on characteristic types. The book is primarily for scientific students, but there are many parts which will reward the general reader with remarkable glimpses of nature, and give him new conceptions of thalassography, as the author cleverly denotes the geography of the sea. — Historic Waterways; six hundred miles of canoeing down the Rock, Fox, and Wisconsin rivers, by Reuben Gold

Thwaites. (McClurg.) An agreeable narrative by a writer whose taste for history and knowledge of local events enables him to make of his book something more than a record of personal adventure. The volume is, besides, a plea for rational vacation jaunting. — The Pocket Guide for Europe; handbook for travelers on the Continent and the British Isles, and through Egypt, Palestine, and Northern Africa, by Thomas W. Knox. (Putnams.) The mechanical neatness and compactness of this handbook corresponds with the condensation and straightforwardness of the contents. Colonel Knox is an experienced tourist, and his book makes an excellent analysis of a long journey. — Indian Sketches taken during a United States expedition to make treaties with the Pawnee and other tribes of Indians in 1833. By John Treat Irving. (Putnams.) Interesting, both intrinsically and as the report of life among the Indians more than a half century ago. We do not see that either Indians or whites have changed greatly. We wonder that the author, in speaking of his companions, feels it necessary to veil their names, at this remote date, under initials. — Tenting at Stony Beach. By Maria Louise Pool. (Houghton.) A racy book of the summer experience of two unmarried women camping out. It just lacks a certain artistic touch to make it a piece of literature, but it has a vigor of handling which compensates in some degree. — Tropical Africa, by Henry Drummond. (Scribner & Welford.) A refreshingly small book of personal observation, by a man of very quick perception and agreeable literary manners. Mr. Drummond

is a naturalist; he is also a man who loves his fellow-men, and it was impossible for one of so high a spirit to come in contact with great problems of civilization and not speak; his speech is thoughtful and to the point. The reader need not be a naturalist to enjoy the book, but he will enjoy it all the more if he has had a training in science. — In *Nesting-Time*, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Fifteen delightful papers make up this volume; some of them are already known to our readers. They are the results of personal observation and also, what is quite as important, of personal affection. One needs not only to see birds, but to care for them with more than curious interest, to write as Mrs. Miller does.

*History and Biography.* Missouri, by Lucien Carr, is a new volume in the American Commonwealth series. Mr. Carr has a clear conception of the individuality of the State, and his book, while not professedly a defense, is in effect a strong statement of the position occupied by a great border State under the strain of the slavery contest. Mr. Carr writes a clear, forcible English, and when he is dealing with matters of description, as in the early territorial life, he is very happy in manner. The book is a real contribution not only to our knowledge of Missouri, but also to our understanding of what may be called the border-state mind. — Solomon Maimon; an autobiography, translated from the German by J. Clark Murray. (Cupples & Hurd.) The record of a Polish Jew, a Kantian philosopher, who is referred to in Daniel Deronda. He was born about 1754, and his book is an interesting view of lofty modern Judaism from the interior. — *Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America.* By Thomas de St. Bris. (Box No. 1852, New York.) Mr. de St. Bris finds a number of names upon the South American continent bearing a close resemblance to the name America, and without very close attention to dates, especially of cartographical dates, he reaches the conclusion that the Spaniards at once named all that part of the world *Amaraca* or *America*. He does not seem to have read Mr. Jules Marcou's ingenious and more scholarly plea for *Meric* in Central America. — *William the Conqueror*, by Edward A. Freeman. (Macmillan.) The first of the series of Twelve English Statesmen. Mr. Freeman has an opportunity here to enforce his cardinal doctrine of what constitutes Englishry, and he uses it vigorously. While the sketch is on broad lines, it also contains those minute discussions which seem unavoidable with Mr. Freeman. — *The Life of Dr. Anandabai Joshee*, by Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall. (Roberts.) Many have heard of the high-caste Hindu woman who came to this country and studied medicine, but died

almost immediately after her return to India, where she was to be physician in charge of the female wards in an English hospital. Her character was one of singular sweetness, and though it is impossible to judge of a race by an individual member, it is possible to gather new impressions of Hinduism by the study of this noble woman.

*Fiction.* *John Ward, Preacher*, by Margaret Deland. (Houghton.) A vigorous presentation of a dilemma which seems far away to many minds, yet is by no means an impossibility. A young preacher, who holds, with earnestness, the severest tenets of Calvinism, marries a girl who is practically an agnostic. After the marriage the husband discovers the irreconcilable difference between his belief on the subject of future punishment and his wife's inertia. He endeavors to bring about her conversion, and finally wrecks his life in the vain attempt. Stated baldly, this does not promise a very entertaining story, but Mrs. Deland has certainly made her hero very real, very consistent, and has introduced some pretty idyllic passages as a foil. The moral seems to be that people with consciences like John Ward and the pretty Lois Howe, when they throw away their common sense, are sure to be miserable; but the reader finds himself swinging between logical, whimsical consistency and a limp sort of hedonism. However, we do not suppose Mrs. Deland set herself the task of proposing a philosophy of life or even an eirenicon in the matter of eschatology. Some of the passages, such as the scene where the rector visits Mr. Denner in his sick-room, are very clever. — *A Man's Will*, by Edgar Fawcett (Funk & Wagnalls), is a temperance story, full of most disagreeable truths, the one forcible moral, that the only deliverance lies through the exercise of the will, being scarcely more than a slight incident at the end of the story; the reader has no means of knowing how efficient it proved in the case of the hero. — *A False Start*, by Hawley Smart. (Appleton.) An English novel; some of the scenes laid in South Africa. The effect of life-likeness is obtained chiefly through slouch and slang. — *Mrs. Lord's Moonstone*, by Charles Stokes Wayne. (Wynne & Wayne, Philadelphia.) A collection of five stories, in which mystery is made to play a somewhat flaring part. — *The Veiled Beyond*, by Sigmond B. Alexander. (Cassell.) Esoteric Buddhism must be held accountable for some of the most foolish fiction with which we have been tried of late. The adepts are anything but adepts in novel-writing. — *A Woman's Face*; or a *Lakeland Mystery*, by Florence Warden. (Appleton.) A thoroughly disagreeable, unwholesome story, with not even power of writing to atone for its unpleasantness. —



Len Gansett, by Opie P. Read. (Ticknor.) A rude story of life in the Southwest. The writer keeps pretty near the ground.—The King of Folly Island and other People, by Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton), contains eight stories, of which three are already known to our readers; but the charm of Miss Jewett's stories is not exhausted by a single reading.—Two Men, by Elizabeth Stoddard. (Cassell.) A reissue of a novel which appeared inopportunely, but has always remained strongly in the minds of those who read it, thirty years ago, was it? It has a suffocating power.—Mr. Tangier's Vacations, by Edward E. Hale. (Roberts.) Mr. Tangier is a city lawyer, who stops his brain in the city just in time to prevent it from running away with his life, and flees to parts unknown for total rest. The rest is quickly resolved into a lively interest in the country community about him, and thus the story goes on with a hop, skip, and a jump, taking in all sorts of bright situations, and giving an opportunity for a great variety of entertaining social schemes. Mr. Hale's ingenuity never deserts him, and his rattle is a most diverting compound of sense and nonsense. Before one knows it one has pulled the string and gasped under a shower-bath of refreshing, stimulating ideas.—The Steel Hammer, by Louis Ulbach, translated by E. W. Latimer. (Appleton.) Of the Gaborian school, apparently.—The Brown Stone Boy, by W. H. Bishop. (Cassell.) A collection of eight of Mr. Bishop's magazine stories. His invention is always fresh, and the reader is sure to get a story, which ought to go without saying in books of this class, but does not.—Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are the Led Horse Claim, by Mary Hallock Foote; Next Door, by Clara Louise Burnham; and Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy.—A Nymph of the West, by Howard Seely. (Appleton.) By deepening the shadows and intensifying the high lights, this author has tried to draw a striking figure of a beautiful, ignorant frontier girl; but though the reader has not been in Colorado, he may be allowed to doubt the truth to nature in the picture.—The Residuary Legatee, or The Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin. By F. J. Stimson. (Scribners.)—The Spell of Ashtaroth. By Duffield Osborne. (Scribners.) A fervid historical romance; material drawn from the Book of Judges and the author's imagination; language of direct address taken from melodrama.—At Home and in War, 1853-1881. Reminiscences and anecdotes, by Alexander Verestchagin, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) It is not strictly correct to place this book under the head of Fiction, but its form is so free, and there is such a wealth of

petty detail, that it is hard to believe that the lively autobiographer has not been aiming at the effect of a novel. It may be taken as a further commentary upon the particulars of Russian life in military service.—The Lassess of Leverhouse, by Jessie Fothergill. (Holt.) It is odd how slight the disguise of sex is in this novel. It is supposed to be told in autobiographic form by a man, but the voice and manner are strictly feminine.—The Case of Mohammed Benani. (Appleton.) "The serious object of the book is, without attacking individuals, to attract public attention to the evil adjustment of a mechanism which grinds, not grain, but human creatures between the upper and nether stone of Jewish and Moorish oppression—awful mills to which the placid breeze of consular support imparts continuous motion." The romantic object appears to be to employ mesmeric phenomena. Perhaps it is in the nature of things impossible, but we wish these writers of psychical romances were a little more skeptical. This book has an amateurish air.—Lotus, a psychological romance, by the author of A New Marguerite. (George Redway, London.) Such stuff as nightmares are made of.—A Debutante in New York Society; her illusions and what became of them, by Rachel Buchanan. (Appleton.) Rather hard on the mother of the period.—His Broken Sword, by Winnie Louise Taylor. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) A novel of Western life, with special reference to the problems involved in the social degradation which follows upon imprisonment. The force of the book is rather scattered, and the writer has more energy of mind than clearly ordered power. One, in fact, lays the book down with more interest in the writer than in the characters she has drawn.—One Maid's Mischief, by G. Manville Fenn. (Appleton.) We decline to read a novel, however good, in such small print as this book contains.—Master of His Fate, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Another of Mrs. Barr's vigorous sketches of life among the willful.—The Path to Fame. By Edward Ruben. (O. Lanckner, New York.) A dull book in which a would-be artist's career is sketched, with the addition of some social studies. The book reads like the work of one who did not invent his characters and scenes, but lacked the power to give reality in fiction to a copy of reality in life.—Brinka: an American Countess, by Mary Clare Spenser. (Spenser Publishing Co., New York.) A racket of a book.—Agatha Page: a parable, by Isaac Henderson. (Ticknor.) A novel of Italian life, with an andante movement.—Isidra, by Willis Steell. (Ticknor.) The pastime of one who went to Mexico with other views than novel-writing.

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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## PASSE ROSE.

## I.

It was well known to all the inmates of the abbey of St. Servais that the abbot was ill, and it was whispered under the arcades of the great cloister and around the wooden tables of the refectory that his illness was unto death, — whisperings which were repeated by the guests in the hospitium and their servants in the monastery stables. It was known also that the monk Hugo, physician to the brotherhood, had exhausted to no purpose the herbs in the physic garden adjoining the dispensary, and that the abbot, who felt himself rapidly failing, had determined, as a last resort and without further delay, to have recourse to the blessed relics of St. Servais.

Many of those gathered about the refectory tables looked to see on this occasion the complete refutation of certain heresies which Hugo had brought from Salerno, touching the efficacy of herbs and potions apart from all intercession of God, invocation of the martyrs, or sprinkling of holy waters. On the other hand, without doubting the power of the martyrs to change the counsels of God, but remembering rather that to all men it is appointed once to die, the entire community were much disturbed by sundry signs and wonders foreshadowing the abbot's end; and the recollection of these marvels filled their thoughts to the exclusion of the sober words which fell from the lips of the reader as they

finished their noonday meal. Indeed, but an hour before, Lehun, the cellarer who drew the wine in the vaults below the larder, having fixed his light, as was his custom, in the iron ring of the pier between the casks, was suddenly enveloped in darkness, although no draught of air nor any other cause whatsoever could be assigned for the extinction of the torch. Thrice had he relighted it, and thrice was it extinguished in the same manner, as those with him also testified. Moreover, on the preceding day, one of the swallows having their nests within the west portal entered the church at the hour of morning vigil, and, after circling the nave at the height of the vaultings, passed suddenly within the veil of the sanctuary, extinguishing with its wings the light burning before the high altar. But most wonderful of all, before the abbot was seriously ill, being but slightly indisposed, and taking his repasts, for that reason, in his own house, while the two brothers who waited on him were serving his table, darkness filled the room where he ate, it being the sixth hour and the sun without shining brightly. Such were the marvels which agitated the minds of the monks, as the reader closed the volume on the pulpit at the sound of the chapel bell, and they rose from the refectory benches.

Meanwhile, the abbot slept on the stone seat in the convent orchard. Thither he had caused himself and his pillows to be carried, and there, to all appearance

unconscious of the agitation of which he was the cause, wrapped in his long robe, he dozed, and woke, and dozed again.

No sound disturbed him. It was the hour between the noon repast and nones, when, stretched on their narrow beds, the monks were given over to meditation and prayer. At the extreme eastern end of the inner precinct, on the very brow of the steep hill overlooking Maestricht, the orchard was removed from the clamor of the great western court without the abbey close, while the noises of the town were at this distance blended in indistinguishable murmurs. In the valley below, the river crept lazily in the bed it had won from the hills. The sun filled this valley with a lucent flood of misty light. It trembled on the hilltops, whose summits emerged as islands from an amber sea; it overflowed the dim horizon, where the river shone like a mirror suspended in mid-air. This was the abbot's favorite seat, under the scattered trees whose fruits gleamed in spots of flame-like brightness, and whose boughs overhung the frail wooden crosses which served to mark for scarce a year the sleeping-places of the dead. It were no wonder if to his weakened sense the breath of the tasseled laburnum exhaled a celestial sweetness, or that the dark verdure of the almond-trees and the scant leafage of the peach-trees appeared radiant with the light that knows neither waxing nor waning. Perchance, dozing among the graves, he mistook the chant which came faintly from the church over the orchard wall for the choir of the world to which he seemed hastening so fast. But as the solemn sounds drew nearer, first in the pillared aisle, then louder under the porch of the parvis, the abbot opened his eyes, listening attentively; and when the orchard gate creaked on its iron hinges, he raised himself on his pillows, and turned his head to the entering procession.

The hour of last appeal had come. The monks had laid aside their frocks, for the labor of the afternoon was suspended, and clad in their church robes they filed through the narrow door, filling the inclosure from the wall to the crest of the hill. One might have thought the occupants of the scattered graves had shaken off their heavy sleep, and stood each beside the bed where he had so long slumbered in silence, to welcome to his place their dying abbot. Four of the brethren lifted the sick man upon a litter; then, resuming the chant, which floated away over the cliff to the city below, the procession slowly retraced its steps.

The great bell in the tower of St. Gabriel, which rang only when the holy relics were exhibited, had already given its warning, and the abbey gates had long been thronged with the sick and the poor. Mothers whose love no deformity of nature could weaken brought their misshapen offspring in their arms; cripples had toiled up the rocky road on their crutches; the blind man, led by the child, held fast to the little hand in the press of the crowd; and one, a mother, had brought her dead babe, hidden in the warmth of her bosom. All these wretched beings, animated by so many hopes, fearful of delay, eager to be nearest the shrine, crowding the leper whose contact they feared, forgetting in their passionate desire the very compassion they invoked, filled the passage from the inner gate to the church, and fought their way up the steps of the porch with a desperate expectation. Those who were fortunate enough to have reached the screen which, just within the door, separated the public from the body of the church, clutching fast the rail to hold their place or withstand the pressure of the throng behind, peered anxiously between the openings of the barrier, their haggard faces pressed against its latticed panels and their lips trembling with rapid prayers.

Within the railing, to and fro before these hungry eyes, paced Friedgis, the abbey porter. His head was tonsured, but in place of the monkish habit he wore a short tunic, girded at the waist by a cord from which hung a bunch of ponderous keys. From time to time he threatened some more daring one of the crowd, who, either pushed from behind or desirous of bettering his position, would have climbed the screen but for the porter's forbidding eye. An old man, whose thin legs trembled under his palsied body, gazed pitifully upon the broad chest, the strong, supple shoulders, the firm, elastic limbs, as they passed back and forth before him, envious of all that beauty which announced the power to execute the desires of the will. The mother with her dead babe sought to attract the porter's eye as it glanced over the surging crowd, in some vague hope of coming nearer to the screen; and a woman whose flushed face contrasted strangely with the pale, sunken cheeks of the mother peered eagerly over the latter's shoulder. Whole of body, her sore was of the heart; for her lover had deserted her, and she had come to summon the aid of the saint to her fading comeliness, and to invoke that vengeance upon another which we so often secretly desire in claiming pity for ourselves.

On the stone floor, between the feet of those in the first row, crouched a girl of extraordinary beauty. The people called her *Passe Rose*. It was neither ill of body nor ache of heart, but only a burning curiosity, that had brought her to the shrine of the martyr. At break of day she had been first at the gate, waiting the hour when the public were to be admitted; and profiting by the momentary absence of the porter, gone in search of the hospitaler, to announce the arrival of merchants having cloth to exchange for the *potus dulcissimus* of the abbey, she had stolen through the door in their train, hoping to find some place

where she might hide till the opening of the gates, and thus enter the church with the first of the multitude. But finding no shelter, she was discovered by the porter on his return, and, seized like a child in his arms, amid the laughter of the merchants and the jeers of their servants, had been thrust without the gate. Notwithstanding this rebuff she had succeeded in reaching the screen, where, treasuring up the insult in her wounded heart, she muttered a curse under her breath whenever her assailant came within sight of her flashing eyes.

Heedless of all these emotions, Friedgis gave hardly a glance to the multitude. If he had cast *Passe Rose* rudely out the monastery gate, it was because the Prior Sergius, when instructing him in the duties of his office, had dwelt long upon this particular, affirming with much emphasis "that as neither David, nor Solomon, nor Adam himself, the perfect work of God, had escaped the career or deceit of woman, so might one as easily hope to bear coals in his bosom without scorching his vestment as to do what had not been in their power," — instructions which Friedgis had not scrupled to carry out with the disdainful rigor of the Saxon slave who despised the strange conditions of life to which fate had subjected him.

Doubtless the Abbot Rainal, had he not fallen sick immediately on his return from the Saxon campaign on which he had accompanied the king, would have endeavored to bring Friedgis to a more loving service; for every serf of the domain, whether of those who belonged to the land when the king bestowed it upon the abbot, or of the Saxon captives whom the king had distributed among his vassals, knew that the welfare of his soul was the abbot's chief concern. But the Prior Sergius was more easily satisfied on this point, and, having administered baptism to all according to the canons, scrupled little to enlist the body in God's service, whether

the mind were willing or not, — a service which Friedgis, notwithstanding his contempt for a monkish life, executed as porter none the less zealously, and with such impartiality that had it been forbidden the brethren to leave the abbey close he would have thrown the transgressor over the wall with as little compunction as he had ejected the maiden.

Now it happened that when the side door was opened, and the chant of the entering procession began to fill the arches, Friedgis stood in front of *Passé Rose*, hiding from her all that was taking place. For some time she bore patiently with this obstruction of her view, thinking the porter would change his place before the service was over. The minutes passed, and still he did not move. When at last the monks began to chant the *Kyrie Eleison* her patience was exhausted, and after having in vain essayed to reach him with her silver bodkin, furious lest she should miss the moment when the reliquary should be exposed, she spat venomously upon his bare legs. Turning with the rapidity of a panther, Friedgis recognized his assailant, and before she could divine his intention, leaping the rail, he had seized her in his arms, and was bearing her through the press as easily as a ship's prow divides the water. Locked in his grasp of iron, she could not utter a sound, though her nails were deep in his bosom, and, before she realized what was taking place, she found herself once more without the walls, and the gate barred behind her.

While yet panting for breath the gate was reopened, and to her surprise Friedgis appeared again. The frail bodkin was still in her tightly closed fingers, and she clutched it closer, resolved to break it in her enemy's heart; but as he drew nearer she recognized in his hand her necklace of gold, which had become loosened in her struggles.

"Whence hadst thou this?" he asked,

holding it out to her. She extended her hand to take it, speechless with rage. "Answer," said Friedgis, with a gesture of impatience.

"Give it me; it is mine," she said, breathless.

"Answer," repeated Friedgis, advancing a step menacingly.

"Thief! brigand!" gasped *Passé Rose*, clasping her bodkin.

Seeing that he could effect nothing by violence, and fearful of remaining longer absent from his post, Friedgis resorted to persuasion.

"If thou answerest truly, thou shalt return," he insisted coaxingly.

"It is too late," she replied, tears of sullen rage filling her eyes.

"Nay, come," he said briefly.

She followed him, trembling with anger and joy, through the gate to the steps of the porch, crowded with those unable to penetrate within the church.

"Hold firmly," he said, lifting her to his shoulder.

"And the necklace, dear porter?" she whispered in his ear, encircling his neck with her arms.

"If thou wilt come to-night, and knock thrice at the small north gate, I will give it thee," said Friedgis.

"By St. Martin, I will come!" answered the girl quickly.

"Good. Hold fast," he replied; and, forcing his passage to the screen, he deposited her in the place whence he had so rudely torn her.

Careless of the wondering glances of her neighbors, she scanned eagerly the scene before her. The office was finished. The abbot's litter reposed at the foot of the choir stair; beyond, between the parted curtains, stood the reliquary, in front of the altar.

Whatever the record contained in the annals of the monastery of St. Servais, or in what manner soever the relics of its patron saint are therein connected with the wonderful recovery of its abbot, this is what happened: —

Having been transported into the church, whether from the coolness of the air or because the fever approached its natural term, or whether from the virtue of the herbs of Brother Hugo or the sight of the Prior Sergius, who intrigued to be his successor, the worthy abbot felt at the same time both an abatement of his fever and a ravishing sense of slumber; so that even before the reliquary had been brought from the crypt below the choir, the chant of the brotherhood, echoing above his head, between the narrow walls of the clerestory, seemed like the soothing song of a mother, and the voice of the celebrant died utterly away to his hearing. When he awoke, the light reflected from the yellow sandstone walls was gone, and for a long time he searched his memory to explain the star shining so close beside him in the night; till at last, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, he perceived the star to be the lamp of holy oil, and that two brothers watched and prayed near his litter. Remembering then all that had occurred, and recognizing by his refreshment the miracle that had been done, having offered thanks to God, he called to the monk nearest him. The monk, thinking the abbot beyond even the succor of St. Servais, shook with terror at seeing his lips move, so that when the abbot bade him summon the porter to assist in carrying him to his own room, the monk's knees sank under him and refused their support; whereupon his companion, who had also heard the abbot's request, hastened in his stead to the passage which led to the porter's lodging. It was by this passage that Friedgis entered the church to ring the bell for the daily offices. Muttering a prayer as he went, Brother Dominic — for that was his name — hurried down the corridor, and, being in haste, opened the porter's door precipitately, expecting to find the room dark and Friedgis in the sound sleep of midnight.

If from *Passe Rose*, who, faithful to her promise, sat on the edge of the low cot, the apparition of the pale face in its black hood called forth a suppressed shriek of terror, the sight of a woman of such loveliness in the chamber of the porter caused the monk a surprise greater than the devil himself could have effected; and before *Passe Rose* had finished her cry he was flying down the passage, pursued by its echoes.

Now, however opportune for the abbot had been his appeal to the compassion of St. Servais, his return to consciousness was exceedingly ill-timed both for *Friedgis* and *Passe Rose*; for the latter had not recovered her jewel, nor the former learned how she had obtained it. *Passe Rose*, indeed, had but just come when the appearance of Brother Dominic in the corridor caused her to spring to the door by which she had entered. This door opened into the walk between the church and the hospitium, next to the small gate by which access was had to the abbey close without passing through the great courtyard. Unable to move its heavy bolt, the girl sank upon the floor, convulsed with terror, her eyes fixed upon the spot where the monk had stood.

*Friedgis*, more concerned for the information he desired than for the consequences of the monk's discovery, in vain endeavored to allay her fear. "Come," he entreated, kneeling beside her and drawing the necklace from his pouch. "What dost thou fear? See, here is thy collar. Tell me who gave it thee." But terror had taken away *Passe Rose's* power of speech. She had even forgotten her jewel, and continued to gaze at the passage as if she still saw the livid face of the monk looking at her from its dark recesses. "I tell thee they shall not harm thee," said *Friedgis*, closing the passage door and turning its heavy key. "Fear nothing. I will crack them one by one, like fagots, over my knee.

See," he repeated, pressing the necklace into her hand, "here is thy collar."

"Let me go," implored the eyes of *Passe Rose*.

"On my faith thou shalt go. Look." The porter drew back the bolt. "Only tell me first."

As he spoke, footsteps were heard in the corridor. They did not escape the quick ear of the girl, to whom they imparted the energy of a fresh fear. "Save me! save me!" she cried, springing from the floor, and throwing herself upon the porter's neck.

"I will save thee; I will carry thee out myself," said *Friedgis* disdainfully, endeavoring to unlock the girl's arms. "See, we are going." And renouncing all hope of calming her, he lifted her in his arms. "Only tell me where I may find thee. Whisper it in my ear." But while he spoke the arms about his neck relaxed their hold, the head on his shoulder fell back, and the body slid from his grasp. *Passe Rose* had swooned.

Holding his burden as best he could with one arm, *Friedgis* sought to open the door by which the girl had come, and while his hand was on the latch the grating of a bolt was heard in the walk without. He threw his shoulder against the oaken frame.

The door was barred fast on the outer side.

## II.

*Passe Rose*, when any one asked whence she came or who were her parents, lifted her eyebrows as if to say, What difference does that make? But when she chose to be communicative she had good listeners, whether her tale was grave or gay. Her family had fled from the vicinity of *Toulon* to escape the pest, which, however, overtook both her father and her mother before they reached the confines of *Provence*. She next appeared with a company of mountebanks and dancers at *Chasseneuil*,

where the king was assembling his vassals to invade *Spain*. Fluttering like a rose-leaf in the storm, *Passe Rose* was swept along in the throng gathering from *Burgundy*, *Bavaria*, *Lombardy*, and *Austrasia* to follow the banners of *Karle* beyond the *Pyrenees*, and reached *Chasseneuil* in season to dance before *Queen Hildegard* at the *Easter fêtes*, — a performance of which she boasted proudly, and which she assigned to her sixth year. For while *Passe Rose* knew very well, by counting her rosy fingers, that eighteen and six make twenty-four, this fact taught her no fear and hinted no caution. Life was to her no cup of doubtful flavor, gingerly drunk with an eye on the bottom, but an ocean, over whose sparkling expanse she smiled, her lips at the rim, drinking alike the sweet and the bitter, with that thirst out of whose fullness spring courage and joy.

It would appear that after *Roncevaux* she followed the army northward on its way to quell the *Saxon* insurrection, but abandoned both it and her mountebanks at the *Rhine*. It is even possible that she passed into *Italy*, but this is doubtful, for to follow the itinerary of *Passe Rose* by her descriptions would be to travel over the known world. Certain it is, however, that she came to the fair of *St. Denis* with a company of *Frankish* merchants, at an age when her mere presence was their fortune; for whether it were pearls or perfumes, *Egyptian* linen and paper, oil or wine, buyers were plenty within the sound of her laughter and the glance of her eye.

When the fair was over, and the merchants were about to set out for *England* for purchases of tin and wool, either because they treated her ill, or because she had no desire to travel so far, or perhaps for graver reasons, — for of this matter she would give no account, — *Passe Rose* fled secretly in the night; and going a long way in a thick wood without finding any shelter, she lay down beside a wooden cross near the road,



where, after saying all the prayers she had ever heard, she fell asleep.

Now Werdric, a gold-beater of Maestricht, returning from the fair with two donkeys and a servant, was hastening home to his wife Jeanne, whom he loved above everything else in the world, and with whom he lived in perfect happiness, except — for they had no children, a lack which both sorely lamented. It was all in vain that Jeanne fasted, and that Werdric made a golden image exciting the envy of all who saw it, and which he gave to the church of St. Sebastian; so that, being now old, he thought no more about it, but Jeanne still prayed and fasted: Passing through the wood in the early morning, Werdric was astonished to see so fair a girl sleeping alone in such a place, and descending from his donkey he awoke her, asking where was her home, and if she would go thither with him.

“Willingly,” said *Passe Rose*.

“And where may it be?” asked Werdric.

“It is where thou art going,” said *Passe Rose*.

Thinking that she spoke of some village or hamlet to which they would soon come, he set her upon the servant’s donkey and pursued his way, marveling at her dress, which had silver lacing-cords and a hood lined with vair.

“How far may thy home be?” presently asked *Passe Rose*.

Then Werdric remembered the fasts and prayers of Jeanne, and deemed that God had answered them, — a fact of which Jeanne made no doubt when he told her how he had found the young girl alone and asleep by the roadside, under the cross.

Perhaps it was because she fared so much better with the gold-beater and his wife than with either the merchants or the dancers that *Passe Rose* remained with the former to this day. For Jeanne gave her a chamber above the shop, having a small turret in the corner over-

hanging the street, through whose window of horn one might see in both directions all who passed by or stopped below for affairs of trade. In the chamber was a bed with curtains, a prie-dieu chair with cushions on which were stamped a design of the sun, and a box for clothes, of which *Passe Rose* was very fond, although she had none to put into it except when she was in her bed, — a want, however, which Jeanne soon supplied. For there was nothing the goodwife would not have given her, even to a name. This name — *Theodora* — came to her thought in the middle of the night; but the girl would have none of it, and declared her name was *Passe Rose*. Perhaps this name recalled some vague memories of Provence. Certain it is that when she passed by, it was as a breath from the land of orange, and olive, and rosemary. The hues of the Southern Sea were in her eyes and under the rose-brown flush of her skin; the sound of its waves was in the ripple of her laughter; and the odor of samphire, myrtle, and lentisk, glistening wet in its spray, in her hair.

Nothing would persuade Mother Jeanne, as she might now in good truth call herself, that all this was not the gift of God; and when *Passe Rose* told strange stories or related wild adventures, Jeanne, with a faith undisturbed by such prattle and nonsense, smiled.

It is needless to say that many who passed the goldsmith’s shop were fain to gather this rose, and that many a gallant would have given his life for one of its petals, — “So they say,” laughed *Passe Rose*, knowing also that when the rose drops its petals, then it begins to fade. In a way she loved them all, at once and by turns, and so impartially that one would as soon think to be angry with the sun, which shines upon all, as with her. At all events, she was truthful and sincere. She hated when she hated vigorously and well, and laughed when she laughed from her red lips to

her sandaled feet. If she spat on Friedgis's bare leg, it was because she desired ardently to see the shrine of the blessed St. Servais; and if she whispered softly in his ear, it was because she wished very much for her collar of gold. She wounded pride and she flattered self-love, just as the rain disappoints and the sun cheers, as it were in the very course of nature, with a naturalness and good faith so complete as to disarm all complaint. If selfishness had gotten hold of *Passe Rose*! — ah, that would have been a different matter. Does any one call the sun selfish, even when he hides his face? When a lover tired her, *Aïe! aïe! aïe!* said *Passe Rose*, and, like the sun, went to shine elsewhere.

But the love of *Jeanne Passe Rose* requited. Thus, for a whole year she hoarded every copper denier in her chest, till one morning she set out with three silver sous in her crimson purse, to buy the marten's fur which she knew the dame desired for the border of her dress. On her way she met *Adelhaïde*, sister to *Robert*, Count of *Tours*, master of the hunt and of the king's stables; and this lady was attired so richly and had so great a retinue with her that at the sight of such splendor the three silver sous of *Passe Rose* seemed to her of no value. But after *Adelhaïde* had passed by, *Passe Rose* laughed, pressing the pieces together in her hand, and having gotten, by fair words or a fair face, the worth of four sous for three, ran home singing. On her part, the goodwife did all in the power of love to spoil *Passe Rose*; but the latter possessed too sturdy a nature to be far diverted from her own course, — sturdy and willowy, like a young ash in the wood, which sways to the wind, but grows straight upward without bend or flaw.

If one should contrast the safe and quiet life which *Passe Rose* now enjoyed with the troublous period of her early years, it might be thought that she

had determined to close the chapter of her wandering existence, and to order the remainder of her days in sobriety. For with all the pleasures of roving, hunger and cold and harsh words had not been wanting; and like one who, fleeing down a narrow street pursued by enemies, suddenly perceives an open door, and, entering quickly, closes it upon all disquietude, so *Passe Rose* had left all pursuing ills at the place where the goldsmith had found her. Such, however, is human nature that no sooner are former evils passed away than those which are present call to mind the pleasures which disappeared with them, filling the heart with regrets and sighs. *Passe Rose* was not discontented, but in her new condition new hopes and ambitions assailed her. She had put aside her mountebank's dress even to the armlets of Greek coin whose jingle made once such pleasing music in her ears; and with the garments which *Jeanne* gave her she had put on the disdain for her former companions which every good citizen felt, however eagerly they might flock to witness jugglers' magic or feats of dancers' skill. Only, while *Jeanne* despised their mode of life and did not hesitate to call them children of Satan, *Passe Rose* despised their condition. As to their mode of life, it pleased her well, for liberty was its motto; and this liberty itself, as well as the love of it, she carried in with her to her retreat when she closed the door. But whatever the plans she cherished or the hopes she nourished, her laugh was as merry and her hand as ready as ever. There was no menial labor she scorned to do, nor any courtly service she hesitated to demand. *Jeanne* herself scarce knew when to wonder most: whether when, in the kitchen, *Passe Rose* made savory pasties of cream and pounded almonds and pistachios, or when, having put on her favorite dress, fastened close about the waist and wrists, she went out to take the air. For being the gift of God,

how should she know the best flour was of the second grinding, or that jelly of apple was the better for rosewater, which on the other hand impaired the flavor of quince? Moreover, *Passe Rose* brought from God knows where new inventions: comfit of purslane, marchpane of honey and the white of eggs, and frumenty with poppy seeds. "Who ever heard of fennel in cheese!" Jeanne exclaimed; or, "Balm of mint in the soup, indeed!" she cried, opening wide her eyes. But *Werdric* smacked his lips, declaring such cheese and such broth were never tasted in *Maestricht* before.

As for the manner in which *Passe Rose* wore her apparel, it was not strange that Jeanne wondered; for however simple it was, whether because of her girlish beauty or her unconsciousness, the *Lady Adeltaide* herself was not so agreeable to the sight. So that while the knowledge *Passe Rose* had of household affairs caused Jeanne surprise, her knowledge of the art of dressing caused Jeanne fear. For it was neither right nor safe that the daughter of a goldsmith, selling at retail for the worth of two sous, should have a finer mien than the sister of the master of the king's horse. Be that as it may, it is sure that *Passe Rose*, unworthy as she thought the condition from which she had escaped, saw none above her to which she might not attain. If the sunlight is not altogether free, yet if the king's window be open it will enter without leave. Had not the slave *Ingonda* become *Clother's* wife? Had not *Haribert* of *Paris* raised *Merofleda*, the daughter of a wool-comber and *Theodehilda*, the shepherdess, to his throne? And did not *Hilperic*, king of *Neustria*, choose *Fredegonda* from among the women of the royal service, and marry her with the ring and denarius, according to the laws of the *Franks*, thus making her his queen? So *Passe Rose*, when she walked abroad, without fixing her eyes upon any individual star, saw them

all, none the less, and the songs which related these events lingered in her ear longer than the chantings of the monks of *St. Servais*, which sometimes floated down from the abbey hill among the busy people of *Maestricht*. Yet for all her shortcomings *Jeanne's* love for her grew with the years, and although accurate comparisons are impossible in view of the uncertainty surrounding her previous career, it is quite likely that *Passe Rose* herself improved vastly. It is so much easier to begin a new life with new friends and fresh faces.

### III.

So curiously in this world are trifles linked to things of moment that if *Passe Rose* had not known somewhat of cookery she would never have been imprisoned with *Friedgis* in the abbey of *St. Servais*. For it happened one morning, as she watched the spit turning before the fire, that she said to *Jeanne*:—

"In my country there grows an herb, in the wet places of the wood, very fit to serve with roasts and all kinds of sauces."

"What is its name?" asked *Jeanne*, at that very moment preparing the basting.

"I know not its name," replied *Passe Rose*, "but I know it well when I see it; and if thou likest, to-morrow we will search for it in the wood beyond the river."

And although *Jeanne* had great fear of the wood fays, she promised to go the following day, after exacting from *Passe Rose* the pledge that she would not trouble the pools, should they chance to come upon a wood spring. So in the early morning they set out, with an osier basket for the herb and a vial of blessed water for the fays.

Nothing was sweeter to *Passe Rose* than freedom. When the gate was passed and the walls of the town were

behind her, she was as one who has recovered her patrimony. The sunlight entered at every pore; the rills running under the cresses by the roadside and the flowers distilling perfumes in the shade whispered to her, "We are yours;" and she, seeing everything, hearing everything, answered with a familiar nod or smile all these signs and tokens, like a proprietor going over his estates. Jeanne must needs stop to inquire of every fowler they met the price of his starlings, and whether the quail were yet full fledged; of the fisherman at the river-bank whether any pike had been taken in his net, and what barbels would fetch a pound; and of the miller, whose water-wheel was midway on the bridge, what was the grinding-tax this year. "At last!" cried *Passe Rose*, when all these obstacles were passed. "Mother of God, defend us!" sighed Jeanne, thinking of the fays. Indeed, at the border of the forest Jeanne declared she could go no farther, that breath failed her, that the clouds boded rain, — in short, that she was no longer young and able to walk such a distance, but would wait in the open field till *Passe Rose* should return. So the latter, who neither lacked breath nor feared the rain, and would not be dissuaded, went into the wood alone. When she returned her basket was empty, her cheeks flushed with flame, and about her neck was a collar of gold.

It is certainly strange that *Passe Rose*, who when she danced before Queen *Hildegarde* neither felt abashed nor was confused, should stammer and cast down her eyes before Jeanne, who was nothing but a little wrinkled old woman, with a vial of blessed water in her pouch. But so it was, and at the questions which assailed her she faltered and turned away, till at last she declared boldly that the collar was given her by a fay. Having made this assertion, her tongue was loosed and hesitancy disappeared: for the first step it is that costs; only

let this be taken, necessity and invention will manage the rest.

She told Jeanne that after searching far and wide she came to a spring which trickled over a mossy stone into a pool, and that while she sought the herb about the water's edge she saw a golden comb (*Oh, Passe Rose!*) lying among the wet leaves of an ivy branch. No sooner had she taken it in her hand than she heard wailing and sobbing, and, looking up, saw the fay, with no other garment than a veil, clasped about the waist by a girdle of gold, wringing its hands, and beseeching her to yield up the comb. "Then said I," continued *Passe Rose*, "'If I give thee the comb, thou wilt bewitch me with thy breath.' 'Nay,' replied she, unloosing her belt; 'only give me my comb, and thou shalt have my girdle, which is a charm against all fairy power so long as thou hast it clasped on thy neck.'" (*Oh, Passe Rose!*) "'Give me first the belt, then,' said I. So she gave it, and when I had fastened it I put back the comb between the leaves and ran. For this reason am I hot, and my power of speech is gone."

This and much more of the same sort she told and repeated to Jeanne, till, like one who sees a patch of shadow afar on the plain, and at one moment thinks it a tower, and at the next is ready to swear it to be a tree, she began to waver in her own mind between the false and the real, almost ready to put faith in her own words. But this was not at all the tale she told to *Friedgis*; for just as the sun sometimes shines fiercely on the tower till every line and angle of its stones stands out among the trees, and sometimes with mists and shadows confuses tower and trees together, so *Passe Rose* disclosed to *Friedgis* what she had concealed from Jeanne; and as sometimes, shining neither fiercely nor faintly, but obliquely, the sun shoots a slanting ray which illumines but a part of the tower, and leaves the

rest in the trees' shadow, so it were best to follow *Passe Rose* herself into the wood, lest, trusting only to what she revealed to *Friedgis*, some doubt should still linger as to what there transpired.

Albeit the great forest lying between *Maestricht* and *Aix* was well known to be the abode of fays (which were none other than Frankish princesses who had refused the religion of Christ), besides dwarfs even more venomous, and although the spirit of *Fastrada*, the wicked queen who had bewitched the heart of *Karle*, wandered here nightly in search of her magic ring, and although it was neither Saturday nor Sunday, evil days for all evil spirits, yet *Passe Rose* entered the gloomy shadow of the trees fearlessly. For a long time she sought faithfully for the herb among slender stems and powdery leaves, in the dark places where the wood-lilies delight to grow, under the junipers and pines whose resinous breath the violets love, in wet patches of woolly moss wherein her feet sank to the cross-bandage of her sandals; lifting every leaf which might hide her quest, turning aside for no vine which barred her way, till, discouraged in her search, she gave it over altogether, and began to fill her basket with beechnuts, and seek for the late strawberries nodding among feathery shoots of grass and mould of last year's leaves.

While thus engaged she heard the faint blast of a horn, and, setting down her basket, listened. Presently she heard it again, nearer this time, and now its mellow echoes were lost in the quick, short bark of hounds. *Passe Rose* began to listen in good earnest, half rising to her knees and sitting back on her heels, her lips parted as if they could assist her ears to locate the place whence the sounds came. The intermittent cry of the dogs became more distinct, the blast of the horn was mingled with the shouts of men, and in the pauses came the sharp snap of a dead branch or the

crash of young summer trees, till the beat of her heart grew loud and fast in her ears, like the muffled sound of the grouse's wing when he calls to his mate from the thick copse. Tales of the fierce *urus* and savage boar rose to her mind, and, overturning her basket of nuts, she sprang to her feet, seeing already in every dark thicket the cruel tusk or foaming mouth of some desperate beast, and bewildered by the gathering storm of sounds. So near were they now, and on every side, that if she had stopped to weigh the evidence she would not have been able to take a single step; but fear got the better of reason, and not knowing whither she went, holding fast, in her terror, to her empty basket, she fled between bush and tree wherever an open space beckoned her.

Whether because *St. Martin*, upon whom she called only on grave matters, was otherwise occupied, and *St. Servais* liked not to be thought second even to *St. Martin* himself, *Passe Rose*, invoking the aid of each alternately, thought herself abandoned by both; for at the very instant that a crash in the thicket before her drained the last drop of blood from her heart and all remaining strength from her limbs, her feet caught in a trailing vine, and she fell headlong. But as often, when the saints abandon us, we discover some hidden power of our own, so *Passe Rose*, caught like a sheep by the fleece in a thorn-bush, and expecting nothing but certain death, be thought herself suddenly of the knife she carried to loosen the roots of the herbs, and, grasping it tightly in her hand, closed her fingers about the haft with the nervous determination of one brought to bay. Great, then, was her surprise, on lifting her head from the ferns and stems where she had fallen, to see a youth, mounted on a black horse, and gazing at her with a surprise equal to her own.

This youth was no other than *Gui* of *Tours*, son of *Robert*, Count of *Tours*,

and master of the king's hunt. This, indeed, *Passé Rose* did not know, but certain other things she discovered in less time than they can be told, namely: that he was of middle height, neither too heavy nor too slender, sitting well on his horse, and light of foot; that the hand which held the rein could hurl a spear adroitly and lance a javelin far; and that neither peril, nor thirst, nor hunger could turn his step aside from what his heart desired. All this she saw while the youth was dismounting from his horse and approaching her.

"Art thou hurt?" he inquired eagerly.

"Nay," she replied, regaining her feet, and shaking the leaves and mould from her dress as a bird shakes the dew from its wings.

"Surely thou art hurt," he repeated, stooping to look into her downcast eyes, for her cheeks were flushed with running and her bosom heaved.

"Nay; give me my basket, and let me go."

Such liquid eyes he had not seen nor heard such soft Roman speech since he marched against *Arigisus*, through the orchards of *Campania*.

"Go thou shalt, and where thou wilt, but I with thee; for if the stag turns there will be need of my spear."

"Thou wilt lose the hunt," objected *Passé Rose*, recovering her composure, and fixing upon him her brown eyes. His were an honest blue, and his skin fresh as an apple, without speck or flaw.

"I will not leave thee so for all the stags in France!" exclaimed the youth hotly.

"Set me, then, on thy horse," laughed *Passé Rose*, "for I think my ankle is sprained."

Alarm had died out of her eyes and confusion from her voice, but the flush that disappeared from her cheek seemed to rise on his. He called the horse to his side, and, holding the stirrup till her foot was secure, would have lifted her to the saddle; but she, grasping with one

hand his lancewood spear, sprang lightly to her seat, while the horse, docile enough before, feeling now a rider on his back, and hearing the noise of the hunt drifting away, began to chafe and tremble.

"Never fear," said *Passé Rose* assuringly. "Only do thou hold the bridle, for the branches are low."

Urged forward by the impatience of the horse, the youth had all he could do to check its speed and guide its way through the thick wood, while *Passé Rose*, bending now this way, now that, to avoid the branches, smiled whenever he turned to look at her winsome face and lissome form.

Mastering at length the confusion which tied his tongue, "What is thy name?" he asked.

"*Passé Rose*. And thine?"

Either her question was so sudden or her name so strange that he stammered over his own in reply; and then there was silence till the wood began to open, the sunlight to enter more freely, and between the trees appeared the fields of grain.

It was then that *Passé Rose* bethought herself of *Jeanne*, and sliding from the saddle to the ground said, "My mother is here waiting, and the way is clear. Give me my basket, and I will give thee thy spear;" and holding it out in her hand, "I thank thee much," she added.

"Where shall I find thee again?" asked *Gui*, recovering his speech at the thought of seeing her no more.

"It is very hard, — the world is so wide," laughed *Passé Rose*.

"Every bee that roves in the wood has somewhere a nest" —

"Which he hides lest the wild bear steal the comb," interrupted *Passé Rose*.

"I am no wild bear for thee," the youth retorted impetuously, unclasping at the same time the bracelet he wore on his arm. "But if ever thou hast need of the bear's claws, send me this token, and by the faith of *Gui* of *Tours*" —

“It is too large,” interrupted *Passe Rose* again, looking from her arm to the band of gold.

“For thine arm, indeed, but see!” and passing the collar about her neck, he essayed to fasten the clasp at her throat.

Now it was impossible to fasten this clasp while looking into *Passe Rose*'s eyes, and for this reason, doubtless, *Passe Rose*, losing patience at his clumsy fingers, pushed them aside, and clasped it deftly with her own; so that while the king's captain, the point of whose spear could find the heart of the stag in flight, was marveling that the clasp would not hold, the eyes into which he looked disappeared, and *Passe Rose* herself vanished with the rapidity of a startled deer.

#### IV.

Unknown to herself, the account which *Passe Rose* gave to *Jeanne* of the acquisition of her collar had made such an impression upon her mind that on recovering from her swoon in the porter's cell, being still afraid but not yet remembering why, conscious that something had transpired but not yet recollecting what, she murmured, “This had not happened had my collar not been lost.” Then seeing it was *Friedgis*, and not *Jeanne*, who bent above her, a faint blush rose to her cheek and a smile passed through her eyes. Whether she smiled at mistaking *Friedgis* for *Jeanne* and blushed at repeating a lie to no purpose, or blushed to find herself alone with *Friedgis* and smiled at being entrapped in her own invention, there is no way to know; for immediately on raising her head from the couch on which she lay, the room began to swim once more, and, falling back again, both the smile and the blush vanished.

“It is better to lie still,” said *Friedgis*, watching her. “There is nothing to fear.”

*Passe Rose*, finding that by obeying this injunction she could open her eyes without dizziness, lay still, examining *Friedgis* attentively.

“I was not afraid,” she said presently.

*Friedgis* smiled.

“I was only startled,” she added, continuing her examination.

With the return of her strength came the pangs of curiosity. A hundred thoughts and questions succeeded each other. Who is he? Whence does he come? What grave eyes he has! How blue the veins on his arms, — and what arms! What can he wish with my collar? What does he think of me? Are there no women in Saxony? And although these arms had handled her roughly, the eyes imparted a sense of security. A feeling of confidence, mingled with a desire to strike a spark from the steel, possessed her. She had seen many of the Saxon prisoners dispersed in bands throughout the kingdom, and in spite of his shaven head had guessed his nationality aright.

Thus they gazed at one another in silence. For the first time the Saxon looked into the eyes of the South, — limpid, eloquent, idolatrous. *Frisia* had none such among its fens and snows, under its sad northern sky. Had the blood returning to her cheeks burst its channels, that it should suffuse itself, like the violet lustre of the sea, under the transparent skin?

Rising from his seat, *Friedgis* took a cup from a sort of embrasure in the thick walls, and filled it from a black jar. “Drink,” he said, offering it to her.

“Great northern wolf!” said *Passe Rose* to herself, sitting up on the edge of the couch, and looking over the rim of the cup as she drank, “what kind eyes thou hast!”

“Hast thou my collar?” she asked, returning the cup. “I must go.”

He took it from his tunic and handed it to her, draining at a draught the hy-



dromel left in the cup, while she fastened the collar about her neck.

Having adjusted the collar and shaken out her dress, *Passe Rose* went to the door.

"Thou canst not pass that way," said he; "it is barred on the other side." He looked to see the color die out of her cheek again; but *Passe Rose* only opened wide her eyes as the remembrance of what had taken place returned, and, resuming her seat on the couch, looked gravely into his face.

"What is to be done?" she asked energetically.

For an answer *Friedgis* moved aside a wooden bench in the corner of the room, and, lying on his back upon the floor, pushed with his feet one of the large stones forming the outer wall. The stone, from which the adjoining cement had been loosened, receded slowly, and suddenly fell with a dull sound on the ground without, leaving a black hole through which the night air entered.

"Is it far?" asked *Passe Rose*, who needed no explanation of this proceeding.

"The height of a man."

"Do thou go first," she said, peering on her knees through the opening, and hearing indeed the rustle of the leaves without.

Sitting on the floor in front of her, *Friedgis* made no reply to this proposition. His eyes were fixed upon the necklace, and *Passe Rose* saw plainly that she had first to answer some questions. To this, however, she offered no remonstrance, merely sliding from her knees into a sitting posture, and leaning her head against the wall. She had no intention of repeating the story of the golden comb, much as she prided herself upon the sharpness of the bargain she drove with the fay; but she did meditate between the truth and some new invention, better suited to the occasion.

"What is that to thee?" she said, answering his look.

*Friedgis* seemed to hesitate between prudence and desire.

"Is it thine, perchance?" asked *Passe Rose* ironically, urging him gently on.

He looked at her distrustfully for a moment; then rose to his feet, walking slowly to and fro in the narrow room without paying any heed to her, as if turning over some serious question in his mind. The feeble flame floating on the oil scarce reached *Passe Rose*. One would not have seen her at all but for a gleam which flashed now and then in the corner, from the polished surface of the jewel, when she moved. She knew that she had only to wait; but it taxed her patience sorely that a man should dally and turn like a sluggish stream in the meadow, which is sure after all to come to the sea. For *Passe Rose* made up her mind without delay,—like a mountain brook that leaps straight out from the crest of wood, and shoots the cliff at a single bound.

Suddenly, when near her, the Saxon stopped.

"Hast thou seen the sea?" he asked abruptly.

She nodded assent.

"But thou knowest not its boundaries. Beyond *Strandt* there is the sea. Beyond *Fossetisland*—the sea. Beyond *Anglia*—still the sea. Will the keel which follows the north wind along the sands of *Frisia* return again to its haven in the *Elbe*, like a swallow following the lake's margin? Surely its waves have space enough wherein to sport. Wherefore, then, are they so greedy, that they should call to the winds, saying, 'Come! here is a green land glad with flocks: let us devour it'? Then the winds gather the mist maidens, the waves hurl themselves upon the coast, the rivers, beaten back, overflow, the fields become a marsh, the flowers swim, the trees rock, and the sea, rejoicing in their fall, covers all things."

Passe Rose from her corner regarded him with increasing interest. What had this to do with her collar? Moreover, the sea which she knew did not behave in this manner.

"It is thus thy people have wasted Saxony. Is the bridge of heaven so small that they cannot breathe, — that they must creep from the Rohr to the Weser, and overflow the Weser to the Elbe? The grass which the flocks cropped is soaked with blood, the plains smoke, the altars of the gods are thrown down. Of what avail the gods, if they do not hear! Henceforth they are nothing to me. Does Freya listen? Does Odin see?"

"Peste," thought Passe Rose, carried away by this eloquence, "it is true."

"If I return thither, who will say to me 'Brother,' or 'Friend'? The people are scattered as leaves, the sword is broken, and Frankish women wear the jewels of the Saxon maidens."

"I am no Frank!" exclaimed Passe Rose indignantly, and coloring under his gaze. "My collar is no spoil, but a free gift. If it is thine" — She unclasped it quickly, and held it out to him.

"Tell me whence thou hast it," replied Friedgis disdainfully, "that I may find her to whom it belonged."

Passe Rose had to all appearances anticipated this refusal, for she was already refastening the collar about her neck. Her fingers proved as clumsy as those of Gui in the wood, and thus occupied she had time to reflect upon her answer. Living with the goldsmith, who had examined the fay's girdle and pronounced it of Greek workmanship, she had devised a very natural explanation of the manner in which it came into her possession; but being of a generous nature, which opened readily at the sight of misfortune, and having a devouring curiosity to reach the bottom of all mysteries, she put this temptation aside, and answered honestly that she had found it in the wood of Hesbaye. Thereupon

she related how she had gone thither to gather herbs on a day when the king hunted; and how one of those who followed the hunt, being thrown from his horse, which fell in a thorn thicket, had left the collar on the ground, it having doubtless been loosed by the fall; and that she, hastening homeward from the place where she lay concealed, had seen it glistening among the leaves. On finishing her tale, Passe Rose leaned back against the wall in the shadow.

Friedgis looked at her no longer; disappointment had succeeded the interest with which he had first listened, and he turned away.

"Is the maid of thy kin?" asked Passe Rose, watching him.

He turned again, and their eyes met.

"Aïe!" she cried, leaning forward and clapping her hands; "maid or wife, thou lovest her well." The Saxon frowned, but Passe Rose saw only the color which rose to his cheek. "Was she also made prisoner with thee?" she asked eagerly. "Where sawest thou her last?"

"At Ehresberg, where the spoil was divided." He had sat down on the edge of the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

"At Ehresberg?" repeated Passe Rose. "Ay," — prolonging the word with a sympathetic sigh, and nodding in token that she understood everything. "And then — ye were scattered as leaves." Suddenly her face kindled. "Wouldst thou know where the maid is?" She had risen to her feet, and touched him on the shoulder. He lifted his head, looking at her incredulously. "Listen. There is a blind woman who sits in the porch of the church of St. Sebastian, of whom the people say that she hath power to see what those who have eyes cannot discover, and that for a copper piece she will tell in good Latin speech whatever one desires to know. Tell me only the maid's name, for I have two silver sous in my chest" —

He hesitated, and the eager expression on her face changed to one of disappointment, the red lips pouted disdainfully, and, shrugging her shoulders, she was about to turn away, when Friedgis seized her by the arm.

"Stay! Her name is Rothilde."

"Rothilde?" repeated Passe Rose softly under her breath; then turning full upon him her large eyes, "I like thee well," she said, with a candor so sincere that the Saxon's heart warmed towards her. "Thy hand is heavy, and thou shoulderedst me yesterday as I were a miller's sack, but I believe thee as I would not the prior himself, and as sure as my name is Passe Rose I will not fail thee. Look!" she exclaimed, drawing a small dagger from her bosom. "When I came for the collar I said, 'I will have mine own, though it be in the wolf's den.' Take it; with thee I have no use for it; keep it till I come again."

Friedgis looked at her in amazement. There was not a trace of coquetry in her manner.

"Thou art not afraid."

"True," she replied, replacing the dagger in her dress, as she recollected

the lonely road from the abbey to the town. "Give me now thy cord."

"There is no need. Hold my hand, and thy feet will touch the ground."

"But the stone," said Passe Rose.

He loosed the cord from his waist, and without further delay the girl slid, feet foremost, through the opening, holding fast to his hand.

"For whom didst thou make this hole?" she asked, as she was about to disappear.

"The wolf has two holes to his den," replied Friedgis.

Passe Rose laughed. "Let go thy claws, — my feet touch," — and he loosed her hands.

She secured the rope about the stone that he might draw it up in its place, and while thus occupied imitated softly the note of the cuckoo.

"Didst thou hear the cuckoo calling in the wood?" she whispered, standing tiptoe on the stone. "Listen for it again in three days' time. But stay thou here. They have shaved thy head; the next time they will slit thine ears. Farewell."

Then he heard the sound of her feet running on the road.

*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

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## A WEEK IN WALES.

SHOULD it be the English Lakes, or North Wales? We were in Chester, and it was the week of the Queen's Jubilee. London was not to be thought of. To-morrow would be the great day itself, and even this staid old town, with its historic walls and towers, its queer "Rows," of which no description can convey an adequate idea, its picturesque streets and ancient houses, was alive with pleasant turmoil and excitement.

That night, at twenty minutes to ten,

I stood at my window in the Grosvenor, looking up at the dark spires of the cathedral. There was no moon and the street lamps were not yet lighted, nor were my candles. Yet I found by actual experiment that I could read common newspaper print with perfect ease, such is the length of the English twilight.

There was little sleep for Chester that night. Eastgate Street, and doubtless all the other streets, were alive with surging crowds, shouting and cheering, and

singing Jubilee songs. "God save the Queen! God save the Queen!" was the burden of them all. Jubilee cakes and Jubilee candies filled the shop-windows, to say nothing of flags, medals, and souvenirs of all sorts, from a pin-cushion to a diadem. The Queen's plain, matronly face greeted one at every turn, generally rising above the black robes she most affects, lightened only by the blue ribbon of the Garter. But occasionally might be seen a more ambitious attempt at portraying the splendors of royalty. Imagine her Majesty in a bright red gown, crowned and bejeweled to the last degree!

Towards morning Chester went to bed, and we fell asleep, only to be awakened at dawn by the chiming of the cathedral bells, almost in front of our windows. It was worth waking for, — to lie there in a half-dream, and hear the liquid music soar, and swell, and die away, at last, in strains too sweet for earth. In the afternoon there was a Jubilee service for the children, for which tickets were kindly sent us. Chester is one of the smaller cathedrals; yet on that occasion, though only the south transept was used, seven thousand children and many grown people were seated in its wide spaces.<sup>1</sup> The children did most of the singing, led by the trained choir and the great organ; and when the full chorus of fresh young voices rolled out grandly in the hymn,

"Like a mighty army  
Moves the church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod,"

the effect was overpowering. It would have been overwhelming anywhere, that mighty river of song; but there, in that hoary cathedral, whose vaulted aisles had echoed with the sound of prayer and psalm for twelve hundred years, it was as resistless as the waves of the ocean. "Where the saints have trod"?

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps it should be stated that this transept is exceptionally large, — nearly as large as

Were they saints, those old monks? Not all of them. They were men of like frailties with ourselves; and the good and bad mingled in monastery walls, in what we call the dark ages, as in city streets to-day. But there were grand and saintly souls among them, who labored zealously, according to their light, for God and man. We had paced their cloisters, treading in the very imprints of their feet. We had loitered in their green, secluded closes. We had listened for the lingering cadence of their laughter in the vaulted Monk's Parlor, and in the chapter-house we had touched reverently the books they read and the missals from which they prayed. We had looked down the long, narrow vista of the scriptorium. Here, hour after hour, had the cowed heads bent over the parchment books the deft hands were illuminating with such fine tracery of leaf and flower. Perhaps the very ivies that were casting such flickering shadows on its gray arches were the direct descendants of those that dallied with "the winds that blew a thousand years ago." Who could deny it? We had wandered through the murky crypt, where their ashes lie; and one of us had found, with the aid of the verger, the initials of an old fourteenth-century abbot, S. R., entwined in the foliage of one of the carved capitals in the nave, — said abbot being, according to tradition, a far-off kinsman of her own. Afterwards, she was shown reverently, in one of the cloisters, a blackened, mutilated slab that had once covered his grave or coffin, on which the S. R. appeared again, cleanly cut, as if fresh from the graver's hand.

Charles Kingsley was for some years a canon of Chester, and the friendly vergers had many stories to tell of him and his doings. It was for his sake, in part, that we planned to go in a row-boat to Eaton Hall, thinking that per-

the nave itself, — and is known as the Church of St. Oswald.

haps we, as well as the boatmen, might still hear his Mary

“call the cattle home  
Across the sands o’ Dee.”

All the rest of the folk who wished to shun London till the hurly-burly of the Jubilee was over seemed to be going to the Lakes. So Saint Katharine and I decided on North Wales, thus avoiding the whole crowd of tourists. Conway being our first objective point, we took the Chester and Holyhead section of the London and Northwestern Railway, which runs along the shores of the river Dee and the Irish Sea, of which, in fact, the river is itself an arm. The glimpses of scenery to be caught from the flying train are exquisitely picturesque, and we two lone women could not quite control our expressions of pleasure, even though a dignified Welsh gentleman sat at the other end of the compartment, absorbed in a newspaper. Now occurred one of the small delights of travel that it is so pleasant to recall afterwards; and once again we were compelled to congratulate ourselves on having chosen the sociable and friendly rep of the second class car, rather than the more exclusive plush of the first. Our fellow-passenger laid down *The Times*.

“I see you are interested in our Welsh scenery, ladies,” he said. “Pray exchange seats with me. The views from this side are much the finer, and it is all an old story to me.”

An intelligent man is really a much more interesting traveling companion than the very best guide-book; especially when he is good enough to show you a thousand points of interest, — little things that the guide-book grandly ignores, or that you would be sure not to recognize in the hurry of the moment. If it had not been for our new friend, we should hardly have noticed the chimneys of Hawarden, or strained our eyes in the attempt to see the house itself, hidden in its nest of greenery. But we

did see the unpretentious parish church where Mr. Gladstone often reads the service, to the edification of himself and others. If it had not been for our friend, too, we should have had occasion to go lamenting all the rest of our days that we had passed without knowing it the ruins of Flint Castle, where Richard held the memorable interview with Bologbroke, and sighed to be “great as his grief, or lesser than his name.” It stands, what there is left of it, on a rugged hill, through which we swept in a tunnel, so that “the rude ribs of that ancient castle” were directly over our heads, and its “tattered battlements” loomed above us as we emerged into the sunlight again. The ruins of feudal castles that meet one at every turn in Wales are patent reminders that the whole land was long a bone of contention between two rival nations, and that here, time after time and generation after generation, the English kings summoned their men-at-arms in a vain attempt to subdue the valorous Welsh, secure in their mountain fastnesses. But the stronger won at last. Beautiful indeed was Gwrrych Castle that afternoon, in its setting of emerald woods, — a stately pile of cream-colored stone, with many towers and turrets, and a mountain for a background. It is a human habitation, not a ruin, and belongs to the Marquis of Mostyn. Very near it is Abergele, once the home of Mrs. Hemans. Modern “culture” does not thoroughly approve her of whom her greater sister in song, Mrs. Browning, said, “She never wronged that mystic breath, which breathed in all her being.” But those of us who are old enough to remember the days when it was allowable to read and admire her cannot fail to have noticed the strong hold Welsh history and Welsh legends had upon her imagination.

At Old Colwyn, “our Welsh friend,” as we like to call him, having no other name to know him by, pointed out to us

his own home on the hillside, divided with us a great bunch of white carnations he was carrying to his wife, shook hands with us cordially, and departed, smiling and lifting his hat as he vanished round the corner. How easy it is to do kindly things, if one only wants to!

Soon we rolled into what we more than once heard called the "stupid" town of Conway. The omnipresent porter took our luggage, and we walked a short distance to the Castle Hotel.

Conway is headquarters for the Royal Cambrian Society of Art. We wondered if that fact, or its having a landlady of artistic proclivities, accounted for the pictures, mostly oil-paintings, which covered the walls of our inn. The coffee-room and halls were lined with them, and the chambers held the overflow. In our hostess's private parlor, Kensington embroidery, old china, painted door-panels, painted milking-stools, etc., had a strangely familiar air, showing that Wales, like America, is in the march of progress. If we could only have found a decorated rolling-pin, we should have been happy. But in a conspicuous place hung two or three sketches of American scenery by Thomas Moran, sent to our hostess, as she was proud to say, by the artist himself, who had been for weeks a guest of the house. One morning, when we went down to breakfast, we found in the coffee-room an old gentleman and his wife: she, a tall, angular person, with her hair combed low on her cheeks, and then carried up over her ears, a huge cap with purple ribbons, and a gown that looked like a fifty-year-old fashion-plate; he, a curious figure that might have stepped bodily out of one of Dickens's illustrated pages. He was prowling about the room with an eyeglass, grumbling because his breakfast was not served, and venting his spleen upon those unfortunate pictures. "Abominable! Atrocious!" he kept exclaiming with a snort. "And I suppose, my dear, there are people who call

this *art!*" But why need he have given the things so much attention? It is well to know when to shut one's eyes. There were lovely flowers on the table, for which he had neither glance nor word.

The thing we had come to Conway to see was the castle. But on the principle of leaving the best till the last, we saw everything else first, keeping it and gloating over it as a child gloats over his sugar-plums, though it was always in our thoughts as in our sight, — the one dominant feature in the landscape, ruling it as a mountain rules the valley.

"Be sure to go up the river to Trefriw," our friend of the carnations had said, as a parting injunction. The next morning was hot, and the cool breeze from the river was delicious. What time could be better than the present? So to the dock we went, and for an hour awaited the arrival of the small steamer; the Conway being a tidal river, and completely ruled by the caprices of the lady moon.

But we were off at last, like a parcel of children playing at sea-going, in a toy boat on a toy river. Nothing more enjoyable can well be conceived. All was so sweet, so still, so serene, that it was like moving in a happy dream. The softly rounded hills, cultivated, and clothed to their summits with all imaginable shades of green and olive; the lovely stone cottages, picturesque on the outside at least, springing up in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, — now clinging to some sharply defined point far up the hillsides, now nestling deep in sheltered valleys, but all alike mantled with ivy and bright with roses; the fern-clad banks of the stream; the arched bridges; the ancestral farmhouses, gray with age; and here and there the stately splendor of hall or castle, made a series of pictures never to be forgotten. Our captain was very accommodating, and helped to carry out the illusion that it was all play. If he saw a would-be passenger

strolling leisurely over the fields towards the river, he quietly turned his prow to the shore, and waited till the new-comer leaped on board. If a woman wanted to land where there was no dock, that she might shorten the distance homewards by going " 'cross lots," she had only to suggest it, and she was put ashore forthwith, — sometimes, as it seemed, at the imminent risk of an overturn. At Trefriw, which certainly had very little to show for itself except its ferns and its long ranks of pink and purple fox-gloves, there was time for luncheon, if anybody wanted it. Beyond this point the river is not navigable, and we were soon on our return voyage, "going out with the tide." The little Conway was famous for its pearl fisheries even before the Roman Conquest, and Wales boasts that a Conway pearl is one of the ornaments of the English crown to-day.

Near the head of High Street stands the Plas Mawr, or Great Mansion, built more than three centuries ago by one Robert Wynne. Its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that its owner had the honor of entertaining Queen Elizabeth for some days. The old house is just as it was then, save for the ravages of time, which are many. But the great courts, the floors, the wood-work of paneled oak, now black as ebony, the window-sashes, the small diamond-shaped panes of greenish glass, the fire-places, and the stairways remain unaltered, for the most part. The Plas Mawr was freshly decorated and adorned for the reception of the queen, and the letters E. R., Elizabeth Regina, appear over and over again, both in wood-carvings and on the ceilings, in connection with the royal crest. The ceilings have been barbarously white-washed, but they must have been very beautiful when they shone in green and gold, with rich emblazonry of heraldic colors. In the great banqueting-hall — people seem never to have eaten, but

always to have banqueted, in those days — are the identical tables and chairs of massive oak used by the royal party. We entered the private drawing-room of the queen, and her bed-chamber; and tried to imagine her, in the prime of her haughty womanhood, sitting in a low chair before the broad fireplace, dreaming, perhaps, of the very lovers whom she spurned. But nothing brought back the romance of the past so vividly as when our escort, the secretary of the above-named art society, said, throwing open another door, "The Earl of Leicester was in attendance upon her majesty. This was his chamber." If so, at this small, deep, diamond-paned lattice he must often have stood, as he buckled on his sword or arranged his slashed doublet. Were his thoughts of fair Amy Robsart, pining at Cumnor Place, or of the proud woman next door?

That evening, as it was growing dark, we heard the sound of strange, unearthly music, and forthwith rushed to the window. A woman of middle age, swathed in widow's weeds from top to toe, and leading a little child, dressed also in black, was moving slowly along the middle of the street, singing a wild, weird air, set to Welsh words. Her voice was almost painfully pathetic, but her walk was quite beyond description. She would take three or four slow steps with a sort of rhythmic swing, and then stand stock still, rolling her eyes as in a fine frenzy, while she poured forth those uncanny strains with a power and pathos that made one's heart beat. Then came the swing again. The little child faithfully copied her every movement. "Is she crazy, Saint Katharine?" I asked. "Or is she a broken-down singer, on a hunt for pennies?" For her voice, cracked now and harsh in some of its tones, had been fine once. But no one paid the slightest attention to her; none of the passers-by recognized her presence even by a turn of the head. At length, slowly, still singing, she and the



child passed out of sight, fading away in the gloaming.

The parish church at Conway, which is built on the site of the monastery of Aberconway, has a fine old font and a beautiful rood-screen. The latter is said to have belonged to the abbey, but traditions differ. In the chancel are monuments to the Wynne family; and in the floor, which is lower than that of the nave, is a rude stone, with the inscription "Y. Z. 1066," — the very date of the Norman Conquest. Another bears this curious record: —

"Here lyeth ye body of Nich's Hookes of Conway Gent. who was ye 4<sup>J</sup>st child of his father Wm. Hookes, Esq, by Alice his wife, and ye father of 27 children who dyed ye 20th day of March 1637."

Query: Did the twenty-seven children all come to an untimely end on "ye 20th day of March"?

At length, one perfect day, we went to the castle. The old man who has the place in charge took the small fee, unlocked a door, and left us to our own devices. The whole glorious ruin was to all intents and purposes our own. During that long golden afternoon not a soul came near us, not a voice disturbed us. Could one describe a cloud, or a wave, or a sunset, so that a blind man could see it with his mind's eye? Could one give a deaf man an idea of a bird song or the peal of an organ? As well try to do this as to describe the solemn grandeur of those time-worn, ivy-grown, moss-covered battlements, left now to the sweet winds of heaven, the flocks of rooks that fly in and out of turret and tower, and the climbing roses that brighten it with their beauty. From court to court we wandered, from tower to tower, from battlement to battlement. Here, all unroofed and open to the stars, lies the great banqueting-hall, more beautiful, more imposing, now, it may be, in its ivy-wreathed desolation, than when the gay revelers of Edward's

court made its vast arches ring with song and laughter. Here still are the wide fireplaces, rich with carvings, the very ghosts of past comfort and delight. Here is the oratory, with its traceried window and lofty groined arches, where Eleanor the Faithful prayed. Here is her bed-chamber, communicating with that of the king, and still retaining traces of its rich ornamentation. Leading from it is an arched recess still called Queen Eleanor's Oriel, the windows of which, according to a contemporary poet, must have been finely stained: —

"In her oriel there she was,  
Closed well with royal glass;  
Filled it was with imagery,  
Every window by and by."

Here are stairways worn by feet that were stilled long centuries ago, and, in the deep thickness of the walls, the passages, dark and tortuous, through which those feet strode on errands of business, or pleasure, or intrigue. Here are stone benches that seem still to keep the impress of the forms that through the slow generations shaped and hollowed them. We looked through openings in the "crannied walls," through which death and destruction had rained on many a besieging army.

Far below us, as we stood on the lofty battlements, lay the walled town, with its massive semicircular towers, so powerful once for defense or attack, so useless now as they slept in that serenest air. Close about the castle clustered the cottages and gardens of the people, but they only added to the impressiveness of the picture. Just at our feet was a pretty stone house, its courtyard gay with flowers, the castle wall forming one of its boundaries.

It is with the beauty and grandeur of the hoary pile that we have to do; not with its history. Yet it may not be amiss to say that it was built by Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, and a nephew of William the Conqueror; and was rebuilt and enlarged by Edward I., in 1284.

Descending from the heights at last, after many a lingering look at the winding river, the quiet valley, green and golden in the sun, the distant hills, and the bold headlands jutting seaward, we went down into the inner court and out on the terrace, under the windows of Queen Eleanor's Tower. Surely she must often have sat there with her knights and ladies, the fair, sweet woman whose memory is fragrant even yet, rejoicing as we did in the soft sunlight and the beauty of earth and sea.

At last we tore ourselves away, and the next morning took the earliest train for Caernarvon, pausing at Bangor for a view of the Menai Straits and of the two famous tubular and suspension bridges. Both are beautiful in their strength and symmetry, but the woman must know more than I of scientific engineering who undertakes to give any idea of them. Let us hasten on to Caernarvon.

The town itself was not attractive to us: solely, it may be, because it happened to be hot and dusty. It was founded by the Romans, who gave it the name of Segontium. The river that flows near the town is called the Seiont, but whether the river named the town or the town the river is an open question. *Coed-helen*, a wooded height opposite, tradition says was so called in honor of the Empress Helen, the mother of Constantine. In addition to its Roman history, Caernarvon was the headquarters of the English government in Wales after the conquest by Edward, — all which goes to prove that it ought to be of great interest to the antiquarian.

Leaving our luggage at the station, we sallied forth to find the castle. Traveling, like life, is a succession of choices. One cannot see, or do, or have, or be, everything. How to choose the best is the great problem. We chose the castle here. Shall I confess it was a disappointment, as oftentimes more important choices are? "More picturesque than Conway," say the guide-books, and

"much finer." Externally it is in a state of almost complete preservation, and it is undeniably a grand and beautiful structure, with its well-kept walls and imposing towers. But its commonplace adaptation to the uses and needs of to-day, the ground floor of the Queen's Tower being a Freemason's hall and an armory, and the second a museum, while the lower basement of the far-famed Eagle Tower is a magazine and a drill-room, made it to our minds far less impressive than Conway, sitting silent in its proud desolation.

Yet Caernarvon, too, has its keen human interests, the associations that give it the glamour of mystery and romance. To its mighty walls, as to a fortress, Edward brought Eleanor in the spring of 1284, — before Conway had been made ready for her reception. The stronghold was but just finished, and it is said to present to-day, externally, the same appearance it presented when the beautiful and stately queen first entered the stupendous gateway which is still known as Queen Eleanor's Gate. Miss Strickland places this gate in the Eagle Tower, which is on the southwest corner, commanding the Menai Straits. But this must be a mistake, unless the local traditions and the very ground plans of the ancient castle are greatly at fault. The Queen's Gate, composed of two great towers and of Gothic arches, is at the extreme east. It is at a great elevation from the ground outside, and was approached by a drawbridge only.

At the foot of Eagle Tower we stood looking up at a small window, a mere slit in the heavy masonry. Should we venture the climb? For in a chamber lighted only by that window Eleanor gave birth to the unfortunate Edward II., the first Prince of Wales. There was but one answer to the question. Up, up, up, a flight of winding stone stairs, dark and narrow, and worn into great uneven hollows that made the footing most insecure, we ascended, till we reached a

little room, a veritable eyrie, far up in the tower. Dreary and gloomy enough it is now. It was dark, cold, and forbidding even in the brightness of that summer day. But Eleanor was the first woman in England who used tapestry as garniture for walls, and the marks of the tenter-hooks are still visible in the small den. For it is only that, — more unhome-like than a prison cell. Let us hope that when its rough stones were well lined with soft hangings, and when perhaps warm furs and soft cushions covered the floor, it was a warm and cozy nest for the wife whom Edward was proud to say he loved “above all earthly creatures,” *la chère reine* to whose memory he erected the thirteen crosses. The view from the top of Eagle Tower may well be as magnificent as the ancient chroniclers declare, but we were content with our present altitude and went no higher. “Facilis est descensus Averni”? Perhaps so. But the descent of the stairs in Eagle Tower is a thousand times worse than the going up. It is to be hoped that when Queen Eleanor had occasion to come down, there was some more royal road to *terru firma*.

Three days after his birth, — from the Queen’s Gate, it is said, — Edward presented his son to the haughty Welsh barons as their future ruler, the Prince of Wales. “Give us,” they had cried, “a native prince, whose tongue is neither French nor Saxon; and if his character is void of reproach, we swear that we will accept him.” They were caught in a trap, yet what could they do but submit? Surely the child was a native prince, he spoke neither French nor English, and his character was unimpeachable!

It was late in the afternoon when we left the castle, and strolled slowly back towards the station. “Saint Katharine,” I said, “I’m hungry. Can’t we manage to get our lucheon in some place that shall have a Caernarvonish flavor? The Hotel Royal will be just like every

other royal hotel. Let us do something new!”

For answer she darted into a bookstore we were just passing. I followed, to find her making suit, after her own gentle fashion, to a calm-faced, gray-haired man, who was smiling benignly at her from behind the counter. “Certainly,” he was saying. “Go to Mrs. Pownal’s. That is the place you want;” and he pointed out the way.

Mrs. Pownal’s proved to be, on the first floor at least, a little shop, a sort of bakery, whose small counters were laden with buns, seed-cakes, tarts, and muffins ready to toast, all giving out so sweet and spicy an odor that they would have met the warm approval of Tom Brown and his Rugby friends. There should have been a school close by. “There must be,” said Saint Katharine. “Think of so many tarts, and never a schoolboy to eat them!” For in all our wanderings in England we found the dame’s shop-window, full of goodies, was sure to be very near the gate of the school close. This time, however, they did not seem to be in conjunction.

“Luncheon? Up-stairs, if you please,” said a little white-capped maid; and up we went, through a narrow, winding way, into a cool, shaded room, with green hangings, a long, empty table, plenty of chairs, and a sofa. Its sole occupant was a gentleman, who sat before a grate in which a small fire was smouldering, notwithstanding the warmth outside. It was purely for ornament. He saluted gravely, and went on reading his newspaper.

“If you want anything foreign, you must go to the Continent,” said our friends, before we started. But the whole atmosphere of that little place was foreign, even to the flavor of the gooseberry tarts. You could find nothing like it in America if you hunted from Maine to California. Why can’t one put the soul of a place into words? Mrs. Pownal’s was as unique, in its way, as Bloss-

soms, in Chester. The gentleman finished his newspaper, and departed. A spotless cloth was spread for us on one end of the long oaken table, and a plentiful luncheon of cold meats, thin bread and butter, some of those fragrant tarts, and ginger ale was served, for the enormous sum of ninepence each. That, surely, was "foreign" enough for anybody. The price, I mean.

Rested and refreshed, we took the five o'clock train for Llanberis, where we were to pass the night. Thus far we had seen only the fair, fertile, park-like valley of the Conway, the green heights about Bangor, and the straits of the Menai. Hardly had we left the station at Caernarvon when the whole landscape changed as by magic. Towering ranges of hills arose on either side, rough, weather-beaten, and frowning. Hedges gave place to stone walls. Over the wild and rocky pastures sheep and cattle were roving. Several times we crossed the Seiont, famous for its fishing. Near Bont Rythallt station we caught a fine view of the Eryri Mountains, with the Llanberis lakes stretching to their feet. Passing on, to the left lay the great slate quarries; to the right, the rugged hills; while directly in front of us Snowdon pierced the clouds with its mighty shaft, and the venerable ruins of Dolbadarn Castle overlooked the blue expanse of the lake. This was more like the Wales of our dreams; but before we had had time to take in the magnificent panorama we rolled into Llanberis, where a comfortable, if high-priced, hotel received us. Comfortable, if it had not been for the glaring white walls of our chambers, with the beds facing the great windows, uncurtained save by white shades, that did but intensify the glare. But we pinned up our shawls, and made the best of it, remembering Shakespeare's tourist, who says, "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content."

We were tired enough to go to bed;

but there was the pretty, picturesquely set town, at which we were fain to take a peep. Its slate quarries employ twenty-five thousand men. The owner gave them three days' holiday at the time of the Jubilee, and offered to pay the fare of all who wanted to go up to London. Only forty out of the whole small army accepted the offer. I asked why. The answer was that to the Welsh quarrymen London seems as far off as the moon, and almost as inaccessible. No such remote and hazardous journeyings for them. The wise man stays at home of a holiday, and smokes his pipe at the door of his cabin; or he takes a stride over the hills; or, if musically inclined, he goes to an Eisteddfod.

We had been shown a photograph of a charming little inn, all gables, and bay-windows, and shaded porches, vine-covered to the chimneys, rose-wreathed, and embosomed in stately trees. It was in Bettws-y-coed, if you please, — pronounced, as nearly as I can come to it by phonetic spelling, Bettūs-y-coyd, — and it looked like a very haven of rest. There we determined to put up for repairs; and after having come to that conclusion (for we were not traveling by rule and measure), everything imaginable, from sewing on buttons and mending gloves to the writing of interminable letters "home," was put off till we should get to Bettws-y-coed, the fair "Station-in-the-Wood." It became a standard joke, a by-word. Everything would come to pass when we got to Bettws-y-coed. Thither we went the next morning, — a sixteen-mile drive through the famous pass of Llanberis, — in a queer vehicle called a "break," not unlike a Scotch wagonette, but capable of holding at least a dozen people. A fine coach starts from another hotel, but as to this fact our landlady was, unfortunately, in the depths of ignorance. But whether by break or by coach, the drive was something to store away in one's memory. All the way,

even when we could not see it, we felt the near presence of the monarch of Welsh mountains, and knew it was towering above the long valley, with its attendant peaks, Lliwedd and Crib Coch, on either side. Much of the way the rugged hills shut us in, lifting their strong, bare, rocky shoulders close beside us, to right and to left, and leaving just space enough for the roadway. This was as smooth and level as a floor, though we gradually ascended to the height of 1250 feet. Bordering the road, in lieu of the English hedges, were broad stone walls, so solidly put together that they looked as if they might last forever. Occasionally we caught sight, beyond, of Alps on Alps sharply defined against the clear blue sky, while the low valleys lay deep in purple shadow, or golden with the indescribable glory of that summer day. At length we drew up before the door of the little inn of Pen-y-gwryd, "at the meeting of the three great valleys, the central heart of the mountains." As the hostlers watered the horses, we looked about us with interested eyes, for this is the scene of a powerful chapter in Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*; and it was from this hospitable door that Elsley Vavasour rushed, like the madman that he was, for his fearful midnight flight up the Glyder Vawr. "P-e-n-y" — spelled Saint Katharine, looking with dismay at the array of consonants. "How are we ever to pronounce it? And how are we to remember it unless we can give it a name?"

"We call it 'Penny-go-rood,'" laughed the soft voice of a young English lady. "Be content with that. Of course it is not right, but you will hardly get any nearer to it." Therefore as Penny-go-rood the bright little spot, with its look of hearty good cheer, was labeled and stored away, — a picture to keep through all the coming years.

Here two Welshwomen, of perhaps the lower middle class, though it was not quite easy to place them, strode out

of the inn, each with a black hand-bag, and scrambled into the two vacant seats in the break. They were incredibly ugly, — sisters, if not twins, — as alike as two peas; both tall, gaunt, hard-featured, without one trace of womanly grace or softness. Both wore plain, straight-skirted gowns of shiny black alpaca, which were well enough; but on their masses of coarse hair were perched jaunty little white straw sailor-hats, with bands and streamers of blue ribbon, forming two most incongruous haloes for their harsh, middle-aged faces.

At Capel Curig we stopped for luncheon. When we reached Bettws-y-coed, the driver reined up at the door of a hotel which was not the one for which we were booked. Not for love nor money would he go an inch further. "The end of me journey, mum," he reiterated over and over, the sole response to all our entreaties and expostulations. Out came the landlady, a tall, slight, graceful young woman, who cordially begged us to alight. The pretty inn looked inviting, and she was entrancing, with her soft dark eyes and cooing voice, tender as a dove's. But we explained as well as we could that we had engaged rooms at the house of her rival, and that there our letters were to meet us, etc. Finally she magnanimously ordered her own "Boots" to drive us to the other hotel, waving us an adieu with the grace and suavity of a duchess.

The photograph had not done it justice. The low stone cottage, wide, roomy, and rambling, with its garniture of ivies and roses, now in the perfection of their bloom, in its own fair, shaded, yet flowery grounds, was prettier than any picture. The village itself is, indeed, "beautiful for situation," with the "mountains round about it, as they were round about Jerusalem." The house was full, and there was much coming and going, — coach rides and "tramps" to the hills, to the waterfalls, to castle

this and castle that, and, more than all, to Snowdon. But the mending being done and the letters written, we were content to sit and rest, dreaming the hours away in pleasant idleness, two happy lotus-eaters that we were. Why should we try to see everything?

When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do: which, being interpreted, means, when you are in Wales, go to the Welsh church. When Sunday came, as the long, peaceful day drew near its close, we went down the shady road and over the bridge, in search of the parish church. There is also an English church, much finer and more exclusive, we were told. But we abided by our first choice. The building itself is modern, but the grounds look so old that it is probable it occupies the site of an older structure. A pavement of broad slate flagging runs round it, bordered with shrubs and flowers. Some very old graves were in the inclosure. There were several doors, and it was a question at which we were expected to enter. Two chubby-faced boys came round the corner in great haste. "Choir boys," I said, and was fain to ask for guidance; but they vanished like two flashes of lightning. At length, by ones and by twos, the worshippers began to assemble, and we followed the crowd. It is a curious place, to American eyes, that low Welsh church, — long, narrow, with stone walls, immense stone columns, brick-paved floor in the nave and choir, and tiled floor in the chancel. Imperishable it looked, even though it is the product of our ephemeral to-day, — as if it might outlast the pyramids; and it is as severely plain as any flagstaff. The congregation, made up as it was of the common people, the working classes, interested us greatly. There was hardly a person in the seats who would have been called, in common parlance, a lady or a gentleman. The clothes worn were rough and plain, but generally clean and

comfortable. Many of the men were in their shirt-sleeves. Behind us sat an old woman in black, the oddest of apparitions, who stared at us as if we belonged to another world. So small, so withered, so weather-beaten, was she, in a costume that belonged to past ages, that we certainly felt as if she did not belong to ours. A surpliced choir of men and boys — alas that I should have to say it, but those surplices badly needed soap and water! — discoursed sweet music, singing to Hamburg and other familiar old tunes their wild Welsh hymns. The air of the place was reverent. The voices in the responses were low and earnest. The young men and maidens were quiet and attentive; their elders were devout. As for the sermon, I understood but three words of it, "Apostle Paul" and "Galatia;" but it was, after all, as interesting as any I ever listened to. Earnestness is contagious, and the pale, earnest speaker held our absorbed attention from first to last. But it was easy to follow the service, which was that of the Church of England, and prayer is prayer, whether the tongue be Welsh or English.

At the close of the service a baby was presented for baptism, a tiny creature, with a long white robe and short sleeves tied with blue ribbons. The young mother was in deep black, as was the godmother. One of the surpliced choir acted as godfather, and we fancied the child's real father was dead.

With Bettws-y-coed our week in Wales ended. We wanted to go to Llangollen, sacred to the memory of the Ladies of Llangollen, and up the vale of Llanrwst, and to see the wild gorges of Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewelyn. But life is short, and journeyings are long. So we retraced our steps to Chester, thus gladdening our eyes with another sight of beautiful, many-towered Conway, and then slowly made our wandering way southward.

## STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE : AMONG THE WOMEN.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON says that there are two things "very much needed in these days," and the first is "for rich men to find out how poor men live." The individual manufacturer can do little to ameliorate or alter the workings of the present industrial system, but if each were to do that which he can, the aggregate effort would greatly ameliorate and alter the system. If manufacturers possessed an intimate knowledge of the daily experience of their operatives, it would waken a sympathy which must constrain them to do all they could to benefit them, and to try constantly to find methods in which to do more. By way of promoting this intimate acquaintance, it has seemed to me well to make the effort to approach as closely as possible to the daily existence of the operatives, and to describe their homes in this paper. There are some results of tenement ownership by the manufacturers which, while they affect the material fortunes of the male operatives, also influence very decidedly the conditions in which the stream of ordinary life moves for the women and children. When a whole village or a large portion of it belongs to one man or to one company, whose function of landlordism is only accessory to another business, it is true that sanitary regulations may be enforced on a wholesale scale; but in addition it is unfortunately true that the large and varied demands of the whole business occasionally make sanitary neglect quite possible, and cause unsavory corners to be overlooked. No moral excuse can be made for such carelessness, but it is probable that the women and children are at least as secure from the dangers arising from such neglect as they would be if the houses were owned by many different landlords, who would not act in concert as to such matters. The village institution as at present administered, and perhaps inevitably, renders removal from town to town so easy as to foster a nomadic spirit which is inimical to domestic thrift; still, it affords a probability of shelter in any place to which an operative family wish to go, actuated by the hope of getting easier work or better pay, and this feature of the system must often be a decided comfort to anxious souls and weary bodies. If a family has in it members who can work, it is pretty sure of being able to obtain in any village a dwelling within convenient distance of the mill in which they are to be employed. This probability, so cheering to those who need the home, must be held to offset, in a measure, the pain which, as has been intimated in a former paper, is sometimes caused when a family which is no longer able to contribute to the factory service is obliged to vacate in favor of new-comers, and to seek some less loved or more expensive residence. The mill tenements are cheap. No landlords except the mill proprietors would maintain the rents at such a low rate. They do it, not, it is to be feared, from motives of humanity, but because it is to their interest to attract a population which can furnish them workers; and they are the more able to afford it, because they are certain of being paid out of the wages of their help. Each mill-owner wants his property together, so that the oversight of it all may be easier; and he also desires to have his tenements, if possible, nearer to his own factory than any other, in order that stray members of the force will not be likely to seek less convenient employment. Such proximity of dwelling and working places could hardly be secured by any other system at all harmonious with the general institutions of property and busi-



ness that distinguish the society of this age.

The land near the mills is now so valuable that the workers can, unfortunately, seldom be householders. Or if they did come into possession, they would probably soon become landlords themselves, using their property to bring in to them a money income. All owners except the manufacturers would lack alike the security as to payment of house-dues, and the motive for trying to accommodate the operative class as tenants. Rents would be raised, and the mill families driven to seek homes in the distant suburbs. The land now occupied for tenements would probably be diverted largely to business purposes, and this would accelerate the removal of the factory population to habitations less convenient for their use than their present ones.

It is of some importance to a fourteen-year-old girl, as she trembles on the verge of womanhood, whether she must walk a mile or only a few rods, before half past six in the bitter-cold mornings of winter, as she goes every day to her labors. It concerns her, moreover, somewhat that her often too scanty wages shall not be worn away in paying carfare, when the distance is such that she cannot walk it, or the cold is too fearful for prolonged exposure. The weary mother, also, who has housework as well as millwork to do, is glad that she needs not to consume much of her time in going from one scene of labor to another. The women who inhabit factory tenements, while they may have troublesome neighbors, or even drunken ones, are reasonably safe from the danger of having to live in any house in which liquor is sold. So much alleviation to their lot is secured by this dubious system of tenement ownership by the manufacturers.

A long acquaintance with factory-village life has brought to my knowledge some incidents and phases of experience

among the women, which I propose to relate in order to illustrate their condition. They will not all be found to bear directly on what is called the labor question, but they go to show how the people live and feel, out of whose needs and wishes, whose hopes and ideals, the labor movement has sprung.

First let us consider briefly the history of a woman who shall be called Hannah. She was of Irish birth, but came to this country when a child. She married a man who was intemperate, and after a while he left her, and died away from home. The oldest of her three children, a girl, developed epilepsy when only five or six years old. Hannah had two unmarried sisters. She kept house, and they lived with her, worked in the mill, and handed over to her their wages as if she had been their mother, or as if the family were constituted like some Russian peasant households, and she were its head. She had a bachelor brother, who, though he sometimes assisted her generously, did not make a common home and common purse with her, as the girls did. "My sisters," said she once, "might have saved hundreds of dollars but for helping me."

After several years one of the sisters died of consumption. She had been described to me as a fresh young girl, with beautiful hair. She looked like a worn old woman, as she lay on her death-bed. The last scene was a touching one. Hannah sat mourning in the kitchen, but in the tiny chamber a number of neighbors gathered about the couch. One woman read prayers aloud. A brown garment lay on the bed, and once some one lifted the gown and touched it to the lips of the dying girl. It was to be her shroud, and it had been blessed by the priest. Why she was expected to kiss her own burial-robe I do not know, and can only fancy the significance of the strange, sad rite.

After her death, Hannah went herself to work in the mill. She and her

remaining sister did their housework at night and in the morning. This rendered it difficult for them to be very economical about their food, as they were obliged to cook such viands as could be made ready in a short time, and the sister Ellen had to have meat. She could not work on bread and tea. They used, perforce, beefsteak at sixteen or eighteen cents the pound, in preference to cheaper meats that can be stewed, but which require long half-days of preparation.

Two of the children attended school, but the epileptic child could not be admitted, and it was difficult to know what to do with her. Sometimes her mother left her locked all day in the house. Sometimes she allowed her to wander at will. The village folks all became familiar with the figure of the crazy child. She was very crazy by the time she was ten years old, but she was straight and lithe, and carried herself with unusual grace. Her motions were quick and silent. Her dark hair was commonly tangled, and she had pathetic, beautifully shaped eyes. Hannah was very anxious about her. She trembled when any one came near her in the mill, lest he had come to tell bad news of the little one. Her forebodings of evil experience naturally increased as the helplessly ignorant girl grew towards womanhood. The mother's health began to fail under the strain of anxiety, hard work, and exposure to the weather as she went to and from the mill, and she showed symptoms of consumption. She could not wear very heavy clothing while at work in the factory, and when she came out into the cold winter air her shawl protected only her shoulders, and her thin skirts did not prevent her limbs from being chilled even in the short walk she took to her home. This is, I believe, the way many factory women dress and how they injure their health, and the knowledge of this fact may serve as a hint, to philanthropic

persons, of a good subject for popular instruction. These women really do not know how to clothe themselves. They do not even know that they need different clothing from what they have. They suffer with that curious submissiveness characteristic of their sex whenever dress is in any way the cause of their pain, and they do not think of altering the shape of a garment in order to insure comfort, any more than their well-to-do, well-laced sisters think of it. The gift of a long, thickly lined cloak, which protected limbs as well as body, actually marked a turning-point in Hannah's life. She ceased to have violent coughs, and grew stronger.

She was a very honest woman. The epileptic child needed expensive medicine. Sometimes it was given her, but the merest hint was sufficient to let her know if any particular bottle was not intended as a gift. She never failed to save up her money and pay the debt as soon as she could.

At times the Mission Fathers came to a neighboring church, and then Hannah took her afflicted daughter to them, hoping, perhaps believing, that they might cure her. But no such miracle was ever wrought. The terrible malady continued to prey steadily on the young life. One of its effects was to release the child from all consciousness of rank or caste, though she seemed to know something of race prejudices; for she surprised me once by asking wildly "what made the Yankees hate the Irish so." She did not sit, like Mordecai, at the gate, but stole silently and swiftly through the unguarded door of her richest neighbor, and appeared by his side as readily as by the hearth of the poorest man or woman. She came up fearlessly to whomever she would, and stood or walked in such company as she desired, without hesitation. Thus I remember her standing one autumn day in the garden, under the arch of grapevines, while she said, "Do you know what I

am wishing all the time? That I was in heaven, where I'd never be sick any more." Two or three days afterwards, she went on to the railroad just as the cars came along. Some one shouted to her, but she paid him no heed. The engineer saw her, and vainly tried to stop the train. She knelt down between the rails, — she was only a child eleven years old, — and as she knelt, looking at the engine, she put up her hands as if praying, and waited quietly till it struck her.

Her mother mourned, but her death was a blessing, and after that Hannah's fortunes mended somewhat. Relieved of her constant anxiety, she grew brighter and younger looking. She began to lay by a little money. Thirty dollars were saved out of her own and her sister's wages in the course of a year or two. Then the tidings came that an uncle had died in a neighboring State, leaving a small property. She and her sister were among the heirs, some of whom lived in Ireland, and had never been in this country. Hannah's lawyer wrote her that the property was mostly real estate, and if divided equally among the relatives would yield her and her sister together a little more than a hundred dollars. But he told her that if any of the heirs living in America chose to protest, the proceeds of the real estate might be prevented from going to the Irish heirs. If this were done, the sisters would have a much larger sum, about five hundred dollars. It was more than these women could hope ever to amass, or to obtain in any other way that life on this earth, in this century, made possible to them. Hannah did not hesitate at all. She said at once that she did not think it would be fair to keep her Irish cousins from receiving their portion, and she relinquished for herself, for her sister, and her children what must have seemed to her a fortune, and instructed her lawyer to let the property be divided equally.

Hannah's two remaining children

have grown up to be a comfort to her. The boy, however, has been delicate, and in consequence of his illnesses she has had to use some of the money she had laid by. The daughter does not earn very large wages, but she is employed in labeling the cloth made in the mill, and works in a nice room. "It does not seem like working in the mill," the mother said, with pardonable satisfaction. The girl is fond of music. Her father's family contain some persons who are professional musicians in a small way, and Hannah, with the help of the bachelor uncle, has bought for her a second-hand piano.

This is the history of a woman who has perhaps done her very best under the conditions in which life has placed her. Let us now consider briefly a factory family who have not done the best they could.

About ten years ago, a kindergartner, in a Rhode Island village, found two little girls in the street, who informed her that their father and mother were both at home sick in bed. Investigation revealed the fact that both parents were drunk, and further acquaintance with them established the additional fact that both were habitual drunkards. The father died in the course of a few years, and after that the family came directly under my own observation.

Mrs. Phelan is a woman of dissolute, haggard appearance; a shattered rather than a depraved looking person. She is not without ability. She usually keeps her floors in a condition approaching neatness, as such people understand neatness. She draws the line of effort, however, at her kitchen door, and her entry and staircase are dirty and foul.

Six or seven years ago, one of her sons was ill, and he was carried to a hospital. Learning there that he must submit to an operation, he became frightened, and insisted on being taken immediately home, and he has been ill ever since, and practically bedridden. A year

or two after this, a grown-up daughter, named Mary, died of consumption. During her last days she begged me to talk to her sister Maggie, a young married woman, and urge her never to drink. Soon after Mary's death, Mrs. Phelan's oldest son, a man about twenty years old, a hard drinker, fell a victim to consumption, and died. A little longer period elapsed, and then the youngest child, Katie, a pretty, delicate little creature, twelve years old, gave up her work in the mill, and lay down to wait for death. There was something terrible in the way these young creatures accepted death as their natural portion. They were passive and hopeless from the first. But more fearful was the neglect from which they suffered because of Mrs. Phelan's drinking. When sober she is a home-keeping body, but when there is illness in the house she wanders about all the time, drinking and rehearsing her woes, and neglecting to care for her children, sick or well. Yet when some charitable persons thought that Katie would be more comfortable in the almshouse, which was on a pleasant farm, the mother would not let her go, and the child did not want to go. So after lingering some months, never having a room nor a bed to herself during all her weary illness, the little one died at last.

During these years the married daughter, Maggie, stayed at her mother's a good deal of the time, so that she could leave her babies under her care while she was at work in the mill. Her husband seemed to be neither very good nor very bad. His own mother was a rough, drinking termagant, who had a habit of seizing her grown-up daughters by the hair, and striking them with such things as the stove-lifter. One of those daughters, by the way, though inefficient, was a most gentle, unselfish girl, whose history would serve to suggest a doubt as to who may be the fittest to survive, under a strict application of the law of evolution.

I do not know the exact details of Maggie's life, but she bore several children, and endured the frightful double burden which poverty joined to maternity lays on working women. It is quite common for mothers to work in the mill till a very short time before their children are born, and somewhat less common for them to go back very soon afterwards. I have been told of one woman that she went to work when her baby was only five days old. I have known of one case where the mother had moved from another town and had worked a day or two by the time that, according to her statements and to appearances, her baby was two weeks old. This woman was a worthless creature, who willfully neglected her children, and it will not do to hold society wholly to blame for all the miseries in individual lives, even when those lives have been brought under heavy pressure from social and economic institutions. Still, if the noblest men and women are to be called the "products" of our civilization, is it not necessary to admit this wretched mother to a place as also a "product" of that same civilization?

Maggie's health finally failed, and she "quit work," according to the mill phrase, and prepared to die. She had had a hard life, and she turned dry, sad eyes on her visitor one day, while she was still able to sit up and to sew a little for her children. "There's no cure for me," she said. "It's leaving them four young ones I mind."

There was money enough coming into the family at this time to make them quite comfortable but for Mrs. Phelan's intemperance. There was a son who would not work, and whom the mother would shelter and feed in spite of much advice to turn him out; but Maggie's husband earned good wages, and there was another sister, Lizzie, a fifteen-year-old girl, who was industrious. The Associated Charities also helped, but nothing could bring comfort into this house.

After Maggie took to her bed, lying in one room, while her bedridden brother lay in another near by, there would often be no one in the house for hours together, but the little children, to do anything for either sufferer. Mrs. Phelan was drinking worse than ever, and roaming about. When she was at home she was idle. Poor Lizzie generally went to the mill without eating any breakfast, and worked till noon on an empty stomach. "It ain't good for her," sighed, helplessly, the sick brother. He feared lest she should break down too, and his fears will probably be justified in the course of time. It is likely that Mrs. Phelan's cooking was not such as to tempt a delicate appetite, but factory women are often unable to eat before going into the mill; and though they do not usually go till noon without eating, they often work one or two hours before taking breakfast.

As death drew near, Maggie opened her heart a little to a visitor, and spoke of the suffering her mother's habits caused. "I'm strong enough," she said, "to have my bed changed, but mother does not offer to make it oftener than once a week; and Lizzie's so tired when she comes home, nights, from the mill that I can't bear to ask her to do anything for me." So day and night had she lain there, under conditions which cannot be described, and had refrained from asking service of her tired young sister. Out of the lowest depth of wretchedness that poor creature attained to such unselfishness. But it was all very pitiful, and death, when it finally came, must have been truly a comforter but for the "four young ones" she left behind, to grow up, probably to live, perhaps to die, as the old ones had lived and died.

Two years ago a ten-hour law was enacted in Rhode Island. Philanthropists and workmen urged the passage of the bill. They were concerned about the health of the workwomen, the under-

mining of whose strength involved not only suffering, but the weakness of the next generation. The manufacturers, so far as they took any action, opposed the law. Some of them were sure their business would be ruined, if it went on to the statute book. Others were merely afraid that financial disasters would be the result. The women themselves were not consulted, and, according to the fashion of the republic, had no part nor lot in deciding their own destiny. Various sorts of men, workmen, manufacturers, and legislators deliberated together about woman's flesh and blood, considered her maternal capacities and her muscular strength, and compared them with the exactions of business and of machinery. She stood and waited — or rather she worked and waited — their decision that sixty hours a week in a factory was enough for her and for her little children. The bill passed, and there was no financial collapse.

There is a young girl working in a thread factory in the State who was much pleased to have some more leisure time. She was taking a Chautauqua course of reading with her mother. She lives some distance from the mill, and so does not go home to dinner. Under the new arrangement she had an hour's recess at noon. She carried her book as well as her lunch, and employed the extra moments in reading. She was anxious to obtain a complete copy of the *Iliad*, having read some portions of it in the prescribed course, which made her desire to know the whole poem. She read translations of some of the Greek plays, and was glad to have the opportunity to borrow a version of the *Electra* of Sophocles; and when she returned it, she said she liked it better than any of the others she had read. This girl is, however, unique in my experience. She is a Protestant, of English parentage. From childhood on she has shown an earnest nature. She always tried to do what seemed right to

her, or what might help some one else. It was a terrible cross to her to be obliged to leave school when she was about fourteen, and go into the mill, but she did it; and her character shows its fine fibre now, in that she does her duty simply, trying constantly to improve herself, but not trying to get into any place which she is not fitted to fill thoroughly. She is not a sham lady nor a sham worker because she has a desire for something besides spindles and a taste for something other than clothes. She dresses simply, and is very willing to use her Saturday half-holidays visiting in behalf of the Associated Charities.

Homely but pathetic was the rejoicing of a hard-worked Irish widow over the ten-hour law. She had been the mother of thirteen or fourteen children, but most of them died; and last of all, her husband, a handsome man, whom she seemed to consider a being quite superior to herself, died, after a protracted illness. He did the housework long after he could not do other labor, so that she might be the chief wage-earner of the family. After his death, she said: "I fretted a deal for him, — I could n't help it. I know he had been sick a long time, but you miss a person just the same if they have been sick; an' he was such a clean man about the house, an' kept it so neat when he was able to be about."

In a worldly way she manages very well without him. She and a grown girl and two young lads work in the mill. Two younger children profess to guard the house, and sometimes go to school. The daughter takes books occasionally from the village library, and she has read *The Scarlet Letter* and even the *Blithedale Romance*. She said she liked these stories about as well as she did Marion Harland's novels. The mother found the ten-hour law a great help. "Why," said she, "the extra quarter of an hour at noon gives me time to mix my bread; an' then when I comes home at night, at six o'clock, it is ready to put in the pans, an' I can do that while Katie sets the table; an' after supper, an' the dishes are washed, I can bake; an' then I am through, an' ready to go to bed, mebbe afore it's quite nine o'clock. Oh, it's splendid, the best thing as ever 'appened. I used to be up till 'way into the night, bakin', after my day's work in the mill was done."

She probably was glad of the Saturday half-holiday, because it gave her a good chance to do her washing. Holidays, to women like her, mean little but the time to do some different kind of work from that by which they earn their living. Her boy rejoiced in healthy fashion. "Saturdays," says he, "when you are let out at one o'clock, you don't feel as if you'd been at work at all."

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

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## BOSTON MOBS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

KING GEORGE III., whose virtues would have shone radiantly in a narrow sphere and a lowly station, was a conscientious dullard, with so little intellect that there was no room for him to wander in his mind, and there was no need of his going far to wander out of it. He was

the prime cause and mover of American independence. While meaning to be a stern step-father, he unwittingly became father of a country that disclaimed him, and he deserves to be commemorated in statue, portrait, and history for his unintended yet genuine paternity. In the

good which he did not mean to do he was seconded, on this side of the Atlantic, by a noble array of as pure, unselfish, and self-devoting patriots as the world has ever seen, — men whose names grow brighter as the years roll on, — many of them as well known to lovers of liberty in the Old World as to those who share the heritage of their wisdom, toil, travail, and blood. Among them, the foremost place undoubtedly belongs to citizens of Massachusetts, — a primacy which Virginia alone could pretend to challenge. These men had among their most earnest and efficient helpers almost all the Congregational clergy of the province, and the pulpit, as in the time of the late civil war, often voiced in advance the utterances of the town-meeting or the representative assembly. There was, too, a large body of quiet, substantial citizens in full sympathy with the leaders of opinion, and ready, when the time should come, to give material aid, and to take up arms in vindication of liberty and right.

There was, at the same time, in and about Boston, a large mob element, professing ardent patriotism, and commonly regarded as having been auxiliary to the movements which issued in the war of independence. But it will appear to the impartial student of history that this element was in every respect as harmful and detrimental as it was unlawful and immoral; that it thinned the ranks of the patriots, disgusted many worthy citizens with the cause which it professed to further, and inured mainly to the benefit of the northeastern provinces, where refugees from Massachusetts sought new homes.

The navigation acts of the seventeenth century, affecting all the British colonies, had greatly restricted the commerce of the North American provinces, and had necessitated the establishment of custom-houses and the appointment of revenue officers. At the same time, the policy that has proved so ruinous to

Ireland was pursued, — that of prohibiting or obstructing the manufacture of such commodities as the mother country could furnish. But the duties demanded were not oppressive, and were regarded as regulative rather than revenue-yielding; their collection, it was said, costing their entire amount several times over. The colonists had become accustomed to the existing state of things; their investments and industries had taken shape in the mould furnished by the home government, and they were in a highly prosperous condition. The provincial governments had levied taxes, not only for their own support, but largely for the maintenance of military operations against the French, yet always by the vote of the provincial legislatures, though sometimes not without strong pressure from royal governors.

On the accession of George III. there was a general feeling of contentment. Had the mother country made no further encroachments on the liberty of the provinces, though independence would have been a necessity of the remote future and the fond dream of far-seeing souls, the new king might have lived out his long life-day before the British Empire would have been dismembered. But his mania was to rule no less than to reign, and to make his rule felt rather than to have his reign rejoiced in.

Shortly after his accession, there was a legal skirmish about "writs of assistance," with which the king had nothing to do. Application was made to the superior court for added authority in searching private premises for smuggled goods. One who should come to the study of this chapter of our history without inherited opinions would feel certain that smuggling had become the rule, and not an exceptional practice, among the merchants; that the then existing administration of the customs was made utterly inefficient by evasion and concealment; and that Hutchinson, as chief justice, could not have failed to



set aside the very ingenious technical objections urged by Thacher and Otis as counsel for the merchants. The writs were pronounced legal; but the general feeling was so adverse to them that but little use was made of the liberty thus granted. The excitement with reference to them seems to have subsided, and James Otis, who had fought against the writs, and whose honest and ardent patriotism became in coming years a consuming fire for both soul and body, when he officiated as chairman of the Boston town-meeting in the spring of 1763, made an introductory speech as loyal as could have been uttered by the most courtly sycophant. His words were: "The British dominion now extends from sea to sea, and from the great rivers to the ends of the earth. Liberty and knowledge, civil and religious, will be coextended, improved, and preserved to the latest posterity. No constitution of government has appeared in the world so admirably adapted to those great purposes as that of Great Britain. . . . Some weak and wicked minds have endeavored to infuse jealousies with regard to the colonies; the true interests of Great Britain and her plantations are mutual, and what God in his providence has united let no man dare to put asunder."

Meanwhile, in the heart of the king, who, like that splendid historical personage, Nehemiah, was wont to take sole counsel with himself, but with a self as devoid as that of the Hebrew ruler was full of wisdom, and, under his controlling will, in the imperial Parliament, it had been determined that efficient measures should be taken for the taxation of the North American provinces; not, as before, for the restriction of their commercial intercourse, but for the avowed purpose of creating a revenue. The home government thus openly assumed the rightfulness of taxation without representation, and squarely met the issue, already raised prospectively by

the colonists, who had maintained that taxes could not be rightfully levied where the tax-payers through their representatives had no voice.

In 1764, a duty was laid by Parliament on various articles which, when imported in vessels belonging to Great Britain or her colonies, had been previously exempted from such charges, and especially on sugar and molasses from the British West Indies, which up to that time had been free of duty. In 1733, a heavier duty had, indeed, been laid on sugar and molasses, and on rum too, when imported from any other sources of supply than the British islands. But this act had been a dead-letter. The natural course of trade sufficed to bring from those islands all the sugar and molasses required for use; and though there had actually been a considerable amount imported from elsewhere, the duties had been almost uniformly evaded, and sixpence a gallon on molasses, unpaid, under the act of 1733, seemed much less than threepence, to be rigidly exacted, under the act of 1764. The principle involved and virtually avowed in this act, unless it should be disowned, meant, and could not but issue in, remonstrance, resistance, rebellion, revolution. It brought strong minds and brave hearts, public spirit and patriotism, into reconcilable antagonism against the home government. From that time onward, by non-importation agreements, by abstinence from dutiable goods, by public meetings, and through the press, legitimate action was taken with firmness and efficiency, and the patriot cause was in hands worthy of it, and under advocacy that could not but be intensely forceful.

At the same time, the molasses clause of the act, while equally odious with the rest in the minds of the whole community, drew forth the implacable anger and ungovernable resentment of the less sober and orderly portions of society. In great part in consequence of the

policy which had narrowed the range of provincial industries, rum distilled from molasses had become the principal manufacture of Boston, the only other industry that made any approach to it being that of the numerous rope-walks, with gangs of operatives that furnished a great array of consumers for the products of the distilleries. Rum was in universal favor. Documents of the time speak of it as the staple commodity; as the grand support of the trades and the fishery, without which they could no longer subsist; as a standing article in the Indian trade; as the common drink of laborers, timbermen, mastmen, loggers, fishermen, and whalemén; as merchandise made use of to procure corn and pork; as exported to Guinea, and exchanged for gold and slaves. Indeed, if the present dealers in strong drinks, who probably have not a great deal of literary talent at their command, should institute propagandism by the distribution of tracts, the best thing that they could do in behalf of their traffic would be to reprint the very able pamphlets issued in the rum interest after the act of 1764, thus corroborating their cause by the normal appeal to the wisdom of our ancestors.

We can find no authority as to the precise number of distilleries then in Boston. The sites of eight are marked on a very imperfect plan of the town drawn in 1733; there were at least thirty before the close of the century, and there cannot have been less than twenty in 1764. This state of things alone can account for the turbulent and obstreperous patriotism of the class of men who would have been the chief clientelage of the distilleries, but who had very little concern in the impending Stamp Act, which was an atrocious grievance to the merchants and the men of business, but which, had it preceded the molasses act, would hardly have been understood or cared for, still less opposed and resented, by the populace.

In March, 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, — strangely enough, though in close accordance with the royal will, without the royal signature, but signed by a commission; for the king was seriously ill, and though it was not then avowed, subsequent events leave little doubt that such feeble intellect as he had was then clouded by his first attack of insanity. This act, in itself arbitrary and tyrannical, was oppressive in the last degree, as it negatived the validity of transactions of every conceivable description in which unstamped paper should be used, and at the same time made the price of stamps exorbitantly high; for instance, two shillings for every advertisement in a newspaper, and from fourteen to nineteen shillings a ream for all paper used in printing.

The passage of this bill called out the intense and resolute opposition of all true patriots; the strong resentment of those on whom its provisions would have imposed a heavy burden; and the blind, brutal rage of the class of people who were not in the least affected by it, but who had been already stung to madness by the molasses duty, and welcomed the earliest plausible occasion for the outpouring of their wrath.

The first great riot was in anticipation of the arrival of the stamps and the inauguration of the stamp-office. On the morning of August 14, there appeared at what is now the corner of Washington and Essex streets two effigies hanging on an elm-tree, — one of them supposed to represent a stamp-officer; the other, a huge boot with head and horns protruding from it, intended to personate Lord Bute, the king's confidential friend, though no longer his prime minister. In the evening these images were carried on a bier, in procession, as far as Kilby Street, where was a new unfinished government building, falsely supposed to have been erected for use as a stamp-office. This the mob completely demolished, and, taking portions of its

wood-work with them, they proceeded to Fort Hill, where they made a bonfire in front of the house of Andrew Oliver, who was to have been stamp-agent; burning the effigy of Lord Bute there, and committing gross outrages on Oliver's premises. The next evening the mob re-assembled at the same place, and built a pile of combustibles for another bonfire, in which Oliver was to have been burned in effigy; but learning that he had resigned his perilous office, they lighted the fire in his honor, gave three cheers for him, and did him no farther harm.

Hutchinson, the lieutenant-governor, who was Oliver's kinsman, and was in his house at the time, urged the sheriff, though in vain, to take measures for suppressing the riot. This, of course, when it became known, was imputed to him as lese-majesty against the sovereign people. It was reported, too, that he had favored the passage of the Stamp Act. This, it seems very certain, was a groundless charge. In the previous year he had written to the secretary of the chancellor of the exchequer an earnest remonstrance against the taxing of the colonies, in which he had expressly said: "It must be prejudicial to the national interest to impose parliamentary taxes. The advantages promised by an increase of the revenue are fallacious and delusive. You will lose more than you gain. Britain already reaps the profit of all their trade and of the increase of their substance. By cherishing their present turn of mind you will serve your interest more than by your present schemes." There is not the slightest proof that Hutchinson had changed his opinion, or had up to that time said or written anything which he might not have avowed with the entire approval of every intelligent citizen of the province who was not an ultra Anglican and royalist. Of course, after the passage of obnoxious measures which he had deprecated, it was his part, as a public functionary, to favor and counsel

submission to the law. The only alternative would have been the resignation of his office, and this probably no one would have demanded or expected of him.

But on the night of August 16, the night after the mob had left Oliver's house unharmed, substantially the same body of men surrounded Hutchinson's house, in Garden Court Street, at the North End, and called for him to appear on his balcony, to give an account of himself as to the Stamp Act. He barred his doors and windows, and remained within. One of his neighbors, alarmed, no doubt, as to the safety of his own property, coined a convenient lie, telling the mob that he had seen Hutchinson drive out just at nightfall, and that he had gone to spend the night at his country-house in Milton. On hearing this, the mob dispersed, having done no other damage than the breaking of windows.

The popular fury had now become so ungovernable and perilous that the governor took refuge in the Castle, leaving Hutchinson to bear the brunt of this vehement hostility. Shortly after his retreat, on the 26th of August, occurred a riot as disgraceful as any on record on either side of the Atlantic. It commenced at dusk with a bonfire in King, now State, Street. One of the firewards attempted to extinguish it; but after an ineffectual endeavor to warn him off, he was driven from the ground by a severe blow from some unknown person. The fire was doubtless kindled as a signal for the assembling of a ruffianly body of disguised men, armed with clubs and staves. They first went to the house of the register of the admiralty court, broke into his office in the lower story, and fed the fire, hard by, with the public archives in his keeping and with all his own private papers. They next went to the house of the comptroller of customs, in Hanover Street, tore down his fences, broke his windows, demolished his fur-

niture, stole his money, scattered his papers, and availed themselves of the wine in his cellar as a potent stimulant to still greater excesses. They then proceeded to Hutchinson's house. He and his family had barely time to escape; otherwise murder would, no doubt, have put the climax to the criminal transactions of the night. The rioters hewed down the doors with broad-axes; destroyed or stole everything that was in the house, including nearly a thousand pounds in money, much valuable plate, and papers which, if preserved, would, in antiquarian eyes, be worth many times their weight in gold; and still further maddened by the contents of the cellar, broke up the roof, and commenced tearing down the wood-work.

There exists competent evidence that the municipal authorities had timely notice of the pendency of this riot, and the only tenable hypothesis is that they felt utterly unable to cope with the infuriated populace. They did, however, what men more prudent than brave are prone to do: they carefully closed the barn door after the horse was stolen. They held a town-meeting the next day; denounced the rioters by a unanimous vote, in which, it is said, many who had been foremost in the affair gave their assent to their own condemnation; and desired the selectmen, the magistrates, and all good citizens to use their utmost endeavors to prevent a repetition of such proceedings. That the real patriots had no sympathy with this turbulent element of society appears from an extant letter of Samuel Adams, by far the most democratic of their leaders, in which he calls these doings of the mob "high-handed outrages."

The custom-house was selected for assault and pillage on the following night. The collector somehow gained information of this purpose. He had in his custody about four thousand pounds in specie, which could not be removed so secretly as to elude the espionage of

eyes intent on rapine and plunder. The governor had ventured into town from his hiding-place, and at the urgent demand of the collector called out the cadets, who constituted his special guard. The mob assembled. The commanding officer addressed them first with persuasion, then with threats, but in vain. Driven to extremity, he ordered his company to prime and load, and then begged the rioters to retire. They remained immovable until the order was given to "aim," when a tumultuous retreat ensued. •

Several of the rioters of the 26th were arrested and committed for trial; but a formidable body of sympathizers, undoubtedly fellow-criminals, went by night to the jail, forced the jailer to deliver up the keys, and released the culprits.

There were subsequently various public demonstrations of a disorderly character; effigies of unpopular members of the home and the provincial governments were hanged and burned, and there were frequent displays of violent hostility to the administration; but it was not till June, 1768, that there was another dangerous and destructive riot. In this there cannot be the slightest doubt that the mob had on their side as little moral justification as legal right. A sloop belonging to John Hancock arrived from Madeira, laden with wine. The tide-waiter who should have taken account of the cargo was forcibly confined in the cabin, while the cargo was taken out of the hold in the night, and removed in drays. The captain of the sloop, the next morning, entered at the custom-house four or five pipes of wine, and perjured himself, as every one knew, in swearing that this was all that he had brought into port. The vessel was very properly seized for false entry, and removed to a mooring where she could be guarded by a frigate then lying in the harbor. A mob was speedily collected, and as the rabble could not get posses-

sion of the sloop, they attacked the revenue officers. The collector, his son, and two inspectors received the most barbarous and brutal treatment, were badly bruised and wounded, and hardly escaped with their lives. The mob next went to the house of the inspector-general and to that of the comptroller of customs, and broke their windows. They then dragged the collector's boat to the Common, and burned it there. That the good citizens of Boston did not consider this a normal or creditable proceeding would appear from the course adopted by the municipal authorities in a case that occurred in the following month. A vessel laden with molasses was seized for violation of the law of entry, and a company of law-breakers confined the officers in the cabin and carted off the cargo. The selectmen took possession of the molasses thus illegally removed, and caused it to be replaced on board of the vessel.

When we consider the lawless condition of Boston, there cannot be any question that Bernard, the royal governor, was fully authorized to seek the presence and support of an armed force. The crown officers were in rightful possession of their offices; it would have been the most culpable poltroonery for them to desert their posts and set sail for England, and thus leave anarchy behind them. Meanwhile, their lives were in peril, and they had an unquestionable right to demand competent protection. This they could have only by sending out of the province for it. There was then no part of the civilized world in which the phrase "police force" would not have been a contradiction in terms. Even in London, the happy admixture of senile and anile attributes was the chief characteristic of the nominal guardians of the public peace, and Dogberry's part on the stage had enough of verisimilitude to seem no caricature. The colonial militia could not have been relied upon; for the mob must have

been largely represented in its ranks. Nor could dependence have been placed on the cadets; for Hancock, in whose behalf the last great riot had been perpetrated, was an officer of that corps. The only recourse was to the importation of troops, — a measure which legal modes of remonstrance and resistance by patriots worthy of the name would never have rendered necessary or justifiable.

The British soldiers were, of course, a burden, a nuisance, and an annoyance, and they could not have been otherwise. Individually they were not gentlemen, and they could not have been expected to be so. Yet had their presence been desired or welcome, there is no reason to suppose that there would have been any unpleasant collision with them.

Two regiments, of about five hundred men each, arrived on the 28th of September, 1768. The first token of resentment on the part of the populace occurred but eleven days after their arrival. The colonel of one of the regiments had ordered a guard-house to be built on the Neck. The site was visited in the night by a party of the aggrieved towns-people, who tore down the frame of the building and cut it in pieces, so that no part of it could be put to further use. From that time there were perpetual quarrels and a brisk interchange of contumely, abuse, and insult between the soldiers and the inhabitants, in which the gangs of rope-makers bore a prominent part. Some of these affairs were of a serious and alarming character. There was, undoubtedly, no lack of ill blood on either side; but after patiently reading the contemporary record of what took place, we are inclined to adopt the statement of Samuel G. Drake, whose loyalty as a loving citizen of Boston no one can call in question, and who writes, — "That outrages were committed by the soldiers is no doubt true; but these outrages were exaggerated, and they, probably in nine cases out of ten, were the abused party."

Passing over intervening dissensions and tumults, we come now to the Boston Massacre (so called), on the 5th of March, 1770, — an occasion on which the loss of life was inevitable, and the only question was whether it should be among the soldiers or their assailants. The usual causes of strife between the ropemakers and the soldiers had of late been multiplied, and in the personal conflicts which almost necessarily ensued the soldiers were generally worsted. The special provocation on the 5th of March had not been such, on either side, as to account for what took place in the evening. The riot was evidently predetermined, as one of the bells was rung about eight o'clock, and immediately afterward bands of men, with clubs, appeared in the streets. Early in the evening there had been some interchange of hostilities, chiefly verbal, between soldiers and towns-people; but an officer had ordered his men into the barrack-yard and closed the gate. About nine o'clock, a solitary sentinel, in front of the custom-house in King Street, was assailed by a party of men and boys, who pelted him with lumps of ice and of sea-coal, and threatened him with their clubs. Being forbidden by the rules of the service to quit his post, he shouted for help, and from the barracks hard by, in Brattle Street, a corporal and seven soldiers were sent for his relief. They were followed immediately by Captain Preston, whose object manifestly was to prevent or allay further disturbance. By that time the crowd was numerous, intensely angry, and determined on violence. The mob supposed the soldiers helpless, as it was believed that they were permitted to fire, under such provocation, only when ordered so to do by a civil magistrate. The rioters repeatedly challenged the soldiers to fire if they dared, and the torrent of coarse and profane abuse poured upon the soldiers is astounding, even in its echoes across the century, and might furnish

materials for an appropriate and edifying inscription on the forthcoming Attacks monument. The soldiers stood on the defensive while their lives were endangered by missiles, and till the crowd closed upon them in a hand-to-hand conflict. The leader of the assault was Crispus Attacks, probably not then a slave, if he had ever been one, for he had previously been foremost in a not unlike riot; and if he were any man's property, especially if, as some accounts say, he belonged to a Framingham man, his time would not have been at his own disposal. Then, too, if he had had an owner, the destruction of valuable property would have been among the atrocities charged upon the soldiers. The negroes claim him as of their race. His surname, and undoubtedly his father, appertained to the Natick Indian tribe. His mother may have been a mulatto, or of joint Indian and negro parentage. He can hardly have been more than a quadroon as to negro descent; for his stature, six feet two inches, his immense strength, and the savage war-whoop with which he led the mob indicate a minimum of black blood and a full share of the Indian physique. He knocked down one of the soldiers, got possession of his gun, and would, no doubt, have killed him instantly, had not the soldiers fired at that moment and killed Attacks and two other men, two more being fatally wounded.

There is no evidence that Captain Preston ordered the firing, though if he did he certainly deserved no blame, as the firing was for the soldiers the only means of self-defense. He was tried for murder, and acquitted. Chief Justice Lynde, eminent for his judicial integrity and impartiality, said, on the announcement of the verdict: "Happy am I to find, after such strict examination, the conduct of the prisoner appear in so fair a light; yet I feel myself deeply affected that this affair turns out so much to the disgrace of every person

concerned against him, and so much to the shame of the town in general."

The soldiers were also indicted for murder, and six were acquitted, — two, convicted of manslaughter, on evidence connecting their fire immediately with the death of persons slain. The most important testimony in the case was that of the celebrated surgeon John Jeffries, who attended Patrick Carr, an Irishman, fatally wounded in the affray. It is as follows: "He said he saw many things thrown at the sentry; he believed they were oyster-shells and ice; he heard the people huzza every time they heard anything strike that sounded hard; he then saw some soldiers going down towards the custom-house; he saw the people pelt them as they went along. . . . I asked him whether he thought the soldiers would fire; he told me he thought the soldiers would have fired long before. I then asked him whether he thought the soldiers were abused a great deal after they went down there; he said he thought they were. I asked him whether he thought the soldiers would have been hurt if they had not fired; he said he really thought they would, for he heard many voices cry out, 'Kill them!' I asked him, meaning to close all, whether he thought they fired in self-defense, or on purpose to destroy the people; he said he really thought they did fire to defend themselves; that he did not blame the man, whoever he was, that shot him. . . . He told me he was a native of Ireland; that he had frequently seen mobs, and soldiers called upon to quell them. Whenever he mentioned that, he called himself a fool; that he might have known better; that he had seen soldiers often fire on people in Ireland, but had never in his life seen them bear half so much before they fired."

That Attucks and his associates were patriots and martyrs is a recent discovery. They were not so considered in their own time. The event was com-

memorated by an annual oration for the next thirteen years. The first oration of the series refers to its occasion only in a few confused words in a single sentence about the "sudden dissolution of life, and the indiscretion, rage, and vengeance of unruly human passions," and then dismisses the subject for vague generalities. It was evidently too early for eulogy, or even for plausible excuse. The last of the series does not so much as mention the event which it was designed to keep in memory, and without even a single verbal change might have made a moderately reputable Fourth of July oration for this current year. Some of the intermediate orations speak with pity of the victims of that night, but not one glorifies them for the act for which they suffered. Indeed, the orators have a great deal more to say about Greece and Rome than about their own country, though there runs through all of their addresses a strong sentiment against standing armies and the quartering of troops upon a peaceful community, which if Boston had been, the troops would not have been there. The only seeming exception to this statement is the oration of John Hancock, in which he does not indeed pretend that the rioters were engaged in any lawful act or enterprise, but calls the transactions of that night "inhuman, unprovoked murders, planned by Hillsborough [who can have known as much of the affair as the man in the moon] and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston." This is the only instance in which even the most vehemently patriotic writers charge premeditation on the adverse side, and all the circumstances of the case show that if there was premeditation of murder, which we do not believe, it was on the part of the leaders of the mob.

We will omit the not infrequent causes and occasions of popular disturbance that intervened, and pass on to the destruction of the tea, in December,



1773. In this transaction some very respectable men were engaged, and they and their posterity were proud of it. But they were not proud of it at the time. In their disguise as Indians they were not recognized, and the few known names among them were not divulged till the rebellion became a successful revolution. None of the prominent leaders on the patriot side claimed to have been present, or to have advised the measure in advance, though we have evidence that some of them regarded it, if not with approval, at least as propitious to their cause. It probably made no patriots. We have proof that it turned the scales against the patriot cause with some who had sympathized with it and taken part in it. It may have hastened the inevitable appeal to arms; but if so, less haste might have been the better speed. Delay would have been more mature preparation, and might have shortened the war, and lessened its suffering and its bloodshed. Then, too, if the tea had been landed, no one was obliged to use or to buy it; and it was private property, therefore not rightfully at the disposal of those who took violent possession of it, and who were inflicting on its owners an injury for which they knew that there was no redress. This, however, may be said in behalf of the men engaged in the abnormal discharge of those cargoes, which can be said, so far as we know, of not a single other transaction of the kind in human history, — that the specific object was effected without the slightest damage to life or limb, or to any property save that destined for destruction.

The illegal seizure of the tea was in a certain sense parallel to the (so-called) respectable mob that in the infancy of the anti-slavery movement nearly killed Garrison, and made the jail his only safe place of refuge. Had slavery triumphed, and had the South held the North in willing subserviency and sycophancy, that mob would at this day be

the object and the subject of popular glorification: every man who belonged to it, or who was present, abetting and encouraging it, would claim his share of the glory; and it would furnish a roll of honor to hand down for a centennial celebration, in which every slaveholder in the land would bear part. But now that slavery is dead, and that the statue of Garrison has its place in the most fashionable avenue in Boston, there is no longer any merit in the endeavor to buttress a fallen cause. Had our Revolution failed, the disguise of the men who threw the tea overboard would never have been removed, and the best that history could say of them would be apology, not praise.

We have brought our narrative down to the eve of armed resistance. The disturbances of which we have spoken have generally been regarded and treated as subsidiary to the more sober deliberations which issued in open war and in the Declaration of Independence. But we are glad to find that one of the most honored citizens of Boston, a man, too, whose labors in various historical fields entitle him to the highest reputation, takes a very different view. Dr. Samuel Eliot says, in his *History of the United States*: "It is wiser to pass by such things with regret than to pause over their details as if they were the deeds of heroes. They sprang from strong feelings, we must allow, but not from strong principles; and so far from aiding the colonies in obtaining justice, did more than anything besides to increase the oppressiveness of the mother country. Bitterly, therefore, were they deplored by men like those who met in the Congress, or approved its acts of magnanimity." Dr. Eliot writes still further: "A constant tendency to riot on the part of a portion of the townspeople required as much energy on the part of the better class as any provocations from abroad against which they were contending." How true this must

have been, and what an unspeakable annoyance, discouragement, and hindrance all this popular fury must have brought upon the real patriots, will appear from the mere recitation of some of the names foremost in our grateful remembrance. Who can imagine such men as John Adams, Josiah Quincy, James Otis, James Bowdoin, as inciting, abetting, or sanctioning the sacking and pillage of private houses, the almost fatal outrages committed in defense of smuggling and perjury, or the murderous assault in which Attucks was the fit and honored leader? The marvel is that, with such heavy handicapping, the men to whom our country owes its birth were not driven back in despair to seek refuge in legal and measured oppression from lawless and immeasurable violence.

We find ample reason for believing that the spirit of misrule so rife in the lower strata of society greatly diminished the numbers of those actively opposed to the existing government, — that among the best men and citizens who remained loyal there were many who would have been ready to move at even pace with the leading patriots, had they not feared the ascendancy of a vicious populace. Massachusetts lost among persons occupying a high social position hardly less of sterling worth and of eminence either won or merited than she retained. The number of persons driven into exile from this province very far exceeded that of the banished from any other province. South Carolina alone can be compared in this respect with Massachusetts, and that, only because her soil was for a time hopelessly subdued, and occupied by the royal forces.

Nor is it by any means necessary to impute interested or sordid motives to the royalists. It was an open question whether a community liable to such outbreaks of popular fury did not need a strongly repressive government; and especially when the possibility of a separa-

tion from the mother country was contemplated, it was a matter of doubt whether such a people was fit for self-government, — a doubt which we have often uttered, heard, and read with reference to the French people in their long series of revolutions, and equally with regard to some of the Spanish-American republics, — a doubt which our Revolution certainly did not silence; for the disturbing elements which had their issue in the Shays Rebellion — embers of a fire smothered, but not quenched — rendered our state government insecure till it was welded into the Federal Union, and bore a large part in making nearly all the best citizens of Massachusetts Federalists, as opposed to the larger autonomy of the several States.

Hutchinson might have been saved for his country but for the vile treatment to which he was subjected. Born in Boston, a graduate of Harvard College, and, as his posthumous papers show, a lifelong lover of his native land, he cannot be proved to have favored any arbitrary measures of the home government until his house was robbed and gutted; and it is pardonable to human weakness that he should thenceforward, though evidently not without strong relents, have been a strict constructionist on the government side.

There was little or no rampant or demonstrative royalism in Massachusetts. The royalists were, in general, quiet citizens, indisposed to take part in public affairs, and desiring only to be let alone. Almost the only active partisanship on the royal side was such as was embodied in the discharge of official duties by the crown functionaries; and of the more important of these, several resigned their offices, yet without ceasing to be the objects of popular hostility, while several persons of high standing declined appointments under the government, yet incurred odium and violence by the mere fact of their having

been appointed. A man suspected of loyalty to the crown was not left at peace, but was liable to peremptory banishment unless he would swear allegiance to the Sons of Liberty; and if he returned he was subject to forcible deportation, and to death on the gallows if he returned a second time.

No less than three hundred and eight citizens of Massachusetts left the province, many of them driven away by mobs. Most of them lost all or the larger part of their property: some by arbitrary confiscation, and fully as many by outrages committed without even the pretense of legality. There may have been, there doubtless were, bad men among them; but we look in vain through the list of the banished and the refugees for a Massachusetts name on which rests any tradition of disgrace or infamy, while there were many who are known to have been among the best citizens of their respective communities. Cambridge lost nearly all her men of mark and high standing except those immediately connected with the college, and there were many of our country towns that were thus bereft of the very persons that had been the most honored and revered. Among the exiles were nearly one hundred graduates of Harvard College; and while we make no exclusive claim for the college, if the character of those men for intelligence and virtue was not below the average character of Harvard graduates in our time, they must have been no small loss to the infant State. It should be said here that the royalist tendencies of these graduates were not due to their college training. Harvard College was regarded as the hot-bed and seed-plot of sedition. Long before resistance was contemplated in political circles, from the time when, in 1755, John Adams appeared on the Commencement stage, there had been within the college walls a spirit of prophecy fraught with not far-off visions of freedom and independence.

Among the earliest non-importation agreements was that of the Harvard students, and in 1768 the senior class took their degrees in homespun apparel. As the crisis approached, it required tight reins and bits, not spurs, to keep the students in the foremost ranks of legitimate patriotism, and to make the existence of the very few that came from royalist families merely endurable.

Among the proscribed and banished were members of the old historical families, as of the Saltonstalls, the Sewalls, the Winslows, — families of which the exiled members were not one whit behind those that remained, in intelligence, respectability, and moral worth.

We find seventy or more of the Massachusetts royalists holding offices of greater or less importance in the still loyal dependencies of the crown, many of them having been put into places of high trust and large influence. They and their sons filled for more than half a century the chief offices in the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick judiciary; and they must have contributed to a degree not easily estimated to the elevation and progress of those provinces.

It is impossible to say how many of these royalists would have been on the patriot side, had the party opposed to the crown been kept under the control of its leaders. But they were, most of them, of the class of men that would have the lowest amount of tolerance for outrage and rapine; and when we consider how closely they were identified with the institutions and memories of their native province, and how little remains on record of anything like rancor or malignity on their part, there can be little doubt that a considerable proportion of them would have been saved for the republic, but for the very acts which posterity have been foolish enough to applaud; and for their loss our commonwealth was appreciably poorer for more than one or two generations.

We should not have brought this

chapter of our history into vivid remembrance, had we not been anticipated by the legislature in voting a civic monument to Attucks and his associate ruffians. It must be borne in mind that the State has not yet paid this honor to any one of her generals or statesmen of the revolutionary epoch, nor yet to Andrew, who made himself fully their peer in the throes of the country's second birth. About the time when this public

tribute was decreed to the rioters of the last century, there were within three or four miles of the State House two brutal mobs, professing to hurl stones and brickbats in championship of the rights of labor, for whose leaders, had they been slain by the police, our legislature must in self-consistency have voted commemorative bronze or marble, with inscriptions indicative of public respect, reverence, and gratitude.

*Andrew Preston Peabody.*

## THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS.

### IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE third episode of the Prometheus begins with the sudden and unannounced entrance of Io. She is an innocent maiden, daughter of Inachos, an Argive river-god. Being wooed by Zeus, she excited the jealousy of Hera, queen of heaven, whose priestess she had been. Hera partially or wholly transformed her into a cow, and she is wandering over the earth, watched at first, in Hera's interest, by the monster Argus, with his hundred eyes; after his death, goaded on by a gadfly. After world-wide roaming, she is to reach the delta-land of the Nile, where she will find rest, and in after years bear to Zeus a son, Epaphos.

Io seems, therefore, to be a signal example of injured innocence, suffering through the lawless caprice of Zeus. Prometheus so regards her; but the spectator is aware, and is, in fact, informed by Prometheus in this very scene, that her later life will be happy and honored, and that she is to be "the mother of a mighty race;" how mighty and glorious, indeed, Prometheus little knows. Here again, therefore, Prometheus, with his much-vaunted prophetic wisdom, is regarded by the poet as too short-sighted

rightly to measure the far-reaching beneficence of Zeus.

This strange character, Io, was originally, according to the interpretation usually accepted, merely the wide-wandering moon. The many watching eyes of Argus are the stars of heaven. Whatever its starting-point, however, the myth has certainly been modified through the knowledge obtained by early Greeks of the horned Egyptian goddess Isis, and of Apis, who appeared in the form of a bull. Indeed, Epaphos, the name of Io's son, is stated by Herodotus to be merely the Greek form of the Egyptian name Apis.

In Greek works of art Io is often represented as a cow. In our tragedy she has a human face and figure, but is horned. The monster Argus has been slain already by Hermes, Zeus' son and trusty messenger; but as this fact would tend to give a better impression regarding Zeus' treatment of Io, Hermes' name is here suppressed, for dramatic reasons.

It may be added that the poet's excuse for drawing into his plot the pathetic figure of Io, which so effectively heightens the momentary impression of Zeus as a cruelly unjust tyrant, is that her

descendant in the thirteenth generation, Heracles, is to release Prometheus.

THIRD EPISODE.

*Io (staring wildly about her).* What land,  
and what race? Whom, pray, do I see  
Yonder, so curbed in a bridle of stone  
And beaten by storms?  
Of what misdeeds does he suffer the pains?  
Reveal to me where  
On the earth I in misery wander.  
Ah me! ah me!

In rising excitement, *Io* bursts into a lyric lament over her wretched fate:—

*Still the gadfly stings me, wretched one!  
Avant! Alas! with dread  
Earth-born Argus' shape  
I behold, the herdsman hundred-eyed,  
Who with crafty glance doth go,  
Whom not even in death the earth conceals!  
In my misery he hounds me,  
Crossing from the dead below;  
Drives me fasting over pebbly beaches!*

The pipe *Io* now fancies she hears is perhaps a reminiscence of the music with which *Hermes* lulled *Argus* into a deep sleep before slaying him:—

*Soft and clear the well-waxed reed resounds  
Slumbrous melody!  
Whither do my wanderings lead me on,  
Wanderings afar?  
How, I pray, O son of Kronos, how  
Hast thou found me sinful, who am yoked  
Thus to agonies?  
Why with goading terror waste away  
So a trembling, frenzied girl?  
Burn me! Hide me in the earth! Or give me  
To sea-monsters for a prey!  
Do not grudge for me  
This, O lord, my prayer!  
Long enough my wanderings manifold  
Weary me, nor can I learn  
Where my miseries I may escape.  
Dost thou hear the hornèd maiden's cry?*

And *Prometheus* accepts as an appeal to himself what were really the closing words of *Io's* prayer to *Zeus*, and responds:—

Why hear I not the gadfly-driven girl,  
*Inachos'* child, who warmed the heart of *Zeus*  
With passion, and a journey exceeding long,  
Hated of *Hera*, now perforce completes?  
*Io* is amazed at this familiarity with her mishaps:—

*Who thou art who speak'st my father's name,  
Tell a wretched one.*

*Prithee, who, O sufferer, in my pain,  
Rightly greets me thus?  
Thou hast told my curse, by gods imposed,  
Which doth waste and goad me—woe is mine!—  
With its maddening sting.  
Pangs of hunger drove me bounding on,  
In my furious haste,  
Victim to the plots of foes infuriate.  
Who, alas, of wretches, who  
Suffers like to me?  
But, I pray, reveal  
Plainly what awaits me yet to bear:  
What the limit or the cure  
For my troubles, if thou knowest, say;  
Speak, and tell a wretched wandering maid.*

To this request *Prometheus* readily accedes, and a dialogue in calmer tone begins:—

*Prometheus.* Plainly I'll tell thee all thou  
fain wouldst learn,  
Not weaving riddles, but in simple speech,  
Even as is right to unseal the lips to friends.  
Thou seest *Prometheus*, giver of fire to men.

The name, though not the figure, of the devoted lover of mortals is evidently well known to the *Argive* girl. She replies:—

Thou general blessing of mankind, for what,  
Wretched *Prometheus*, art thou suffering so?  
*Prom.* I ceased but now bewailing my distress.  
*Io.* This boon, then, unto me thou wilt not grant?  
*Prom.* Speak what thou wilt. All mayst thou learn from me.  
*Io.* Tell who in this ravine has bound thee fast.  
*Prom.* *Hephaistos'* hand, but the decree of *Zeus*.  
*Io.* And for what sins dost thou atonement pay?

But *Prometheus* cannot endure this repetition of the sea-nymph's inquiries, to which he has made full response, and curtly answers:—

So much alone may I reveal to thee.

*Io's* thoughts turn at once to the prophetic knowledge which the Titan doubtless possesses concerning herself:—

*Io.* Yet show me, too, what time shall be the goal  
For me of wandering and of suffering.  
*Prom.* Herein is knowledge worse than ignorance!

*Io.* Pray hide not from me what I must endure.

*Prom.* This boon, indeed, I do not envy thee.

*Io.* Why dost thou hesitate to utter all?

*Prom.* I grudge not, but am loath to vex thy soul.

*Io.* Shield me not more than I myself desire.

*Prom.* Since thou art eager, I must speak : attend!

But here the leader of the chorus interrupts Prometheus, and insists that *Io's* previous mishaps be first narrated. In general, the reader will admire the skill with which the long story of *Io* is divided and taken up into the dialogue, instead of being permitted to detach itself from the drama proper, like the long speeches of Euripides' messengers. In such matters Æschylus by no means seems to "do right without knowing why," as Sophocles is stated to have remarked. It is rather the elaborate skill of an artist fully conscious of his art.

*Chorus.* Not yet! Accord me too in that delight

A share. Her troubles first let us inquire,  
While she narrates to us her weary fate.  
Her later toils let her be taught by thee.

*Prom.* *Io*, to gratify them is thy task ;  
The more as they are sisters of thy sire.

(Again Æschylus follows the Theogony of Hesiod, who says : —

"Tethys unto Okeanos bore the eddying rivers."

Hence Inachos, the river-god, *Io's* father, is brother to the sea-nymphs, who are also children of the same parents. It may be remarked, however, that *Io's* nature, and also her former life in her father's home, seem to be described quite as if she were a mere mortal maiden.)

For to bewail and mourn our destiny,  
When we are likely to obtain a tear  
From those who listen, well repays the time.

*Io.* I know not why I should not trust in you,  
And you shall hear all that which you desire,  
In simple speech. I grieve even while I tell  
How on me, in my wretchedness, there came  
This heaven-sent tempest, and my loss of form.

For nightly visions, haunting evermore  
My maiden-chamber, with their gentle words  
Enticed me : "Wherefore, O most blessed  
maid,

Dost tarry long a virgin, when thou mayst  
The loftiest nuptials gain? For Zeus is struck  
By passion's dart, through thee, and fain would  
join

With thee in love. And spurn not, girl, the  
couch

Of Zeus, but to the fertile mead go forth  
Of Lernè, to thy father's flocks and stalls,  
And sate the eye of Zeus of his desire."

And with such visions every night was I,  
Poor wretch, encompassed, till I dared to tell  
My sire what dreams in darkness came to me.  
And he to Pytho and Dodona sent  
Repeated messengers, to learn what he  
Must do or say to please the powers divine.

(Pytho is the original name of Delphi. Dodona is a still more ancient oracle of Zeus, among the oak-groves of Epirus.)

They came reporting dubious oracles,  
Ill understood, mysteriously phrased.

At last arrived an utterance distinct,  
That speaking plainly enjoined on Inachos  
To thrust me from my home and fatherland  
To wander far on earth's remotest bounds.  
If he would not, the fiery bolt from Zeus  
Would come, and utterly destroy his race.

Urged on by such replies of Loxias,  
He drove me forth and barred me from his  
home,

Against his will and mine. The curb of Zeus  
Forced him by violence to do the deed.  
Straightway distorted were my form and mind.  
Hornèd, as ye behold me, goaded on  
By the shrill gadfly, with a frantic bound  
I darted toward Kerchneia's current sweet,  
And Lernè's source. Insatiate in his rage,  
The earth-born herdsman, Argus, followed me,  
Watching with countless eyes the paths I trod.  
But unexpectedly a sudden fate  
Bereft him of his life; yet, gadfly-driven,  
I wander, scourged of gods, from land to land.

Thou hearest what has been. If thou canst  
tell

What toils remain, speak out! Nor, pitying me,  
Console me with untruthful words. A bane  
Most shameful do I call deceitful tales.

The sea-nymphs' sympathies are deeply  
stirred by *Io's* pathetic story, and  
they cry out in excited tones : —

*Ah me! Ah me! Refrain! Alas!*

*Never had I prayed that alien words*

*To my ears should come,*

*Nor that sorrows, griefs, and terrors*

*Hard to see and hard to bear,*

*With their goad two-edged should chill my soul.*

*Destiny, destiny! Woe is me!*

*Shuddering on *Io's* fate I look!*

The uncomplaining sufferer upon the cliff says calmly : —

Beforehand thou dost groan, and full of fright Art thou ; but hold, until the rest thou hear.

*Cho.* Speak thou, explain. To those in trouble, sweet

It is to know in full the pain to come.

The curiosity of the ocean-nymphs concerning Io's previous experiences being fully gratified, Prometheus takes up the tale of her later wanderings. Addressing first the chorus, he begins : —

Lightly your former wish, at least, have ye Obtained from me ; for first ye craved to hear While she related all her own distress.

Now hearken to the rest : what sufferings This girl at Hera's hand must yet endure.

(*To Io.*) Inachos' child, take thou to heart my words,

That thou mayst wholly learn thy journey's goal.

The vague geographical ideas embodied in the following account of Io's adventures were doubtless derived from the Greeks, who had established trading-posts in the Crimea and upon the neighboring shores of the Black Sea. Students of Herodotus will be frequently reminded, during this whole scene, of his later and somewhat more accurate accounts.

From here, first, toward the risings of the sun Turn thou, and tread across the fields untilled. Thou 'lt reach the nomad Scythians, who aloft In wicker-huts on well-wheeled wagons dwell, Equipped with bows, and arrows flying far. Approach them not, but, keeping close thy feet To the sea-beaten coast, pass through the land.

And on the left hand dwell the Chalybes, Workers of iron, whom thou needs must shun. Untamed are they, unfriendly unto guests. Thou 'lt reach the Hybristes River, rightly named.

(That is, River of Outrage.)

This cross not, — for 't is difficult to ford, — Until the highest Caucasus itself

Thou nearest, where the river bursts in might From the rock's face. The summits, near the stars,

Thou needs must climb, and southward turn thy way.

Then to the host of Amazons thou 'lt come, Haters of men, who shall hereafter dwell

By the Thermodon at Themyskyra.

There is the cruel Salmydessian strait,

Unkind to sailors, step-mother of ships.

They will be guides for thee right joyfully.

Io, it appears, can safely trust the womanly feeling of the Amazons. Incidentally, Æschylus endeavors to reconcile the accounts which placed this mythical race near the river Thermodon, in Northern Asia Minor, with the less familiar legend which located the nation of warrior women about the Sea of Azof. For this is the evident object of the prophecy of a migration in later times, a matter of no concern to Io or the daughters of Okeanos.

And now at the sea's narrow gates, thou 'lt come

To the Kimmerian isthmus. Fearlessly Leave this, and traverse the Mæonian strait.

The story of thy passage shall be famed

Among mankind forever. Bosphorus

Shall it be called. But leaving Europe's plain, Thou 'lt reach the Asian mainland.

(The Bos-poros, "cow-ford" according to the popular but probably erroneous etymology, is the channel just east of the Crimea, and is regarded by the dramatist as the boundary between the continents. All the regions heretofore mentioned are to be assigned to Europe.)

Here the poet avails himself of the opportunity for a natural pause.

Dost thou deem

The king of gods in all his acts alike

Lawless ? He wished, a god, to join to him

This mortal, and such wanderings has imposed !

A bitter suitor for thy wedlock thou

Hast found, O girl ! for what thou now hast heard

Consider hardly as the prelude yet !

*Io.* Oh, woe is me !

*Prom.* Thou criest again, and deeply groanest ? What

When thou hast learned the evils that remain !

*Cho.* Wilt thou, pray, tell her more of troubles yet ?

*Prom.* A harsh and stormy sea of fatal woe !

*Io.* What profits, then, my life ? Why did I not

Cast myself down at once from this rude crag, Earthward to plunge, and gain from all my toils

Release ? Far better is it once to die

Than all our days to suffer wretchedly.



There is both pity and disdain in the Titan's tone, as he contrasts her repining and his own stoicism; his centuries of agonizing torture and her briefer pilgrimage, with peace and glory assured to her beyond it: —

*Prom.* Truly thou wouldst endure my agony

But weakly, who am destined not to die,  
For that were an escape from wretchedness.  
And now there is no limit set for me  
Of miseries, ere Zeus shall fall from power.

This allusion arouses Io's curiosity, and thus the dialogue turns naturally to a different theme: —

*Io.* Could Zeus, then, be deprived of sovereignty?

*Prom.* Thou wouldst rejoice, methinks, to see that chance.

*Io.* Why not, since I from Zeus am suffering wrong?

*Prom.* Then mayst thou learn from me that this is true.

*Io.* Who shall his royal sceptre wrest from him?

*Prom.* He, from himself, by empty-minded plans.

*Io.* How? Tell us, if no harm thereby is done.

*Prom.* He makes a marriage which he yet shall rue.

*Io.* Divine or human? Say, if thou mayst speak.

*Prom.* Why ask with whom? This may not be revealed.

*Io.* Shall he, pray, lose his throne through her he weds?

*Prom.* A son she'll bear, more mighty than his sire.

*Io.* Is there no rescue from this lot for him?

This much, then, Zeus also doubtless hears; but the most important word of all, the name of the fatal bride, Prometheus is too crafty to utter. His next remark so astonishes Io that she interrupts it midway: —

*Prom.* None, unless I myself, released from bonds —

*Io.* Who shall release thee against the will of Zeus?

*Prom.* This falls to one of thy posterity.

*Io.* What! shall a son of mine free thee from ills?

*Prom.* In the third generation after ten!

*Io.* (after a pause). The prophecy still is hard to understand.

*Prom.* And do not seek to learn of all thy griefs.

*Io.* Proffer me not the boon, and then withhold!

*Prom.* Of utterances twain I'll grant thee one.

*Io.* Tell me of what, and give to me the choice.

*Prom.* I grant it. Choose if I shall plainly tell

Who will release me, or thy latter woes.

There seems to be no serious meaning in this choice offered by Prometheus. Indeed, he readily consents to satisfy the curiosity of the chorus in both matters. The identity of Thetis is not, however, indicated by Prometheus at any later point in the play, though that is what is here promised. Io is too excited by her own coming miseries, of which she is presently informed still more in detail, to tarry and listen to other words, and the entrance of Hermes soon after put an end to all confidential talk. This passage indicates that Prometheus' caution is deserting him.

*Cho.* Bestow on her the one, the other grace  
On me, and do not disregard my words.  
Relate to her the wandering yet in store,  
To me thy rescuer. This is my desire.

*Prometheus.* Since ye are eager, I will not resist,

But utter all, so much as ye have craved.

Thy mazy wanderings, Io, first I tell.

On thy heart's mindful tablets this engrave.

Passing the stream that parts the continents,  
To the sun-trodden flaming Orient

The stream meant is of course the Kimmerian Bosphorus, where the thread of the narrative was broken before. But just here, lines, perhaps even pages, of the libretto are missing. After the gap we find Io in a purely fabulous region, probably imagined by the poet as in the southeast quarter of the earth.

Crossing the roaring sea, until thou reach  
Kisthenè's plains Gorgonean, where abide  
The Phorkides, three venerable maids,  
Like unto swans, who have one eye for all,  
A single tooth; whom neither with his rays  
The sun doth look on, nor the nightly moon.

And near them are the wingèd sisters three,  
The Gorgons, serpent-locked, abhorred of men,

Whom never mortal sees and keeps his breath.  
Such as I tell thee are the guardians there.

But hearken to another hateful sight.  
Against the voiceless, keen-fanged hounds of Zeus,

The griffins, guard thee, and the one-eyed host  
Of Arimaspan horsemen, who abide  
By the gold-flowing source of Pluto's stream;  
Approach them not.

The farthest land thou 'lt reach,  
And a black race, who near to Helios' springs  
Inhabit, where the river Aithiops is.

This river Aithiops (that is Niger, Black) is shown by the context to be merely the upper course of the Nile, which the ancients believed took its rise in the Far East. Even Alexander and his followers fancied the Hydaspes was the upper portion of the Nile! The latter name was especially applied to the stream from the last cataract downward.

Creep by his banks, till to the cataract  
Thou comest, where the Nile his current sweet  
And holy from the Byblinè mountains sends.  
He 'll lead thee to the land triangular,  
Neilotis, where the distant colony  
Thou, Io, and thy children are to found.  
If aught hereof is dark or hard to guess,  
Ask yet again, and clearly learn the whole.

The chorus again reminds Prometheus of his promise to reveal whom Zeus will be tempted to wed, but their words serve merely to afford a moment's rest to the exhausted protagonist.

*Cho.* If thou hast aught, remaining or passed by,

To tell her of her fateful wanderings,  
Speak. But if all is said, then grant us too  
The grace we seek and thou rememberest.

*Prom.* She has heard the goal of all her journey; yet

That she may know she hearkens not in vain,  
What she has suffered ere she hither fared  
I 'll tell, to prove the truth of mine account.  
The greater mass of words will I omit,  
And reach at once her wanderings' very close.

Accordingly, Prometheus does not tell how Io passed from her Argive home to Epirus. The Suppliants, the only extant drama of Æschylus which has not been already mentioned in the present

essay, deals with the fortunes of Io's descendants, the Danaides. The tale of their ancestress' wanderings is taken up in a choral ode of the play, but the account cannot be reconciled with the present one, nor will it serve to fill the gap at this point.

For when thou hadst approached Molossian lands,

And steep Dodona, where is the abode  
And oracle also of Thesprotian Zeus,  
And, marvel past belief, the talking oaks,  
(By which thou plainly, not in riddles, wert  
Saluted as the illustrious spouse of Zeus,)  
Then, gadfly-driven, thou didst rush along  
The seaside road to Rhea's mighty gulf,  
And thence returning now art tempest-tost.

Rhea's gulf is the Adriatic. By "returning" can only be meant turning inland again from the sea, or perhaps facing about eastward toward Prometheus' place of torture.

In time to come shall that sea-gulf be called,  
Know well, Ionian; a memorial  
Unto all mortals of thy wanderings.

An ancient writer is rarely fortunate in his ventures into etymology. The Adriatic was called the Ionian gulf, it is true, but not from Io.

This of my wisdom is a proof to thee,  
Which more than is apparent doth behold.  
The rest to you and her at once I 'll tell,  
Returning to the track of former words.

Accordingly, he now describes in some detail the fortunes of Io after reaching the delta, and of her posterity: —

Canobos, outmost city of the land,  
Lies at the mouth and margin of the Nile.  
And there will Zeus restore thy mind again,  
Touching thee only with a hand unfeared.  
And thou shalt bear — from Zeus' begetting  
named —

Dark Epaphos, who will harvest all the land  
That Nile with widening current overflows.

Æschylus fancies the name Epaphos is derived from a Greek verb (*ἐπαφίσκω*), meaning to touch caressingly.

Fifth in descent from him, a female brood  
Of fifty children shall unwilling come  
To Argos, fleeing marriage with their kin,  
Their cousins. But the suitors, mad at heart,  
As hawks that follow close upon the doves,

Shall come to hunt the marriage which shall  
not

Be won. A god shall grudge them even life.  
Pelagia shall receive the maids; the youths  
In deadly strife with women shall be quelled,  
Wakeful and bold. His bride of life shall rob  
Each man, and dip in blood the two-edged  
sword.

—So to my foes may Aphrodite come!

The last line is a fierce curse uttered  
by the tortured Titan, as he thinks, of  
the similar danger to be brought upon  
his own arch enemy through wedlock.  
The incidents here alluded to occurred  
to the daughters of Danaus, and, as has  
been already mentioned, are treated in  
part by Æschylus in his early drama,  
the Suppliants.

But yet, one bride shall love beguile to spare  
Her spouse, and dull the edge of her intent;  
And this alternative will she prefer,  
A coward to be called, not murderess.  
In Argos she shall bear a kingly race.

To tell this clearly would much speech require;

But from her seed shall spring a valiant one,  
Famed with the bow; and he from this dis-  
tress

Shall free me. Such a prophecy to me  
My Titan mother, ancient Themis, gave:  
But how, or where, long time 't would need to  
tell,

And it will nothing profit thee to learn.

It is an interesting question — and  
one of the utmost importance in the  
tragic plot — just how much Prometheus  
is supposed to know in regard to  
his own future destiny. It is tolerably  
clear from the present passage that he  
has no unlimited prophetic insight of his  
own, but has simply been informed by  
Themis of the events to which he here  
alludes. He probably does not even  
know whether Zeus will actually escape  
the danger menacing him through Thetis  
or not. He apparently supposes that  
his own release through the agency of  
Heracles is to be a confession of error  
and injustice on Zeus' part, and perhaps  
expects still to be free to save the king  
of gods from ruin, or to keep silence,  
at his own pleasure. Such questions  
are involved in some doubt, because we  
have lost the other plays of this trilogy.

Io now relapses into the frantic con-  
dition in which she arrived at the be-  
ginning of the scene, and with these  
wild words she rushes away upon her  
long journey: —

Woe is me! Woe is me!

The spasm again and the madness wild  
Are burning me, and the unforged dart  
Of the gadfly stings!

My heart in terror is smiting my breast;  
Mine eyes are rolling as whirls a wheel.

Now forth from my course on the furious  
breath

Of frenzy I rush, not ruling my tongue;  
And at random are striking the gloomy words  
On the hateful billows of Atè!

[Exit.

This closes the third and last episode.  
The third Stasimon is a fervent prayer  
of the sea-nymphs to be spared such a  
lot as Io's: —

#### THIRD STASIMON.

Chorus. *Wise, ah, truly wise was he  
Whoso first in thought did ponder well  
And in language told the tale,  
That an equal match is better far.  
Not with them that in their wealth delight,  
Nor with those exalted by their birth,  
Should the humbler one desire to wed.*

*Never, nevermore, I pray,  
May ye, Moirai, see me drawing near,  
As his bride, the couch of Zeus.  
May I no Uranian suitor wed!  
Io's unbeloved virginity,  
Shuddering, utterly devoured I see  
By far-wandering toils, from Hera sent!*

*Not of wedlock in an equal station,  
Free from terrors, is my dread;  
But lest Passion from the gods supernal  
Gaze on me with eye that none may shun!  
This a war is, not to be contested,  
Working what may not be wrought! I know  
not  
What my fate may prove! Nor can I see  
Whither I the craft of Zeus might fly!*

In the first portion of the Exodos the  
sea-nymphs and Prometheus are alone.  
The latter is so excited by the scene  
with Io that he now breaks forth into  
words even more rash and presumptu-  
ous than heretofore.

## EXODOS.

*Prom.* Zeus surely, though so arrogant of soul,  
Shall yet be humbled; such a marriage he  
Devises, which will cast him forth from power  
And throne into oblivion. Kronos' curse  
Shall even then completely be fulfilled,  
Uttered as from his ancient throne he fell.

A refuge from these woes, except myself,  
None of the gods could clearly show to him.  
I know the means and way. So let him sit  
Secure, and trust his thunder high aloft,  
Brandishing in his hands the fiery bolt.  
For these may naught avail, but he shall  
fall, —

A shameful fall, and unendurable.  
So great a foe he now himself prepares  
Against himself, most dread, invincible.  
The following lines refer to the son  
whom Thetis would bear, if wedded to  
a divinity: —

*He* shall a stranger flame than lightning find,  
A roar which thunder mightily excels:  
And this shall rout the pest that shakes the  
earth,  
The trident of the sea, Poseidon's spear.

The allusion to the trident is out of  
place here, as Poseidon has not been re-  
ferred to until now. These lines are, in  
fact, a clear reminiscence of the passage  
cited from Pindar's ode early in the  
present essay, in which Themis warns  
*Zeus and Poseidon* not to wed Thetis.  
Though Æschylus transfers the custody  
of this secret to Prometheus, and leaves  
Poseidon quite out of the tale, he can-  
not refrain from borrowing this striking  
poetic passage.

Unto this evil fallen, Zeus shall learn  
How wide are power and slavery apart.  
*Chorus.* 'Tis but thy wish for Zeus thou  
utterest!

*Prometheus.* Both what shall be, and my  
desire, I tell.

*Cho.* Ought we to look for one to master  
Zeus?

*Prom.* And harder tasks than mine shall he  
endure!

Perhaps the sea-nymph gives a timid  
glance skyward, as she replies: —

How dost thou fear not, uttering such words?

*Prom.* What should I dread, who am not  
doomed to die?

*Cho.* Yet he might give thee bitterer tasks  
than these.

*Prom.* So let him do. All is by me fore-  
seen.

*Cho.* They who to Adrasteia bow are wise!

*Prom.* Revere! Adore! Fawn on the ruler  
still!

But less than naught is my regard for Zeus.  
Let him for this brief season act and reign  
As he desires. He rules not long the gods.

Certainly at this point in the tragedy  
no ancient auditor could escape the con-  
viction that Prometheus is fatally in the  
wrong. This last prophecy is not only  
impious, but untrue, thus at once falsi-  
fying his vain boast, —

All is by me foreseen.

Even the sympathy which was excited  
by his awful suffering is largely alien-  
ated just now by this rude outburst  
against his gentle and devoted friends.  
The dramatist makes us see the truth  
concerning his hero just before the final  
catastrophe. Prometheus' next words  
announce the beginning of the end: —

But yonder I descry Zeus' courier,  
Who is the youthful tyrant's messenger.  
Surely to bring new tidings he is come.

Hermes now enters, doubtless descend-  
ing from above. He haughtily addresses  
Prometheus: —

Thou wondrous wise, exceeding bitter one,  
Who wrong'st the gods, bestowing gifts upon  
Ephemeral men, — the theft of fire I mean, —  
The father bids thee make that marriage  
known,  
Vaunted of thee, through which he falls from  
power.

And this not enigmatically speak,  
But all the truth. On me do not impose  
A double journey; and thou seest that Zeus  
Is nowise lenient unto deeds like these.

The heroic rebel hurls back defiance at  
his tormentors, in words that yet stir  
the pulses of men who admire courage  
and proud endurance: —

Pomposly mouthed, indeed, and full of pride  
Thy tale, as fits the servants of the gods!  
Young are ye, young your power, and ye ex-  
pect

To hold your towers untroubled. Have I not  
Beheld two monarchs driven from them forth?  
The third, too, who now governs, I shall see:  
Most shamefully and swiftly! Do I seem  
To dread and cover before the youthful gods?

Nay, far indeed from that am I!

And thou,  
Speed back again the road which thou hast  
come.

Naught shalt thou learn whereof thou ques-  
tionest me.

*Hermes.* Even before, by wisdom like to  
this,

Amid these tortures thou hast anchored thee!

*Prom.* Thy servile duty with my wretched-  
ness,

Be thou full well aware, I would not change.  
Better, methinks, to serve this rock, than be  
The trusty messenger of father Zeus!

So to insult the insolent is fit.

*Herm.* Thou revelest in thy present lot, it  
seems.

*Prom.* I revel? So may I behold my foes  
Reveling: and of them I count thee one!

*Herm.* Dost thou accuse me, too, for thy  
mishaps?

*Prom.* I — in plain words — hate all the  
gods whoso

Return me wrongful harm for benefits.

*Herm.* I hear thee rave in frenzy nowise  
mild.

*Prom.* Ay, if 'tis frenzy to abhor our foes.

*Herm.* If fortunate, thou wouldst be un-  
bearable!

This allusion draws a sigh from the  
Titan, for which he is taunted by the  
messenger god: —

*Prom.* Alas!

*Herm.* That is a word Zeus does not know!

*Prom.* Time teaches all things, as he older  
grows.

*Herm.* But thou not yet hast learned to be  
discreet.

*Prom.* Else thee, a servant, I had not ad-  
dressed.

Decidedly worsted in this verbal fencing,  
Hermes returns to his proper mission,  
with the words, —

What Zeus commands thou art not like to say.

*Prom.* I should, indeed, return the thanks  
I owe!

Something in the bitter mockery of this  
line makes it cut more deeply than  
the ruder words before, for Hermes ex-  
claims, —

Thou dost revile me, as I were a child!

*Prom.* Art thou not childish, and more fool-  
ish yet,

If thou expectest aught from me to learn?

There is no outrage, no device, whereby

Zeus shall impel me to that utterance,  
Ere my dishonorable bonds are loosed.

And so, then, let the lurid flame be hurled;  
With white-winged snow and rumblings of  
the earth

Let him confound and frighten everything.

For none of these shall bend my will to tell

By whom he is doomed to be cast out from  
power.

The dread sounds and sights alluded to  
by Prometheus have no doubt already  
begun.

*Herm.* See now if this shall seem to avail  
for thee!

*Prom.* This was foreseen and thought of  
long ago.

In Hermes' next words we hear some-  
thing like a tone of pity for the coura-  
geous foe: —

Venture, O rash one, venture thou, for once,  
In these thy sorrows to be truly wise.

*Prom.* Thou wear'st me, like a wave, with  
pleadings vain.

Never suppose that, dreading the decree

Of Zeus, I would grow womanish at heart,

And would beseech that most detested one,

With feminine upliftings of the hands,

To free me from these bonds! Far, far from  
that!

*Herm.* Much, yet in vain, it seems, I speak.

By prayers

Thou 'rt nowise melted, nor made soft of heart.

Champing the bit, even as a colt new yoked,  
Thou fightest violently against the reins.

In thy weak wisdom thou 'rt presumptuous;

For arrogance, in one not truly wise,

Even less than nothing of itself avails.

Bethink thee, if thou yield not to my words,

How great a storm and treble wave of ills

Inevitable comes on thee. For first

This jagged cleft with thunder and the flame

Of lightning shall the father smite, and hide

Thy form. An arm of rock shall hold thee  
fast.

A mighty length of time shalt thou complete,  
And come again to light.

This time upon Mount Caucasus. It is  
not clear what poetical end is attained  
by this violent burial of the immortal  
culprit, and his resurrection, long after-  
ward, in another land. It appears like  
a desperate device to reconcile the rival  
claims of two localities, since either form  
of the myth was too widespread to be  
ignored. Later antiquity connected Pro-

metheus' torture rather with the Caucasus, and in the poem of Apollonius Rhodius the Argonauts hear his groans as they sail the Euxine.

The wingèd hound  
Of Zeus, the dusky eagle, ravenously  
Shall rend the mighty fragments from thy  
frame,

Stealing unsummoned to his all-day feast.  
Upon thy blackened liver he shall feed.

Expect no limit to such agony  
Until a god appears to bear thy pains,  
Willing to rayless Hades to depart,  
Amid the gloomy depths of Tartaros.

This seemingly impossible condition was to be fulfilled through the centaur Chiron, who, incurably wounded, through accident, by Heracles' poisoned arrow, gladly surrendered his immortality to escape his pain.

Thereon deliberate; because this vaunt  
Is not invented, but most truly said.  
The mouth of Zeus knows not to speak deceit,  
But every word shall be fulfilled. Do thou  
Consider well and ponder; nor suppose  
Willfulness ever better is than prudence.

*Cho.* To us it seems that Hermes fittingly  
Has spoken; for he bids thee to put off  
Thy willfulness, and for wise prudence seek.  
Obey, since for the sage to err is shame.

The voice of the chorus, here as elsewhere, must be accepted as the general voice of the community, so to speak, and approximately as the voice of the poet himself. The sea-nymphs love and admire Prometheus: they are ready to share all perils with him; but his stubbornness is unwise, and his arrogance is sinful: —

*Prom.* These tidings he unto me proclaims,  
Who knew them well; and to suffer wrong,  
A foe from foemen, is no disgrace.  
Therefore upon me let there be cast  
The curling flash of the forkèd flame;  
Let the ether with thunder be roused, and the  
shock

Of savage winds. May the blast upstir  
From her foundations the rooted earth.  
May the wave of the sea, with its eager surge,  
Cover the paths of the heavenly stars;  
And, uplifting me aloft, may Zeus  
Into darksome Tartaros cast my form,  
Into Necessity's merciless whirl.  
At least he will not destroy me!

*Herm.* Such are the counsels and words,  
indeed,  
To be heard from those who are smitten in  
soul!

For how far short does his destiny fall  
Of frenzy? How is it than madness less?  
(*To the sea-nymphs.*) But ye, at least, who  
sympathize

In his calamities, get ye forth  
Somewhither, straightway, out of the land,  
For fear that ye may be struck to the heart  
By the merciless roar of the thunder.

*Cho.* Speak and suggest aught else unto me,  
And persuade me thereto; for surely the word  
Thou utterest is not endurable.

Why dost thou bid me the coward to play?  
With him I would suffer whatever must be!  
For the treacherous I have learned to abhor;  
Nor is there a vice

That I more than this have detested!

*Herm.* Why, then, remember what I fore-  
tell;

And do not, when hunted by Atè down,  
Be wroth at fate, nor ever declare  
That into calamities unforeseen

Ye of Zeus were plunged.

Not so; but ye by yourselves alone.  
For with fullest knowledge, not hastily,  
Nor secretly,

In Atè's web, whence none escape,  
By folly shall ye be entangled!

*Prom.* But now, not merely in words, but  
in deed,

Has the earth been tost.

The thunder's sea-born echo roars.  
The flashes of lightning, full of flame,  
Are shining forth.

The whirlwinds are driving the dust around,  
And the breaths of all the winds that blow  
On each other leap,

Revealing the strife of opposing blasts.

The ether is with the sea confused.

Such is the storm that, sent from the lord,  
Inspiring dread, falls clearly on me.

O reverend Mother, O Ether that rolls  
The light that is common to everything,  
Behold how unjustly I suffer!

In the storm which he himself so vividly describes, Prometheus sinks from sight, cliff and all, and thus the play abruptly ends. Hermes has, doubtless, already withdrawn, rising aloft after his last words. The chorus share Prometheus' fate, and vanish into the earth with him.

This play, when originally performed, was followed immediately by the Pro-

metheus Loosed. Of that drama many fragments are preserved by later writers; the longest one through a metrical Latin translation by the orator Cicero. From these fragments, and from allusions in the play we have just read, the outline of the Prometheus Loosed can be discerned. The scene is laid on Mount Caucasus, thirteen mortal generations later than the events described in the Prometheus Bound. The chorus was composed of Titans released from Tartaros; their appearance in freedom on earth being in itself a token of reconciliation, and of Zeus' gentleness, now that his throne is more secure. Heracles comes, with Zeus' permission, to shoot the eagle and release Prometheus, but the latter must first promise that he will immediately afterward reveal his fatal secret, and release Zeus from this vague dread. A complete restoration of harmony between Prometheus and Zeus must have followed.

In the most ancient manuscript of Æschylus' seven plays, at Florence, is preserved an alphabetical catalogue of seventy-three tragedies which were apparently known to an ancient transcriber. This tantalizing list includes Prometheus Bound, Prometheus Fire-Bearer, Prometheus Loosed. The order of mention, of course, proves nothing; and, indeed, we have positive ancient statements that our play immediately preceded the Prometheus Loosed. It is very generally accepted that the three plays formed an organic whole. The prevailing belief has been that the Prometheus Fire-Bearer came first, and described the theft of fire. But two, at least, of the latest and best commentators, Westphal and Wecklein, have upheld, very persuasively, a different arrangement. They contend that our Prometheus does not

require, and hardly permits, a preliminary drama, being quite self-explanatory; and they assert that the Fire-Bearer closed the trilogy. Fire-Bearer is the regular title of Prometheus in the state religion of Attica, and such a closing play might well have ended with the joyful reception of the Titan god by the Athenians into their state cult, where he had an honorable place in close association with the firegod, Hephaistos.

Curiously enough, only a single line of the Fire-Bearer has been preserved, and that one does not settle the discussion. It is simply,—

“Mute where 't is fit, and uttering timely words,”

and is cited by Aulus Gellius.

But a trivial remark of the ancient Greek annotator upon our play is very important to this question. Upon line 94 of the Prometheus Bound,

“Wasting away through unnumbered years,”

this scholiast adds: “For in the Prometheus Fire-Bearer he declares himself to have been bound (δεδέσθαι) thrice a myriad years.” The use of the perfect infinitive is a distinct proof that the Fire-Bearer followed the other plays, and can be avoided only by supposing that the commentator's pen slipped, and that he meant to say, “In the Prometheus Loosed.”

A careful reading of the last play of Æschylus' great Oresteian trilogy, the Eumenides, in which the baffled and enraged Furies are conciliated, and finally take up their permanent abode in a sacred cave at the foot of the Areopagus, will give the reader a very good idea of the manner in which Æschylus might, and probably did, treat the Prometheus myth in a similar final drama.<sup>1</sup>

But of one point we may in any case be sure. The Persians formed a part. This is undoubtedly the play alluded to by an ancient author under the title Prometheus Fire-Kindler. Like most of the satyr dramas, it had already disappeared when the list of plays mentioned above was drawn up.

<sup>1</sup> For the sake of completeness it may be mentioned that Æschylus wrote still a fourth play on this subject. It was a satyr drama, or serio-comic afterpiece, and was appended to a group of tragedies upon a totally different subject, namely, the trilogy of which the extant



be quite certain. Not merely the superior power, but the higher wisdom and justice, of Zeus from the beginning became evident to every spectator, as the poet believed that they were made clear to the great sufferer himself. Our sympathies are drawn inevitably to Prometheus. Indeed, later antiquity doubtless had the same feeling, else why is this act of the great drama, in which Prometheus has the last word and seems so nearly innocent, alone preserved for us, although the picture of the Titan on Caucasus, tortured by the vulture and released by Heracles, was far more familiar in ancient literature and art? Doubtless because Prometheus still defiant and confident in the justice of his cause pleased the later Greeks better than the scene of penitence and humility.

There is no especial need to defend the popular Hellenic conception of Zeus. "Great Pan is dead!" and all the Greek world of mythic gods has crumbled into nothingness with him. But Æschylus is still a living voice among men, and it should not be forgotten that he had as earnest and unquestioning a faith in the eternal goodness and wisdom as Whittier himself. If he could know that many of his noblest and wisest modern hearers bid us approve and emulate his defiant, unrepentant rebel, he would receive it as Milton would have received the remark of a gallant English nobleman who had just read the opening books of *Paradise Lost*, and who, on being asked his opinion of the Miltonic Satan, exclaimed, "A mighty fine fellow, and I hope he 'll win!"

The closing portion of the fine soliloquy of Prometheus on the Rock, written forty-five years ago by the poet Lowell, illustrates the prevailing sympathy and admiration for the heroic Titan; and it also exemplifies the inevitable tendency

of modern man to turn such a conception as Prometheus back again into an allegory: only, the influence of Christian thought, directing the eyes of the soul inward upon itself, and making the individual the supreme object of interest, is at work here as everywhere.

. . . Therefore, great heart, bear up! Thou art but type  
Of what all lofty spirits endure, that fain  
Would win men back to strength and peace  
through love:  
Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart  
Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong  
With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;  
And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and  
love  
And patience, which at last shall overcome.

It is not to be questioned that such treatment of Greek myths in the hands of modern men of genius and wisdom has a precious value of its own. Often a deeper and nobler significance than the classic poet ever dreamed may thus be gained for us.

An elaborate discussion of such modern poems on the theme of the Promethean myth lies, however, wholly beyond our present scope. It is the single aim of this paper to make the drama of Æschylus intelligible to a thoughtful modern reader essentially as it was received by the poet's contemporaries, so far as our fragmentary knowledge makes this still possible. To this end, the one constant and unmistakable element in Æschylus' creed, as stated and illustrated in every drama, must be kept always in mind:—

The world is governed by infinite wisdom and unfailling justice. Men err fatally who impute to the gods the petty jealousies or weaknesses of humanity. What seems to our eyes injustice is but a partial and distorted view of the cycle through which the divine purpose sweeps.

*William Cranston Lawton.*

## DANIEL DRAWBAUGH.

ABOUT three miles west from the city of Harrisburg, Penn., is a little hamlet sometimes called Milltown, but commonly known as Eberly's Mills. The adjacent country consists of arable land, owned chiefly by well-to-do farmers of Dutch descent. The village is a very small one, the greater part of it being included in the grist-mill property from which the name is derived, and which comprises the mill itself, a stone house, and two or three wooden houses with the grounds appurtenant, the whole covering about ten acres.

The inhabitants of the village are of a miscellaneous character, and not nearly so well off as the neighboring farmers. Besides the miller and his assistant, there were, early in the seventies, Daniel Fetrow, the blacksmith; Amos Frownfelter, a day laborer; Norman Kahney, the cooper; old John Heck, who "worked around with the farmers;" the shopkeeper, and a few others. Henry Yetter once kept a small tavern at Eberly's Mills, and also "carried on butchering." Scarcely anybody stayed there long, and the residents changed entirely at least as often as the human skin is said to renovate itself. There was no carpenter or shoemaker; but, as one of the witnesses stated, in the case of the American Bell Telephone Company *v.* The People's Telephone Company, "a good many cobbled around a little sometimes."

Eberly's Mills is not on the line of any railroad, but the villagers take the cars at the White Hill station, on the Cumberland Valley road, only a mile or so distant, whence also they get their mail every day by "foot-power," as another witness, who himself had been "honored with the mail-messengership," facetiously remarked.

The centre of gossip was, of course,

the "store;" which, as is usual in such neighborhoods, served as a sort of clubhouse for the male inhabitants. On Saturday night, they used to have "ice-cream and so on" there, and the attendance was always large. As a commercial depot it does not seem to have been a success. It changed hands pretty often, and once was almost annihilated by an explosion. This was in the time of Abner Wilson, who, to quote again from the testimony, "had store there for a while, but having a keg of powder too near the fire, blowed him up, or the goods. Some lit, and some did not; some burnt up before they lit. It so completely busted the shell of the house in which it was that he left, and never returned. After which, perhaps a year, a new shell was prepared to keep store, in which Jeremiah Fry kept some few articles. That is all I recollect of the store business at Eberly's Mills."

There was another spot which furnished a meeting-ground for the villagers and out-of-town people. On Saturday nights especially, "we boys and a party that usually congregated in there" often enjoyed a quiet game of "seven-up;" and it is on record that once a turkey-shoot was "played off" at the same resort. This was the shop of Daniel Drawbaugh, mechanic and inventor. Its situation was picturesque. Back of the grist-mill, a road, bordered by grass and shaded by trees, runs down through a short distance to an old, unused mill, in one part of which was Drawbaugh's shop. Cedar Run, the stream which turns the grist-mill, flows close to the shop, and just below it unites with the Yellow Breeches Creek, so that the old Clover Mill, as it is called, stands on a peninsula.

Here it was that "Dan," as everybody called him, mended the clocks and

tools of the country-side, and invented, or at least manufactured, those devices which were the admiration of the villagers. Like other historical personages, Daniel Drawbaugh has been painted in colors so diverse that the two portraits can scarcely be referred to the same original. It was, of course, the object of the Bell Telephone Company to represent him as an impostor and a charlatan, and it was also for their interest to prove that he had plenty of money at all times, and could easily have afforded a patent for his alleged invention of the telephone. The Bell Company's Drawbaugh, therefore, is the richest man in the village, but an ignorant, unscrupulous, vain, and meretricious character. The other picture is the work of the People's Telephone Company, a corporation which in the year 1879 bought up Drawbaugh's claim to the telephone, and which consisted at first of Messrs. Klemm, Loth, Marx, Wolf, Levy, and a few others. According to their story, the mechanic at Eberly's Mills is a man of wonderful inventive genius, the creator of numerous valuable contrivances; a simple-minded, ingenuous, strictly honorable person, who for many years devoted himself to the invention of the telephone with such ardor that he fell into abject poverty, and his family were continually in want of the necessaries of life. In fact, he was so poor, they say, that he could not afford to take out a patent, and it is for this reason that, although he made the invention at least as early as 1874, it was not heard of in the world at large until 1879.

It will be obvious that both of these portraits are merely outlines, and that many details can be filled in without necessarily doing violence to either. It is clear from Drawbaugh's testimony that whatever else he may be, he is an intelligent man, who talks well and has no lack of humor. He has read such books, especially scientific or mechanical treatises, as have come in his way, and is

mainly self-taught. When asked if in his youth he attended an academy or only the common schools, he said, "Just common schools; and when I went, they were *very common*." He is also, without doubt, an industrious man, though much of his industry has been of the puttering kind, and productive of very little benefit to himself or to others. He was continually taken to task for throwing away his time in fruitless labors, when he might have been following his trade as a mechanic. His brother John, commonly known as "Squire" Drawbaugh, often remonstrated with him on this score. "When I first discovered," he says, "that he was working on this talking-machine, as it was then called, I accused Dan'l quite severely of wasting his time on foolish inventions. I told him that they would amount to nothing, and that he had a large family, and that he should turn his attention to something that would support his family better than by working at these foolish things; and that it would amount to nothing in the end, and that he was an extraordinary good mechanic, and that the people knew him to be that; that he could get employment readily, and could make a good living for his family." Mrs. Drawbaugh is mentioned only incidentally, here and there, but enough appears to show that she was the mainstay of the household. It was probably owing to her efforts that the children were neatly dressed and the house well kept. She took boarders, occasionally; and, like a wise and prudent wife, would not consent to a sale of the homestead unless the purchase money should be put into another house. Mrs. Drawbaugh naturally disapproved, more emphatically than any one else, of her husband's vagaries at the shop; and, as is not unusual with thrifty, energetic women, she had perhaps a little of the shrew in her disposition.

All the inhabitants of Eberly's Mills obtained their drinking-water from a

spring which was close to the wall of Ephraim Holsinger's house. This was bad from a sanitary point of view, but it was conducive to gossip, and Holsinger repeats some remarks that Mrs. Drawbaugh made in his hearing, while she rested a moment after filling her pail. "I heard her say," he testifies, "that Dan was at that — old shop, fooling his time away, while they, the family, hardly knew how to get anything to eat. She also told me in my office that she smashed up a lot of photographing and other things about the house, in order to stop Dan from fooling with them."

It is in evidence, also, that Daniel Drawbaugh was a temperate man. Nobody testifies to the contrary, and one witness says: "I don't think that I ever seen him drink a drink of whiskey: chance times he would take a glass of beer, but not unless somebody bought it for him."

Drawbaugh, then, was certainly intelligent, humorous, hard-working, sober. What his character was otherwise, whether or not he had inventive genius of a high order, and how poor he may have been, I shall try to discover presently; but first it might be well to let him speak for himself. In 1878, some years after the time when, according to his story, he had invented the telephone, a history of Cumberland County, which includes Eberly's Mills, was published, and in an appendix a short biography of Drawbaugh was printed. For this privilege the subject of the sketch paid ten dollars, furnishing the manuscript himself. He employed a school-teacher to write the account, and rewrote it with his own hand.<sup>1</sup>

The original (from which the printed copy differs very little) is in part as follows:—

"Daniel Drawbaugh, one of the greatest inventive geniuses of this age

<sup>1</sup> The defense denied that this sketch was Drawbaugh's work, but Drawbaugh himself

(so prolific of great men), is the subject of this sketch. Daniel Drawbaugh was born in the year —, in the quiet, secluded village of Milltown, three miles southwest of Harrisburg, where he has spent the greater portion of an active life, conceiving and producing, as a result of the conceptions of an unusually fertile brain, a score of useful inventions, machines, and devices. It appears by an examination of a list of his inventions that the manufacturing interests of the place in his boyhood days gave direction to his thoughts and incentive to his actions." He proceeds to enumerate a list of his inventions as follows: "His first invention was an automatic sawing machine; then a number of machines used in wagon-making; then a machine for boring spoke tenets; then a machine for sawing tenets; a barrel stave jointing machine, patented in 1851. This machine was pretty generally introduced, and its merits appreciated. An automatic grinding machine was next invented, to meet a demand created by the introduction of the jointer; then followed several machines for making stave headings and shingles, all of which were patented in 1855; after which machines for rounding, heading, crozing, dressing, and finishing outside of barrels were invented; these were again followed by a device for running mill-stones, one for dressing mill-stones, a device for elevating grain in mills. He then invented and had patented four improvements in nail plate feeding; next a tack machine and a new design in tacks. Photography next engaged his attention. He fitted himself for action in this field by manufacturing his own camera, ground and fitted achromatic lenses for camera, prepared the necessary chemicals, and improved the process for enlarging pictures. Next electricity and electrical machinery attracted his attention, and an electric machine was produced throw-

was not called to dispute it, and Judge Wallace concluded that he was virtually the author.

ing out of consideration the galvanic battery and electric pile; then a machine for alphabetical telegraphing; then the justly celebrated electric clock, and the machinery necessary for its construction; and several kinds of telephones, one of which is operated by battery and another by induction." He concludes as follows: "It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Drawbaugh has penetrated vast fields in search of information, and with what success we leave it to the readers to determine. We are proud to own Mr. D. as a citizen of our township, and deem him worthy of a position at the head of the list of our prominent men, and are happy to accord him that position."

This sketch was not referred to in the Supreme Court opinion, but it was quoted by Judge Wallace, who decided the case against Drawbaugh in the court below, as being very significant. It will be noticed that several kinds of telephones are mentioned in a cursory way at the end of the list, as if they were improvements upon what Bell or others had done, rather than original discoveries due to the genius of Drawbaugh himself. This, however, admits of an explanation. In 1879, when the biography was written, the commercial value of the telephone was appreciated by very few persons, and could not have been imagined at Eberly's Mills. Even if Drawbaugh had made the invention, it is possible that he should have thought it of less importance than some of the other contrivances which he enumerated, although this theory was not put forward.

But there is no mistaking the tone of the autobiography. It indicates that the writer was vain, ignorant, and fantastic; nor does the formidable list of inventions turn out well, when it comes to be examined. None of them ever proved to be of much value, and the electric clock was filched from an encyclopædia which Drawbaugh had in his house, a slight improvement only being invented

and patented by him. And yet this clock was regarded as his great achievement. He dealt with it as an original invention, selling it to a company organized for its manufacture, and receiving \$500 and a share of the prospective profits in return. There are contemporary references to it in the local newspapers, of which the following is an example (it should be premised that the "Lower End" means that part of Lower Allen Township, Cumberland County, in which Eberly's Mills is situated): "Daniel Drawbaugh, of Eberly's Mills, has invented a clock that just suits the 'Lower End,' as it requires no winding up, the motive power being a very small wire, running into the cellar, which is connected with a small magnet between the arms of the pendulum. He has one of these clocks in his shop that has been running continuously for two years, and, unless some spiritual or temporal brokers get up a corner in electricity, it is bound to keep running until the wheels wear out. He has also invented a compensating pendulum, which is not affected by extremes of heat and cold, and the clock, being very simple in its construction, is bound to keep the most perfect time. Dan has invented many things, both useful and ornamental, but he cries 'Eureka' over the clock, and it will richly reward both the curious and practical to go to his shop and see it in motion. Another thing that will surprise them is *the quality of the work done*. The cases are covered and finished in the very best style, and the work is all done by himself. This is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has been effected yet, and there is no nonsense about it."

Drawbaugh's next-door neighbor, Ephraim Holsinger, whom I have quoted before, wrote a little article about him in 1875, which was published in another country paper, and the only invention that he alluded to was the "electric clock without a battery which is being

gotten up in our town by Daniel Drawbaugh, to be exhibited at the Centennial next Fourth. It will be one of the things not dreamt of by every one, and be a credit to the nation, for its wonderful simple workings and great convenience."

It appears, then, that Drawbaugh, though a skillful and ingenious mechanic, never exhibited — the telephone apart — any creative ability; and it might be inferred also, from the episode of the clock, that he was not above palming off as his own, by implication at least, an invention which he had derived from a book. The next consideration is that of his alleged poverty. On this score a vast amount of evidence was taken by one side and the other, and every dollar that he received, and every cent that he paid out from 1867 to 1879 were ascertained and set down in the proper columns, so far as the task could be accomplished. This, as I have suggested already, was an important matter in the case; for the People's Company, and Drawbaugh himself, explained his neglect to apply for a patent on the ground that he was absolutely incapable of doing so by reason of extreme penury. It was shown by the Bell Company that during the period mentioned Drawbaugh received a few considerable sums. In 1867 and 1869 he was paid \$5000 by the Drawbaugh Pump Company for his faucet invention. In April, 1869, he received \$1000 for the sale of another faucet contrivance; but this sum he generously applied to the purchase of a house and lot for his father. Of the \$5000, he invested \$2000 in real estate, and lost \$400 in an apple speculation. Between 1867 and 1873 he paid \$1200 to the Drawbaugh Manufacturing Company for assessments on stock held by him. In July, 1873, he received \$425 in cash from the company upon its winding up, and in April, 1878, as we have seen already, he was paid \$500 for the electric clock. If we deduct from the

sums thus received the \$2000 which Drawbaugh paid for his house, the \$1000 that he gave to his father, the \$400 that he lost in the apple investment, and the \$1200 that he paid in stock assessments, there remains the amount of \$2325 which he received in ten years, or an average of \$235 per annum. This sum is not a large one, considering that Drawbaugh had a family to support, but it was in addition to his wages as a mechanic. He paid no rent, and received \$110 a year from a tenant. Moreover, it seems to have been proved beyond a doubt that there were various ways in which he might have obtained the thirty-five dollars or the fifty dollars necessary for patenting his telephone. Daniel Fetrow, the blacksmith, had annual dealings with Drawbaugh from 1869 to 1876, and at the end of every year, when the account was settled, the balance was always in Drawbaugh's favor, sometimes to the extent of fifty dollars. He had also a running account with a lumber firm, which dissolved in 1877, owing him seventy-seven dollars.

His credit was good. Jacob Reneker, for example, testified that Drawbaugh was poor, and was in debt to him at one time, and that he had much difficulty in obtaining payment. But the question was asked, "How did he come to owe you the money?" "Why," said Mr. Reneker, "he came to me one day in the field, when I was ploughing, and said he wanted twenty dollars; and I pulled it out of my pocket and lent it to him, and I was quite a while getting it back." Of the \$425 which he received July 1, 1873, \$300 were immediately applied to the payment of a lien on his house. If, then, as Drawbaugh and the People's Telephone Company asserted, he had in his shop an invention which he knew was capable of making him the richest man in Cumberland Valley, it is hardly credible that he should not have obtained a patent for it with some of the money at

his command now and again. Poverty, be it remembered, is the only excuse that he offers. Undoubtedly he was poor. His house, however, was well furnished: when he moved, as he did in 1873, from Milltown to Mechanicsburg, and back again, it took twelve or fourteen horses to haul his goods and chattels; but he was often in want of ready money. Much of his time was taken up in profitless experiments, when he should have been working at his trade.

He was shiftless, improvident, and always in debt. If he outran the constable it was only by a neck. Judgments against Daniel Drawbaugh were frequently recorded in the local courts; his taxes were in arrears, and he was sometimes hard pushed for a dollar. Samuel Hertzler, a farmer at Eberly's Mills, has a pathetic story to tell:—

"Dan came to my place in the evening," he says, "when the next day the funeral of his father was to be, and wanted to know if I would give him money enough to pay his way. I then asked him whether he was going alone. He said his wife should go, but he was afraid he could not get the money for them both. I asked him about the children. He said that they had not got the clothes. I think that was the excuse he made about the children,—that they had not clothes suitable. I then asked him how much the fare would be to Newville, where his father lived, and he thought about ninety cents one way would be the cost of a ticket. Then I asked him whether he thought five dollars would be enough. He said that it would. I gave him five dollars, and he gave me a due-bill, and promised that he would pay it in a very short time. He never paid it in money; he spoke of it at different times, and said that he was ashamed that he could not pay me, but that he would pay it before long."

"How did he pay that, if he ever did?"

"I don't think he ever gave full value

for it; he filed my saws several times, and done me favors in that way," etc.

George Free sold Drawbaugh a coat for \$2.50, and he gives the following account of his third attempt to obtain payment:—

"Dan tried to draw my attention to this machine, and my attention was after the \$2.50. This instrument that he had I thought was so insignificant, in my estimation I thought it was hardly anything. Says he, 'George, if I have this thing accomplished' . . . I then told him this: I still had in my mind that he was drawing my attention to this kind of foolery. I was after the \$2.50; didn't care about his infernal machine. I then said, 'Dan, if you don't make a fool of yourself, as you did about the faucet'—'It is better than the telegraph; it works by electricity,' I think he said. I didn't pay attention; it was the \$2.50 I was after. Says I, 'Dan, I am after the \$2.50.' Says he, 'You must be damned hard run.' 'Not so very, Dan,' says I. Says he, 'If you are so very hard run, I will get it for you.' 'All right,' says I; 'that is business on the first floor.' Then he says, 'Come along; I will get the money for you.' And we went to Yetter's Hotel, where he borrowed the \$2.50, and gave it to me."

One of his nephews testified as follows:—

"He buried two children, I think, in one day, or near; and for a long time he had a daughter living, a living skeleton. I never heard of any person so light as she was. He had another daughter who might be called an invalid, as she was subject to spasms. She told me that they had been getting her a great deal of medicine from New York, and it was doing her a great deal of good, and it was very expensive, and she wanted some more, but they had not the money to get it. Dan told me this, too."

It must be remembered that the ob-



ject of these witnesses was to represent Drawbaugh as reduced to the lowest possible state of penury; but it is probable that the facts which they related were substantially true. Some evidence, also, was given showing that he applied to others to assist him with money in obtaining a patent; but, on the whole, his case failed on this crucial point. The theory was, as has been stated already, that Drawbaugh knew the value of his invention, and that poverty alone stood in the way of his turning it to account. This degree of poverty was not established by the witnesses; and although his reputation as an inventor stood high in the community, and a great deal of money had been expended in manufacturing his other contrivances, not a cent was devoted to the telephone. If the case had been put in a different way it might have been easier to believe. It would, for example, have been not absolutely impossible that an ingenious mechanic, with no higher intellect and no more information than Drawbaugh had, should, by experimenting with the Reis apparatus for the reproduction of pitch, have stumbled upon the invention of the telephone. The contrivance of Reis can, by a slight change, be made to transmit speech; and although this change was the very one which those best informed in the matter would not have introduced, still it might have been reached by accident or by a lucky guess. But it is nowhere stated that Drawbaugh knew anything about the invention of Reis until the year 1876. The assertion is that the telephone came full-fledged from his own unaided brain. Nor does the improbability stop here, for he is said to have produced not only the telephone, but the microphone and the carbon transmitter. Before Bell's day, he had accomplished, if his witnesses are correct, not only what Bell had done, but what Blake and Edison subsequently achieved. In view of Drawbaugh's character, of his past life, and more

especially of his conduct after the time of these alleged inventions, the Supreme Court rejected this story as incredible.

Three judges, however, dissented. They could not believe that the great cloud of witnesses (honest men, too, for the most part, as the Bell people admitted) who testified that they had heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone prior to 1876 could be in error. This is the difficult feature of the case. Mr. Justice Field, one of the three dissenting members of the court, expressed his feeling in regard to it at the argument. Interrupting one of the counsel for the Bell Company, he said: —

“I want you to explain the possible concurrence of two or three hundred witnesses in regard to a fact which they could not be mistaken about, — that they heard speech. Because there are some facts that are so striking themselves, as that once seen they are never forgotten; as, for instance, in my own experience: I have seen stones — a meteor fall. I never shall forget it, though I cannot tell now, if you put me under oath, on what occasion, in crossing the continent, I saw it; but I did see it. I never shall forget that. And I don't think anybody that ever heard speech between distant places, conveyed by electricity, would ever forget it, although they might be mistaken in every other detail.”

In putting this question the learned judge partly suggested the answer, for the reply of the Bell Company was, first, that some of these witnesses had erred as to the date of the event which they recollected, having in reality heard speech through a telephone at Drawbaugh's shop after the time of Bell's invention, not before it; and, secondly, that Drawbaugh must have had a string-telephone on his premises. There is no proof of this latter fact, but it is in evidence that such a telephone was used, in 1872 and 1873, at a wheelwright's shop, just opposite his, and occupied by his brother John, or “Squire” Drawbaugh.

The contest raged about this point: whether or not Daniel Drawbaugh had a practicable electric telephone at the Clover Mill prior to 1876. Six hundred persons were examined; many months were consumed in taking their testimony. The agents of both parties scoured the county in search of witnesses, and Lower Allen Township had for years a sensation such as few farming communities ever enjoyed. All the inhabitants took sides, and "Dan's" suit with the Bell Company was debated nightly at every store and tavern within twenty miles of Eberly's Mills.

Some idea of the thoroughness with which the subject was investigated, and of the conflicting nature of the testimony evoked, may be gathered from the episode of the hydraulic ram. A farmer who lived at Marysville, which is not far from Eberly's Mills, swore that he heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone at the Clover Mill in May or June, 1874. He was sure of this date, because in the same year an hydraulic ram was ordered by him from Drawbaugh, and he was never in the Clover Mill shop on any other occasion. The defense thereupon brought evidence to prove that the ram was not purchased until 1878. Seventy-five persons, for one side and the other, were examined upon this collateral point, all the neighbors for miles around being called into court. "The ram and telephones," said one witness from Marysville, "is about all that is talked of up there now."

Other witnesses were brought from the West, and one was sent for from Dakota to testify that he saw the hydraulic ram at Kissinger's farm one Sunday afternoon in 1876, when he went to walk with a friend. He knew that it was in 1876, because he was married in 1877, and he remembers that the subject of conversation between himself and his friend on this particular Sunday was the cost of washing, whereas after his marriage that topic ceased to have in his eyes any

practical interest. At one time, indeed, an indifferent spectator would have supposed that the question of the telephone had been abandoned by mutual consent, and that Cyrus Kissinger's ram had been substituted as the bone of contention. To every proposition proved by one side there was an answer from the other. If the Bell people brought a witness to testify that in 1878, while driving along the highway, he saw log pipes ready to be connected with the ram, the defense showed that the point in question was not visible from the road. The reply to this evidence was a photograph of the farm taken from the highway, especially to prove its incorrectness; and the rejoinder to this reply was that the distance is too great to permit a log to be distinguished from a barn or a cow. When the Kissingers' pastor testified that he never saw an hydraulic ram on the premises prior to 1878, it appeared on cross-examination that his visits were confined to the parlor, and that inasmuch as he did not prowl about the rear of the house, there might have been a thousand rams on the farm, for aught that he knew. So the dispute went on, and to this day it is undecided. It is not mentioned in Chief Justice Waite's opinion, and it is doubtful if the Supreme Court weighed the evidence in regard to it,—doubtful even if they read the evidence through. One fact, however, was clearly established by this episode, namely, the extreme fallibility of human testimony; and the same remark might be applied generally to the seven thousand printed pages which constitute the evidence in the suit.

"In cases," said Judge Wallace, "where such a chaos of oral testimony exists, it is usually found that the judgment is convinced by a few leading facts and *indicia* [he refers chiefly to Drawbaugh's conduct], outlined so clearly that they cannot be obscured by prevarication or the aberrations of memory. Such facts and *indicia* are found here, and

they are so persuasive and cogent that the testimony of a myriad of witnesses cannot prevail against them." The Supreme Court looked at the matter from substantially the same point of view. "We do not doubt," the opinion said, "that Drawbaugh may have conceived the idea that speech could be transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and have experimented upon that subject. But to hold that he discovered the art of doing it before Bell did would be to construe testimony without regard to the ordinary laws that govern human conduct."

This conclusion is just and reasonable, and yet it might not have been reached so easily a hundred years ago. During the present century the value of human testimony has been examined as it never was before, and its estimation has sunk not a little. Historical researches and historical criticism have both contributed to this result. At the same time, the uniformity of human conduct has been observed and ascertained to a degree not imagined hitherto, and this tends to impair the force of cumulative testimony. It is less difficult now than formerly to perceive that where one witness has fallen into error, the same or similar causes may have led other witnesses to make the same mistake, and thus the evidence of a dozen men to a particular point may weigh but little more than that of one or two. I do not mean to imply that the Supreme Court decided against Drawbaugh solely on the ground that his

conduct was inconsistent with his pretensions, and that his case was so improbable that the testimony to support it must be rejected as incredible. There was positive evidence against him, to part of which I have not alluded. For example, the court placed much reliance on the fact that Drawbaugh's reproduced instruments (the originals of which made a perfect telephone, according to the testimony of his witnesses) failed to transmit speech, except in the most imperfect and fragmentary manner, when they were tested in presence of both parties. It is significant, also, that Drawbaugh himself does not fix even the year in which his telephone was perfected; that is done by other persons. Still, in the main, the case was decided on the ground that it was more likely that many honest men should be in error as to a fact, concerning which they swore positively, than that one man should have acted as Drawbaugh is represented to have done. This principle is a sound one, but it is so easy to apply that it might also easily be abused. Much must be allowed to the eccentricities of human conduct, especially when a "genius," whether he be an inventor or a poet, is the person under investigation. Daniel Drawbaugh must be either a genius, and a deeply injured one, or else (and this is the implication of the Supreme Court opinion) an easy-going, vain, good-natured, intelligent mechanic, who, being subjected to a great temptation, fell, as other men have fallen.

*H. C. Merwin.*

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#### HOME LIFE OF THE REDSTART.

THE redstart himself told me where his treasures were "hid in a leafy hollow." Not that he intended to be so confiding; on the contrary, he was somewhat disconcerted when he saw what he

had done, and tried his best to undo it by appearing not to have the smallest interest in that particular tree.

I happened, that morning, to be wandering slowly along the edge of a tree-

lined ravine, looking for the nest of a greatly disturbed pair of cat-birds. As I drew near an old moss-covered apple-tree, I heard a low though energetic "phit! phit!" and a chipping sparrow emerged from the tree with much haste, quickly followed by a redstart, with the unmistakable air of proprietor. The sight of me made a diversion. The pursued dropped into the grass, while the pursuer turned his attention to the bigger game, presented so unexpectedly that he had not time to bethink himself of his usual custom of not showing his gorgeous black and gold about home. He scolded me well for an instant, till his wits returned, when he disappeared like a flash. It was too late to deceive me, however, and I marked that tree as I passed, intent at the moment upon cat-birds.

On returning, I stopped on the bank to look the tree over at my leisure, and there I soon saw, two feet from the top of the tallest upright branch and tightly clinging to it, a small cradle, gently rocking in the warm breeze. No one was at home, and I sat down to wait. This movement did not meet the approval of a certain small tenant of a neighboring tree, for I was saluted by a sharp, low, incessant cry; now it came from the right side, now from the left. I turned quickly, caught a glimpse of yellow, the flit of a wing, and then—nothing. In a moment the sound began again, and thus it tantalized me till my neck became tired, and I laid my head back among the ferns, to wait till the small fire-brand calmed down a little. To my surprise and delight, the bird seemed to regard this as a surrender, for down a broad branch that sloped toward me came a most animated bundle of feathers, wings and tail widespread, making hostile demonstrations, and scolding as fiercely as such an atom could. It had all the airs of ownership, and its colors were olive and yellow; had, then, the roguish redstart deceived me, after all?

Thus pondering, I suddenly remembered that I had never seen his spouse, and that monsieur and madame do not dress alike in the bird world any more than in the human. I marked the points; I consulted the books: there could be no doubt this was the little dame herself, and her mate had been too clever to come to her aid.

The structure on the apple bough was the redstart homestead. Watch it every day I must, yet not to disturb the fiery little owners it was necessary to move further from them. I sought and found a delightful nook, the other side of the ravine, through which ran a mountain brook. On the steep sides of the small stream the native forest still flourished, and seated at the foot of a tall maple, tented in by a heavy low growth at my back, I could look across the narrow chasm through a gap in the trees, and see the redstart nest in the pasture beyond. The restless pair did not notice me behind my veil of greenery, and my glass was of the best; so I secured a good view of the small mansion and the life that went on about it, without in the least annoying the builders thereof. I found the head of the family very interesting in his *rôle* of husband and father.

Perhaps not every one knows a redstart, and his name is misleading, for he has not a red feather on his body. He is a bird of very few inches, clothed in brilliant array of orange and black and white, which always suggests the Baltimore oriole. His mate is more soberly clad in olive-brown and golden-yellow; neither of them is still for an instant, diving and flitting about on a tree like specks of animated sunlight.

At my pleasant post of observation I spent hours of every day, stealing in soon after breakfast, quietly, so as not to arouse the suspicions of a robin who lived in the neighborhood; for unfortunate is the student whose ways are not acceptable to one of this noisy family.

The alert bird will place himself on the nearest tree and call, a loud, ringing "peep! peep!" at intervals of a few seconds, and nothing will tire him out. I have seen one pause, with a mouthful of wriggling food for its nestlings, and call for half an hour, warning every bird within hearing that here was danger. I found, however, when my patience gave out, that the robin will take a hint. On throwing a pebble through the branches near him, as a suggestion that his attentions were not welcome, he flew to a tree a little farther off, and resumed his offensive remarks; another pebble convinced him that the distance might be profitably increased, and thus I drove him away; at about the fourth pebble he took a final departure.

Here, then, I saw the small housekeeping go on. I always found the little dame in possession, and generally the lord and master gleaned food in redstart fashion; flitting around a branch, darting behind a leaf, over and under a twig, tail spread to keep his balance during these jerky movements, his bright oriole colors flashing as he dashed through a patch of sunlight, — a beautiful object, but a perfectly silent one. When his happiness demanded expression he flew to a maple-tree, and poured out his soul in the quaint though not very musical ditty of his race. Sometimes he stood still on a branch, like a bird who has something to say; but more often he rushed around after insects on this tree, and threw in the notes between the firm snaps of his beak.

Promptly every half hour the little sprite took his way to that precious apple branch, and dropped, light as a snowflake, on a certain twig on the nearest side of his homestead. A flash from the nest announced the departure of madame, and he popped into her place. Not to settle down to business, as she did, — far from it! It is a wonder to me how even a female redstart can sit still. On taking his place, he first examined

the treasures it held, leaning over the edge with a solicitude charming to see; and when he did at last cover them from sight, his black velvet cap still bobbed up and down, this way and that, as though he were taking advantage of his enforced quiet to plume himself. Precisely three minutes he allowed his modest spouse for her repast. At the expiration of that time he deserted, darted away, and began to call from the next tree, when she instantly returned. Sometimes she was at hand, and alighted on a twig on the farther side of the nest, when he bounded off and out of sight. She carefully inspected the nest to see that all was right, then slipped in, settled herself with a gentle flutter of wings, and I knew she was safe for another half hour. It was the closest watching I ever tried, so quick were the motions, so silent the going and coming.

Now and then the redstart chose to stay longer at home. The usual time having expired, the little sitter appeared, but if her mate did not vacate, she availed herself of the additional liberty in flitting about the tree, adding a desert to her dinner. On one occasion he let her return twice before he left, occupying her place for eight minutes, — an enormous length of time for a redstart. More often he grew impatient in less than three minutes, and once he forgot himself so far as to call while in the nest.

During the sitting there came two days of steady, pouring rain and high wind. I feared the hopes of that family, as well as others all about, would perish, but the brave little mother bore the depressing season well. The eggs were never left uncovered, nor did that gay rover, her spouse, forget to take her place as usual.

On the morning of my fourth day of watching, I saw there was news; sitting was over, and though they could not be seen, it was easy to picture the featherless, wide-mouthed objects, evidently so lovely to the young parents. Close work

as it had been to observe the movements of the pair, it was much harder after that, they became at once so wary. I am sure they never regarded me in any way as a spy, for I was not in their high-way; moreover, they would certainly have expressed their mind if they had. Yet they came and went entirely from the other side, and so exactly opposite the nest that often I could not see even the flit of a wing. Not until one stood on the threshold could I see it, and the most untiring vigilance was necessary. Even before this madame was cautious in her going and coming; she first dropped about two feet to a branch, paused a moment, then went to a second one, still lower, thus left the tree near the ground, and in returning she began at the lowest branch and retraced her steps to the nest.

That day the father of the new family seemed very joyous, and treated us to a great deal of singing, though it was not a singing-day, being very cold with a steady rain. The pretty little mother took thoughtful care of her brood. For a half-hour or more she worked very busily, her mate helping, and fed them well; then she deliberately sat down upon those youngsters, exactly as though they were still eggs. There she stayed as long as she thought best, and then she went to her work again.

The morning they were six days old I had the pleasure of seeing a movement in the nest. When the sun reached a certain height above the tree, it shone into that small mansion in such a way as to reveal its contents; thus I could see the redstart babies moving restlessly, evidently in haste already to come out into the world. This day the father took rather more than half the charge of the provision supply, and with considerable regularity. During four hours that the nest was closely watched, its tenants were fed at about five-minute intervals for half an hour; and then mamma promptly smothered their ambition, as above

mentioned, for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when, if they did not take naps like "good little birdies," they at least were forced to keep still.

This young matron reminded me of some mothers of a larger growth, she was so fussy, so careful that her charges did not go too fast for their strength, while her spouse made it his business to see that she did not keep them tender by over-coddling. He allowed her to brood them for fifteen minutes; longer than that he would not tolerate, but came like a fiery meteor to see that she moved. She plainly understood his intention, for the instant he appeared she darted off, although he did not touch the nest. All day the weight of responsibility kept this rover at home: he might generally be seen on the lower branches of his tree, darting about in perfect silence; but once or twice I saw him actually loitering, a pleasant pastime of which I never suspected a redstart.

Six days appears to be the limit of time a redstart baby can submit to a cradle. (I know this does not agree with the books, so I explain that it was six days from the time constant sitting ceased. If the young were out of the shell before that, they were covered all the time, and not fed.) The day that stirring urchin was six days old he mounted the edge of the nest and tried his wings. When mamma came, he asked for food in the usual bird-baby way, gentle flutters of the wings; but this haste was certainly not pleasing to the little dame, and upon her departure I noticed that he had returned to the nursery.

However, his ambition was roused,—the ambition of a redstart to be moving,—and at seven o'clock the next morning, his seventh day, he came out with his mind made up to stay. First a shaky little yellowish head appeared above the nest; then the owner thereof clambered out upon a twig, three inches

higher. One minute he rested, to glance around the new world, and quickly increased the distance to six inches, where he stood fidgeting, arranging his feathers, and evidently preparing for a tremendous flight, when his anxious parent returned. Plainly, he would have been wiser to wait another day, for all the time it was difficult for him to keep his place; every few seconds he made wild struggles, beating the air with his wings, and at last, after enjoying that elevated position in life about ten minutes, he lost his hold and fell. I held my breath, for a fall to the ground meant a dead nestling; but he clutched at a twig two or three feet lower, and succeeded in retaining this more humble station. Madame came and fed and comforted him, and it was soon evident that he had learned a lesson, for he moderated his transports; though his head was as restless as ever, his feet were more steady, and he did not fall again; and he soon scrambled freely all over the tree.

Now I was interested to see how the redstart babies were brought up, and for more than four hours I kept my eyes on that youngster. It is no small task, let me say, to keep watch of an atom an inch or two long, to whom any leaf is ample screen, to note every movement lest he slip out of sight, and to make memorandum of each morsel of food he gets. There were, also, of course, the most seductive sounds about me; never so many birds came near. Cat-birds whispered softly behind my back; a vireo cried plaintively over my head; the towhee bunting boldly perched on a low bush, and saluted me with his peculiar cry; flickers uttered their quaint "wick-up" on my right, and a very sighed softly "we-o" on my left. Unflinchingly, however, I kept my face toward that apple-tree, and my eyes on that restless young hopeful, while I noted the conduct of the parents toward him.

This is what I learned: First, that

the nestlings were to be kept back, and not allowed out of the nursery till this one was able to care for himself, or at least to help. The nest, holding probably two or three little ones, was visited, the first hour almost exactly once in twenty minutes, by madame exclusively, and the three succeeding hours at longer intervals, by her spouse. Scarcely a move was made there; plainly there were no more "come-outers" that day. The efforts of the mother were concentrated on number one, apparently, to bring him forward as fast as possible. He was, for an hour, fed every five or six minutes, the next hour only three times, and this system was kept up with perfect regularity all day.

Meanwhile, the behavior of the happy father was peculiar and somewhat puzzling, considering how solicitous he had hitherto appeared. For some time his gay coat was not to be seen, even on his favorite lower branches; and when he did come around, his mate flew at him, whether to praise or to punish could only be guessed, for he at once disappeared before her. After two or three episodes of this sort he remained about the tree, and occasionally contributed a mite to the family sustenance.

The next morning, at half past seven, I resumed my seat as usual, and very soon saw I was too late. Both parents were busily flitting about the tree, but never once went near the old home; moreover, when the sun reached the magical point where he revealed the inside of the nest, lo, it was empty!

Either there had been but one other bairn, and he had got out before I did, — things happen so rapidly in the redstart family, — or there had been a tragedy, I could not discover which. Neither could I find a young bird on that tree, though I was sure, by the conduct of the parents, that at least one remained.

Now that no one's feelings could be hurt by the operation, I had a limb cut



off the apple-tree, and the little home I had watched with so great interest brought down to me. Nothing could be daintier or more secure than that snug little structure. Placed on an upright branch, just below the point where five branchlets, a foot or more long, sprang out to shelter, and closely surrounded by seven twigs, of few inches but many leaves, it was a marvel I had been able to see it at all. The redstarts might be lively and restless, but they were good workers. So firmly was that nest fastened to its branch, resting on one twig and embraced by two others, like arms, that to remove it would destroy it.

Strips of something like grapevine bark, with a few grass-blades and a material that looked like hornets' or other insects' nest formed the outside, while long horse-hairs made the soft lining. Though strong and firm, it was on the sides so thin, that, as mentioned above, the movements of the young could be seen through it.

This pretty cup, around which so many hopes had centred, was of a size for a fairy's homestead, — hardly two inches inside diameter, and less than two inches deep. I carried it off as a memento of a delightful June among the hills of the old Bay State.

*Olive Thorne Miller.*

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## FIRST YEAR OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

THE unfortunate measures of April, 1774, were not carried through Parliament without earnest opposition. Lord Rockingham and his friends entered a protest on the journal of the House of Lords, on the grounds that the people of Massachusetts had not been heard in their own defense, and that the lives and liberties of the citizens were put absolutely into the hands of the governor and council, who were thus invested with greater powers than it had ever been thought wise to entrust to the king and his privy council in Great Britain. They concluded, therefore, that the acts were unconstitutional. The Duke of Richmond could not restrain his burning indignation. "I wish," said he in the House of Lords, — "I wish from the bottom of my heart that the Americans may resist, and get the better of the forces sent against them." But that the Americans really would resist, very few people in England believed. The conduct of the ministry was based throughout upon the absurd idea that the Americans could be frightened into

submission. General Gage, as we have seen, thought that four regiments would be enough to settle the whole business. Lord Sandwich said that the Americans were a set of undisciplined cowards, who would take to their heels at the first sound of a cannon. Even Hutchinson, who went over to England about this time, and who ought to have known of what stuff the men of Massachusetts were made, assured the king that they never would dare to resist a regular army. Such blunders, however, need not surprise us when we recollect how, just before the War of Secession, the people of the Southern and of the Northern States made similar mistakes with regard to each other. In 1860, it was commonly said by Southern people that Northern people would submit to anything rather than fight; and in support of this opinion it was sometimes asked, "If the Northern people are not arrant cowards, why do they never have duels?" On the other hand, it was commonly said at the North that the Southern people, however bravely they might bluster,

would never enter upon a war of secession, because it was really much more for their interest to remain in the Federal Union than to secede from it,—an argument which lost sight of one of the commonest facts in human life, that under the influence of strong passion men are unable to take just views of what concerns their own interests. Such examples show how hard it often is for one group of men to understand another group, even when they are all of the same blood and speech, and think alike about most matters that do not touch the particular subject in dispute. Nothing could have been surer, either in 1860 or 1774, than that the one party to the quarrel was as bold and brave as the other.

Another fatal error under which the ministry labored was the belief that Massachusetts would not be supported by the other colonies. Their mistake was not unlike that which ruined the plans of Napoleon III., when he declared war upon Prussia in 1870. There was no denying the fact of strong jealousies among the American colonies in 1774, as there was no denying the fact of strong jealousies between the Northern and Southern German States in 1870. But the circumstances under which Napoleon III. made war on Prussia happened to be such as to enlist all the German States in the common cause with her. And so it was with the war of George III. against Massachusetts. As soon as the charter of that colony was annulled, all the other colonies felt that their liberties were in jeopardy; and thence, as Fox truly said, “all were taught to consider the town of Boston as suffering in the common cause.”

News of the Boston Port Bill was received in America on the 10th of May. On the 12th the committees of several Massachusetts towns held a convention at Faneuil Hall, and adopted a circular letter, prepared by Samuel Adams, to be sent to all the other colonies, asking

for their sympathy and coöperation. The response was prompt and emphatic. In the course of the summer, conventions were held in nearly all the colonies, declaring that Boston should be regarded as “suffering in the common cause.” The obnoxious acts of Parliament were printed on paper with deep black borders, and in some towns were burned by the common hangman on scaffolds four feet high. Droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, cartloads of wheat and maize, kitchen vegetables and fruit, barrels of sugar, quintals of dried fish, provisions of every sort, were sent overland as free gifts to the people of the devoted city, even the distant rice-swamps of South Carolina contributing their share. The over-cautious Franklin had written from London, suggesting that perhaps it would be best, after all, for Massachusetts to indemnify the East India Company; but Gadsden, with a sounder sense of the political position, sent word, “Don’t pay for an ounce of the damned tea.” Throughout the greater part of the country the 1st of June was kept as a day of fasting and prayer; bells were muffled and tolled in the principal churches; ships in the harbors put their flags at half-mast. Marblehead, which was appointed to supersede Boston as port of entry, immediately invited the merchants of Boston to use its wharfs and warehouses free of charge in shipping and unshipping their goods. A policy of absolute non-importation was advocated by many of the colonies, though Pennsylvania, under the influence of Dickinson, still vainly cherishing hopes of reconciliation, hung back, and advised that the tea should be paid for. As usual, the warmest sympathy with New England came from Virginia. “If need be,” said Washington, “I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head for the relief of Boston.”

To insure concerted action on the part of the whole country, something

more was required than these general expressions and acts of sympathy. The proposal for a Continental Congress came first from the Sons of Liberty in New York; it was immediately taken up by the members of the Virginia legislature, sitting in convention at Raleigh tavern, after the governor had dissolved them as a legislature, and Massachusetts was invited to appoint the time and place for the meeting of the Congress. On the 7th of June the Massachusetts assembly was convened at Salem by General Gage, in conformity with the provisions of the Port Bill. Samuel Adams always preferred to use the ordinary means of transacting public business so long as they were of avail, and he naturally wished to have the act appointing a Continental Congress passed by the assembly. But this was not easy to bring about, for upon the first hint that any such business was to come up the governor would instantly dissolve the assembly. In such case it would be necessary for the committees of correspondence throughout Massachusetts to hold a convention for the purpose of appointing the time and place for the Congress and of electing delegates to attend it. But Adams preferred to have these matters decided in regular legislative session, and he carried his point. Having talked privately with several of the members, at last on the 17th of June — a day which a twelvemonth hence was to become so famous — the favorable moment came. Having had the door locked, he introduced his resolves, appointing five delegates to confer with duly appointed delegates from the other colonies, in a Continental Congress at Philadelphia on the 1st of September next. Some of the members, astonished and frightened, sought to pass out; and as the doorkeeper seemed uneasy at assuming so much responsibility, Samuel Adams relieved him of it by taking the key from the door and putting it into his own pocket, whereupon the business

of the assembly went on. Soon one of the Tory members pretended to be very sick, and being allowed to go out, made all haste to Governor Gage, who instantly drew up his writ dissolving the assembly, and sent his secretary with it. When the secretary got there, he found the door locked, and as nobody could let him in or pay any attention to him, he was obliged to content himself with reading the writ, in a loud voice, to the crowd which had assembled on the stairs. The assembly meanwhile passed the resolves by 117 to 12, elected Samuel and John Adams, Thomas Cushing, and Robert Treat Paine as delegates, assessed the towns in the commonwealth for the necessary expenses, passed measures for the relief of Boston, and adjourned *sine die*. All the other colonies except Georgia, in the course of the summer, accepted the invitation, and chose delegates, either through their assemblies or through special conventions. Georgia sent no delegates, but promised to adopt any course of action that should be determined upon.

Before the time appointed for the Congress, Massachusetts had set the Regulating Act at defiance. On the 16th of August, when the court assembled at Great Barrington, a vast multitude of farmers surrounded the courthouse and forbade the judges to transact any business. Two or three of the councilors newly appointed on the king's writ of *mandamus* yielded in advance to public opinion, and refused to take their places. Those who accepted were forced to resign. At Worcester two thousand men assembled on the common, and compelled Timothy Paine to make his resignation in writing. The councilor appointed from Bridgewater was a deacon; when he read the psalm the congregation refused to sing. In Plymouth one of the most honored citizens, George Watson, accepted a place on the council; as he took his seat in church on the following Sunday, the people got up and

began to walk out of the house. Overcome with shame, for a moment his venerable gray head sank upon the pew before him; then he rose up and vowed that he would resign. In Boston the justices and barristers took their accustomed places in the court-house, but no one could be found to serve as juror in a court that was illegally constituted. Gage issued a proclamation warning all persons against attending town-meeting, but no one heeded him, and town-meetings were more fully attended than ever. He threatened to send an armed force against Worcester, but the people there replied that he would do so at his peril, and forthwith began to collect powder and ball. At Salem the people walked to the town-house under the governor's nose and in the very presence of a line of soldiers. On the 1st of September a party of soldiers seized two hundred kegs of powder at Charlestown and two field-pieces at Cambridge, and carried them to Castle William. As the news spread about the country, rumor added that the troops had fired upon the people, and within forty-eight hours at least 20,000 men were marching on Boston; but they turned back to their homes on receiving word from the Boston committee that their aid was not yet needed.

During these stirring events, in the absence of Samuel Adams, who had gone to attend the Congress at Philadelphia, the most active part in the direction of affairs at Boston was taken by Dr. Joseph Warren. This gentleman — one of a family which has produced three very eminent physicians — was graduated at Harvard College in 1759. He had early attracted the attention of Samuel Adams, had come to be one of his dearest friends, and had been concerned with him in nearly all of his public acts of the past seven years. He was a man of knightly bravery and courtesy, and his energy and fertility of mind were equaled only by his rare sweetness and modesty. With Adams

and Hancock, he was one of the great Massachusetts triumvirate of Revolutionary leaders. The accession of Hancock to the Revolutionary cause at an early period had been of great help, by reason of his vast wealth and wide social influence. Hancock was graduated at Harvard College in 1754. He was a gentleman of refinement and grace and a sincere patriot, but neither for grasp of intelligence nor for strength of character can he be compared with Adams or with Warren. His chief weakness was personal vanity, but he was generous and loyal, and under the influence of the iron-willed Adams was capable of good things. Upon Warren, more than any one else, however, Adams relied as lieutenant, who, under any circumstances whatever, would be sure to prove equal to the occasion.

On the 5th of September Gage began fortifying Boston Neck, so as to close the only approach to the city by land. Next day the county assize was to be held at Worcester; but 5000 armed men, drawn up in regular military array, lined each side of the main street, and the unconstitutionally appointed judges were forbidden to take their seats. On the same day a convention of the towns of Suffolk County was held at Milton, and a series of resolutions, drawn up by Dr. Warren, were adopted unanimously. The resolutions declared that a king who violates the chartered rights of his people forfeits their allegiance; they declared the Regulating Act null and void, and ordered all the officers appointed under it to resign their offices at once; they directed the collectors of taxes to refuse to pay over money to Gage's treasurer; they advised the towns to choose their own militia officers; and they threatened the governor that, should he venture to arrest any one for political reasons, they would retaliate by seizing upon the Crown officers as hostages. A copy of these resolutions, which virtually placed Massachusetts in an attitude

of rebellion, was forwarded to the Continental Congress, which enthusiastically indorsed them, and pledged the faith of all the other colonies that they would aid Massachusetts in case armed resistance should become inevitable, while at the same time they urged that a policy of moderation should be preserved, and that Great Britain should be left to fire the first shot. On receiving these instructions from the Congress, the people of Massachusetts at once proceeded to organize a provisional government in accordance with the spirit of the Suffolk resolves. Gage had issued a writ convening the assembly at Salem for the 1st of October, but before the day arrived he changed his mind, and prorogued it. In disregard of this order, however, the representatives met at Salem a week later, organized themselves into a provincial congress, with John Hancock for president, and adjourned to Concord. On the 27th they chose a committee of safety, with Warren for chairman, and charged it with the duty of collecting military stores. In December this Congress dissolved itself, but a new one assembled at Cambridge on the 1st of February, and proceeded to organize the militia and appoint general officers. A special portion of the militia, known as "minute-men," were set apart, under orders to be ready to assemble at a moment's warning; and the committee of safety were directed to call out this guard as soon as Gage should venture to enforce the Regulating Act. Under these instructions every village green in Massachusetts at once became the scene of active drill. Nor was it a population unused to arms that thus began to marshal itself into companies and regiments. During the French war one fifth of all the able-bodied men of Massachusetts had been in the field, and in 1757 the proportion had risen to one third. There were plenty of men who had learned how to stand under fire, and officers who had held

command on hard-fought fields; and all were practiced marksmen. It is quite incorrect to suppose that the men who first repulsed the British regulars in 1775 were a band of farmers, utterly unused to fighting. Their little army was indeed a militia, but it was made up of warlike material.

While these preparations were going on in Massachusetts, the Continental Congress had assembled at Philadelphia on the 5th of September. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen president; and the Adamses, the Livingstons, the Rutledges, Dickinson, Chase, Pendleton, Lee, Henry, and Washington took part in the debates. One of their first acts was to dispatch Paul Revere to Boston with their formal approval of the action of the Suffolk Convention. After four weeks of careful deliberation they agreed upon a declaration of rights, claiming for the American people "a free and exclusive power of legislation in their provincial legislatures, where their rights of legislation could alone be preserved in all cases of taxation and internal polity." This paper also specified the rights of which they would not suffer themselves to be deprived, and called for the repeal of eleven acts of Parliament by which these rights had been infringed. Besides this, they formed an association for insuring commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, and charged the committees of correspondence with the duty of inspecting the entries at all custom-houses. Addresses were also prepared, to be sent to the king, to the people of Great Britain, and to the inhabitants of British America. The 10th of May was appointed for a second Congress, in which the Canadian colonies and the Floridas were invited to join; and on the 26th of October the Congress dissolved itself.

The ability of the papers prepared by the first Continental Congress has long been fully admitted in England as well as in America. Chatham declared them

unsurpassed by any state papers ever composed in any age or country. But Parliament was not now in the mood for listening to reason. Chatham, Shelburne, and Camden urged in vain that the vindictive measures of the last April should be repealed and the troops withdrawn from Boston. On the 1st of February, Chatham introduced a bill which, could it have passed, would no doubt have averted war, even at the eleventh hour. Besides repealing its vindictive measures, Parliament was to renounce forever the right of taxing the colonies, while retaining the right of regulating the commerce of the whole empire; and the Americans were to defray the expenses of their own governments by taxes voted in their colonial assemblies. A few weeks later, in the House of Commons, Burke argued that the abstract right of Parliament to tax the colonies was not worth contending for, and he urged that on large grounds of expediency it should be abandoned, and that the vindictive acts should be repealed. But both Houses, by large majorities, refused to adopt any measures of conciliation, and in a solemn joint address declared themselves ready to support him to the end in the policy upon which he had entered. Massachusetts was declared to be in a state of rebellion, and acts were passed closing all the ports of New England, and prohibiting its fishermen from access to the Newfoundland fisheries. At the same time it was voted to increase the army at Boston to ten thousand men, and to supersede Gage, who had in all these months accomplished so little with his four regiments. As people in England had utterly failed to comprehend the magnitude of the task assigned to Gage, it was not strange that they should seek to account for his inaction by doubting his zeal and ability. No less a person than David Hume saw fit to speak of him as a "lukewarm coward." William Howe, member of Parliament for

the liberal constituency of Nottingham, was chosen to supersede him. In his speeches as candidate for election only four months ago, Howe had declared himself opposed to the king's policy, had asserted that no army that England could raise would be able to subdue the Americans, and, in reply to a question, had promised that if offered a command in America he would refuse it. When he now consented to take Gage's place as commander-in-chief, the people of Nottingham scolded him roundly for breaking his word.

It would be unfair, however, to charge Howe with conscious breach of faith in this matter. His appointment was itself a curious symptom of the element of vacillation that was apparent in the whole conduct of the ministry, even when its attitude professed to be most obstinate and determined. With all his obstinacy, the king did not really wish for war,—much less did Lord North; and the reason for Howe's appointment was simply that he was the brother to the Lord Howe who had fallen at Ticonderoga, and whose memory was idolized by the men of New England. Lord North announced that, in dealing with his misguided American brethren, his policy would be always to bend the olive branch in company with the sword; and no doubt Howe really felt that, by accepting a command offered in such a spirit, he might more efficiently serve the interests of humanity and justice than by leaving it open for some one of cruel and despotic temper, whose zeal might outrun even the wishes of the obdurate king. At the same time, his brother Richard, Lord Howe, a seaman of great ability, was appointed admiral of the fleet for America, and was expressly entrusted with the power of offering terms to the colonies. Sir Henry Clinton and John Burgoyne, both of them in sympathy with the king's policy, were appointed to accompany Howe as lieutenant-generals.

The conduct of the ministry, during the most critical and trying time, showed great uneasiness. When leave was asked for Franklin to present the case for the Continental Congress, and to defend it before the House of Commons, it was refused. Yet all through the winter the ministry were continually appealing to Franklin, unofficially and in private, in order to find out how the Americans might be appeased without making any such concessions as would hurt the pride of England. Lord Howe was the most conspicuous agent in these negotiations, which only served to show, over and over again, how the main root of the trouble was the incapacity of the British official mind to understand the character of the American people and the new political situation created by the enormous growth of the colonies. How to conciliate the Americans without giving up a single one of the false positions which the king had taken was the problem, and no wonder that Franklin soon perceived it to be insolvable, and made up his mind to go home. He had now stayed in England for several years, as agent for Pennsylvania and for Massachusetts. He had shown himself a consummate diplomatist, of that rare school which deceives by telling unwelcome truths, and he had some unpleasant encounters with the king and the king's friends. Now in March, 1775, seeing clearly that he could be of no further use in averting an armed struggle, he returned to America. Franklin's return was not, in form, like that customary withdrawal of an ambassador which heralds and proclaims a state of war. But practically it was the snapping of the last diplomatic link between the colonies and the mother country.

Still the ministry, with all its uneasiness, did not believe that war was close at hand. It was thought that the middle colonies, and especially New York, might be persuaded to support the government, and that New England, thus isolated,

would not venture upon armed resistance to the overwhelming power of Great Britain. The hope was not wholly unreasonable; for the great middle colonies, though conspicuous for material prosperity, were somewhat lacking in force of political ideas. In New York and Pennsylvania the non-English population was relatively far more considerable than in the Southern or the New England colonies. A considerable proportion of the population had come from the continent of Europe, and consequently the principles of constitutional government were not so thoroughly wrought into the innermost minds and hearts of the people, the pulse of liberty did not beat so quickly here, as in the purely English commonwealths of Virginia and Massachusetts. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the Quakers were naturally opposed to a course of action that must end in war; and these very honorable motives certainly contributed to weaken the resistance of these colonies to the measures of the government. In New York there were further special reasons for the existence of a strong loyalist feeling. The city of New York had for many years been the headquarters of the army and the seat of the principal royal government in America. It was not a town, like Boston, governing itself in town-meeting, but its municipal affairs were administered by a mayor, appointed by the king. Unlike Boston and Philadelphia, the interests of the city of New York were almost purely commercial, and there was nothing to prevent the little court circle there from giving the tone to public opinion. The Episcopal Church, too, was in the ascendant, and there was a not unreasonable prejudice against the Puritans of New England for their grim intolerance of Episcopalians and their alleged antipathy to Dutchmen. The province of New York, moreover, had a standing dispute with its eastern neighbors over the ownership of the Green



Mountain region. This beautiful country had been settled by New England men, under grants from the royal governors of New Hampshire; but it was claimed by the people of New York, and the controversy sometimes waxed hot and gave rise to very hard feelings. Under these circumstances, the labors of the ministry to secure this central colony seemed at times likely to be crowned with success. The assembly of New York refused to adopt the non-importation policy enjoined by the Continental Congress, it refused to print letters of the committee of correspondence, and it refused to choose delegates to the second Congress which was to be held in May. The ministry, in return, sought to corrupt New York by exempting it from the commercial restrictions placed upon the neighboring colonies, and by promising to confirm its alleged title to the territory of Vermont. All these hopes proved fallacious, however. In spite of appearances, the majority of the people of New York were thoroughly patriotic, and needed only an opportunity for organization. In April, under the powerful leadership of Philip Schuyler and the Livingstons, a convention was held, delegates were chosen to attend the Congress, and New York fell into line with the other colonies. As for Pennsylvania, in spite of its peaceful and moderate temper, it had never shown any signs of willingness to detach itself from the nascent union.

News traveled with slow pace in those days, and as late as the middle of May, Lord North, confident of the success of his schemes in New York, and unable to believe that the yeomanry of Massachusetts would dare fight against regular troops, declared cheerfully that this American business was not so alarming as it seemed, and everything would no doubt be speedily settled without bloodshed!

Great events had meanwhile happened in Massachusetts. All through the win-

ter the resistance to General Gage had been passive, for the lesson had been thoroughly impressed upon the mind of every man, woman, and child in the province that, in order to make sure of the entire sympathy of the other colonies, Great Britain must be allowed to fire the first shot. The Regulating Act had none the less been silently defied, and neither councilors nor judges, neither sheriffs nor jurymen, could be found to serve under the royal commission. It is striking proof of the high state of civilization attained by this commonwealth that although for nine months the ordinary functions of government had been suspended, yet the affairs of every-day life had gone on without friction or disturbance. Not a drop of blood had been shed, nor had any one's property been injured. The companies of yeomen meeting at eventide to drill on the village green, and now and then the cart laden with powder and ball that dragged slowly over the steep roads on its way to Concord, were the only outward signs of an unwonted state of things. Not so, however, in Boston. There the blockade of the harbor had wrought great hardship for the poorer people. Business was seriously interfered with, many persons were thrown out of employment, and in spite of the generous promptness with which provisions had been poured in from all parts of the country, there was great suffering through scarcity of fuel and food. Still there was but little complaint and no disorder. The leaders were as resolute as ever, and the people were as resolute as their leaders. As the 5th of March drew near, several British officers were heard to declare that any one who should dare to address the people in the Old South Church on this occasion would surely lose his life. As soon as he heard of these threats, Joseph Warren solicited for himself the dangerous honor, and at the usual hour delivered a stirring oration upon "the baleful influence of

standing armies in time of peace." The concourse in the church was so great that when the orator arrived every approach to the pulpit was blocked up; and rather than elbow his way through the crowd, which might lead to some disturbance, he procured a ladder, and climbed in through a large window at the back of the pulpit. About forty British officers were present, some of whom sat on the pulpit steps, and sought to annoy the speaker with groans and hisses, but everything passed off quietly.

The boldness of Adams and Hancock in attending this meeting was hardly less admirable than that of Warren in delivering the address. It was no secret that Gage had been instructed to watch his opportunity to arrest Samuel Adams and "his willing and ready tool," that "terrible desperado," John Hancock, and send them over to England to be tried for treason. Here was an excellent opportunity for seizing all the patriot leaders at once; and the meeting itself, moreover, was a town-meeting, such as Gage had come to Boston expressly to put down. Nothing more calmly defiant can be imagined than the conduct of people and leaders under these circumstances. But Gage had long since learned the temper of the people so well that he was afraid to proceed too violently. At first he had tried to corrupt Samuel Adams with offers of place or pelf; but he found, as Hutchinson had already declared, that such was "the obstinate and inflexible disposition of this man that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatsoever." The dissolution of the assembly, of which Adams was clerk, had put a stop to his salary, and he had so little property laid by as hardly to be able to buy bread for his family. Under these circumstances, it occurred to Gage that perhaps a judicious mixture of threat with persuasion might prove effectual. So he sent Colonel Fenton with a confidential message to Adams.

The officer, with great politeness, began by saying that "an adjustment of the existing disputes was very desirable; that he was authorized by Governor Gage to assure him that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government, and that it was the advice of Governor Gage to him not to incur the further displeasure of his Majesty; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII., by which persons could be sent to England for trial, and, by changing his course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king." Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital until the messenger had concluded. Then rising, he replied, glowing with indignation: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people!"

Toward the end of the winter Gage received peremptory orders to arrest Adams and Hancock, and send them to England for trial. One of the London papers gayly observed that in all probability Temple Bar "will soon be decorated with some of the patriotic noddles of the Boston saints." The provincial congress met at Concord on the 22d of March, and after its adjournment, on the 15th of April, Adams and Hancock stayed a few days at Lexington, at the house of their friend, the Rev. Jonas Clark. It would doubtless be easier to seize them there than in Boston, and, accordingly, on the night of the 18th Gage dispatched a force of 800 troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, to march to Lexington, and, after seiz-

ing the patriot leaders, to proceed to Concord, and capture or destroy the military stores which had for some time been collecting there. At ten in the evening the troops were rowed across Charles River, and proceeded by a difficult and unfrequented route through the marshes of East Cambridge, until, after four miles, they struck into the high-road for Lexington. The greatest possible secrecy was observed, and stringent orders were given that no one should be allowed to leave Boston that night. But Warren divined the purpose of the movement, and sent out Paul Revere by way of Charlestown, and William Dawes by way of Roxbury, to give the alarm. At that time there was no bridge across Charles River lower than the one which now connects Cambridge with Allston. Crossing the broad river in a little boat, under the very guns of the Somerset man-of-war, and waiting on the further bank until he learned, from a lantern suspended in the belfry of the North Church, which way the troops had gone, Revere took horse and galloped over the Medford road to Lexington, shouting the news at the door of every house that he passed. Reaching Mr. Clark's a little after midnight, he found the house guarded by eight minute-men, and the sergeant warned him not to make a noise and disturb the inmates. "Noise!" cried Revere. "You'll soon have noise enough; the regulars are coming!" Hancock, recognizing the voice, threw up the window, and ordered the guard to let him in. On learning the news, Hancock's first impulse was to stay and take command of the militia; but it was presently agreed that there was no good reason for his doing so, and shortly before daybreak, in company with Adams, he left the village.

Meanwhile, the troops were marching along the main road; but swift and silent as was their advance, frequent alarm-bells and signal-guns, and lights twinkling on distant hill-tops, showed

but too plainly that the secret was out. Colonel Smith then sent Major Pitcairn forward with six companies of light infantry to make all possible haste in securing the bridges over Concord River, while at the same time he prudently sent back to Boston for reinforcements. When Pitcairn reached Lexington, just as the rising sun was casting long shadows across the village green, he found himself confronted by some fifty minute-men under command of Captain John Parker, — grandfather of Theodore Parker, — a hardy veteran, who, fifteen years before, had climbed the heights of Abraham by the side of Wolfe. "Don't fire unless you are fired on," said Parker; "but if they want a war, it may as well begin here." "Disperse, ye villains!" shouted Pitcairn. "Damn you, why don't you disperse?" And as they stood motionless he gave the order to fire. As the soldiers hesitated to obey, he discharged his own pistol and repeated the order, whereupon a deadly volley slew eight of the minute-men and wounded ten. At this moment the head of Smith's own column seemed to have come into sight, far down the road. The minute-men had begun to return the fire, when Parker, seeing the folly of resistance, ordered them to retire. While this was going on, Adams and Hancock were walking across the fields toward Woburn; and as the crackle of distant musketry reached their ears, the eager Adams — his soul aglow with the prophecy of the coming deliverance of his country — exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" From Woburn the two friends went on their way to Philadelphia, where the second Continental Congress was about to assemble.

Some precious minutes had been lost by the British at Lexington, and it soon became clear that the day was to be one in which minutes could ill be spared. By the time they reached Concord, about seven o'clock, the greater part of the stores had been effectually hidden, and

minute-men were rapidly gathering from all quarters. After posting small forces to guard the bridges, the troops set fire to the court-house, cut down the liberty-pole, disabled a few cannon, staved in a few barrels of flour, and hunted unsuccessfully for arms and ammunition, until an unexpected incident put a stop to their proceedings. When the force of minute-men, watching events from the hill beyond the river, had become increased to more than 400, they suddenly advanced upon the North Bridge, which was held by 200 regulars. After receiving and returning the British fire, the militia, led by Major Buttrick, charged across the narrow bridge, overcame the regulars through weight and numbers, and drove them back into the village. They did not follow up the attack, but rested on their arms, wondering, perhaps, at what they had already accomplished, while their numbers were from moment to moment increased by the minute-men from neighboring villages. A little before noon, though none of the objects of the expedition had been accomplished, Colonel Smith began to realize the danger of his position, and started on his retreat to Boston. His men were in no mood for fight. They had marched eighteen miles, and had eaten nothing for fourteen hours. But now, while companies of militia hovered upon both their flanks, every clump of trees and every bit of rising ground by the roadside gave shelter to hostile yeomen, whose aim was true and deadly. Straggling combats ensued from time to time, and the retreating British left nothing undone which brave men could do; but the incessant, galling fire at length threw them into hopeless confusion. Leaving their wounded scattered along the road, they had already passed by the village green of Lexington in disorderly flight, when they were saved by Lord Percy, who had marched out through Brookline and Cambridge to their assistance, with 1200 men and

two field-pieces. Forming his men in a hollow square, Percy inclosed the fugitives, who, in dire exhaustion, threw themselves upon the ground, — “their tongues hanging out of their mouths,” says Colonel Stedman, “like those of dogs after a chase.” Many had thrown away their muskets, and Pitcairn had lost his horse, with the elegant pistols which fired the first shots of the War of Independence, and which may be seen to-day, along with other trophies, in the town library of Lexington.

Percy's timely arrival checked the pursuit for an hour, and gave the starved and weary men a chance for food and rest. A few houses were pillaged and set on fire, but at three o'clock General Heath and Dr. Warren arrived on the scene and took command of the militia, and the irregular fight was renewed. When Percy reached Menotomy (now Arlington), seven miles from Boston, his passage was disputed by a fresh force of militia, while pursuers pressed hard on his rear, and it was only after an obstinate fight that he succeeded in forcing his way. The roadside now fairly swarmed with marksmen, insomuch that, as one of the British officers observed, “they seemed to have dropped from the clouds.” It became impossible to keep order or to carry away the wounded; and when, at sunset, the troops entered Charlestown, under the welcome shelter of the fleet, it was upon the full run. They were not a moment too soon, for Colonel Pickering, with 700 Essex militia, on the way to intercept them, had already reached Winter Hill; and had their road been blocked by this fresh force they must inevitably have surrendered.

On this eventful day the British lost 273 of their number, while the Americans lost 93. The expedition had been a failure, the whole British force had barely escaped capture, and it had been shown that the people could not be frightened into submission. It had been

shown, too, how efficient the town system of organized militia might prove on a sudden emergency. The most interesting feature of the day is the rapidity and skill with which the different bodies of minute-men, marching from long distances, were massed at those points on the road where they might most effectually impede the British retreat. The Danvers company marched sixteen miles in four hours to strike Lord Percy at Menotomy. The list of killed and wounded shows that contingents from at least twenty-three towns had joined in the fight before sundown. But though the pursuit was then ended, these men did not return to their homes, but hour by hour their numbers increased. At noon of that day the alarm had reached Worcester. Early next morning, Israel Putnam was ploughing a field at Pomfret, in Connecticut, when the news arrived. Leaving orders for the militia companies to follow, he jumped on his horse, and, riding a hundred miles in eighteen hours, arrived in Cambridge on the morning of the 21st, just in time to meet John Stark with the first company from New Hampshire. At mid-day of the 20th the college green at New Haven swarmed with eager students and citizens, and Captain Benedict Arnold, gathering sixty volunteers from among them, placed himself at their head and marched for Cambridge, picking up recruits and allies at all the villages on the way. And thus, from every hill and valley in New England, on they came, till, by Saturday night, Gage found himself besieged in Boston by a rustic array of 16,000 men.

When the news of this affair reached England, five weeks later, it was received at first with incredulity, then with astonishment and regret. Slight as the contest had been, it remained undeniable that British troops had been defeated by what in England was regarded as a crowd of "peasants;" and it was felt besides that the chances for

conciliation had now been seriously diminished. Burke said that now that the Americans had once gone so far as this, they could hardly help going farther; and in spite of the condemnation that had been lavished upon Gage for his inactivity, many people were now inclined to find fault with him for having precipitated a conflict just at the time when it was hoped that, with the aid of the New York loyalists, some sort of accommodation might be effected. There is no doubt that the news from Lexington thoroughly disconcerted the loyalists of New York for the moment, and greatly strengthened the popular party there. In a manifesto addressed to the city of London, the New York committee of correspondence deplored the conduct of Gage as rash and violent, and declared that all the horrors of civil war would never bring the Americans to submit to the unjust acts of Parliament. When Hancock and Adams arrived, on their way to the Congress, they were escorted through the city with triumphal honors. In Pennsylvania steps were immediately taken for the enlistment and training of a colonial militia, and every colony to the south of it followed the example. The Scotch-Irish patriots of Mecklenburg County, in North Carolina, ventured upon a measure more decided than any that had yet been taken in any part of the country. On May 31st, the county committee of Mecklenburg affirmed that the joint address of the two Houses of Parliament to the king, in February, had virtually "annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the Crown, and suspended the constitutions of the colonies;" and that consequently "the provincial congress of each province, under the direction of the great Continental Congress, is invested with all the legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these

colonies." In accordance with this state of things, rules were adopted "for the choice of county officers, to exercise authority by virtue of this choice and independently of the British Crown, until Parliament should resign its arbitrary pretensions." These bold resolves were entrusted to the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress, but were not formally brought before that body, as the delegates thought it best to wait for a while longer the course of events.

Some twenty years later they gave rise to the legend of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The early writers of United States history passed over the proceedings of May 31st in silence, and presently the North Carolina patriots tried to supply an account of them from memory. Their traditional account was not published until 1819, when it was found to contain a spurious document, giving the substance of some of the foregoing resolves, decorated with phrases borrowed from the great Declaration of Independence of 1776. This document purported to have been drawn up and signed at a county meeting on the 20th of May. A fierce controversy sprang up over the genuineness of the document, which was promptly called in question. For a long time many people believed in it, and were inclined to charge Jefferson with having plagiarized from it in writing the Declaration of Independence. But a minute investigation of all the newspapers of May, 1775, has shown that no such meeting was held on the 20th, and no such document made public. The story of the Mecklenburg Declaration is simply a legend based upon the distorted recollection of the real proceedings of May 31st.

Meanwhile, in New England, the warlike feeling had become too strong to be contented merely with defensive measures. No sooner had Benedict Arnold reached Cambridge than he suggested

to Dr. Warren that an expedition ought to be sent without delay to capture Ticonderoga and Crown Point. These fortresses commanded the northern approaches to the Hudson River, the strategic centre of the whole country, and would be of supreme importance either in preparing an invasion of Canada or in warding off an invasion of New York. Besides this, they contained a vast quantity of military stores, of which the newly gathered army stood in sore need. The idea found favor at once. Arnold received a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Congress, and was instructed to raise 400 men among the Berkshire Hills, capture the fortresses, and superintend the transfer of part of their armament to Cambridge. When Arnold reached the wild hillsides of the Hoosac range, he found that he had a rival in the enterprise. The capture of Ticonderoga had also been secretly planned in Connecticut, and was entrusted to Ethan Allen, the eccentric but sagacious author of that now-forgotten deistical book, *The Oracles of Reason*. Allen was a leading spirit among the "Green Mountain Boys," an association of Vermont settlers formed for the purpose of resisting the jurisdiction of New York, and his personal popularity was great. On the 9th of May Arnold overtook Allen and his men on their march toward Lake Champlain, and claimed the command of the expedition on the strength of his commission from Massachusetts; but the Green Mountain Boys were acting partly on their own account, partly under the direction of Connecticut. They cared nothing for the authority of Massachusetts, and knew nothing of Arnold; they had come out to fight under their own trusted leader. But few of Arnold's own men had as yet assembled, and his commission could not give him command of Vermonters, so he joined the expedition as a volunteer. On reaching the lake that night, they found there were not nearly enough row-boats to

convey the men across. But delay was not to be thought of. The garrison must not be put on its guard. Accordingly, with only eighty-three men, Allen and Arnold crossed the lake at daybreak of the 10th, and entered Ticonderoga side by side. The little garrison, less than half as many in number, as it turned out, was completely surprised, and the stronghold was taken without a blow. As the commandant jumped out of bed, half awake, he confusedly inquired of Allen by whose authority he was acting. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" roared the bellicose philosopher; and the commandant, seeing the fort already taken, was fain to acquiesce. At the same time Crown Point surrendered to another famous Green Mountain Boy, Seth Warner, and thus more than two hundred cannon, with a large supply of powder and ball, were obtained for the New England army. A few days later, as some of Arnold's own men arrived from Berkshire, he sailed down Lake Champlain, and captured St. John's with its garrison; but the British recovered it in the course of the summer, and planted such a force there that in the autumn we shall see it able to sustain a siege of fifty days.

Neither Connecticut nor Massachusetts had any authority over these posts save through right of conquest. As it was Connecticut that had set Allen's expedition on foot, Massachusetts yielded the point as to the disposal of the fortresses and their garrisons. Dr. Warren urged the Connecticut government to appoint Arnold to the command, so that his commission might be held of both colonies; but Connecticut preferred to retain Allen, and in July Arnold returned to Cambridge to mature his remarkable plan for invading Canada through the trackless wilderness of Maine. His slight disagreement with Allen bore evil fruit. As is often the case in such affairs, the men were more

zealous than their commanders; there were those who denounced Arnold as an interloper, and he was destined to hear from them again and again.

On the same day on which Ticonderoga surrendered, the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. The Adamses and the Livingstons, Jay, Henry, Washington, and Lee were there, as also Franklin, just back from his long service in England. Of all the number, John Adams and Franklin had now, probably, come to agree with Samuel Adams that a political separation from Great Britain was inevitable; but all were fully agreed that any consideration of such a question was at present premature and uncalled for. The Congress was a body which wielded no technical legal authority: it was but a group of committees, assembled for the purpose of advising with each other regarding the public weal. Yet something very like a state of war existed in a part of the country, under conditions which intimately concerned the whole, and in the absence of any formally constituted government something must be done to provide for such a crisis. The spirit of the assembly was well shown in its choice of a president. Peyton Randolph being called back to Virginia to preside over the colonial assembly, Thomas Jefferson was sent to the Congress in his stead; and it also became necessary for Congress to choose a president to succeed him. The proscribed John Hancock was at once chosen, and Benjamin Harrison, in conducting him to the chair, said, "We will show Great Britain how much we value her proscriptions." To the garrisoning of Ticonderoga and Crown Point by Connecticut, the Congress consented only after much hesitation, since the capture of these posts had been an act of offensive warfare. But without any serious opposition, in the name of the "United Colonies," the Congress adopted the army of New England men besieging Boston as the "Continental



Army," and proceeded to appoint a commander-in-chief to direct its operations. Practically, this was the most important step taken in the whole course of the War of Independence, and the wisdom shown in the appointment was consummate. Nothing less, indeed, than the whole issue of the struggle, for ultimate defeat or for ultimate victory, turned upon the selection to be made at this crisis. For nothing can be clearer than that in any other hands than those of George Washington the military result of the war must have been speedily disastrous to the Americans. In appointing a Virginian to the command of a New England army, the Congress showed rare wisdom. It would well have accorded with local prejudices had a New England general been appointed. John Hancock greatly desired the appointment, and seems to have been chagrined at not receiving it. But it was wisely decided that the common interest of all Americans could in no way be more thoroughly engaged in the war than by putting the New England army in charge of a general who represented in his own person the greatest of the Southern colonies. Washington was now commander of the local militia of Virginia, and sat in Congress in his colonel's uniform. His services in saving the remnant of Braddock's ill-fated army, and afterwards in the capture of Fort Duquesne, had won for him a military reputation greater than that of any other American. Besides this, there was that which, from his early youth, had made it seem right to entrust him with commissions of extraordinary importance. Nothing in Washington's whole career is more remarkable than the fact that when a mere boy of twenty-one he should have been selected by the governor of Virginia to take charge of that most delicate and dangerous diplomatic mission to the Indian chiefs and the French commander at Venango. Consummate knowledge of human nature as

well as of wood-craft, a courage that no threats could daunt and a clear intelligence that no treachery could hoodwink, were the qualities absolutely demanded by such an undertaking; yet the young man acquitted himself of his perilous task not merely with credit, but with splendor. As regards book-lore, his education had been but meagre, yet he possessed in the very highest degree the rare faculty of always discerning the essential facts in every case, and interpreting them correctly. In the Continental Congress there sat many who were superior to him in learning and eloquence; but "if," said Patrick Henry, "you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man upon that floor." Thus did that wonderful balance of mind — so great that in his whole career it would be hard to point out a single mistake — already impress his ablest contemporaries. Hand in hand with this rare soundness of judgment there went a completeness of moral self-control, which was all the more impressive inasmuch as Washington's was by no means a tame or commonplace nature, such as ordinary power of will would suffice to guide. He was a man of intense and fiery passions. His anger, when once aroused, had in it something so terrible that strong men were cowed by it like frightened children. This prodigious animal nature was habitually curbed by a will of iron, and held in the service of a sweet and tender soul, into which no mean or unworthy thought had ever entered. Whole-souled devotion to public duty, an incorruptible integrity which no appeal to ambition or vanity could for a moment solicit, — these were attributes of Washington, as well marked as his clearness of mind and his strength of purpose. And it was in no unworthy temple that Nature had enshrined this great spirit. His lofty stature (exceeding six feet), his grave and handsome face, his noble

bearing and courtly grace of manner, all proclaimed in Washington a king of men.

The choice of Washington for commander-in-chief was suggested and strongly urged by John Adams, and when, on the 15th of June, the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, it was unanimously confirmed. Then Washington, rising, said with great earnestness: "Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." He refused to take any pay for his services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses, which Congress might reimburse, should it see fit, after the close of the war.

While these things were going on at Philadelphia, the army of New England men about Boston was busily pressing, to the best of its limited ability, the siege of that town. The army extended in a great semicircle of sixteen miles, — averaging about a thousand men to the mile, — all the way from Jamaica Plain to Charlestown Neck. The headquarters were at Cambridge, where some of the university buildings were used for barracks, and the chief command had been entrusted to General Artemas Ward, under the direction of the committee of safety. Dr. Warren had succeeded Hancock as president of the provincial congress, which was in session at Watertown. The army was excellent in spirit, but poorly equipped and extremely deficient in discipline. Its military object was to compel the British troops to evacuate Boston and take to their ships; for as there was no American fleet, anything like the destruction or capture of the British force was

manifestly impossible. The only way in which Boston could be made untenable for the British was by seizing and fortifying some of the neighboring hills which commanded the town, of which the most important were those in Charlestown on the north and in Dorchester on the southeast. To secure these hills was indispensable to Gage, if he was to keep his foothold in Boston; and as soon as Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived, on the 25th of May, with reinforcements which raised the British force to 10,000 men, a plan was laid for extending the lines so as to cover both Charlestown and Dorchester. Feeling now confident of victory, Gage issued a proclamation on June 12th, offering free pardon to all rebels who should lay down their arms and return to their allegiance, saving only those ringleaders, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, whose crimes had been "too flagitious to be condoned." At the same time, all who should be taken in arms were threatened with the gallows. In reply to this manifesto, the committee of safety, having received intelligence of Gage's scheme, ordered out a force of 1200 men, to forestall the governor, and take possession of Bunker Hill in Charlestown. At sunset of the 16th this brigade was paraded on Cambridge Common, and after prayer had been offered by Dr. Langdon, president of the university, they set out on their enterprise, under command of Colonel Prescott, of Pepperell, a veteran of the French war, grandfather of one of the most eminent of American historians. On reaching the grounds, a consultation was held, and it was decided, in accordance with the general purpose, if not in strict conformity to the letter of the order, to push on farther and fortify the eminence known as Breed's Hill, which was connected by a ridge with Bunker Hill, and might be regarded as part of the same locality. The position of Breed's Hill was admirably fitted for annoying the town and the ships in the harbor, and it

seems to have been supposed that, should the Americans succeed in planting batteries there, the British would be obliged to retire from Boston. There can be little doubt, however, that in thus departing from the strict letter of his orders Prescott made a mistake, which might have proved fatal, had not the enemy blundered still more seriously. The advanced position on Breed's Hill was not only exposed to attacks in the rear from an enemy who commanded the water, but the line of retreat was ill secured, and, by seizing upon Charlestown Neck, it would have been easy for the British, with little or no loss, to have compelled Prescott to surrender. From such a disaster the Americans were saved by the stupid contempt which the enemy felt for them.

Reaching Breed's Hill about midnight, Colonel Prescott's men began throwing up intrenchments. At day-break they were discovered by the sailors in the harbor, and a lively cannonade was kept up through the forenoon by the enemy's ships; but it produced little effect, and the strength of the American works increased visibly hour by hour. It was a beautiful summer day, bathed in brightest sunshine, and through the clear, dry air every movement of the spadesmen on the hill-top and the sailors on their decks could be distinctly seen from a great distance. The roar of the cannon had called out everybody, far and near, to see what was going on, and the windows and housetops in Boston were crowded with anxious spectators. During the night General Putnam had come upon the scene, and turned his attention to fortifying the crest of Bunker Hill, in order to secure the line of retreat across Charlestown Neck. In the course of the forenoon Colonel Stark arrived with reinforcements, which were posted behind the rail fence on the extreme left, to ward off any attempt of the British to turn their flank by a direct attack.

At the same time, Dr. Warren, now chief executive officer of Massachusetts, and just appointed major-general, hastened to the battle-field; replying to the prudent and affectionate remonstrance of his friend Elbridge Gerry, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Arriving at the redoubt, he refused the command expressly tendered him, saying that he should be only too glad to serve as volunteer aid, and learn his first lesson under so well tried a soldier as Prescott. This modest heroism was typical of that memorable day, to the events of which one may well apply the Frenchman's dictum, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*" A glorious day it was in history, but characterized, on both the British and the American sides, by heroism rather than by military skill or prudence.

During the forenoon Gage was earnestly discussing with the three new generals the best means of ousting the Americans from their position on Breed's Hill. There was one sure and obvious method, — to go around by sea and take possession of Charlestown Neck, thereby cutting off the Americans from the mainland and starving them out. But it was thought that time was too precious to admit of so slow a method. Should the Americans succeed, in the course of the afternoon, in planting a battery of siege guns on Breed's Hill, the British position in Boston would be endangered. A direct assault was preferred, as likely to be more speedily effective. It was unanimously agreed that these "peasants" could not withstand the charge of 3000 veteran soldiers, and it was gravely doubted if they would stay and fight at all. Gage accordingly watched the proceedings, buoyant with hope. In a few hours the disgrace of Lexington would be wiped out, and this wicked rebellion would be ended. At noonday the troops began crossing the river in boats, and at three o'clock they advanced to storm the intrenchments. They advanced in two

parties, General Howe toward the rail-fence, and General Pigott toward the re-doubt, and the same fate awaited both. The Americans reserved fire until the enemy had come within fifty yards, when all at once they poured forth such a deadly volley that the whole front rank of the British was mowed as if by the sudden sweep of a scythe. For a few minutes the gallant veterans held their ground and returned the fire; but presently an indescribable shudder ran through the line, and they gave way and retreated down the hillside in disorder, while the Americans raised an exultant shout, and were with difficulty restrained by their officers from leaping over the breastworks and pursuing.

A pause now ensued, during which the village of Charlestown was set on fire by shells from the fleet, and soon its four hundred wooden houses were in a roaring blaze, while charred timbers strewed the lawns and flower-beds, and the sky was blackened with huge clouds of smoke. If the purpose of this wholesale destruction of property was, as some have thought, to screen the second British advance, the object was not attained, for a light breeze drove the smoke the wrong way. As the bright red coats, such excellent targets for trained marksmen, were seen the second time coming up the slope, the Americans, now cool and confident, withheld their fire until the distance was less than thirty yards. Then, with a quick succession of murderous discharges, such havoc was wrought in the British lines as soon to prove unendurable. After a short but obstinate struggle the lines were broken, and the gallant troops retreated hastily, leaving the hillside covered with their dead and wounded. All this time the Americans, in their sheltered position, had suffered but little.

So long a time now elapsed that many persons began to doubt if the British would renew the assault. Had the organization of the American army been

better, such reinforcements of men and ammunition might by this time have arrived from Cambridge that any further attack upon the hill would be sure to prove fruitless. But all was confusion at headquarters. General Ward was ill furnished with staff officers, and wrong information was brought, while orders were misunderstood. And besides, in his ignorance of the extent of Gage's plans, General Ward was nervously afraid of weakening his centre at Cambridge. Three regiments were sent over too late to be of any use, and meanwhile Prescott, to his dismay, found that his stock of powder was nearly exhausted. While he was making ready for a hand-to-hand fight, the British officers were holding a council of war, and many declared that to renew the attack would be simply useless butchery. On the other hand, General Howe observed, "To be forced to give up Boston would, gentlemen, be very disagreeable to us all." The case was not really so desperate as this, for the alternative of an attack upon Charlestown Neck still remained open, and every consideration of sound generalship now prescribed that it should be tried. But Howe could not bear to acknowledge the defeat of his attempts to storm, and accordingly, at five o'clock, with genuine British persistency, a third attack was ordered. For a moment the advancing columns were again shaken by the American fire, but the last cartridges were soon spent, and by resolute bayonet charges and irregular volleys that could not be returned the Americans were slowly driven from their works and forced to retreat over Charlestown Neck, while the whole disputed ground, including the summit of Bunker Hill, passed into the hands of the British.

In this battle, in which not more than one hour was spent in actual fighting, the British loss in killed and wounded was 1054, or more than one third of the whole force engaged, including an unusually large proportion of officers. The

American loss, mainly incurred at the rail-fence and during the final hand-to-hand struggle at the redoubt, was 449, probably about one fourth of the whole force engaged. On the British side, one company of grenadiers came out of the battle with only five of its number left unhurt. Every officer on General Howe's staff was cut down, and only one survived his wounds. The gallant Piteairn, who had fired the first shot of the war, fell while entering the redoubt, and a few moments later the Americans met with an irreparable loss in the death of General Warren, who was shot in the forehead as he lingered with rash obstinacy on the scene, loath to join in the inevitable retreat. Another volunteer aid, not less illustrious than Warren, fought on Bunker Hill that day, and came away scatheless. Since the brutal beating which he had received at the coffee-house nearly six years before, the great intellect of James Otis had suffered well-nigh total wreck. He was living, harmlessly insane, at the house of his sister, Mercy Warren, at Watertown, when he witnessed the excitement and listened to the rumor of battle on the morning of the 17th of June. With touching eagerness to strike a blow for the cause in which he had already suffered so dreadful a martyrdom, Otis stole away from home, borrowed a musket at some roadside farmhouse, and hastened to the battle-field, where he fought manfully, and after all was over made his way home, weary and faint, a little before midnight.

Though small in its dimensions, if compared with great European battles, or with the giant contests of our own civil war, the struggle at Bunker Hill is memorable and instructive, even from a purely military point of view. Considering the numbers engaged and the short duration of the fight, the destruction of life was enormous. Of all the hardest-fought fields of modern times, there have been very few indeed in

which the number of killed and wounded has exceeded one fourth of the whole force engaged. In its bloodiness and in the physical conditions of the struggle, the battle of Bunker Hill resembles in miniature the tremendous battles of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor. To ascend a rising ground and storm well-manned intrenchments has in all ages been a difficult task; at the present day, with the range and precision of our modern weapons, it has come to be almost impossible. It has become a maxim of modern warfare that only the most extraordinary necessity can justify a commander in resorting to so desperate a measure. He must manœuvre against such positions, cut them off by the rear, or deprive them of their value by some flanking march; but he must not, save as a forlorn hope, waste precious human lives in an effort to storm them that is almost sure to prove fruitless. For our means of destroying life have become so powerful and so accurate that, when skillfully wielded from commanding positions, no human gallantry can hope to withstand them. As civilization advances, warfare becomes less and less a question of mere personal bravery, and more and more a question of the application of resistless physical forces at the proper points; that is to say, it becomes more and more a purely scientific problem of dynamics. Now at Bunker Hill, though the Americans had not our modern weapons of precision, yet a similar effect was wrought by the remarkable accuracy of their aim, due to the fact that they were all trained marksmen, who waited coolly till they could fire at short range, and then wasted no shots in random firing. Most of the British soldiers who fell in the two disastrous charges of that day were doubtless picked off as partridges are picked off by old sportsmen, and thus is explained the unprecedented slaughter of officers. Probably nothing quite like this had yet been seen in the history

of war, though the principle had been similar in those wonderful trials of the long-bow in such mediæval battles as Crecy and Dupplin Moor. Against such odds even British pluck and endurance could not possibly prevail. Under these circumstances, had the Americans been properly supplied with powder, Howe could no more have taken Bunker Hill by storm than Burnside could take the heights of Fredericksburg.

The moral effect of the battle of Bunker Hill, both in America and Europe, was remarkable. It was for the British a decided and important victory, inasmuch as they not only gained the ground for which the battle was fought, but by so doing they succeeded in keeping their hold upon Boston for nine months longer. Nevertheless, the moral advantage was felt to be entirely on the side of the Americans. It was they who were elated by the day's work, while it was the British who were dispirited. The belief that Americans could not fight

was that day dispelled forever. British officers who remembered Fontenoy and Minden declared that the firing at Bunker Hill was the hottest they had ever known, and, with an exaggeration which was pardonable as a reaction from their former ill-judged contempt, it was asserted that the regulars of France were less formidable foes than the militia of New England. It was keenly felt that if a conquest of a single strategic position had encountered such stubborn resistance, the task of subjugating the United Colonies was likely to prove a hard one. "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," said General Greene. Vergennes, the French minister of foreign affairs, exclaimed that with two more such victories England would have no army left in America. Washington said there could now be no doubt that the liberties of the people were secure. While Franklin, taking extreme ground, declared that England had lost her colonies forever.

*John Fiske.*

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### MISTAH FAHMAH.

MISS KIMBALL was by no means sorry when the carriage at last came to a standstill in front of a forlorn little cabin, planted, with seeming carelessness, in a hollow near the road. A lean, gaunt hog was rooting in the mud near the rough stone which answered for a doorstep, and the tip end of the tail of a little pig peeped out of the door.

"What rough roads you do have in Washington!" she exclaimed.

"Pardon me, my dear, we quite pride ourselves on our Washington thoroughfares. We are not in the District of Columbia now; we crossed the boundary half an hour ago, and this is Maryland soil," replied her companion.

As the carriage stopped, two little

darkies came out of the cabin. The larger of the two shouted, —

"Howdy, Miss Kitty, howdy!"

And his small brother cried, —

"Mammy 'Ouisa, yur's Miss Kitty!"

A yellow cur rushed out of the house, barking loudly; a couple of hens scuttled out behind him, followed by a goose, all uttering squeaks and squawks of fright; the porcine fraternity ambled a few feet away, grunting displeasure. A voice, accompanied by the vigorous flapping of an apron, was heard, saying, —

"Shoo! Shoo! Git outen dis yur house! You Tigah, hesh yo' yelpin'!"

Following the voice came the projector of it, a stout colored woman, arrayed

in a gay purple calico gown and a voluminous blue-and-white-check gingham apron; a bright plaid kerchief was arranged turban-wise on her head; on her feet were a pair of men's shoes.

"Howdy, Miss Kitty, howdy!" cried she, wiping her hands on her apron. "Light a bit, honey, an' res' yo'se'f."

"How are you, Louisa?" said the older of the two ladies in the carriage, as she jumped to the ground, and then shook hands cordially with the woman.

The smaller of the boys had hastened to open the carriage door for Miss Tolliver, and stood there, grinning expansively, while she and her friend alighted.

"I's pooty tollable, Miss Kitty. How's yo'se'f? I need n't ter ax yo', dough, fur you is sutt'nly lookin' fine."

"Thank you, Louisa," answered Miss Kitty. "This is my friend, Miss Kimball, Louisa, whom I have brought out to see you."

Louisa dropped a curtsy. She "knew her place" too well to shake hands with a strange lady.

"Howdy, miss, howdy! Tom," said she, addressing one of the boys, "run inter de house an' foteh out two cheers fur de ladies. I won't arsk yo' ter walk in, ladies, 'cause I ben a i'ahnin', an' de room sutt'nly is mighty hot. Miss Kitty, honey, how's yo' ma? I ain't seen her fur de *longes'* time. She don't come ter mawkit no moah."

"No, she has n't been for some time. She has n't been right well lately, so pa does the marketing."

"I tole Tom Jackson — dat's my cousin Susan Jackson's biggus boy — tuh be shaw an' stop by yaw house w'en he went ter Gawgetown, las' week, but he say he done furgit it ontell he got mos' home agin."

"How is your cousin, Louisa? Is n't that the one who broke her arm last spring?"

"Yes, Miss Kitty, it am. How yo' does 'member t'ings! Oh, Susan, she's right peart now. I spec — I dunno fuh

shaw — dat she's gwine git mah'ied 'fore Christmas," answered Louisa, with an unctuous laugh.

"Get married!" repeated Miss Tolliver. "I thought she was married long ago."

"Oh, no," answered Louisa cheerfully, "she never got mah'ied yit. She say as how she done bawn an' brought up ten head o' chillun, an got 'em all good homes, an' now she ready ter settle down an' git mah'ied."

"I think it is time," remarked Miss Kitty dryly. "Louisa, are there any persimmons ripe out here yet?"

"Well, no, honey, dey ain't none, not to say reel ripe. Yo' see we ain't had no fros' yit, an' 's Simmons is n't fit tuh eat ontell der fros' teches 'em."

"Just as soon as there are any nice ones, I want you to be sure and send me some; for my friend Miss Kimball has never eaten any, and I want her to taste some nice ones."

"Nevvah ett no 's Simmons!" cried Louisa in surprise. "Whar wuz yo' raised, miss?"

"In Boston," answered Miss Kimball, smiling, "and persimmons do not grow there."

"O—h! So yo's way frum *Baws'n!* Dat's whar Mass' Linkum wuz bawn. 'Spec' yo' folks mus' 'a knowed him."

"I don't believe they did," Miss Tolliver said quickly, fearing that her friend, unused to colored people's ways, might feel called upon to enlighten Louisa's ignorance.

"Well, honey, I'll make dat ah' wufless boy o' mine tote yuh a heap o' reel nice 's Simmons jes' ez soon ez dey's ripe."

"How is Dan now?"

"He's tollable, t'ankey. But Sophy, — she's his wife, yuh know, — she's mighty pawly; she hez de misery in her haid mos' uv de time."

"And Rosa; do you hear from her?"

"Yes, Miss Kitty, I *does* yur frum her," replied Louisa, with an ominous sigh.



"What is the matter? Is she sick again?"

"No, Miss Kitty, she ain't, not to say sick," and Louisa sighed yet deeper.

"What is the matter with her?"

Now Miss Kimball, the very pink of propriety herself, was surprised and much mortified at the persistent questions of Kitty Tolliver, who prided herself on belonging to one of the first families of Virginia. But Kitty knew Louisa and her notions; the Boston girl did not. Had Miss Kitty not been inquisitive about Rosa, the woman would have been much hurt at her want of interest.

"I jes' hed a lettah frum her," was Louisa's cautious answer.

"Have you? Will you let me read it? And may I read it aloud?"

Broad smiles took the place of sighs. Louisa fumbled in her pocket, and then, handing the letter to Miss Kitty, said, —

"In co'se yo' may, honey. I never hev no seecruts frum yo' folks."

"Rosa," said Miss Kitty to her friend, "is Louisa's youngest daughter. Mama and I think a great deal of her, for she lived with us while she was going to school in Washington. She has been North for about three years, in Worcester most of the time."

The letter<sup>1</sup> ran: —

Monday morning 5th A. M.

MY BELOVED MAMA, — Your animating epistle was received with much love and I were exceeding glade to hear from you but sincerity sorry to hear of your not feeling well but with Gods care I am in hopes you will soon be better Dear Ma I was taken suden last night at quarter of nine and were for two hours very ill I am feelig quite differn now but not by no means well Hear it is almost another year gone and we are as yet spairied on praying ground to see it Oh how Mercersful and great God is I

<sup>1</sup> This is a literal copy of a letter written by a colored girl.

am thankful to say I am no ways tired or weary on my journey trust my Great redeemer shell never be Mama pray for me pray I may be stronger and more humbel in thy works my regards to all inquiring friends My best respects to Miss Kitty also to Mrs Tolliver I shell inclose the small sum of five dollars now and as soon as I can will send you alittle by degrees Ada sends her love to you she is in Boston Ada will be married the first Thursdy night of nex month myself was to be married the 20 of nex month but Oh. Mama how I do hold on to my single life I do hate to give it up I shell not say fer sure that I will just yet for there are more fellows than one wants me fer a whife but there is only one I love and he is single agin so if I want him thare is a chance for me Yes Dear Mar I heard Jeff whife were dead his mother wrote to me and told me is Jeff in Washington Tell Miss Kitty I am coming home soon to work in your place and give you a rest I must close and say good by write soon and let me know if you got this letter no more.

From your loving Daughter ROSA.

"Aha, I see why Rosa wants to come home and give you a rest!" laughed Miss Kitty. "Is Jeff's wife really dead?"

"Yes, honey, she daid, she sutt'nly is, fur I seen her arftuh she wuz laid out; but I wuz n't at her reeques'. I did n't know nuffin' 't all about it ontell 't wuz all ovah," answered Louisa regretfully.

"Her *what*? 'Reequest'?"

"Yes, chile, doan' yo' know? She died sudd'nt, drapt righ' down whar she were a standin' iahnin'; an' Jeff, he hed ter call a curr'nuh ter hev a reeques' ter tell ef he might bu'y her."

"Oh, yes, an inquest."

"Yes, honey. An' dat same puffaw-munce were all uv a piece wid de res' uv dat Sally Gardiner's foolish doin's;

she could n' even die respectible in her baid, like decen' folks. Dat Sally sut-t'nly were de *awnries'* coon anywhar 'bout yur; shif'lis', an' lazy, an' imperent, I never seen airy yuther gal like her! Ef Jeff Leonard had n't a ben conjured, he never 'd a tuk up wid her."

"Do you really believe that he was conjured?"

"I knows it, Miss Kitty, I knows it. I doan' b'lieve nuff'n 'bout it; I seen it wid my own eyes. It was summer time den, an' it wuz light w'en we went in ter mawkit, an' ez we turned into Fif' Street, whar Jeff's folks wuz a livin', I seen dat mizzable Sally a sprinklin' white stuff on de do'steps, 'cause she knowed 'at Jeff wuz tuh wu'k in de mawkit den, an' he 'd be de fus' pussun ter step inter it. An' he *wuz*. An' in less 'n a monf he wuz mah'ied ter dat mizzable trash."

"Was he waiting on Rosa then?"

"Well, he were, an' he were n't. Yuh see 't were dis a way. Jeff were de onlies' boy 'at he fahdur hed, and Sam, he fahdur, wanted him ter take up wid Sally, fur he know'd she hed money in de bank. Lawd knows whar she got it, — I don't! I s'picion she did n't come by it hones', but dat wuz no 'count tuh ole Sam; he did n't keer *how* she got it. An' uv co'se Rosy an' me hed n't no money banked; nobody could'n say airy word agin' *her* cha-acter, nur mine nuther. So w'en Rosy 'ud go ter de house ter see Lucy (Sam's sistah, 'et wuz mah'ied ter my sistah's boy 'at wuz killed on de rai'road), Sam, he 'd be reel owdacious an' imperen', an' keep a tellin' her lies 'bout Jeff, — dat he 'd got run in one night fur bein' drunk an' makin' a 'sturbance in de city, an' how he 'd ben a takin' Sally tuh a cake walk, ur a ball, ur sumfin'. An' den de ole debbel, he 'd tell Jeff ez how Rosy had come ter see Lucy a bringin' a spruce young yellor boy wid her. Jeff, he were n't yellor! He's black ez dey make 'um; he sutt'nly is dat same. Now de mawnin' 'at I seen Sally a cun-

jurin' Jeff, I wuz so plegg'd in my min' 'at I come mighty neah gittin' outen de waggin. I wuz a ridin' in along uv a man 'at lives below yur, 'cross de Branch, an' cah'ies cabbidges an' taters ter de huckstahs. I felt ez ef I 'd oughter go home an' warn Rosy 'at Sally wuz makin' trubble, but I hed a heap o' t'ings to sell dat day, so I kep' on. W'en I got back home agin de house were all empty. 'Rosy! O—h, Rosy!' I calls. 'Where you at? Come yur, an' come a runnin'; I got sumfin' ter tell yer.' She was ovah ter my sistah's, an' she yur'd me, an' she *come* a runnin'. 'W'at yer want wid me, mammy?' she arsked; an' den I up an' tole her w'at I seen Sally a doin'. But she jes' laff an' toss her haid, an' say *she* doan' keer, she did n't fear her cunjurin', kuz she done sont word to Jeff dat very mawnin' 'at she was ready ter mah'y him any time he ready fur go wid her ter de minister. But Jeff, he never sont her no word back, an' bimeby she seemed ter git oneasy, an' at las' she went over ter see how Lucy wuz a gittin' on. 'Yuh, yuh, yuh!' ole Sam hollered, makin' like he wuz laffin'. 'Yuh, yuh, yuh! So black niggah like Jeff ain't good nuff fur fine lady Rosy. Yuh, yuh, yuh!' Rosy, she wuz powerful mad, an' she sez, 'Quit dat noise, yo' ole fool, an' tell me w'at yo' mean. Who's ben a lyin' 'bout me? I never said no sech word. Whar's Jeff?' Lucy wuz all'ys peaceful like, so she sez, reel soft, 'Jeff wuz orful mad w'en you sont him dat letter!' 'W'at letter?' asked Rosy. 'Dat letter he got yistiddy mawnin', sayin' you gwine mah'y Cyrus Johnsing.' Now Rosy had n't sont no letter ter Jeff, but she wuz ez 'cute ez a 'possum, so she kep' a arskin' dis an' dat ontell she yur'd all 'bout it. Sally seen de boy Rosy hed sont ter Jeff, an' she know'd him, cause she 'd seen him in dis yur house; an' 'spicionin' w'at he were after, she got de ve'y words outen his mizzable mouf, an' den she giv' him fi' cents an' tole him she were

Jeff's sistah, an' he need n't er wait, — she'd tell Jeff. Co'se she wuz lyin'. Den she made up a letter an' wrote Rosy's name tuh it, an' sont it tuh him fru' de pos' offis'. Rosy, she wuz turr'-ble mad ter think Jeff 'ud b'lieve sech a pack o' lies, an' w'ile she wuz a tryin' ter 'termin' how to git even wid him she yur'd he were mah'ied ter dat low-lived Sally. Fust time she seen him after he were mah'ied, I tell you she giv' him a tongue-lashin'!"

"So now that Jeff is a widower Rosy thinks there is a chance for her. But who is the other man, the one she intended to marry on the 20th of next month?" asked Miss Kitty. "Somebody in Boston?"

"Yes, honey, a Mistah Fahmah, a ve'y nice gemmun; she say ez how he's not so black ez Jeff, — not one o' yur w'ite niggahs, dough. I got no use fur them. An' he's powerful good-lookin'. He lives on And'son Street. Reckon mebbe you knows w'ere that is," said Louisa, appealing to Miss Kimball.

"Yes, it is at the West End. And my washerwoman happens to be a Mrs. Farmer living on Anderson Street. She is an Irish girl, rather a pretty girl, while her husband is a colored man."

"Y—ah!" was Louisa's long-drawn expression of contempt. "Mizzable huzzy, why doan' sumbuddy haws w'ip her? What kind uv a w'ite woman is she to mah'y a niggah? Some awn'ry paw w'ite, I reckon."

"Is this Mr. Farmer a steady fellow? Would he make Rosa a good husband?" asked Miss Kitty.

Louisa smoothed down her capacious apron, and said in a "though I say it as should n't" tone, "He's quite a gemmun, Miss Kitty. He kin write beautiful letters, an' sech words! I wisht I know'd jes' whar I put de letter he sont me a arskin' ef he might pay 'tentions to Rosy. But I wuz jes' 'bleeged ter show it ter so many 't I'm feared it's got los'. Jeff! Shucks!" and Louisa's

tone of contempt spoke volumes. "Jeff ain't no ways fit ter black his boots. An' dat 's w'at Jeff 's a doin' now, boot-blackin' — *boot-blackin'*, Miss Kitty! He ain't even got a bresh ur a box uv he own, but he's hi'ad ter black boots at the Yebbutt House; tink o' dat, now!"

"It is honest work, at least. You know, Louisa, I always liked Jeff."

"Yes, honey, I 'members you did. Oh, Jeff, he's well 'nuff, well 'nuff in he place, well 'nuff ter be Sally Gardiner's husban'; but he ain't like Mistah Fahmah. W'y, 't wuz on'y a week ur so ago 'at he giv Rosy a reel gold brace-lut; he's bought her a silk dress, an' a fan wid pink fidders onto it, an' lots o' presents. He do say, too, 'at he gwine give her a watch w'en she's mah'ied to him."

"Where does he get the money?"

"He lives wid a ole gemmun 'at t'inks heaps uv him; he say 'at Mistah Fahmah d' onlius' man he ever had 'at he could trus' outen his sight. He trabbles a good deal, an' he keeps his eyes an' his yurs open, an' he learns a heap. De gemmun has ter go ter Wor-ces-ter every week on business, an' dat 's de way Rosy see her beau so frequent. Now, Miss Kitty, you know w'at I gwine do? I gwine tell Jeff 'at Rosy wuz mah'ied las' week."

"Oh, Louisa, don't do that! Besides, what good would it do? His mother would write to her to find out if it was true."

"Hed n't tought o' dat," said Louisa shamefacedly. "Well, Miss Kitty, what kin I do ter make Rosy mah'y Mistah Fahmah, an' not come home yur ter frow herse'f away on Jeff? I want my Rosy ter have a good home an' a husban' she need n' ter be shamed uv, a man like Isaiah Fahmah, now" —

"What!" said Miss Kimball with sudden animation. "Isaiah Farmer, who is body servant for Mr. Henry Tucker, a lame man?"

"Yes, miss; you knows him?"

"Does this Mr. Tucker live on Beacon Street, in Boston?"

"Yes, miss, Beakin Street is de ve'y street; you sutt'nly knows him."

"And is your daughter's name Rosetta Claggett?"

"Sence she went Norf she's kind o' ben puttin' on style, I spec, an' calls herse'f Rosetta, 'cause it's more high soundin'; but her name fur troof is jes' Rosy, — jes' Rosy Cleggett."

"Then I do know that Isaiah Farmer, and it is he who is married to my young Irish washerwoman!" exclaimed Miss Kimball firmly. "His wife has heard of this young colored girl in Worcester to whom he is so attentive, and she told me only a few days ago that if that Rosetta Claggett did n't let her husband alone she 'd go and find her, and there would be trouble. Isaiah is very bright, so Mr. Tucker keeps him; but he never trusts him with a cent of money, for he has twice been arrested for theft. He is a plausible scamp, so I do not wonder your daughter was taken in by him. I think, however, that Jeff's wife has died just in the nick of time."

During this revelation Louisa's coun-

tenance had been a study. Pride and delight had at first overspread it; gradually these had faded, and surprise, dismay, disappointment, and then fear had successively dominated.

"Oh, my hebbenly Fahdur!" she groaned. "W'at mizzable scoun'rils dey is in de worl'! Oh, Miss Kitty, honey, carn't you tellygraft ter Rosy ter git right awn de k'yahs an' come home? Tell her — oh, tell her *any* word 'at 'll fotch her yur quick, 'fore dat low-lived, paw w'ite I'ish wife o' dat Fahmah man kin git at her. Tell her 'at Jeff wuz yur on'y yistiddy a arskin' how she wuz; an' dat 's de troof, Miss Kitty, — 'fore de Lawd it is!"

"I will write to her and ask her to come and live with us this winter. Mamma is right poorly, and she will be glad to have Rosa to wait on her. Then Rosa can make up her mind how much she cares for Jeff."

"You 's a angl, Miss Kitty, you sutt'nly is. Reckon Rosy 'll be yur soon!"

"If there *is* a wedding, Louisa, Miss Kimball and I will be sure to come to it," were Miss Kitty's last words as the carriage drove away.

*Frances E. Wadleigh.*

## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### III.

#### OLD GALLERIES AND NEW LIGHTS.

THE Athenæum, which is closely identified with the history of the fine arts in Boston, opened its first exhibition of pictures in 1826, and thereafter exhibitions were maintained yearly up to 1849, when the institution was moved from Pearl Street to Beacon Street. In 1850, the first exhibition in the new building was made specially interesting by a display of about sixty of Washington All-

ston's works. It was not far from that date when the "Dusseldorf gallery," containing specimens of the handiwork of Lessing, Gude, the Achenbachs, and others of their school, was placed on exhibition. In 1854, the series of five paintings illustrating the Course of Empire, by Thomas Cole, was exhibited, and received much attention. This series, designed to symbolize a nation's rise, progress, greatness, decline, and fall, was universally talked of, engraved, and widely known. Next came the exhibition of Frederick E. Church's renowned paint-

ing, *The Heart of the Andes*, so eloquently described in a posthumous volume of sketches by Theodore Winthrop, who was a friend of the artist, and introduced him as one of the characters in his romance of *Cecil Dreeme*. In 1874, the private collection of the Duke of Montpensier, of Seville, Spain, was exhibited, giving the people of Boston their first opportunity to look upon a group of secondary examples of the great Spanish masters, including three Velasquezes, one Murillo, five Zurbarans, and one Ribera. Two of the Velasquezes were sketches for portraits in the Madrid gallery. The Murillo, which was considered wonderfully beautiful, had the place of honor in the gallery. Ribera's *Cato of Utica* Tearing out his Entrails was a characteristic nightmare of the master who "tainted his brush with all the blood of all the sainted." Kaulbach's cartoon of the Era of the Reformation was shown in the same exhibition. It was the study from which one of the six great frescos in the new museum at Berlin was painted. When the Museum of Fine Arts was opened, in 1876, the Athenæum deposited most of its works of art with the new institution as permanent loans, but retained in the Beacon Street building about forty paintings, which are mostly hung about the austere iron stairways, in a grievous light. The *Angel Appearing to the Shepherds*, by Thomas Cole, is a large painting, about ten by six feet, sombre, theatrical and heavy in style, illustrating these lines from *St. Luke's Gospel*: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid." It is on the left of this composition that the heavens have opened, presumably, for beams of light radiate from that quarter, in the midst of which soars a rather woolly angel. The three shepherds are in the right foreground.

One of them prostrates himself and prays; the second reclines on his elbow and shields his eyes with one hand, as if dazzled by the rays of celestial glory; and the third stands, crook in hand, gazing awestruck at the wonderful vision. It is but too evident that the father of landscape-painting in America was not an adept in the art of figure-painting. In the left foreground are sheep and a dog; in the distance, at the right, a dark blue lake and mountains; in the sky the star of Bethlehem, the radiations from which form a cross, which is reflected in the water beneath. Cole had high qualities as a landscapist, but this sort of work, though it had its admirers, was far from his true province, and, like the symbolic series, does not represent the sincerest and most admirable side of his art. Besides this work, there are but few paintings in the Athenæum which merit particular attention. Robert W. Weir's *Indian Captive* is a composition of three life-size figures, dated 1839, which represents a dignified brave, a weeping squaw, and a pale-face in a costume of the period of Miles Standish, the Puritan captain, whose back is towards us, and who listens while the Indian describes his happy life in the wilderness, in the florid metaphors of the picturesque Fenimore Cooper red-skin. Then there is a painting of *Patrick Lyon the Blacksmith*, painted in 1826 by John Neagle, who was the son-in-law of Sully and a native of Boston. Lyon was a rich man in Philadelphia, and when ordering this portrait he expressly directed that it should depict him at his forge. It was also by his desire that the cupola of the old Walnut Street jail, seen through a window in the background, was introduced, in memory of his unjust imprisonment there in 1798, on a charge of robbing the vaults of the Bank of Pennsylvania. There are a few portraits by Stuart and Harding, with three unimportant works by Allston, and some copies,—

one Claude, one Murillo, and two Guidos, including a copy by Chatelaine of Guido's famous picture in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, The Archangel Michael Subduing and Chaining Satan.

For many years after its opening in 1826, the Athenæum continued to be the principal picture gallery of the town. In 1834, there was a special exhibition of a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, which seems to have drawn out a good deal of learned comment. The loan exhibition of Allston's works in 1839, to which allusion has been made, was held in "Harding's new gallery," on School Street. The same gallery was the scene of the first three exhibitions of the Boston Artists' Association, in 1842, 1843, and 1844. This society had fifty members, and its first show contained one hundred and twenty paintings and twenty-seven miniatures. Allston was president, Colonel Henry Sargent vice-president, T. Buchanan Read secretary, and Henry Greenough treasurer. Among the members were Chester Harding, D. C. Johnston, Joseph Ames, Francis Alexander, R. M. Staigg, Thomas Ball, George Hollingsworth, Thomas G. Appleton, A. G. Hoit, W. W. Story, Richard S. Greenough, William Sharp, Hammatt Billings, and George Fuller. The third exhibition consisted of one hundred and thirty-three paintings and fifteen miniatures, and comprised works by Allston, Alexander, Ames, Ball, Brackett, Brown (George L.), Cole (Thomas), Copley, Durand, Doughty, Fette (H. G.), Flag, Fisher, Harding, Healy, Huntington, Hinckley, Ingham, Johnston, Morse, Neagle, Nutting, Rothermel, Read, Sully, Stuart, Weir, and Willard.

From 1844 to 1847 William Page (born 1811) lived in Boston, and painted some of the best portraits ever produced on American soil. It was his strongest period as a painter, and before he had begun to waste his time in theo-

rizing and investigating as to how Titian painted and as to what was the true mask of Shakespeare. His half-length seated likeness of John Quincy Adams, in the Museum of Fine Arts, is a well-balanced, easy, intellectual work, painted with a strong intuition of character. It is unmistakably an Adams portrait. The "old man eloquent" wears a white vest and a black coat, and holds a cane in one hand, the other lying upon the edge of a table. The quality of the flesh tones is uncommonly vital, sensitive, and transparent. The moist point of high light upon the broad forehead shines out as it were to mark the domicile of a statesman's mind.

Page painted the portraits of many other famous sons of Massachusetts, among them Josiah Quincy, Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Wendell Phillips, President Eliot of Harvard College, and Colonel Robert G. Shaw. Several of these are in the Harvard Memorial Hall. The Quincy is in a ruined state, and looks as if some unskilled restorer had "skinned" it; that is to say, cleaned off the glazes from its surface, leaving only the dead color. The two-thirds-length portrait of Colonel Shaw in uniform is a singularly noble painting, presenting a type of American manhood of which Harvard and the country may well be proud. A young man, whose thoughtful face and prepossessing expression betray a generous and loyal nature, was fortunate in being painted by an artist who knew how to bring all his sound moral qualities to the surface. In this, as in the John Quincy Adams portrait, the flesh is marvelously painted, and seems alive. Page was one of the most picturesque characters of modern times. He lived in an ideal world, where Titian, Shakespeare, and Swedenborg were his constant comrades. The drawing of some of his heads was as fine as that of Hans Holbein or of Ingres. No painter has excelled him in penetration; he saw beneath the surface

of his subject with the clairvoyance of a modern Van Dyck. His worship of Titian enfeebled him, and his servile imitations of that master were of little worth compared with the strong portraits that he painted as a young man. Page's friendships were strong and lasting. Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Browning were among his friends. "He would burst into passionate recitations that almost carried you to heaven!" said one who knew him. When he was a boy, Trumbull told him to "stick to the law," but it is evident that he was conscious already of a strong natural bias for art, though he had also a great love of theology. In 1844, Lowell, dedicating his poems to Page, said: "Sure I am that no nobler, gentler, or purer spirit than yours was ever appointed by the Eternal Beauty to bear that part of her divine message which it belongs to the great painter to reveal."

The Boston Museum and Gallery of the Fine Arts, which had been established since 1841, moved to its present location in 1847, and opened a display of pictures by the old masters and by native artists, which still remains, in a dilapidated state, a permanent exhibition, reduced to the rank of a neglected and despised accessory to a theatre. The visitor who takes the pains to examine this collection of pictures finds them shrouded in a discreet Egyptian darkness by day and by night; it is to be feared that a stronger light might be even less becoming. The most prominent work is Thomas Sully's immense historical painting of Washington Crossing the Delaware. High up at the right of the composition Washington bestrides the white horse which Stuart found so fractious, and with which Sully has struggled in vain. On a lower plane, at the left, are troops and cannon, awaiting their turn to cross the stream. It is a winter night, cold and black. Snow covers the ground. The river and some vessels in the distance complete the

scene. The work, in spite of its pretense, makes a weak impression, and has little merit. The subject was painted from another point of view by Leutze, whose picture became very well known by the engravings of it in school-books and on bank-notes. The circumstances under which Sully's picture was painted were so peculiar as to make it worth while to recount them. The legislature of North Carolina commissioned him to paint two full-length portraits of Washington. In response, he proposed instead the painting of one historical picture, in which some prominent action of the hero should be represented, and suggested the crossing of the Delaware as a good subject. This amendment was agreed upon. The artist then wrote to ask about the dimensions of the place the painting was to occupy, and, failing to receive a reply, unwisely proceeded with the work on an enormous canvas. Years were spent in the effort, and when the picture was completed he was informed that there was no place fitted to receive it, and the painting was thrown upon his hands. Mr. Doggett presently bought it for five hundred dollars, and from his shop it passed into the possession of the Museum. Sully, who was of English birth, came to this country in 1792 as a boy, and lived successively in Charleston, Richmond, New York, and Philadelphia, where he was best known as a portrait-painter, and achieved a considerable degree of renown as the delineator of American beauties.

Under Sully's Washington Crossing the Delaware hang two Dutch merry-makings ascribed to Teniers, of more than doubtful quality, and in a state of dissolution. Such examples might woo in vain "your eyes to revel in a livelier sight." Not far from one hundred portraits of eminent men — governors of Massachusetts, clergymen of Boston's early days, and other public characters — are hung on the outside of the balu-



trades to the gallery, where it is absolutely impossible to see them except at a distance, whether from across the hall, from below, or from above. In the dim light of the interior, they all look very much alike and very commonplace. The Roman Daughter, by Rembrandt Peale, is among the best American productions in the collection, and fortunately it is in a better light than most of the other works. When this picture was first exhibited in Philadelphia, in 1812, a man named Svemin, the Russian vice-consul, asserted that it was a copy, and that he had seen the original in Paris. The charge caused a painful sensation, but when confronted with the necessity of proving his statement, the accuser did not hesitate to retract it. There is a portrait of David Rittenhouse, by Charles Wilson Peale, the father of Rembrandt Peale, who for many years was the leading artist of Philadelphia, painted many portraits of Washington, and founded a museum. A full-length portrait of John Adams when he was minister to Holland, by Winstanley, is valuable. This Winstanley is said to have counterfeited Stuart's portraits, and Dunlap (volume i. page 394) says that he borrowed five hundred dollars from a Boston merchant, and gave him as security "an original Stuart," which turned out to be no Stuart at all. There are also a good profile portrait of Charles Carroll, unsigned; a replica or copy of Copley's portrait of Nicholas Boylston; and a damaged portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Owing to its free and easy custom of treating copies as originals, the catalogue of 1847 throws but little light on the collection. It contains the names of Breughel, Teniers, Verelst, Van Huysum, Berghem, Jan Steen, Cuyp, Van Ostade, Mieris, Ruysdael, and Wouermans in the Dutch school; of Vernet, Boucher, Mignard, Vanloo, Coypel, Poussin, and Rigaud in the French school; of Opie, Louthembourg, Lely,

West, Kneller, and Angelica Kauffman in the English school; of Guido Reni, Caracci, Bassano, and Salvator Rosa in the Italian school; and of Velasquez and Murillo in the Spanish school. A list like this should indicate an exhibition of *chef d'œuvres*, but it is extremely deceptive; and it is safe to say either that there is not an indubitable first-rate work in the gallery, or that if there be such an one it is in a state bordering upon ruin. The large proportion of still-life pictures in the Dutch manner may have included two or three good things in their prime. Mignard's French Reaper, really a portrait of a woman, is a respectable performance. The Mad Woman in Chains and the Idiot Woman with Banner are works of art which are remarkable solely in view of the taste dictating the choice of subject; but they may be said to vie in interest with such efforts as The Battle between Absalom and the Israelites in the Wood of Ephraim, Susannah and the Elders, Jupiter depriving Hebe of the Cup, The Toilette of Venus, The Parting of Hector and Andromache, Orlando and Armedia, The Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, or The Burning of William Penn's Mansion House in Philadelphia, "painted by Jones."

In 1852, the first exhibition of the New England Art Union was opened at No. 38 Tremont Row. The officers of the Union were: Edward Everett, president; Franklin Dexter and H. W. Longfellow, vice-presidents; James B. Gregerson, secretary; James Lawrence, treasurer; T. T. Spear, actuary; with a board of directors composed of George S. Hillard, N. L. Frothingham, Benjamin S. Rotch, J. B. Gregerson, Edward C. Cabet, Albert G. Hoit, Ammi B. Young, Joshua H. Hayward, Charles Sumner, Jonathan Mason, Thomas G. Appleton, Chester Harding, C. G. Thompson, G. G. Smith, Joseph Andrews, and Alvan Fisher. The exhibitors in this exhibition were Ames, Ball, Barry, Bab-

cock, Bellows, Carlton, Champney (B.), Codman, Cranch, Mrs. Dassell, Edwards, Fisher, Gay (W. Allan), Gerry, Hall, Hoit, Hunt (H. P.), Johnston, Kensett, Knight, Kurtz, Lane, Morrison, Nutting, Mrs. Oakes, Pope, Ransom, Scott, Spear, Stephenson, Wight, and Wilde. In spite of the fine list of distinguished officers, the first exhibition was also the last; at least we hear no more of the New England Art Union after 1852. One of the exhibitors, Albert F. Bellows, who was in an architect's office in Boston three years after Allston's death, became in later years, after a sojourn in Europe, identified with the Boston artists, though he did not remain long in his native State. He was one of the earliest American water-colorists. His sentiment was not deep, and his style was conscientious and niggling. He had facility and a taste for picturesque subjects, which accounted for much of his success. The world recognized him promptly, but he did not cut a deep swath, and it will doubtless be equally quick to forget him. The most skillful landscapist of the time was Joseph Morvillier, a native of the south of France, who came to Boston in 1852. He had been a fresco-painter in France, and had lived several years in England, where he made copies of pictures for the dealers. For more than twenty years he lived and painted here, exhibiting at Balch's gallery. There is little to be said of him as an artist, for, although he possessed a fine sympathetic temperament, and was quick to perceive the most subtle phases of nature, he did not leave many works which are remarkable for their merit. Some of his smaller pictures, however, notably those of winter scenes, had some excellent qualities. Morvillier had an intense love for nature, but preferred its petty aspects. He was a minute observer, a good draughtsman, and an earnest student. To illustrate his impulsiveness, a friend said that "he would lose a train to look at a

fine sunset." Another friend remarked of him that "his surroundings chilled the artistic impulse of his soul, but death, perhaps, has set the bond free." A gentleman who was looking at one of his pictures found fault with something in the distance which he could not make out. "Oh!" said Morvillier, "what for you crack your eye to see what is in the deestance?" At another time he said to a brother artist, "Tom, you have a house. I wish I had a house." "What do you want of a house?" was asked. "When I wanted money I could raise such a fine mortgage." Hammatt Billings, between 1850 and 1865, was accounted the best illustrator and one of the best designers in the country. His critical judgment in all things pertaining to the arts was admirable, and he had enriched a naturally artistic temperament by extensive reading. In a word, he was essentially an artist. His colored illustrations of Biblical episodes were gorgeous and theatrical. In his pictures designed to illustrate the poems of Keats and Tennyson he displayed a refined imagination. But circumstances were against him, and probably there is but little of his work that would stand the critical test of to-day.

Three years after the Art Union's exhibition the Boston Art Club was organized, with about a score of members, who at first met in a small studio at No. 24 Tremont Row. Joseph Ames was president, and Alfred Ordway secretary. A joint exhibition with the Athenæum proved profitable, and enabled the club to fit out some rooms in Bedford Street, and to open a second exhibition, from which four pictures were stolen, an incident which demonstrates that there must have been some "art lovers" in those days. Subsequently the club undertook the direction of a course of lectures at the Tremont Temple, a venture which resulted disastrously, and left the organization in debt. At the instigation of Miss Sarah Clarke, Fanny Kemble

gave a reading for the club's benefit, which cleared off the debt and left a small surplus. Then the young society led a precarious existence for several years, gave up its quarters, and narrowly escaped dying a natural death. The civil war had broken out, absorbing all thoughts and interests. It was in the midst of this epoch of excitement and turmoil that William Morris Hunt came to Boston, on his return from his studies in France.

His advent marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Boston art. A painter of rare gifts, he had the uncommon faculty of communicating to others his own noble ardor and devotion to the artist's ideal. Hunt was a born painter, with the susceptible and moody temperament of a man of genius. His works are full of impulsiveness, but this feeling is happily counterbalanced by a large and classical quality. A thoroughly sincere worshiper of the great Venetian masters, he was able to imbibe much of the spirit of their decorative works, — herein is an implication of great capacity, — and later he became the earliest advocate and champion of Jean François Millet in the New World. Hunt made some superb portraits, many devoted friends, and of course some enemies. He passed many unhappy hours in Boston, and said some caustic things (just enough, too) about persons presumed to be *connoisseurs*, and about the general state of the art here; but he did incalculable service, because his indomitable energy and pure enthusiasm in the pious cause came at a time when the field was white for the harvest. All the art students were inspired by him, and the artists thronged about him with hearty sympathy and admiration. The essence of a subject absorbed him; he did not consider the surface alone: hence his success as a portraitist. It was, perhaps, the same quality of mind that caused him to turn from Couture to Millet. He preferred touching the heart

to tickling the fancy. The fact that Boston was prompt to recognize the best modern art was due to the teaching of Hunt more than to any other cause. His own art was imbued with the modern spirit. He raised the art standard; he dignified the profession, and caused art to be respected as it had not been since Allston's day. Admirable as Hunt's own art was, our greatest debt to him is because he hastened here the recognition and appreciation of the true and the noble in the art of others. It was his pioneer work that led Boston early to applaud Vedder and Lafarge, and he made the way easy for such young students, fresh from Paris, as J. Foxcroft Cole, Thomas Robinson, A. H. Bicknell. "There are a good many people in Boston," Hunt said to a fellow-artist, "who would like to do something for art, but the trouble is to agree as to what is good art. Now, it is our duty to *teach them*, and not to allow them to tell us what is what in art." He concluded a long talk about the advantages of living in the midst of the best art by saying, with an oath, "Do you suppose that, unless it were necessary, I would stay in this country and rot?" "I have no doubt," he added, "that there are people who can be devilish jolly walled up in snow and ice, but I am not one of that kind." Was he girding at the physical or social climate, or both?

Hunt is nobly represented in the Museum of Fine Arts by a group of pictures which comprises his Prodigal Son, Girl at the Fountain, Girl Reading, and the study for the figure of Fortune. In the deeply touching painting of the Prodigal Son, he showed, better than in any other work, his greatness of spirit. It is a life-size group of three figures, handsomely composed. The son, in an agony of shame and penitence, is hiding his face upon his father's breast. His only garment is a shirt of rudely fashioned hides. His impulsive movement is described with marked felicity. The

old man, raising up his child, lifts his eyes heavenward, revealing by his look the whole pathetic story of his patient waiting, now past, his pardon, and his great love. This venerable head, so much alive and so full of significance, is indescribably fine. The third figure, in blue, at the left, and a little removed, remains an indifferent spectator of the meeting. All the elements that go to the making of a good work of art are present in this canvas, which does Hunt the highest honor. He never excelled it in point of imaginative insight and sincerity of feeling. The influence of Couture and his "method" is to be discerned in the slightly mealy textures of the flesh, though this is not offensive.

The *Girl at the Fountain* is a slim and comely maid in a brown gown and a white cap, holding in her right hand an earthen jug, into which the water is flowing from the mouth of a carved female head set in a yellowish-white stone wall. She places her left hand against the wall to support her weight, as she leans forward, her back being turned towards us, so that but a glimpse is possible of her pretty profile. The pose is natural, easy, unconventional, and not without grace. A little bit of distant landscape is visible at the left, with tree-tops, a hillside, and a blue and white sky, which is delightfully colored. Over everything, in this lovely picture, is the warm amber veil of the southern sunshine, a tone of unspeakable beauty. The *Girl Reading* is a charming auburn-haired damsel, in a costume consisting of a gray skirt and a white waist, with a very effective touch of orange and blue to relieve it, all set against a brown background. She is really reading, and not shamming. In Hunt's pictures one does not perceive the professional model. The study of the semi-nude figure of *Fortune*, for the panel entitled *The Discoverer*, in the Albany Capitol, represents a woman, who holds in her left hand the tiller of the discoverer's bark,

and in her uplifted right hand a piece of flowing drapery, which fills with wind like a sail. The lines are full of harmony and grace; the subject is largely and classically conceived; and to have done such work as this the artist must have studied the Venetians, and deeply appreciated their genius. It is ideal in the fullest sense of the word, — as much so as Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

Hunt was president of an artists' association known as the Allston Club, which while it lasted was the only artistic society worthy of the name in Boston; for, as we have noticed, the Art Club was in a moribund condition at that time. The roll of members of the Allston Club, which, despite the brevity of its existence, deserves a prominent place in our annals, included the names of Hunt, Ames, Bicknell, Cole, Fisher (Mark), Furness, Gay (W. Allan), Lafarge, Robinson, Smith (Frank Hill), Vedder, and Williams (Virgil). Almost all of these artists had been studying in France, and were among the first American painters to feel, and in their turn to disseminate, the new and potent influences which have been ever since such important factors in the development of American art. The purchase of Courbet's *The Quarry* was the solitary but glorious achievement of the Allston Club's brief career. How it came about I shall relate when I refer to the picture. All of Hunt's associates in this club are living except Ames, Furness, Robinson, and Williams. Furness, who was a son of the well-known clergyman, died young. He lived in Boston from 1865 to 1867, and painted some excellent portraits. He was an accomplished gentleman as well as an able artist, and Hunt often praised his work. Among his male portraits were those of Sumner and Emerson, but he painted more women than men, and had the rare faculty of pleasing his female sitters without flattery.

Tom Robinson (born in Nova Scotia, 1835; died in Providence, R. I., 1888)

was a painter of landscapes and animals, — a man whose strong and exceptional qualities as an artist, whose remarkable acquaintance with and appreciation of ancient and modern art, whose personal generosity and sympathetic spirit, not only made him a unique and imposing figure in the records of Boston art, but especially endear his memory to his associates. He was a disciple and ardent admirer of Gustave Courbet. His paintings of animals, besides being drawn with great spirit, deep and rich in color, and having other essential qualities of sound workmanship to recommend them, bring to the surface in a very striking and beautiful way the most lovable and noble characteristics of the brute creation. He was particularly fond of horses and cows, though he painted many pictures of dogs, cats, and other domestic animals as well. He surrendered himself to his subject, with an ingenuous feeling not often observed in modern art. There is evidence of entire sincerity in his lightest as well as in his most serious work. Many of his early productions were portraits of horses, painted in a precise, careful manner, smoothly finished, accurate but somewhat tight, and already revealing the painter's eye for color. As he developed, under the influence of such masters as Géricault, Delacroix, Troyon, and Courbet, his palette became more varied and brilliant, his brushing bolder and looser; but though there is a general resemblance to the French school in his works, he never could be charged with imitation, for up to the very last he gained as much in originality as in power, reposing more and more on nature. The most striking characteristic of his landscapes is their rude grandeur. The wholesome and invigorating odor of the very earth seems to rise from his rugged foregrounds, and in contemplating his solemn distances and breezy skies one receives an inspiring impression of the expansive greatness of nature. Most of his work

in this domain was done on the shores of Narragansett Bay, one of the most beautiful regions of this beautiful New England. Clear in atmosphere, fine in color and tone, of a broad and vigorous style, Robinson's landscapes would lose little or nothing by comparison with the best examples of the greatest painters. There is in some rustic scenes a sort of homely beauty, so to speak, which made its appeal to him with special urgency, and this quality he expressed with something of Courbet's own manly power.

The man was, in many respects, like his works. "Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard," with his bluff, hearty, out-door manners and his vociferous style of conversation, he reminded one of a typical old sailor. His breadth of view and of experience was wonderful, and his cordial enthusiasm for all that is great in art amounted to a ruling passion. He constantly edified his friends by the aptness and brilliancy of his comments on people and affairs. When he was thoroughly aroused, it was a rare treat to hear him talk, in that eccentric, gorgeously colored language which belonged to him alone, packed with picturesque figures of speech and magnificent superlatives. At such times he would stride up and down the room, with his hands buried in his trousers pockets, and occasionally, groping for words emphatic enough to suit his thought, he would fall into a hopeless verbal slough, emerging invariably with a "You know what I mean!" He was a remarkable authority in all that relates to the art of painting, his acquaintance with the history of the art being profound and his memory prodigious. Hunt was very fond of him, and highly appreciated his genius. During the last years of Robinson's life he became a picture merchant, and, in partnership with Mr. S. M. Vose, of Providence, he went abroad in the capacity of an expert, and bought many paintings and studies of the French school which now

hang in some of the most artistic private collections of this country, and testify eloquently to his rare judgment and instinct. After his death, in March, 1888, a collection of one hundred and sixty-six of his works was sold at auction for a total sum of a little more than ten thousand dollars, an average price of about sixty dollars each. At this sale, a small group of generous persons, who felt that some public recognition of such an artist was due, bought his *Ploughing*, and gave it to the Museum of Fine Arts. This painting has something of the sober simplicity of a good Millet. From left to right four sturdy, patient oxen drag the plough, under the guidance of a phlegmatic farmer. The fallow field rises easily to the near horizon. The foreground is rich with the dark, moist, freshly upturned earth. The action of the oxen, as they force the unwilling ploughshare deeply through the heavy soil, is described with admirable truth. The characteristic traits of the animals are set forth by a hand somewhat heavy, it is true, but moved by the friendliest feeling of appreciation for their wonderful meekness of spirit and physical might. They are invested with true dignity. The strength, unity, and healthy simplicity of the impression are altogether exceptional. Though the mechanical execution is a trifle halting, the color is deep, warm, and of a good honest quality; the oxen's splendid lustrous hides, the rich reddish-brown dirt in the furrow, the wide expanse of field and sky, all "exist" under the same atmosphere, as solid, glowing realities.

After Tom Robinson, the list of Hunt's contemporaries contains no better name than that of John B. Johnston, who died in 1886. He was a son of D. C. Johnston, the caricaturist, and younger brother of Thomas Johnston, who, after giving the most brilliant promise as a painter, died too soon to fulfill the hopes aroused by his early performances. John B. Johnston was a

genius, whose small studies of cows were equal in color and characterization to Troyon's work. He produced but few pictures, working slowly and with great care, and devoted much time to teaching. He made an exhibition of his works in 1882, and another exhibition was held in 1887, under the auspices of the Paint and Clay Club, which proved him to be a painter of uncommon powers. His largest composition was a group of Cattle on the Quincy Shore. His perception of color was extraordinary, and his love of animals was as cordial as that of Géricault, who was one of his idols. He was fond of telling about his first visit to the Louvre, when, ignorant of the regulations and unable to speak French, he was so fascinated by Géricault's little picture of a horse-race that he climbed over the rail so as to examine the work more closely, and vastly scandalized the worthy custodian of the gallery. It must have been amusing to hear Johnston, in his good-natured way, explaining the matter in English, while the official poured forth a flood of reproaches in the best of French, and neither of them understood the other. Johnston was absurdly modest about his works, and had a strange want of confidence in himself. He never finished a painting, in the ordinary sense of the verb, feeling that he would lose more than he could gain after passing a given point. The landscapes which serve as the backgrounds for his cattle-pieces are merely blocked in, suggested by a few sweeping strokes, but with surprising justness. He gave great physical weight and moral character to his cows; reproduced the affluent color and textures of their hides in sunlight and in shade with a degree of truth seldom equaled by any painter save Troyon alone. The few lines subjoined, expressive of his feelings in relation to pictures, were kindly given to me by his sister, Miss S. J. F. Johnston, herself an artist: "Many pictures that I have



seen," he wrote, "though excellent in many respects, fail to move me. I hate, when I first look at a picture, to feel its construction. Nature is so alive, you see its beauty before you realize that it has any construction. The pictures that I really enjoy impress me when I first look at them in the same manner as does nature. I feel the life, the beauty, and afterwards realize that they are studied, planned, in fact built, upon the soundest principles of art and nature." Johnston, however, was a man much more given to practice than preaching; and none may know the beauty of his life who cannot read it in his pictures. He is worthily represented in the Museum of Fine Arts by his *New-Born Calf* and a *Landscape with Cattle*. The former is generally regarded as his masterpiece. The calf lies sprawling on the ground, and its mother, standing over it, lowers her head, and passes her tongue tenderly over the limp little creature's pretty white and red coat. A black heifer stands near by, and contemplates with interest this domestic scene. Just beyond the trio are a gate and a group of trees. The picture is very beautiful in color. It illustrates the absolute originality and soundness of Johnston's observation, and the extreme sensibility of his temperament. In none of his other works do we find so much of a subject, and the lovely way in which he has treated this little farmyard idyl of helpless infancy and maternal affection goes far to prove that he could not have failed to meet with great success had he chosen to enter the domain of illustrative painting. He had, however, an exaggerated disdain for "popular subjects," and used to ridicule unmercifully a certain English print of a namby-pamby milkmaid leading home a pair of unnaturally clean Jerseys, which at one time had a great run in the shop-windows. The *Landscape with Cattle* is a good specimen of the sort of composition he most liked: it

represents simply a group of four cows in a sunny meadow. One of the cows, white with red marks, lies on the green-sward in full sunlight. The other three (two red and one black) stand in the shade of a tree, close to a stone fence. The lighting is extraordinary: it is as if the real, hot, blinding sunshine were beating down upon the field; and as for the cows yonder in the shade, it requires but a minimum of imagination to see the regular wagging of their jaws and the incessant switching of their busy tails.

Not far from the time when Hunt came to Boston, the fine color and delicate poetic feeling of some landscapes painted by Richard H. Fuller suddenly attracted attention to their author, and it was learned that he was a night watchman in Chelsea, who had begun to paint pictures after he had passed the age of thirty, without having received any regular instruction. He had been a cigar-maker before becoming a watchman. The artists welcomed him to their democratic ranks, and he derived much aid and comfort from association with those of them who had studied in France. From the first he was captivated by Lambinet, whose method and scheme of color he absorbed, as is more or less evident in all his canvases. He never attempted, however, to finish like Lambinet, nor to get the deep tones of Daubigny, for he was not exactly a "slavish copyist," and he infused some of his own personality in all his landscapes. He was extremely susceptible to impressions, and had a fine natural appreciation of art: but he painted little directly from nature, nor did he ever know what it was to try to paint any object closely. He was conscious of his own limitations, and was keen if not profound. His pictures were first exhibited in 1863, and during the winter of 1864 he exhibited for the first time in company with the Boston artists. One day Fuller was in a studio with several painters, and one of them



mentioned Phidias. "Who's he?" asked Fuller. The wag of the party gravely informed him that Phidias was a distinguished New York alderman. Instantly perceiving by the expression in the faces of the others that he was being made a butt, Fuller said sadly, "Boys, how should I know? Everything here is new to me." Early in 1865 a dealer engaged to find a market for all the pictures that Fuller should produce. On this he retired from the night watch of Chelsea, and thenceforth devoted all his time to painting. His progress in the art and in the public favor was rapid and uninterrupted to the end of his brief career, in 1871. There is an upright landscape by him in the Museum of Fine Arts, which gives a very fair idea of his talent. It pictures a rural roadway, by the side of which are some poplars on a slope, and, farther away, a cottage, of which only the gable is seen. The sky is pale blue and white.

Another of Hunt's contemporaries was William Rimmer. Although he was, first and foremost, a sculptor, he painted a few pictures, in which the color was invariably bad. His perfect knowledge of the human figure and his unique vein of fancy made his pictures valuable, in spite of this capital defect. His biographer, T. H. Bartlett, has admitted that "in none of his efforts is the want of a surrounding world of art so apparent as in his struggles with color, in which he gained no reputation." His paintings were exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts in 1880, and three years later at a down-town gallery. Rimmer was a strange genius, whose art was his religion; but he felt that he was not understood, and was naturally made melancholy by want of appreciation and sympathy. Hamilton G. Wilde, an artist who had lived long abroad, and whose Italian street scenes, *genres*, and architectural pictures were at one time popular, and were considered to be rich in color; George N. Cass, a land-

scapist who derived some reputation from his association with George Inness; and Alonzo Hartwell, at first a wood-engraver, afterwards a portrait-painter, who turned his attention to painting late in life, and who did some excellent work, — these may be mentioned among the names of those painters who have passed away.

George Fuller (1822–1884) was an artist who had something to say, and, in spite of the vast obstacles imposed by a neglected education, said it with a native eloquence which went straight to all hearts. Perhaps no American painter, so ill equipped as he in respect to the control of his means of expression, has accomplished so much by virtue of an intense desire to deliver his message. It was a pity that such a man should unduly despise the grammatical part of his calling. In his ambition to appeal directly to the intellectual and moral faculties, he should never have forgotten for an instant that the painter's sole road to these is through the eyes. Faults of drawing and of color in a picture of the loveliest sentiment may not be ignored, and the loftiest flights of ideality must be embodied in acceptable form. Fuller's manner was peculiarly well adapted to his purposes, but it was pushed to extremes, and sometimes became a mannerism. It was not affected, for it suited him, and was doubtless the only manner possible to him. His figures were enveloped in a golden haze, which removed them from too close scrutiny, and gave them the aspect of vague visions, apparitions of a waking dream. Nothing could have been more tentative and laborious than the processes by which he produced his works. He did quite as much erasing and scraping as he did actual painting. He sought persistently an original ideal of beauty. In the Winifred Dysart and the Romany Girl are found its best expressions: but the picture he never painted was more gracious

than all the others. There is, however, a kind of inward beauty in these works, which is unique and of his own creation. The Winifred Dysart is a perfect embodiment of innocence, youth, and sweet American girlhood. In the Roman girl, there is a marvelous realization of the strange, wild character of the race, an aroma of bewitching outlawry. These two figures exemplify in different ways Fuller's highest power of expression. There is something very fine about his *Head of a Boy*, in the Museum of Fine Arts, which is a representative work in portraiture. Its color is opulent and warm, and its sentiment remarkably personal. It has what may be called the characteristic look of the sitter, and shows that Fuller had "a moral sense," as Hazlitt says, to guide him in making an intelligent copy of the labyrinth of shifting muscles and features which go to the making up of the human face. Although the artist's fame does not rest upon his portraits so much as upon his ideal figures, it is by no means certain that he ever executed anything better, at all events in a technical sense, than this head. It has an unobtrusive but unmistakable presence, and is of a sort that is sure to grow upon the observer. There is something of the same intellectual and moral force here that makes itself felt in the portraits by the old masters, though in less degree and with less command over the means of expression. The *Arethusa*, also in the Museum of Fine Arts, was one of the last works painted by Fuller, and the

only picture in which he attempted to represent the nude figure. It portrays the nereid celebrated in Shelley's poem, who, fleeing from the river-god, was transformed into a fountain. Fuller has embodied her as a life-size blonde nymph, half reclining by a spring, and dipping one hand in the water. She is young and pretty, graceful and innocent. She dwells in a fine old Sicilian wood, peopled by beings as fabulous as herself, — a shadowy realm of perpetual twilight, with indications of a winding stream and distant figures. The figure of *Arethusa* is painted with a strong feeling for truth of color, and the flesh tones are very transparent and melting. It has the quality known as "morbidezza," and looks to be sensitive, as if it were glowing with life. The outlines are lost, and the figure is somewhat veiled, as by a warm-colored atmosphere drawn about it. The drawing is weak in several parts; in some other details it is excellent.

Fuller's imperfections, then, are obvious enough, but, as was said of Reynolds in his day, he made up for them by a feeling of harmony and beauty. It is too early now to say positively whether his influence is to be an important factor in our native art; but thus far he has had few imitators, and his art was not of a kind to inspire copyists. It is probable that in the annals of American painters he will always stand alone, and that his name will be all the more cherished because of this isolation.

*William Howe Downes.*

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### STORIES FROM THE RABBIS.

THE rabbis, whose wit and wisdom are recorded in the Talmud and Midrash, — writings that stretch over a thousand years, — were admirable story-

tellers. They were fond of the parable, the anecdote, the apt illustration, and their legends that have been transmitted to us possess perennial charm. The

common impression that they were rabbinical Dryasdusts, mere dreamers always buried in wearisome disputations, abstruse pedants dwelling in a world of their own, is wholly unjust. They were more than ecclesiastics, — they were men; and their cheerful humanity forms the secret to their character. Their background was rather sombre, — temple and nationality destroyed, a succession of foreign task-masters, a series of wars and persecutions that would have annihilated any other race; but they preserved, none the less, a certain buoyancy and even temper, which sprang from the fullness and sunniness of their faith. They thought, and studied, and debated; they worked, and dreamt, and cherished hope, —

“Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing songs unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”

The rich harvest of rabbinical stories that survive can be traced to rabbinical buoyancy. It is a quality not peculiar to the rabbis; it is distinctly Oriental. Nor can absolute originality be claimed for rabbinical legends; they are children of various climes, these floating fairy-tales, and the history of their migration is as enchanting as the stories themselves. But in Palestine and Babylonia they received a coloring that was essentially rabbinical. The rabbis were preachers *par excellence*; they lost no opportunity to point a moral. In their schools of instruction, to vary the monotony and fasten the attention of their younger disciples, they found the story the best and most convincing sermon.

Let us gather a few of these tales from their ancient storehouse, without further preface, and present them in simple narrative form.

In a year when prices were high, a pious man gave money to a wandering beggar. His wife, a veritable Xanthippe, so upbraided him for his act of

kindness that he fled from home, and spent the night — it was New Year's — in the graveyard. There, in the hush and stillness of the hour, he heard the departed souls of two maidens hold converse: —

“Fly with me, dear sister,” said the one, “through airy space to heaven, that we may learn the fate of the coming year.” “How can I leave the grave?” the other replied. “I have not been buried in garments suited for so long a flight. Go thou alone, and let me know what thou hearest.”

Soon the maiden's soul returned, with the information that in the coming year the early harvest would be destroyed by hail, but the late harvest would prosper. The pious man heard their talk, and as he was a farmer he acted accordingly. In the mean while he and his wife were on good terms again, but he could not resist the temptation to pass the next New Year's night in the same graveyard. Again, in the silence of the place, he heard the souls of the maidens in mysterious converse, and now their story was reversed. During the coming year the early harvest was to flourish, but the late harvest would be destroyed by a scorching wind. Again the man knew how to profit by their colloquy; and while all his neighbors complained of their bad fortune, his crops were richly blessed.

Now the man's wife possessed all the curiosity of Bluebeard's spouse. She asked her husband the secret of his good luck, and he told her. Filled with the news, she hastened to the mother of the maiden buried in such unsightly fashion, and reviled her for her conduct. Once more the New Year arrived, and again the pious man spent the night in the graveyard. But when a tremulous maiden-soul asked its companion to accompany it through space, the poor child rejoined: “Let me rest! The living have heard what we have here spoken in secret.”

Of all the characters in the Talmud, Rabba bar bar Chana is gifted with the liveliest imagination. He is a Munchausen, in his way, and the stories he tells of wonderful adventures on sea and land are of special interest. There have not been wanting commentators who recognize profound wisdom in this rabbi's hyperbole; and a good deal of ingenuity has been expended in unravelling his metaphors. In a sea-journey he saw a fish whose back was covered with sand, and grass grew thereon. In this respect the nineteenth-century sea-serpent was surpassed. He thought it was an island, and he and his friends landed upon it, lit a fire, and began to prepare a meal. But as soon as the fish felt the heat he turned over, and all the travelers would have been drowned if a passing ship had not rescued them. Another time he saw a frog equal to sixty houses in size. It was swallowed by a serpent, which, in its turn, was eaten by a fish that rested upon a tree. The same doughty rabbi sees a bird, whose head towers skywards while its legs rest in the water; and he tells unconcernedly about a huge fish, whose dead body, cast ashore by the waves, destroyed sixty cities. Sixty other cities were fed by its meat, and sixty more cities were supplied with the salted remainder.

More poetical is the rabbinical legend about David's harp. The royal Psalmist slept but little; he gave precious hours to the study of God's law. Over his bed he hung his harp, and at midnight, moved by the north wind, it poured forth of itself sweet melody. Aroused by the sound, David sprang from his couch, and spent the rest of the night in study and in song. Could the rabbis have told more impressively how the Psalms were the melody of David's soul stirred by pious emotion?

To illustrate benevolence as a typical virtue of womankind, the story is told of Rabbi Hillel's wife that once a poor man came to her, and piteously begged

for food. Seeing his famished state, she impulsively gave him all that she had on hand, and then quietly set to work to prepare a fresh meal. When dinner was ready, Hillel asked his wife the reason of the delay. She told him what she had done, and her husband blessed her for her piety and kindness.

The rabbis were not only teachers, but traders as well, carrying on various kinds of business for their livelihood. That they were not so very close at a bargain, a suggestive story would prove. A rabbi, while engaged in prayer, was approached by a customer, who offered a certain price for some goods. He continued his devotions undisturbed. In his eagerness, the man doubled his offer, thinking that the rabbi's silence was due to his being dissatisfied with the first price. In the mean time, the prayer came to an end, and the rabbi sold the goods at the first price offered. He was satisfied with it, and only on account of his prayers could give no answer.

When Herodotus told about the ring of Polycrates, he hardly imagined that the Talmud would furnish a parallel. The story is a practical argument in favor of Sabbath observance. There lived once a righteous Israelite, who was known far and near for his scrupulous regard for the Sabbath; it was a day he held in such high honor that he spared no costs to give it a holiday aspect. The Sabbath among the Jews was never a day of gloomy asceticism. Manual labor was forbidden, but the atmosphere was a bright and joyous one. In the Israelite's vicinity lived a heathen of great wealth. It was foretold to the latter that his property should fall into the Jew's hands. Determined to thwart prophecy, he sold all his fortune for a precious gem, which he sewed in his turban, so that he might always have his property with him. Once, while crossing a bridge, the breeze blew his turban into the water, and with it he lost his dearly prized jewel. The next day a

large fish was brought to market, and as the Israelite wished to have it for his Sabbath meal, he secured it at a high price. On opening it, the jewel was discovered, which made him wealthy for all time.

The special sanctity attached to the Sabbath is further illustrated in a story told of the Emperor Antoninus and Rabbi Judah the Holy. They were on friendly terms with each other, and one Sabbath the emperor dined with the rabbi, and found the cold food very appetizing. He chanced to eat another time at the rabbi's house, — it was on a week day, — and though the hot repast was costly, this did not taste so well as the other. "Can you tell me, rabbi," the emperor asked, "what made the cold food so appetizing?" "There was a certain spice used in its preparation," the rabbi replied, "which is called Sabbath, and gives every dish a pleasant flavor." "Let me see it," said the emperor. "I would very much like to have it used in my kitchen." "This spice," the rabbi answered, "is only to be used by those who keep the Sabbath day holy."

A fair specimen of rabbinical fancy is the following: The world contains ten hard things. The mountain is hard; iron pierces it. Iron is hard; fire melts it. Fire is hard; water extinguishes it. Water is hard; the cloud carries it. The cloud is hard; the air disperses it. The air is hard; man endures it. Man is hard; care bends him. Care is hard; wine banishes it. Wine is hard; sleep conquers it. But death is harder than all things, and still King Solomon maintains, "Benevolence rescues from death."

The arrival of the king was anxiously awaited in a city. The streets were full of people, all eager to catch a glimpse of their ruler's face. A blind rabbi, Sheshet by name, mingled in the crowd. Next to him stood a man who asserted scornfully, "Whole pitchers may go to the well, — what do broken

ones want?" The rabbi observed that the words were applied to him on account of his blindness, and answered softly, "Be calm, my friend; you will soon be convinced that I see better than you." Amid great noise a procession approached. "The king comes!" the man exclaimed. "No," said the rabbi, "that is not the king." A second train of men drew near, amid the wildest uproar. "Now it is the king," said the man. "No," replied the rabbi, "again you are mistaken." At last a third procession approached, and a solemn stillness prevailed. "Now the king has arrived," said the rabbi, and it was truly so. "How can you know this in your blindness?" asked the man, amazed. "An earthly sovereign," rejoined the rabbi, "resembles the heavenly Monarch. When God appeared in the wilderness to the prophet Elijah, there was storm, fire, and earthquake. Yet in all these manifestations of nature the Deity approached not. It was only when a light breeze stirred that the prophet heard the voice of God."

The fondness of the rabbis for allegory is illustrated in the following anecdote. Rabbi Gamaliel, head of the academy, celebrated his son's wedding, and among his guests were three rabbis, Elieser, Joshua, and Sadok. Gamaliel handed a goblet of wine to Elieser, who did not accept it, being unwilling to be served by so eminent a man. It was next offered to Joshua, who quaffed it without any hesitation. "Is it proper," said Elieser to Joshua, "that we are seated comfortably here, and allow ourselves to be waited on by our master?" "I know a greater man," Joshua rejoined, "who waited on his guests. Did not the patriarch Abraham wait upon visitors whom he thought to be Arabian travelers, not angels?" "How long," Sadok observed, "will you talk about the honor of mankind, and forget the glory of the Creator! Does not God wait upon humanity? Does he not let the winds blow and the

clouds descend? Does he not send rain to fructify the soil, that plants may spring forth? Does he not then set the table for every human being?"

For every human being! That was the gentle universalism of the rabbis; and while in times of sharp distress and

bitter recrimination, their utterances were human in their passion and agony, that spirit of broad humanity was never wholly absent. A heathen, said Rabbi Meir, who occupies himself with the law of God stands in the same rank as the high-priest.

*Abram S. Isaacs.*

## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

### XVII.

IN Clem Sanders's ingenuous face was expressed at this moment a sudden illogical, full-fledged anger and doubt, as in the slow processes of his brain was revolved the idea of the stranger's claim to consideration on the score of a friendship with the Strobe family. He repudiated it as a figment. The normal repulsion for a cold-blooded lie, as he fancied this to be, chilled even his good nature. He had been weak, he knew, in treacherously revealing the secrets of his associates to Marcella, and he had incurred thereby heavy risks. He was willing, since it was her wish, that the man should utilize his folly to save his life, if he could. But he had revolted from sharing in the subsequent deceptions, from the double-masked character which he was forced to assume, one of the chief of the vigilantes and the secret ally of the culprit. His conclusions had a certain quality of absolute conviction, which triumphantly dispensed with logic.

"Ye don't know the Strobe fambly!" he said suddenly. "Ye never hearn o' nare one o' 'em till this evenin' in yer born days, — 'thout 't war through yer frien' Jake Baintree's vaporin's an' maunderin's 'bout folks he ain't fit ter 'sociate with. Eli bein' a candidate fur office so frequent, he hev a heap o' wuthless folks a-hangin' round him, created by God A'mighty fur nuthin' in this

worl' but ter vote at the polls. Naw, sir! ye ain't reg'lar 'quainted with none o' the Strobe fambly!"

He had ceased to work at the anvil, his uplifted hammer motionless in his hand. His brow showed several corrugations in straight lines, his eyebrows were elevated, his narrow, long eyes were grave, his square jaw was hard-set. His breath was quick, and showed in the rising and falling of his chest, from which the shirt collar was thrown back. He looked, as he stood, a splendid specimen of physical force, that one might have thought somewhat imposing, even awe-inspiring, to the slightly built stranger; but the paramount impression which he received was that this was Marcella's informant, — this bold and inconsequent Vulcan, the traitor to the League of Vigilantes.

"Now crow a little louder, my cock, and I'll have *your* friends wring *your* neck in short order!" he said to himself, feeling still master of the situation.

Outwardly he was dumb, silently marking the blacksmith's demonstration with watchful eyes, leaning against the elevated hearth, the tips of his fingers thrust in his trousers pockets.

"Clem Sanders," said the blacksmith's mother, much displeased, "nuthin' in this worl' air so becomin' ter a fool ez a shet mouth. Then folks kin only jedge o' what God A'mighty war in his wisdom disposed ye should look like."

But Clem, usually a dutiful son, gave her no notice.

"I'm a-reelin' ye out cornoader'ble line, ennyhow," he continued. "I'll haul ye in, though, in about three shakes o' a dead sheep's tail, ef ye go ter tryin' ter purtend ez ye an' Jake Baintree air favored guests yander at Strobe's."

For the sake of carrying out the theory on which he had conducted his share in the episode, the stranger, feigning to understand no more than the surface of affairs might betoken, lifted his eyebrows as in surprise, and shrugged his shoulders with a sophisticated gesture intimating a facile concession.

"I meant no offense, I'm sure; I should n't have mentioned it. I had no idea the Strobes were so exclusive!" He could not have forborne this fling, had his life depended on his withholding it. "But, my good fellow, don't expend your spleen on me. Don't question me. Ask them if *they* know *me*. They will tell you, and as you are so polite you will certainly believe them."

The blacksmith lowered at him, the red light of the dwindling forge fire on his broad face and bare throat and herculean arm. Only a portion of the reply was intelligible to him, but he caught the covert satire it conveyed, and the method of glib enunciation, with quick, flexible motions of the eyelids and lips, the alert turn of the head, the gleam of innuendo in the eye implying bridled retorts that chafed at the curb of fear, all repelled him. He felt a sudden ebbing away of confidence, of his credulity. He began illogically to doubt every statement the stranger had made. Even the pick in his hand — how well it was mended, better than new; the goodly handicraft! — was in some sort a blind, a disguise, a subterfuge. He frowned more darkly still as he sought to divine the rascality that must lurk behind this feint of mining.

Mrs. Sanders, still sitting on the keg, yawned with a somnolent vocal refrain,

and then rose stiffly to her feet; this gesture roused little Silas from a state of galvanic jerks and nods in which he had been indulging, his white eyeballs quite eclipsed, or now and then half showing unnaturally upturned. He began to rub his eyes violently as he shuffled up from his seat on the hub, taking scant notice of the fact that where there is a hub, spokes are of the vicinage; he stumbled over one or two of these, and fell in sprawling fashion almost to the door. "Thar, now! What did I tell ye!" Mrs. Sanders exclaimed acridly. And yet she had not told him anything.

But Silas, who had voice enough for much loud whooping, when such demonstrations were timely, seemed to be frugal in volume on ordinary occasions, and it was in a very thin wheeze that he made haste to stipulate that he "warn't hurt nowhar," in a manner that implied that if he were injured he might expect to have his bruises multiplied at the hands of Mrs. Sanders, by way of annotating the lesson he had received to take more care.

Mrs. Sanders wore a disaffected air. All her interest in the events of the evening had evaporated in the prospect of a wrangle among the young men. She was of pacific principles, although her practices were not such as always tended to preserve the peace of the neighborhood, since she arrogated the prerogative of censorship in many particulars, and earnestly resented the right of reciprocity. If angry words were to be spoken, she liked them best of her own framing, and zealously and fearlessly applied them. But she sincerely deprecated a quarrel that was not of her own making, and her second yawn as candidly denoted that she was bored as her first.

"Ef ye boys air a-goin' ter take ter quar'lin', I be a-goin' home," she remarked, as if this were a threat.

There was no direct reply, but the stranger looked at her with covert alarm



and shame and entreaty contending in his eyes. It humiliated him to be so definitely conscious of the fact, but her presence here was a protection to him in some sort, and he leaned even upon so slight a thing as the prepossession in his favor with which he had inspired her. She did not notice, or she did not interpret, the protest in his eyes, and with them only could he follow her as she and little Silas took their way through the broad open door, and into that night of moonlight and shadow. Not all of pensive mystery, not all of melancholy magic, were these ethereal elements of contrast. Some elvish spirit informed a phase with fine-spun mirth, that failed not though none was there to see; a tricky fantasy cut the leaves into grotesque shapes; with a delicate twanging note snapped a twig to test the acoustic properties of the crystalline silence; furnished the skulking fox with a nimble and crafty double to pursue him, at which he glanced over his shoulder askance; sprang up beside Mrs. Sanders and little Silas, following them in their own likeness to see them home through the woods, — duplicating her long, gaunt figure, with its grotesque sun-bonnet, and Silas's small bifurcated image, with a slouched hat and a big head. The stranger did not watch them out of sight, for he became aware the next instant that Jepson had moved. The mountaineer had left the door, and was slowly advancing upon the two as they stood at the anvil. His face was quite unmoved, placid and dispassionate in its expression, but there was something in his eye which the stranger felt it might be well to note. Jepson paused, putting one hand upon the anvil, and looking full and searchingly into the intruder's face he said, —

"What mought be yer name, stranger?"

"Rathburn, — Eugene Rathburn."

Both mountaineers pondered upon this silently for a time.

"Ye 'lowed ye war a doctor?" said Jepson.

"Certainly I am," replied Rathburn. "That's how I happened to know Baintree. I attended him when he was ill in prison."

"Waal," — Jepson tapped the pickaxe significantly, — "ain't this a powerful curus bizness fur sech?"

"Why," — Rathburn sought to laugh as he began to explain, — "I'm young as yet. I have no large practice. If I should find ore in quantities like the specimens Baintree shows," — despite his fears his eyes glowed, — "I should be a wealthy man, a millionaire!"

He looked zestfully at the stolidly attentive mountaineers. They were alike incapable of sharing or understanding an enthusiasm such as this. A vague mental numbness, a sort of paralysis, began to steal over him, as he gradually realized how impossible it was to explain to them the greed for wealth, to move them to the love of riches. Yet he returned once more to the attempt:

"Why, it would be a godsend to all this country. It would be opened out. You would all get rich. Emigration would set in, — new people in droves," he explained in the vernacular. "You would all get rich!"

The two mountaineers looked at one another.

"Thar ain't nobody so special pore hyar, though some is better off 'n others," observed Jepson calmly.

"You would all become educated and live high, like the valley folks."

"Laws-a-massy, I pray ter God I'll never be like no valley folks!" protested Clem. "Meanes' blacksmith, 'ceptin' you-uns, I ever knowed kem from Col-bury. Yes, sir; Grenup war his name."

"If you could strike paying ore on that little farm of yours," — the stranger, turning to Jepson, still essayed the subject, — "you might sell it for thousands and thousands of dollars."

"I could n't sell it at all," said Jep-

son definitely. "My folks is all buried thar."

Rathburn looked at him with an expression which precedes a burst of astonished laughter, caught himself in time, and said no more.

"So this air what hev brung ye from home an' frien's, an' kith an' kin, ter consort with Jake Baintree, an' hunt the mountings fur a silver mine," said Jepson sternly. "Though he air a murderer, yet ye will do sech fur the hope o' gain!"

Rathburn quailed slightly, but sought to defend himself. "He is no murderer. The jury acquitted him."

"D' ye happen ter know whar's Sam'l Keale, the man he *didn't* kill, then?"

"Of course I don't," said Rathburn, visibly nettled. "I can only take the verdict of the jury on such questions. I have no right to go behind that."

"Waal, I don't need twelve men ter swear my brains inter my head," declared Jepson. "*Whar's Sam'l Keale?*"

The words rang out with the sonorous intensity of his voice. A faint echo came from the crag above the forge. The moonlight stood motionless in the door. Without, the frosty woods glittered.

"Whar's Sam'l Keale?" he cried again. "Look-a-hyar, stranger." He turned abruptly, and, with a lowered tone and a fiery eye, he laid his hand upon Rathburn's arm, who shrank under his touch. "Ye axed me whar's the mouth o' the cave whar Baintree hid him. The critter never tole! An' I fund Sam'l Keale's coat. An' I fund Sam'l Keale's hat, in a gorge they never sarched. God an' the mountings only know the hidden place, an' in thar mystery they will not reveal it."

The stranger broke forth impetuously: "Then you, *you* can tell me where that gorge is, and we can search the chasms! I feel sure that the silver is there, where the man lost his life, — the silver" —

Jepson flung away from him with a

gesture so abrupt that Rathburn paused suddenly.

"What ails ye, man," cried the mountaineer, "to talk of silver in the midst o' the wharfores o' life an' death, an' a-sarchin' the gorge fur gain stiddier justice? The place air nuthin' ter you-uns but the hope o' gittin' the riches what one man los' his life fur, an' the t' other man tuk it. What sorter critter be ye?" His eyes were blazing with reproach. "What sorter critter be ye?"

"A sane one, I hope," retorted the stranger, fairly overtaken. "I'm not entrusted with the administration of the laws. I have no 'call' to sit in judgment on the justice of Jake Baintree's acquittal. And it won't make Samuel Keale any deader than he is — if he is dead — for me to find silver where he looked for it."

"Ye air free fur me ter find it," said Jepson, "but some time ye'll 'low the day ye los' yer soul in the gorge, an tuk silver fur its price, war a powerful dark day, — the forerunner o' darker ones, an' eternal gloom."

"I'm not going to lose my soul there!" cried Rathburn. "I am going to take very excellent care of my soul. I am going to strike it rich, and be mighty good. Nothing in this world combines like goodness and prosperity, — natural affinities. All the good people are prosperous, and that is why they are *so* good. Adversity sours on the stomach, and deranges the nervous system, and produces crime."

Jepson's full eyes rested slightly upon him.

"Ye kin persevere, fur I ain't of a mind ter hender."

Rathburn looked wistfully at him; so flinchingly was he sensible of this arrogance of permission, so did he yearn to flout and retort. Much as he had dared, he hardly dared this.

"I see no harm in sech ez ye hev said o' yer goin's on, 'ceptin' it air o' the

pride an' the willfulness o' the devil; an' ef he hev a mind ter mark ye fur his own, I dunno ez I feel called on in ennywise ter stay his hand. But thar may be deceitfulness in yer words, fur I know ye war warned aforehand by a woman."

Rathburn palpably started; his eyes distended as he gazed at his self-constituted judge. How omniscient the masterful mountaineer seemed!

Jepson lingered, he hardly knew why, on this phase, despite the pain with which it was fraught. "Leastwise a gal," he continued, elaborately particularizing. "She warned ye. An' ye hev hed time ter collogue with Jake Baintree, — a skeery devil; I s'pose he war 'fraid ter kem, — an' make up lies ter tell when questioned. But ye know now ez ye air watched. Ef ye falter from the straight line, it'll go hard with ye. Take heed ter yer feet, fur ye will find thar air men in Brumsaidge ez will medjure each pace."

He terminated the interview abruptly, making no sign of conclusion or farewell, moving with his long, deliberate, supple stride toward the door and out along the moonlit road.

Clem Sanders lingered. He felt that he would like to close his doors behind the audacity that, unlearned in the art, essayed to work at his forge and to protect the little tongs and swage and hammer — for each of which, in the moment of its danger, he felt an almost paternal solicitude — from all non-professional intermeddling. He was placing them in their wonted order, according to his habit, when he suddenly noticed that the stranger had not moved. Rathburn was still standing, his figure slightly thrown back, gazing steadfastly at Jepson's retreating form, his whole attitude informed with resentment and agitation and the thirst for revenge, and his face bespeaking the passion and turmoil of his heart.

He turned with a quick gesture, as he

became conscious that the blacksmith's eyes were upon him.

"What's that man's name?" he demanded.

Clem Sanders was aware that in some sort he had produced a less forceful impression than his ally; that his recent anger and taunts were easily overlooked, and his problematic opinions were held as of scant consequence. A trifle of surliness was engendered by the perception that he was thus ignored, and he mumbled rather than pronounced his coadjutor's name.

"Well, what's the reason he takes so much on himself, damn him!" cried Rathburn recklessly.

"Sorter robustious," explained Jepson's facile ally.

"*Sorter robustious!* Good Lord! Sets me free, and conditions me, as if — Don't anybody make any head against him?"

"Tain't wuth while ter try. Folks sorter like Teck, an' sorter don't. But they foller arter him. An'," with a recurrent desire to do justice, "thar's one thing ez goes a long way with most folks: he's mighty religious."

"Religious! Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Rathburn in a fervor of amazement.

Clem began to enjoy the rôle of biographer, since so fevered an interest hung on his words.

"A plumb survigrous saint, he is. He hev got a mighty fine voice fur quirin'. When he sings, it sounds some like the mountings hed bruk out a-psalmin'."

"How many men did he have at your barn to-night?"

Clem Sanders gave him a long stare out of his narrow eyes. "Ye wanter know too much. Ef I war a smart man, I'd stop hyar an' forge me an' you-uns a chain ter tie up these hyar tongues o' ourn. I hev done talked too much a'ready. Ef I hed n't, ye 'd be a-danglin' powerful limp ter one o' them trees," — nodding his head toward

the great bare limbs, — “stone dead, an’ the buzzards would be hevin’ a high time ’mongst yer bones by ter-morrer.”

It was not a pleasant picture under the blacksmith’s crude touch, but its power was heightened by a sense of its absolute veracity, and the very close propinquity it had to being an event instead of a possibility. Rathburn shuddered a little.

“It was you who let the secret slip, then,” he said, his face flushing slightly. A hot, infrequent moisture had risen suddenly to his eyes. “That lovely, noble girl!” he faltered.

Sanders lost the final words in his eagerness to impress his theory of the clemency extended to the intruder, or it might have been tempered.

“Ye see, stranger, I hev got a tongue ez ’minds me o’ a cow a-swimmin’. Ter see the critter ker-wallop round in the water ye ’d think ’t warn’t goin’ nowhar in ’special, an’ ’fore ye know it the beastis air out’n ear-shot. An’ Teck air a sorter — I-dunno-what — I tell all I know when he air around; an’ ef ye’ll b’lieve me, he got it outer me ez we-uns war a-kemin’ down hyar, ez I hed let out the secret ter Marcelly Strobe, an’ she war agin hangin’. I dunno how he guessed ’t war her ez warned ye, — jes’ kase nobody else knowed it. But that’s how kem ye ain’t dead now, — kase Marcelly war agin it.”

“Is — is — he in love with her?”

“Yes,” assented Clem, “but,” with decision, “he air barkin’ up the wrong tree. Ye kin put *that* in yer pipe an’ smoke it.”

Rathburn was silent for a few moments, while Clem clatteringly completed the orderly arrangement of the tools about the forge. Then they both stood together in the road, after the great barn-like doors were closed.

The moon hung near the meridian; the shadows had dwindled. There were wider avenues of frosty brilliance in the dense woods; the full splendor of the

night was climaxing. The stars were few, however, and very faint; the wide spaces of the indefinitely blue sky were a desert, save here and there a vague scintillation that one might hardly distinguish as sidereal glinting or some elusive twinkle of frost in the air. Midnight, doubtless, and a cock was crowing. A muffled resonance the sound had, as though the fowl were housed in lieu of camping out among the althea bushes, — in imminent danger of fox and mink, — according to the recent summertime wont of the mountain poultry. A faint blare of a horn from the dense coverts of the distance, and an elfin shout of hilarity, barely discernible, betokened a coon-hunt on some far-away mountain. Then there fell again the deep silence of the windless night. When it was broken by a sharp sound near at hand, the interruption smote with a jar the senses, lulled and quiescent in the muteness of the resting nature. As Rathburn lifted his head, he discriminated the tones of raucous disputatious voices rising vehemently, and anon sinking down. There was an unconscious inquiry, perchance, in his eyes as he turned them upon Clem Sanders, who replied with a guttural chuckle, “Them boys at the barn a-quarlin’ with Teck.”

A sudden chill crept along Rathburn’s nerves.

“You reckon they won’t agree with him?”

“They never do, sca’cely. Teck’s all one ter hisse’f. But they don’t do nuthin’ agin his say-so. Dunno why, but they don’t. He be so durned robustious.”

The blacksmith presently quickened his pace. Then with a drawling “Good-by” he began to run lightly along the hard, whitened road, feeling an accession of interest in what might be going forward at the barn, his curiosity concerning his companion flagging in this new prospect of excitement. His footfalls sounded, regular and rhythmic as ma-

chinery, long after he had disappeared amongst the white frosted wands of the bare brambles and the silver-tipped leaves of the luxuriant laurel.

Rathburn, thus summarily deserted, stood still for a moment, then took his way alone. He had a certain pride in the fact that even under these circumstances he could keep his steps deliberate and even. He scrutinized his own gait to assure himself on this point. Albeit policy had prompted his course and the event had so far justified its wisdom, he was well aware of the abundant resources of courage that had made it possible. Still he listened with sharpened sense, with every nerve tense, with an insidious chill like some cold finger illustrating an object-lesson, tracing out his vertebral column and every delicate fibre of the spinal cord, and he felt a rage of humiliation that he should be subjected to an anguish of fear like this, which but for its physical testimony he would not acknowledge to himself. If the voices rose or fell, he heard them only in the midst of the beat of his own footsteps, for he would not pause. Sometimes he fancied that another tramp was on the air, other footfalls — hasty, deranged, pursuing footfalls — were hard upon his track. He might never know — he kept steadily on, however that curious icy hand traced out his quivering nerves, and now desisted, and again laid on its chilling touch.

He had not hitherto, in his comings and goings, been insensible of the majesty of these dark ranges, the pervasive effects of awe and silence of this nocturnal scene, — never so august, never so austere, as on this night of mingled lustre and gloom; but now, as he looked upon it, a sort of repulsion for the inanimate mountain forms possessed him. He experienced that strong hatred of place, a thousand times more potent than the vaunted local attachments. He would fain have never seen these grim encircling heights; if he might, he would

have swept them away into vague annihilation. There rose in his heart a sentiment, too, of reproach to the insensate scene, grown so familiar; and then he saw it, purple or duskily brown, with heavy shadows lined about with mystic strokes of luminous white and with that pure pale sky above, — saw it all through a shimmer, for the hot unreasoning tears had risen to his eyes, smitten out by his helpless rage. This shabby ordeal, as he felt it, — how little he had deserved it! Even these ignorant savages could find no flaw in aught that he had done, albeit they had thirsted for his blood. They were bereft of pretext by the integrity of his intentions. Such interest, such sense of adventure, as the secret nocturnal expeditions to the forge had possessed had given way utterly before this exigent necessity to account for his freak. He began to appreciate more definitely than before the danger that had waited upon it. And yet, he thought, what sane being would not have ventured upon a trifle of mystery rather than alienate a man that held a secret like Jake Baintree's, now half revealed, and again with a miserly clutch concealed? Always Baintree's clumsy subterfuges grew clumsier; always his reticent, suspicious nature was relaxing more and more. It seemed only a little waiting yet, and still a little time. And if these clods of mountaineers could not comprehend the value of even the remote possibility of veins of ore commensurate in richness with the specimen in Baintree's possession, Eugene Rathburn congratulated himself that he could, and felt anew that he stood ready to risk much — very much of bodily harm and mental indignity and anguish of fright — for the bare hope to live to possess the treasure. With this, he felt he was soothsayer enough to read his future, — the long lapse of years filled with the satisfied cravings his heart held dear; without it, he could scarce foresee the dull to-morrow that should

follow to-day, and of which naught save sequence might be predicted, — the empty, empty time! He had a sudden spasm of an unnamed affection, very well defined, however, the reverse of nostalgia, as there arose the poignant recollection of his office in Glaston, where he sat idle much of the time, in company with a blue-bottle fly, that droned on the window-pane, and whence he was summoned at inconceivably long intervals to attend some charity patient. The reward of this exertion was a local reputation of having intentionally assisted the end of certain well-known indigent worthies, who had chanced to make their demise under his ministrations; and the popular, logical surmise concerning the motive for the commission of the deed was that he thought "pore folks" cumberers of the ground. Science, although furnishing many rich and varied instances for transformation, fails to give data concerning the gradual development of the professional man — artist, author, physician, lawyer — from the waiting, eager grub; what causes assist at the metamorphosis, what influences favor it, what casualties retard it, what circumstances preclude it utterly. Time seems no factor, and the poor worm, with no instinct of forecast, must writhe indefinitely, not knowing whether his sinuous carcass contains the possibilities of splendid wings, or merely continued wriggles. Rathburn had turned his eyes far afield; he yearned for the great cities that he had known as a medical student, and their ampler opportunities. He thought that he longed for wealth as a stepping-stone to the worthy practice of his chosen profession, rather than his profession as a stepping-stone to wealth. He was eager to forsake this state of elaborately equipped idleness, this farce of postulance, this endless waiting, with no certain result in view. But consciously or unconsciously, most of all he thirsted for riches; it fired his blood to think of the avaricious grasp of the

great rocky gorges. He dreamed by day as well as by night; and sometimes, so little was there that he would not risk, that he would not do for his cherished hope, he dreamed that it might be well to lay his strong hands on Jake Baintree's bony neck — that had escaped such catastrophe so closely — and tighten their grasp, till the secret that the foolish, suspicious, obstructive, ignorant marplot so jealously guarded should be choked out or remain with him, hopeless, inert, and indeed incapable of telling his tale if he would. But as yet Rathburn dreamed this chiefly by night.

#### XVIII.

He had left the road mechanically where it was intersected by the turn-row that led through Eli Strobe's corn-field. All frosted and melancholy and spectral were the gaunt stalks in the moonlight. He could see the sky and the summit of a distant mountain through the meshes that the intertwisted bare boughs of the orchard wrought against the horizon. But the house on the further side of the fruit trees was still invisible, embowered amongst the red and yellow sumach and dogwood foliage, that seemed to find a prolongation of life in its genial vicinage. He stopped twice, peering eagerly into its bosky surroundings; he was surprised to gauge the disappointment he experienced that there was no glimmer of light. It seemed that no one had awaited his return from the forge; it had been accounted, perhaps, hardly worth the while, since none knew that danger menaced him there, none except Marcella. He would go back, then, to his lurking coadjutor, hidden in the mountains. He could come again, and then he could thank her once more; he could never thank her enough. As he turned, his heart leaped; a tiny red gleam came through the leaves, and as he took his

way toward the gate with a quick step he saw in the moonlight a slight figure, that he had learned to know, coming down from the porch toward it.

Marcella distinguished him in the shadows as readily. She hesitated for a moment, but by the time he had reached the gate she had turned back, and she stood upon the porch as he came up the steps. The light streamed out from the open door, and fell upon his face. She saw his eyes, at once eager and soft and almost suffused, shining upon her as he held out his hand to her.

She held out her own, but it was not a responsive gesture.

"Gimme that thar pick," she remarked stiffly. "I'll set it in the shed-room. We-uns don't tote tools in the house."

Her staid manner seemed only an added charm in his eyes, whose glance she would not meet as she took the implement in question and bore it away. For he had only sought to thus silently reiterate his thanks, since Mrs. Strobe and the master of the house were both summoned to the door by Marcella's words.

"Kem in, stranger!" cried Mrs. Strobe. "Ye war a power o' time gittin' yer pick mended. Take a cheer by the ha'th. A body would 'low 't war a powerful tejious business, 'cordin' ter the time Marcelly hev been keepin' a lookout. Ef she hev been traipsin' ter the gate wunst ter look ter see ef ye war a-kemin' back, she hev been fower hunderd an' ninety-nine times. I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, she war a-hop-in' ye 'd bring Clem Sanders back with ye. Clem's a mighty favorite 'mongst the gals."

The fire was burning blithely on the hearth, with great beds of ashes about it to attest the late hour and the waste throughout the day. The room intimated a presentiment of winter, although the batten shutters were unclosed and the door stood open. Bunches of

herbs, that but lately waved in the summer's wind, were already dried and dangling from the rafters. Seeds had been gathered, and fruit dried, and red peppers strung, and gourds cut; and the tokens of this industry, marking the passing of the season, the homely harvests of the primitive housewife, all had place in the variegated pendants and festoons that swung above their heads. There was no work afoot at this time of the night. Isabel sat idle on an inverted noggin, looking but just aroused from slumber. Mrs. Strobe perched on her chair, with her feet on its rungs and her hands clasped in her lap, and fixed her shrewd small eyes on her visitor. It was never too late to smoke, and Eli Strobe was filling his pipe with a home-dried tobacco leaf, which he crumbled for the purpose. Rathburn drew his chair aside, that he might still see Marcella, who had sunk down on a low bench by the chimney corner; and as he responded to his host's invitation to smoke with him he glanced at her, the glow of the coal with which he kindled his pipe red on his face and in his significant eyes as her father spoke.

"Marcelly seemed ter sense ez ef suthin' mought be goin' for'ard at the forge,—some sort'n row, or suthin'," he said. "Seemed ter listen ez skeered an' white! An' fower or five times she wanted ter walk down ter the e-end o' the turn-row ter listen better." He puffed his pipe in silence for a moment. "But I told her ez 't warn't wuth while ter be oneasy. This hyar kentry, stranger," he continued impressively, "air the peaceablest c'munity on the face o' the livin' yearth. Never hev no c'motions hyar,—naw, sir; no fights nor"—He brought up short, recollecting his own reduced state and his bandaged head, which were hardly the kind of corroborative instances his statement needed. "'Thout," he qualified, "'thout it air 'lection time, an' sech ez that. Ye don't hear o' no 'sturbances in Brum-



saidge, now, *do ye?*” He turned to Rathburn his haggard face, full of the pride of his charge, and reiterated, “*Now, do ye?*”

Rathburn had tilted his chair back slightly on its hind legs; he slipped the tips of his fingers in his trousers pockets; his pipe was redly aglow, and the firelight flickered over his face with its long yellow mustache and his close-clipped hair, for he did not wear his hat in the house as Eli Strobe did.

“You’ve been cooped up a good while, Mr. Strobe. Let me see, — how long has it been since I came over here and prescribed for you? Well, no matter; you did n’t know about that, when you were first ill. Broomsedge Cove has been having it pretty much its own way ever since then, with the constable laid up.”

Strobe looked a trifle crestfallen. Marcella, with a sudden anxious impatience of manner, rose and passed to the other side of the room and mechanically closed the batten shutter, then purposelessly opened it again. Rathburn did not follow her with his eyes. They were still fixed moodily on the fire. When she seated herself again, she looked at her father with a clearing brow. A slow satisfaction, even triumph, was creeping across Eli Strobe’s face. “They need me ter keep ’em straight,” he observed. “Some powerful fractious boys in Brumsaidge Cove,” he declared, with his slow, sidelong, convincing glance at Rathburn.

“I should think so, indeed,” Rathburn affirmed, with an accession of significant emphasis. He hesitated a moment, then went on. “I fell in to-night with the ringleader of a gang of lynch-ers, and if I had n’t been warned beforehand and known just how to talk to him I should n’t have got off with my life.” He once more cast a swift glance at Marcella, charged with much that he would fain have said; but her eyes were downcast, the long lashes almost

touching the rare rose a-bloom in her cheeks.

Eli Strobe turned his bovine stare of slowly kindling excitement upon the speaker; his pipe-stem was quivering in his hand; his lips had parted, as if an ejaculation were trembling upon them, but the alert maternal comments forestalled him: —

“Dell-law! the crazy buzzards! What hed *ye* been a-doin’ of, though, ter hev sech a pursuit ez that take arter ye?” Mrs. Strobe fixed an investigating eye upon the stranger which intimated a cautious reserve of judgment.

“I’d like for you to guess; but you never could,” Rathburn declared.

“It air in rank violation o’ the law, no matter what he done nor what he done it fur,” Eli Strobe declared impressively. Then he tremulously replaced his pipe in his mouth, and turned his agitated gaze upon the guest.

“You see,” said Rathburn, leaning forward and tapping the burly mountaineer on the knee, looking up at him the while with eyes that grew momentarily more fiery and revealed more the angry, smarting wounds to his pride, “I admit I was fool enough to agree to Jake Baintree’s idiocy in keeping the matter secret. I have been trying to strike silver that he found here a few years ago, and when we broke our tools I undertook to mend and sharpen them at the forge, being a sort of Jack-of-all-trades; and I did it at night and in secret to humor him. I wanted to keep him as communicative as I could, because the fool puts me off and deceives me from day to day about the place, — the Lord knows why.” He paused. “I’d like to throttle him, — I’d like to break his neck,” he said, as his preoccupied gaze dwelt on the fire for a moment. Then flinging himself back in his chair and slipping his hands into his pockets, in his former attitude, he continued, “That’s what like to have happened to me, though, I tell you. It was

a mighty close call. I got off by the skin of my teeth."

"Whar's Jake, then?" Eli Strobe turned his bandaged head actively in search of the supposed sharer of Rathburn's peril, as if thinking him near at hand. "Some o' them boys air been keen ter see Jake stretch hemp ever since the jury acquitted him, — miser'ble, senseless critters; got no mo' 'spect fur the law 'n so many painters an' sech. Whar's Jake? They did n't ketch Jake, did they?" He rose stumblingly to his feet.

Rathburn laughed; the gleam of his white teeth, showing under his yellow mustache, was capable of adding a geniality to his ordinary expression, but now it gave only a certain fierceness to his face, so little mirth did it imply.

"No, you may bet your immortal soul they did n't. By this time he's mighty safe; no more to be found, I'll warrant, than Samuel Keale, — ain't that his name? I reasoned with Baintree. I begged him to come boldly out with me; we could afford to stand the scrutiny of the vigilantes; but he would n't. He's afraid of your good, law-abiding population of Broomsedge, Mr. Strobe." He clasped his hands behind his head and tilted himself back in his chair, as his eyes retrospectively rested on the coals. "Jake threw down his pickaxe and started the instant we got a word of warning."

"Waal, ye war powerful lucky. Generally, in Brumsaidge, the lynchers an' sech keep too close a mouth fur enny words o' warnin' ter git a-goin'," said Eli Strobe, who, however he might congratulate himself in the interests of law and humanity upon the result, felt a certain deprecation of the futility of the enterprise as a work of art, as it were. "I dunno how in this worl' sech ez a word o' warnin' could hev kem ter ye."

"It may have come through a woman, but it seemed to me through an angel of mercy!" the young man declared,

his glowing brown eyes swiftly seeking Marcella's flushed and grave and half-averted face.

Mrs. Strobe, unnoting the demonstration, gave a sharp little satiric laugh, more like the fleering squawk of a jay-bird than any merely human flout.

"Dell-law, stranger, don't ye b'lieve the haffen o' that. 'T warn't no nangel o' mercy! I ain't 'quainted with nangels much myself, but I know enough 'bout 'em ter make mighty sure ez nangels don't go lopin' 'round the Big Smoky seein' arter the welfare o' two sech good-lookin' young men ez ye an' Jake Baintree. It don't need no wisdom from above ter know it air mighty safe ter trest ye ter some young yearthly 'oman, 'thout interruptin' enny nangel in her reg'lar business o' quirin' 'roun' the throne o' grace. Don't ye never make no sech mistake ez that; nangels ain't never goin' ter be sent ter look arter ye whilst gals air so plentiful an' willin'." And once more it might be doubted whether it were the satiric old woman or some gay cynic of a bird that gave a short shriek of laughter.

As a general rule, Rathburn cared little what these humble, illiterate mountaineers said or how they esteemed him. But despite his appreciation of its infinitesimal consequence he could not remain insensible of a shaft aimed so true, and that pierced so deeply. The color rushed to his face; he was at once surprised, and at a loss, and a trifle offended by the ridicule. He had turned to retort, when he saw Marcella's face with the reflection of his own sentiment upon it. Those crystal-clear eyes of hers were widely opened; he could see, in their upward sweep, the thick, fine, straight lashes; and why, since her flush was so infrequent, why did it wear that exquisite hue, deepening in the cheek, and merging by indistinguishable degrees, like the fine sorceries of sunset, into the warm whiteness of her brow, and chin, and throat? Her lips were more deeply

red still, — did ever a sculptor chisel a mouth like that, where all sweet graces curved sedately? It trembled slightly, and the sight of the quiver roused in him a new lease of gratitude for her timely word; even now he could not judge, could not measure, the risk she ran in saying it. He would not be laughed from his loyalty to the messenger who had brought him safety, even life, perhaps.

“*May* have been a woman,” he admitted; “she *looked* like an angel.”

“A triflin’ chit, I’ll be bound,” Mrs. Strobe declared. “Hain’t she got no better work ter do ’n ter keep her eye on the young men, an’ her ear open ter all the talk ’bout’n ’em?”

She spoke all unaware that the belittled “nangel” was one of her own fireside, or that any words of hers were serving to deepen the flush on Marcella’s cheek.

So preoccupied had Rathburn been hitherto in the significant and absorbing events of the evening that his mind had had little tendency to even unconscious processes of deduction that did not immediately pertain to the imminence of his danger and the security of his escape. It had not as yet occurred to him to speculate upon the influences which had moved Marcella to so unprecedented a course as to lure away the secret from one of the lynchers, and come with it to the rescue of a stranger and the ostracized Baintree. Mrs. Strobe’s logic, all unwitting though she was to whom she applied it, had kindled an idea in his brain that glowed and burned, and presently leaped like wild-fire from conjecture to conclusion, carrying all before it in its irresistible exhilaration. Was he so much a stranger to Marcella, then? Had she not seen him before? She had not forgotten, evidently. Perchance it was some nearer, more coercive, more personal interest that had nerved her; how else, indeed, could it be? He had not hitherto

thought of her save that her beauty had impressed him as strangely incongruous with the poverty of her surroundings, — incompetent even to afford the foil to the jewel, and of jarring and discordant effect. And earlier to-night his heart had only been stirred toward her with genuine gratitude. It was moved now with the sweet vanity of believing himself beloved. He perhaps would have esteemed his state of mind coxcombical in another man, but poor human nature is provided with a keen vision for the defects of others, and a purblind perception of those same traits closer at home. He felt a strong zest, a renewing interest, in reviewing the circumstances, when Mrs. Strobe, drawing from her pocket a corn-cob pipe, proceeded to crumble into its bowl a leaf of tobacco, asking the while, “An’ whar did this nangel find ye?”

Once more he glanced at Marcella, who sat quite still, quite grave, listening sedately.

“She started up the mountain, thinking she would go to Baintree’s people, and that may be they would know where he was; but she heard the picks as we were digging in a gorge, and so she found us.”

Mrs. Strobe seemed to revolve this statement when it was finished, nodded her head several times, and emitted two or three deliberate puffs of smoke. “She did, did she?” she observed, in default of more acrid comment, but bent upon ridicule.

“Then she told us all she knew” —

“Mighty easy done, I’ll bet,” interpolated the little dame.

— “Or had heard about the affair, and begged us not to tell who told us” —

“Tuk a power o’ pains ter keep herself safe from the lynchers, I’ll be bound” —

“That she did n’t!” cried the young fellow. “That’s all she said about it, and left the rest to our discretion.”

“Waal, *that* war a pore dependence, I will gin up,” said Mrs. Strobe, her pipe in her hand, her puckered lips, with a laugh well hid in their corrugations, ostensibly grave.

The color surged to the young man’s face. He was realizing how few friends one has in the world; how alone, how piteously solitary, amongst the multitudes of one’s kind. He felt that Mrs. Strobe and her son, and all Broomsedge besides, — microcosmic illustration, — would have cared little had the event resulted differently. One would have blustered a trifle about the outraged dignity of the law. The other would have said some primitively witty things, hardly decent of one so recently dead, and, hampered by her sense of decorum, would have thought still more witty things, which she would reluctantly have refrained from saying. In Glaston and Colbury his most lenient obituary would have been, “Poor fool!” And his memory would have served as a tradition in the mountains to warn the next addle-pate that came prying into their hidden chambers, seeking silver and gold and worldly treasures! Only this girl would have risked aught to save his life. Only this girl truly cared that his life was saved. She seemed at the moment the only friend he had in the world, — surely, surely the best! That better nature of his, in its facile oscillations, was reasserted anew. He forgot the flattering personal tribute which he had been disposed to arrogate to himself. He did not speculate about her interest in him. He began to entertain a more definite intention as he talked. There was something — it had almost been forgotten — that he must let her know.

“Mebbe,” Mrs. Strobe resumed, the pause not being conducive to entertainment, — “mebbe the gal, or the nangel, ’lowed ez ye hed been doin’ suthin’ a heap wuss, though not so foolish, ez sarch the mountings fur silver. From

the way ye an’ Jake Baintree talked the night ye kem hyar ter physic Eli, me an’ Marcellly ’lowed ye mus’ hev killed a man — I don’t mean through physickin’ him, but with a pistol or suthin’ — an’ war a-hidin’ from justice.”

“Killed a man! Great Lord!” exclaimed Rathburn, aghast. He turned and looked at Marcella, reproach eloquent in his eyes. Had she ever thought this of him?

The girl incoherently sought to defend herself — “Leastwise, granny said — ’t war granny’s word” — and fell tremulously silent.

“’Peared mighty reason’ble ter me,” asserted the unabashed little dame. “Mebbe that’s what the nangel thunk too.”

“If she thought it, she did n’t say so,” he replied slowly. “But I wanted it to seem to the lynchers as if it were by accident that I went to the forge and worked. So I came over betimes, and went from here to the blacksmith’s house, and could n’t find him; and his mother gave me permission to open the forge, and I told her I had worked there once or twice before.”

“I’ll be bound Clem war one o’ the lynchers!” cried Mrs. Strobe vivaciously. “Did they swaller that tale?” she demanded abruptly.

“No, they did n’t,” he rejoined. “Their leader knew I had been warned — and — knew who had warned me.”

“Marcellly, set *down!*” exclaimed the old woman, with a sharp note of reproof. “Ef ye hed been a harnt a-poppin’ up out’n a grave, ye could n’t hev skeered me wuss with yer suddint motions!”

For the girl had started abruptly to her feet, her distended eyes fastened upon Rathburn, her face paling, her hand half outstretched, trembling violently.

“The leader!” she echoed, sinking back upon the low bench under the coercive touch of Mrs. Strobe’s hand. “Who told him?”

"He did n't say, but somehow he got it out of the man who let the secret slip."

Marcella knitted her brows, and fixed her pondering eyes upon the fire; her breath was quick; the rich color had deserted her cheek. With one hand she mechanically tossed back the brown curling hair that fell heavily forward from her half-bent head, and ever and again she put back the locks with the same tremulous, unconscious gesture.

"Hed them men no masks nor nuthin'?" demanded Eli Strobe, a hand on either knee, as he leaned slightly forward; he spoke with his pipe-stem fast between his teeth.

"Faces bare as my hand," replied Rathburn, holding up the member in the light of the fire.

"Waal, sir, they be powerful brigetty an' bold!" said Eli Strobe with displeasure. "They oughter hed the grace ter kiver thar faces, knowin' ez thar actions be plumb agin the law, — conspiracy, an' riot, an' ef they hed hung ye, murder; it air agin the law."

"That's why I am telling you," said Rathburn. "They are a lawless gang, and if anything happens to me, you, as an officer of the law, are in possession of the facts, and know just how and where to lay your hand on the men, the ringleader especially. I only saw two of them; the other, the blacksmith, is a hap-hazard fellow, and does his bidding. The ringleader is the soul of the iniquity; it could n't move an inch without him."

The fire had been burning clearly; the sticks across the andirons had gradually turned to a live vermilion tint, each an entire glowing coal, half translucent, yet still retaining the shape of the hickory logs they had once been; here and there an elusive amethystine flame flickered, but the salient red and white blaze of the earlier stages was quenched, and the room was all in a dusky red shadow save for now and then

a livid purple gleam. Isabel nodded as she sat on the inverted noggin; sleep seemed with her in some sort an ailment, since it so reduced her from her normal state of conversation. It was as if a palsy had fallen upon her faculties, and her face, bereft of its wonted animation, was unfamiliar, and pathetic, and forlornly reflective. The dog of the "frequent visitor" took note even in his slumbers of the dwindling state of the fire, and, with a countenance much solemnized by sleep and preternaturally sober, came and stood before it for a time, steadfastly regarding it. Then with a loud yawn, intrusive in the silence, he stretched his elastic length, rasping his nails on the stones of the hearth, and lay down once more before it. A cock crew, a muffled alarm in the distance; no other sound from the frosty midnight without. The example of the old hound had caused Mrs. Strobe to yawn too, with that epidemic appreciation of fatigue which the demonstration usually produces. She was not sorry for this, despite her ample repositories of what she collectively termed "manners." She was in hopes Rathburn would note it, and draw the natural inference.

"He 'lowed he would n't bide all night, so he mought jes' ez well take the hint an' stir his stumps away from hyar. I never see such a ow-el ez the man," she thought.

But Glaston and Colbury hours were later than those kept in the mountains, and although Rathburn was aware that his stay exceeded the customary limits, he had no idea of its unprecedented extent. He went on after a momentary pause: —

"He is a very dangerous customer. The eye of the law could n't be better employed than fixed on that man. In Glaston or anywhere else, they'd be awfully pleased to get up any kind of a charge against such a domineering blusterer as that, which would lock him up somewhere, safe out of harm's way."

He nodded his head once or twice in emphatic confirmation of the burden of his thoughts. He felt suddenly as if civilization, the world, all the mechanism of law and art and knowledge that he seemed to have been familiarized with in some previous state of existence on some alien planet, were not so far away, after all, save in sentiment. What could be easier than to place the headstrong despot of Broomsedge Cove under the surveillance of a law stronger even than that which he wielded with so arrogant and absolute a temper? He was not so far from the county authorities, who might take more cognizance of such matters than the constable of Broomsedge Cove; as lynch-law and the domination of a community according to the will of regulators might to them perchance be less familiar. His pride; the recollection, ignominious he felt it to be, of his fear; the terrible strain on his nerves; the mere chance that had saved his life, — this girl's sentiment toward him, her word of warning and his own clever diplomacy in its use, — all were bitter still to him, and his escape held none of the sweets of triumph.

He would rejoice to be revenged: not upon Clem Sanders, who seemed, in his hap-hazard lack of logic, as irresponsible as a child — not upon the unnumbered, unindividualized, unimagined vigilantes at the barn, but upon Teck Jepson. With all the fervor of a deep, suddenly awakened hatred he longed to see him cringe and cower. He resented his lofty serenity, his calm admission of the usurpation of power, his deliberate, open avowal of his intentions and of his conditional clemency. He should like to see this doughty mountaineer face the law he had insulted. His lip curled at the thought; he stroked his mustache in the satisfaction that the mental picture afforded him. He too could follow out a scheme; he too could plot, and lie in wait, and capture. "With stronger toils, my fine fellow!"

He encountered a sudden rebuff in the sequence of the idea, — the ridicule that would attach to the revelation in Glaston that in his perfectly tame and lawful prospecting for silver he should have been hauled up before the captain of vigilantes. He felt, too, that there was a certain element of derogation in his very enterprise. Unless he should find silver, he hardly cared that it should be known in his world that he had sought it. No, this was only the impulse; he would find ampler opportunities for his revenge, — something that would better stand the strain of personal feeling, and yet sustain his grudge; he would wait and hold the law in leash; doubtless Jepson's life would furnish cause for the pursuit. Fine sport, to be sure, to run down this big game of the Smoky Mountains.

"For all he is so pious!" he exclaimed with a sneer.

Eli Strobe turned a slow glance upon him.

"Who be ye a-talkin' 'bout?" he demanded quietly.

"That fellow I saw over at the forge there, — the ringleader of the lynchers. Teck Jepson is his name."

An uncomprehended sensation, of which Rathburn nevertheless was aware, swept through the circle. He felt a vague surprise to see Marcella start up in the dusky red glow of the dwindling fire, and sink back uncertain, with a pallid, distraught face. In the puckers of Mrs. Strobe's wizened little countenance, dimly white in the gloom, his transitory glance detected a strange embarrassment and discomfort. Isabel had roused herself, and was peering at him from her lowly seat. His host's head was bent toward him, the long neck outstretched, his tangled locks and beard hanging forward, as he stared in the utmost amazement.

"Ye never seen Teck Jepson to-night at the forge, young man."

"But I did," protested Rathburn.

"That was what Clem Sanders called him, — a tall, powerfully built man."

"Light-complected?" asked Strobe.

"As a girl, — with blue eyes, and hair and beard very dark, and slow stepping, and solemn spoken."

Eli Strobe had thrown himself back in his chair. The deep bass rumble of his laughter sounded a trifle muffled. He was laughing to himself. "Ye never seen Teck Jepson."

A crash, and the women cried out, startled, and even Rathburn's nerves were jarred; but it was only the breaking of the logs, long delayed, and the chunks falling, some within and some beyond the andirons, were sending up streams of white flame. Rathburn turned instantly back to see the constable lying at ease in his chair, the laughter fading from his face as he reiterated, "Ye never seen Teck Jepson."

He dragged himself forward, and leaning over laid his hand on the guest's knee; looking into Rathburn's face, he said significantly, "He's dead!"

Rathburn sat silent for a moment, as if doubting his senses. "I saw him, he spoke to me, not half an hour ago," he insisted.

"Ye never seen him." Eli Strobe shook his head, with its long, melancholy locks, slowly from side to side. "Ye never seen him. Ye seen his harnt. He hev sot out ter walk. I seen his harnt wunst, myself. He's dead!"

He sank back in his chair, while Rathburn, perplexed and uncomprehending, gazed startled at him. The white fire-light had conjured all the room from out the dusky nullity that had been creeping over it. The pendent trophies from the rafters seemed to sway as the light chased the shadows through their midst. The glad scarlet of the strings of peppers asserted its tint anew, and many hanks of saffron yarn lent it contrast and company. Marcella's fair face shone out upon the background of flickering brown and fleeting gold, and the

night seemed to have grown younger with this sense of movement and life and light; the nerves took less heed of the lateness of the hour. The dog turned his neck in a way that challenged dislocation, and looked about the room; then rose slowly and stiffly, not at all sure that, with this new cheer, it was not day, and now and then wagging a languid tail as he glanced around at Marcella, expecting to see her set about getting breakfast. Not once did Rathburn's attention flag as he sat and steadfastly gazed at his host; he hardly moved an eyelash, so tense, so fixed, so strained, was his attention.

As Eli Strobe glanced up from the fire he encountered the intent inquiry in Rathburn's face.

"Ye seen his harnt," he reiterated, in reply to the look. "He's dead. I kilt Teck Jepson myself, an' I oughter know. He's dead."

A sudden swift expression crossed the stranger's face like a flash of light. Marcella saw the gleam of his teeth, white under his yellow mustache; he put up one hand and stroked it, as was his wont in excitement.

"Why, now, that's a fact!" he rejoined coolly. "I had forgotten that I had heard that."

The next moment he leaned forward, extending the other hand half closed, and with a delicate tentative gesture he laid it on the constable's wrist.

"Let me feel your pulse, Mr. Strobe," he said irrelevantly. "You are still getting better, I suppose?"

The constable silently submitted. Then pursuing the subject, he added, "They can't do nuthin' ter me fur it, though, — me bein' officer o' the law, an' Teck engaged in a onlawful act. I pulled Teck off'n his hoss-critter an' bruk his neck." He nodded his head in doughty triumph. "I war sorry some arterwards. Teck war a good man, in the main."

"Well, his 'harnt' ain't a good



‘harnt,’” the young man flippantly declared.

His tone jarred upon Marcella, so sensitive she was for her father’s sake, so wounded in the pride she had once felt in his preëminence. The wound ceased to ache as she noticed the absorption, the deep attention, with which Rathburn regarded the invalid. In truth, Eli Strobe well and hearty was not half the man, in his estimation, that Eli Strobe was with this strange malady, and the contemplation of the perfection of reason could not have so enthralled and invigorated his jaded perceptions as did this forlorn folly of a mental delusion. He made no further allusion to the spectral ringleader, although more than once he turned again and surveyed with his keen professional gaze the constable’s face. Once or twice, in his deft choosing of a subject of discussion, he seemed to experiment with the invalid’s capacities, and Marcella was amazed to note how rationally, with what strong good sense, Eli Strobe talked, reminding her of “dad’s conversation” of yore, in which she had experienced such filial pride.

At last the guest rose to go, and she listened, as she stood in the doorway, to the faint footfalls on the hard ground, growing ever fainter as the distance increased, — listened and looked out at the still and solitary night, so white with the moon and the frost in the midst of its normal gloom. So silent it was, so replete with a sense of loneliness. It seemed that not even some belated vigilante could be astir in that desert of dark mountains, and icy white glintings, and profundity of silences. The fear that could but stir at her heart grew still after a moment, and she became conscious that her grandmother had twice spoken to her.

“Marcelly,” cried the irate little dame, “what ails ye ter stan’ thar in the door a-lookin’ out at the moon ez big-eyed ez a ow-el, ez ef ye war bound

ter watch ter see the man go? I ain’t a-wonderin’ at ye nuther” (sarcastically); “he makes the shortes’ visits o’ enny o’ the fool folks ez kems ter this house. Bein’ ez he air a doctor-man, nex’ time he kems I be a-goin’ ter ax him ef he hain’t got enny lotium ez will brace up a sensible woman’s back ter endure the strain o’-hearin’ a young fool talk fower hour at a stretch. Ye need n’t stan’ there stare-gazin’ the moon, I tell ye, a-thinkin’ ye look so powerful pritty an’ enticin’, with yer eyes stretched so big an’ shinin’,” becoming suddenly sensible of the ethereal beauty in the girl’s fair face. “Thar’s lots o’ wimmin in this worl’ ez spends thar time lookin’ pritty fur nuthin’. Fur ye mark my words, — ye can’t cut out that nangel o’ a gal ez brung him the news ’bout the lynchers; he air dead in love with her, else all signs fail!”

“Oh,” faltered Marcella, “I ’low ye mus’ be mistaken — ’t war jes’ — jes’” —

“Jes’ what? I reckon I know folks in love whenst I see ’em. Strange ez it may ’pear, I war wunst a fool o’ that kind myself,” she added, with a whimsical pucker of the lips, as she began to cover the fire with the abundant ashes, that it might last till morning.

She paused presently with a deeply reflective countenance, shown half in the glow of the fire, and half in the brilliant squares that the moonlight, falling through the open window and door, imprinted on the floor. “I wonder which o’ these hyar mounting gals the idjit ’lows looks like a nangel. Mus’ hev been Em’line Bolter, ’ceptin’ I reckon no nangel air ez freckled ez her, — reg’lar tur-r-key-aig; or else Ar’bella Jane Perkins, though she air some cornsider’ble red-headed. But laws-a-massy, that don’t make no diff’ence. When a man sets out ter be a fool, an’ fall in love, Providence in its mercy closes his eyes, an’ mos’ ennythin’ mought do fur a nangel. Ye Marcelly, quit hangin’ on

that door, a-saggin' it off'n the hinges an' a-stare-gazin' the moon."

It was lower now in the sky, and showed through the fringes of the pine; its pensive light was in the girl's lustrous eyes a moment longer, and then the door was closed.

### XIX.

It was close upon dawn when Rathburn reached his destination. He could hardly have defined the time when he began to appreciate that daylight had invaded the mystic moonlit splendors. There the golden sphere still hung; out of it the fine ethereal fires were dying — paling, and growing yet more dim — above the purple Chilhowee; definiteness was gradually evolving out of the shadows; a valley was shaping its sinuous course where violet vagueness had seemed a plenitude of form and fixity before. A dull, gray, hard color never known in the fine lunar chromatrics, lay upon a stretch of leafless woods. A dark, sombre green, cold and funereal, betokened the pines and the laurel groves. As the moon dulled and the day dallied, stars had suddenly bloomed out with palpitating splendor. One of a white glister shone above the rugged eastern crags, and was the herald of the dawn. He was feeling the strength of the matutinal resurrection in his veins, in his lungs, expanding to its fine, keen freshness. He hardly realized that he had been awake all night, after a long day's tramp with his pick through the rugged gorges of the mountains. He had long since ceased to glance apprehensively to the right and left, lest there might be still an avenger lurking upon his track, as he took his way along the herder's trail through the savage wilderness. Confidence came renewed with renewed freedom. He stopped to see, through a gap in the mountain, all along the summits of the misty purple ranges, a line of vermilion rise, expanding into

the broad spaces of the pale sky, for the living sun was in the vital air. He hears an eagle cry, the sound infinitely wild and joyous with a savage enthusiasm in life; the splendid sweep of the great bird's wings describe long curves in the light air, and the yellow glow slants so far, so far! A warm day, — for where is the frost? That fine vaporous tissue, all that there is to show for those premonitions of winter in the vanished white rime! All going down and down to Hang-Over Mountain, to lurk about the cold currents of the Little Tennessee.

There was moisture on the full yellow leaves of the hickory, the splendid red of the scarlet oak and the sourwood, shaken out afresh as bravely as if summer burned still in the sap; there were ferns green yet, here and there. He stooped to pick a spray of the lilac "Christmas flower," and thrust it jauntily in the button-hole of his blue flannel shirt; then, as his path curved abruptly, he came within sight of the deserted little cabin which he and Baintree had lately made their camp.

Somehow, with its dark little roof beneath that vast sky, so splendidly aflame, the great fresh vigorous trees on every hand, the gallant wind a-blaring all its bugles down the ravines, the sense of great openness and infinite space, it seemed doubly mean, and the plots devised there curiously sordid, and the episode and escape of last night grotesquely ignominious. In the midst of the conscious physical luxury that every respiration of the high air afforded, he wished he had never seen the place; his cherished scheme, for which he had risked so much, palled for the nonce. He became aware of a great infusion of bitterness toward Jake Baintree, that was not less strong because of contempt.

"And where has he gone, I wonder?" he said, as he approached the cabin.

For there was no smoke from the

chimney, and the place was silent. He checked his pace as he went toward the door. The unhewn logs that had once formed the steps to ascend to the threshold had rotted down at one side; the wood quaked and gave way anew under his tread, as he laid his hand on the latch. It was not fastened, and the door easily swung back under his touch.

The room was vacant, illumined less by the rifts in the broken batten shutter than by the pale stream of light that came down the tunnel of the chimney, for the embers had died on the hearth. A repugnance, a paroxysm of fastidiousness, came over him as he looked in at the desolate discomforts, the sordid bareness, of the place.

"This is no way to live!" he exclaimed, forgetful for the moment of the wealth that barely eluded his clutching hand; and as he remembered it he thought it would be hardly earned. He had not cared for these things heretofore, although he had found scant congeniality in his comrade. The suspicion of crime which attached to him had seemed but the touch of romance to the backwoods desperado. But Jake Baintree had proved himself little fitted for that stanch rôle; and however natural his flight when he heard of the danger of the menace, Rathburn had not the dispassionate temperament to regard it leniently. He felt that it savored strongly of cowardice, he mentally designated his comrade a "contemptible cur," and he began to feel a certain absorbing curiosity concerning the whereabouts of Samuel Keale and how he had met his fate.

When he had kindled a fire and sat down before it, clasping his hands behind his head, waiting for the coals that he might prepare the primitive meal, which in his rough experience he had learned to cook, he entered upon a continuous expectation of Baintree's return. This grew to an irritable suspense. More than once he rose, walked to the door,

and stood looking over the vast landscape and scanning the little path that their feet had worn to the spring, with the vivid intimation that in another instant he should see the tall, cadaverous figure, the thin face, the sleek black hair, emerge from the clustering laurel. But except for a rabbit, leaping along, and pausing to feed itself upon a succulent green leaf, held very humanly between its fore-paws, — except for this wayfarer, and the slow paces of the sunlight loitering on to noon, naught came and naught went. Sometimes when Rathburn returned to the fire he examined anew the specimens which together they had found, — all strangely inferior, strangely meagre, in contrast to the rich bits of "float" which Baintree had showed him in the prison, and with which he had lured him on from day to day.

"He never found this beside that torrent in the gorge, — he may swear till he is blue!" Rathburn looked at the bit of rock, shook his head, and replaced it on the rude shelf that served as mantelpiece. And once more he went to the door.

There should be no more delays, no more tortuous lies, with which he had borne merely seeking to humor the ignorant mountaineer, to familiarize him with the idea of a coadjutor, to wear off whatever there might be that was strange in his garb and speech and manner, to wear out the constitutional distrust of the man. He would wait no longer; once let him lay hands again on Jake Baintree, — he unconsciously clenched them, — and he would have out of him the secret he so foolishly, so zealously, guarded. And yet daily Baintree intended to reveal it, — daily Rathburn could see it in his face; and when they would set forth to find the spot, the mountaineer would first become preoccupied, then silent, and presently stop short and pretend in clumsy fiction to recognize landmarks, and both would

go through a fruitless feint of digging to find mineral that both knew was still far to seek.

"There has been enough of it!" Rathburn declared between his set teeth, in his reverie.

The prospect had all apparently seemed equitable to Baintree while he was in the prison. He had rejoiced at the idea of securing an expert in some sort as a partner; he had voluntarily offered to divide. Perhaps with his liberty the inchoate wealth of his secret seemed more precious still; perhaps he merely doubted the good faith of his partner. But the summer months had gone, and autumn was waning. "And it's time there was an end of it," Rathburn said, still looking out of the door.

Exhaustion prevailed at last and overpowered vigilance. He had lain down upon the floor, half on a saddle that had been flung there, intending merely to rest; but he was soon asleep, and the sun swung vertically above the Great Smoky, and gradually took its way down the steep western slopes, and presently the light faded from the purple earth, and the stars were in the great altitudes of the sky, alternating with vast spaces of gloom, for the night had brought clouds, and the moonrise was impenetrably veiled. Still he slept, unheeding that the fire had died to an ember on the hearth, unheeding that the wind howled in the gorge. The door shook in its rude grasp; the roof creaked; sharp draughts came through the cranies, and scattered the dry ashes about his feet and about the floor. Suddenly there was a sound outside other than the swirl of the dead leaves about the rotting threshold. A stealthy step came to the window. A face peered in through the rifts of the batten shutter.

Rathburn might have seen it, for the embers sent up at that moment a fitful blue gleam that played over the room, showing its dishevelment and his own recumbent figure, with its yellow head

on the old dark saddle, and showing as well the face that looked in, — but he was too deep, far too deep, in his dream.

The tiny flame dropped; the red ember glowed; the room was lighter than the black wilds without, and perhaps the recumbent figure beside the hearth was still visible to the peering eyes, themselves now invisible from within. The subtle influence of their long, steadfast scrutiny shook even the deep securities of slumber. It pervaded Rathburn's consciousness, — how, with all his science he might hardly have explained. He shifted his attitude once or twice; then with a great start he struggled up to his feet.

For a moment the stupefying pain of a sudden awakening possessed his torpid consciousness. The next, he heard the wind trumpeting a blast that he had learned to know, and he reluctantly realized his surroundings. Once more he felt the chill of those scrutinizing eyes upon him, — a vague uneasiness which he could not recognize. His long-drawn sigh of somnolent reaction was checked midway. He stooped to the fire, and vainly sought to coax the embers to kindle anew. The sound of his own voice in an impatient exclamation had a strange echo in the empty loneliness of the place. He had matches in his pockets, or, like the provident mountaineers, he would not have suffered the fire to die. It was only a moment or two before the long, ribbon-like unfurlings of the white flames of pine knots were flying up the chimney, and there was no face at the window, and no sound but the riotous play of the wind without.

He had taken a chair before the fire when his alert ear discriminated in the elemental stir without a step that deliberately approached. There was a hand upon the latch.

"Come in!" he sang out, without rousing himself, or hardly turning his head. He felt sure of the identity of the new-comer. He could measure, too,

the deprecating envy and embarrassment that the contemplation of his serenity and bravado would excite in the wary and timorously suspicious Baintree, and he was in the mood to-night when that display of manly superiority was a grateful solace to his feelings and pride, so seriously jarred by the events of last evening. He did not look up until Baintree was drawing the other rickety chair to the fire, bending upon him an eager, inquiring face, every muscle of which expressed his surprise, his suspicion, and his earnest plea to disarm criticism.

"Howdy do, Jake," observed Rathburn, enjoying his suspense. "The weather is getting to be 'some,' if not more, ain't it? Listen at the wind, will you."

"The wind's sorter harsh ter-night," said Baintree. He sat down quietly in his chair, taking his cue from Rathburn's manner and emulating his composure. Nevertheless, to the trained medical eye he was showing many symptoms of overwrought nerves, of long, harassing anxiety; he had doubtless been without food, without sleep, for many an hour.

Rathburn was conscious of his own advantage in the coming interview from the long, restful slumber in which the day had passed, and which had given brain and will again into his own control. The professional conscience, however, stirred at the sight of physical need.

"Get you something to eat, Jake," he said with his professional manner. "You want it. Must be something on the shelf."

But Baintree, rubbing together his long, thin hands, a trifle chilled, for the temperature without had changed, declared that he was not hungry.

"All right," returned the doctor, lightly. "I can lead a horse to water, but I can't make him drink."

The word seemed to remind Baintree

that there was a bottle on the shelf as well as food. He got up with his alert, soft step, took a long pull at it, and came back to his comrade with its effects distinctly apparent in the aroma upon his breath and the confidence which it served to impart to his manner. He pushed his hat far back on his sleek black head, rubbed his face once or twice between his hands, and then, leaning his elbows on his knees, he spread out his thin, almost transparent fingers over the blaze. He looked craftily up, presently, at Rathburn, who sat gazing placidly into the fire, one hand stroking his long yellow mustache, his feet encased in their high boots, his symmetrical figure trim and light in his blue flannel garb, carelessly donned and worn as it was. Few people could have augured from his easy composure and his debonair grace that he had lately been in danger of his life at the hands of a mob, or that he owed his security to aught that he could plan or compass.

"Marcelly Strobe mus' hev been fool-in' we-uns some. Funnin', I s'pose," Baintree hazarded.

"She told the truth, as she always does, I am sure."

Baintree's outspread hands quivered despite the fictitious courage imparted by apple-jack. His eyes dilated.

"War — war thar ennybody thar sure enough?"

"Plenty of 'em. But only two came to the forge."

"What — what did they say?"

"Oh, they were civil enough," returned Rathburn in an offhand fashion.

"How did you git away from 'em?"

"Oh, I had no trouble. I did just as I told you I would: went to the blacksmith's house and roused up his mother, and pretended to be hunting for him."

"Did that tale go down?" asked Baintree, his relish of deceiving the enemy even by proxy causing his eyes to glitter.

"Not a bit of it. That devil Teck

Jepson had got wind of our being warned, and of who warned us. He just felt sort of good, I suppose, and let me off."

"He would n't ef I had been thar," said Baintree, with a pessimistic nod of the head.

"He would!"

Baintree did not retaliate with a counter-retort. He was silent for a moment. Then he observed, "Teck an' Marcellly useter keep comp'ny tergether. I'll bet she got skeered arterward, an' let him know she hed gin us the word."

"She ain't one of that kind. She don't scare worth a cent. She's worth any ten men!"

There was something so fervent in his tone that it seemed to give a new

and unique direction to Jake Baintree's thoughts.

Presently he observed, "She air a powerful good an' pritty gal, Marcellly air! But she ain't in no wise like them young town gals in Glaston. I useter see 'em on the street whenst I war fetched from the jail ter the court. Them's the sort ye been 'quainted with, — the kind that walks with par'sols. She ain't in no wise like them fine town gals."

"And what if she ain't? She's better than them all put together, and a thousand times prettier."

It was hardly twenty-four hours since she had bestirred herself to save his life, and his heart was still warm toward her.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

#### A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE first three volumes of Mr. Stedman's *Library of American Literature*<sup>1</sup> cover the colonial and revolutionary times down to the adoption of the Constitution. It may seem surprising that three large quarto volumes should be required to hold what is worth preservation in a period usually regarded as barren, in a literary sense; but the editors have interpreted the term "literature" in a liberal way, and mean to present in this collection a view of the intellectual life in the colonies, and later in the States of the Union, without too strict a regard to that quality of form and style which makes literature classic. The colonial writings are for the most part interesting on historical grounds: they consist of chronicles, diaries of adventure, and all kinds of sermonizing; and undoubtedly, as a whole, they are very tedious, more fit for the leisure of our

state historical societies in their proceedings than for general reading. The impression that there is so little of real value in the colonial literature that it is not worth while to search for it is widespread; and in a certain sense this is true. In those days literature was not practiced as a fine art in this country. The books that were written, however, came very near to the real life of the people, reflected their thoughts and their doings with truthfulness, if not with beauty, and constitute the record of the settlement. Literature was at all events a practical art. There was as much life in sermons then as there is in newspapers now; and in the tragedies of the wilderness, in shipwreck, Indian battle, and pirate-hunting, in Quakerism and witchcraft, there was that union of romance and reality which gives to history the liveliness of fiction. One who is unac-

<sup>1</sup> *A Library of American Literature. From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE*

STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. In ten volumes. Vol. I., II., III. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888.

quainted with the stores of our historical societies would turn these pages with surprise at their riches. The first volume is the American Hakluyt. Here is a chapter out of that voyaging which was opening the whole western world, and to us the most interesting of all because it contains the adventures of the American coast; it is read, too, as it came from the lips of the men who were themselves chief actors in the scene, direct in speech as they were sturdy in deed. There is no art in the saying of their words, but the pulse of the action is still to be felt in their narratives; the story is yet warm in memory of joys and sorrows, the *ipsissima verba* of castaways rescued against hope. One who would obtain a vivid impression of what planting the wilderness was could not do better than read these pages, in which admirable selection has brought together the best of these living narratives; and as he continues, he will find the entire life of the colonies, their hopes, beliefs, and customs, their perils and their deliverances, opening under his view. The collection in these three volumes is an illustration, better than any history, of the first hundred and fifty years of English life on this continent.

A considerable part of the material is necessarily familiar, inasmuch as the more important events in history and the more striking incidents in personal adventure are natural subjects for editorial selection; but these are told from the original sources. It is unavoidable, too, that the colonies of Virginia and of New England, especially the latter, should occupy a disproportionate place, because their inhabitants left more written records of themselves and came more into the ken of travelers. Intellectual life was more vigorous among the Puritans of the Bay than elsewhere, and the whole social system felt its stimulus. From the other parts of the country we get little else than descriptions of places, anecdotes of warfare, and a few

characterizations of men, together with the famous shipwreck of Sir Thomas Gates off the Bermudas, which some suppose to be the original of Shakespeare's storm in the *Tempest*, and the dolorous narrative of Colonel Norwood's voyage and sufferings in Virginia, which is as fine a story of adventure as the chronicles contain, and is told in a manner to delight Kingsley or Thackeray. We get, also, a glimpse of the Southern pirates, but no more. Similarly, the collection affords only a slight account of New York, a bird's-eye view of the trading village, and a glance at its city politics, disturbed even at that early day. It is New England that furnishes the bulk of the matter which has come down to us, from the internal troubles of the Leyden church, the landing at Plymouth, the coming of Endicott, Morton of Merrymount, the hiding of the king's judges, down through Quakerism and witchcraft, French and Indian wars, to the defiance of Adams and Otis. This was a most interesting period, with changes and incidents in plenty, with solid characters for counsel and action, and with one of the most remarkable communities of the world to mould and develop. Mr. Stedman's skill in so choosing extracts from the mass of forgotten writings as to place before us the traits of the people is a very fortunate gift. It is especially matter for congratulation that he has taken from the ecclesiastical record so many characterizations of the leading Puritan ministers, such as Hooker, Shepard, Cotton, Eliot, the Mathers, and also of some of their wives. Of the theology of the time, he gives no more of the blazing kind than is needful to a full idea of the sermons of the divines, while of other extracts there are enough to show that if the people thought much upon the wrath to come, they also sought pious and godly living. Perhaps the most curious theological examples are the denunciations launched by the Quakers at Endicott



and his fellows, in the style of the Hebrew prophets: "Woe, woe to thee, thou bloody town of Boston, and the rest that are confederate with thee, and it thou canst not escape, — thou who hast shed the blood of the innocent people called Quakers, and imprisoned and fined them, and taken away their goods, and they have become a prey unto thee, for thee to exercise thy cruelty upon them; and thou boasts in thy wickedness, and 'thinks thou dost God good service to brand and put to death' the people called Quakers. Verily this is the thoughts and intents of the hearts of many of you in New England; but especially within thee, and within thy jurisdiction that belongs to thee, O thou town of Boston!" Of this kind of jeremiad there is a considerable amount, but the extract is interesting as an example of that command of Biblical style to which much of the earlier volumes owe what literary merit they contain. The Scripture, from the time that the Bible was a new book in England, was almost an English dialect; and in these divines of New England one sees how invigorating it was before it became a cant. Undoubtedly it encouraged the exhortatory style of harangue, but it gave force to the utterance of the mind, and from a literary point of view great influence is to be ascribed to it. Wherever the style rises and becomes fervid, one easily perceives the study of the Bible; intellectual passion, high feeling of all kinds, took on this Scriptural expression; it was the poetry, the highest form of impassioned speech, of the period. Even in descriptions one sees its dominating influence. It is not the mosaic of Biblical words that we refer to, but the very spirit of the orator who pours them forth. Here is an admirable instance of the manner of it; and a more vigorous picture of battle, one more abundant in the ancient English force, could hardly be found. It is from the pen of William Hooke.

"Here ride some dead men swagging in their deep saddles; there fall others alive upon their dead horses; death sends a message to those from the mouth of the muskets; these it talks with face to face, and stabs them in the fifth rib. In yonder file there is a man hath his arms struck off from his shoulder, another by him hath lost his leg; here stands a soldier with half a face, there fights another upon his stumps, and at once both kills and is killed; not far off lies a company wallowing in their sweat and gore; such a man whilst he chargeth his musket is discharged of his life, and falls upon his dead fellow. Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. Death reigns in the field, and is sure to have the day, which side soever falls. In the mean while (O formidable!) the infernal fiends follow the camp to catch after the souls of rude nefarious soldiers (such as are commonly men of that calling), who fight themselves fearlessly into the mouth of hell for revenge, a booty, or a little revenue. How thick and threefold do they speed one another to destruction! A day of battle is a day of harvest for the devil."

Such an extract is sufficient to show that these pages are not without masterly style. It is interesting to observe, too, in these theological portions the efforts of the imaginative faculties of the mind to make themselves felt, in parable and fancied dialogue, and here and there one comes on that not unfrequent union of the actor and the preacher which was offensive to the usually grave and serious ways of the Puritan pulpit. There was one preacher who enacted Christ's agony and impersonated God dropping sinners into the pit. Perhaps long discourses encouraged such sporadic attempts at variety.

Outside of this infusion of the noble language of Scripture into style, there is little for the literary critic to notice. In the minds of the writers one perceives

no great distinction, no remarkable individual gifts. It is plain that piety and strength of character must have sustained intellectual power in these leaders of the community. Jonathan Edwards was the sole example of a mind of the first order in the colonies, and his metaphysical analysis and closeness of logic stand by themselves, apart from all else in the collection; for though Bishop Berkeley is included as a contributor to American literature, and some pages of Berkeleyism are interpolated, the mind refuses to regard him as other than an Englishman of the mother country. John Norton, also, occupies a solitary niche, with his style deeply imbued with classical example and studded with the names and maxims of the ancients. He alone shows the powerful influence of the old collegiate learning; nor did he emulate the example of Cotton, whom he eulogizes as "savoring more of the cross of Christ than of human learning." In him alone we come upon those mingled strains of pagan learning and Puritanism which were most happily blended in Milton. The other noted ministers of the early colonists have a family resemblance, and their memory, as here shown, exemplifies the common ideal of the "godly men" who planted the church in the new soil.

In the broad view which such a collection as this gives, one trait in the public spirit of the colonists stands out prominently with equal eminence in both the lay and clerical authors, in New England and in Virginia. There were carpers, of course, restless spirits, adventurers of all sorts, who had fault to find, who felt irked by restraint, and would have produced some Gonzalo's commonwealth. But, commonly speaking, they looked upon this country, this wilderness as they called it, as a paradise, a land of promise and plenty, where the poor people of the Old World could begin life anew. The terms in which they describe the fertility of the land, the excellence of the climate, the speed with

which comfort was obtained, all the advantages of material prosperity, are identical with those now associated in our minds with the new West. Kansas and Nebraska are not praised more in our day, nor is the opportunity the West offers for the poor to build homes of plenty more persistently and glowingly put forth than is the lot of the planter and the colonist subject for congratulation in many of these extracts. It is true there were Indians, but, generally speaking, the Indians were kind friends to the first comers; there were shipwrecks, such as that marvelous one of Thacher and Avery on their August voyage from Ipswich to Marblehead, which gave the name to Thacher's Island, but such perils were exceptional. The well-being of the people at large was greater than in the mother country; they were full of hope and energy, and rapidly developed that versatility in expedients and keenness in acquiring wealth which were to be the great traits of their descendants. They prized, too, from an early date, their liberties. These were never left unmentioned in the enumeration of their blessings. Nor was it many years before they were proud of their achievements, like a Western community; only that they were more prone to see the hand of God in it, and to look on themselves as God's people, of whom he had a special care. This was true more particularly of New England. The heresies that arose among them are a proof of the free action of their minds. The persecution of the dissenters, of Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, and the delusion of the Salem witchcraft have been made much of; but however lamentable these seem now, in a different age and a more settled society, they were then looked on as religious disorders of the same nature, relative to the commonwealth, as were the doings of Morton at Merrymount in a secular way. The Puritans believed in government, and had the English sense for it,

and they valued their liberties likewise in an English temper. When the most has been charged against them, there remains the state they founded, with the public spirit that grew up with it; and the fact that from the first they nursed this high hope of their fortunes, looked on the land as their own and believed in it, and regarded their prosperity in a free condition as God's dealing with them was one fundamental ground underlying the entire revolutionary period. The Revolution was ingrained in them by their birth as citizens of the New World.

This is one reason why, when we come to the third volume of the work, there is no break in the continuity of the Puritan spirit. A new political question had arisen, and men in secular life were called to the front by it, but the temperament of the people as expressed in the new voices was the same. Society had grown more varied, and commerce and law were coming into rivalry with the pulpit; yet the mental tone is still one of sobriety, dignity, and a fervor which did not pass into unreason. At the beginning of this volume stands Franklin, and nearly all the men of the Revolution appear before the end is reached. The change that is noticed is a great one. One feels that the colonies, in obtaining independence, have passed into the state of a true nation. Washington's Farewell Address is here, and more than the Declaration itself, which is also here, those words of Washington signal a new era. Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Patrick Henry's famous speech, Paine, and Otis admonish the reader that the question is no longer of sea or land adventures, of Berkeley's or Edwards's theories, of Cambridge or Saybrook platforms, but of those broad matters which concern the founding of a stable state. This volume is necessarily largely political, and yet the selection here has also been excellently made, and the nature of the contents lightened

by introducing many letters of our public men. Even here we do not come into the view of literature, in the ordinary sense. Mr. Stedman has done his best by the poets and poetesses, but without any success in restoring to them any of their contemporary lustre, such as it was. In the earlier volumes there were a few verses, all that could possibly be called into service; in this volume there are many, and those which illustrate the popular songs of the Revolution well deserve such remembrance as is given them; but even with Freneau, the first name which yet retains a lingering reputation in the world, he cannot persuade us that Poetry had yet come to the shores which Berkeley and Herbert had prophesied should be her chosen seat. There is only one copy of verses, by a youth who died at twenty-two, and left this pathetic waif of pleasantry behind him, which has a spark of nature in it, and with it the volume ends.

The Library, it will be seen from what has been said, is, so far as it has gone, an excellent and convenient *résumé* of all writings which by a liberal use of the word can be called American, for the first century and a half after the settlement. The extracts afford a complete and abundant view of this literature in travel, history, anecdote, theology, politics, and versifying; and the passages chosen are such as illustrate in the most instructive and entertaining way the habits and customs, the modes of thought, the lives, and the public spirit of the people, so far as any record of them survives. Many of the originals from which these extracts are made are rare or difficult of access, and many of them also are such that even a patient reader would never hunt out their contents. The editors claim that the "first two volumes contain a more select and compact representation of the writings of our colonial divines than has before been attempted." Certainly these two volumes serve the purpose of exhibiting the general character of the Puritan

mind in New England admirably, and the justice with which a somewhat delicate task has been discharged is notable. There are few persons whom it is easier to misrepresent than those divines of the old stock; but as they are illustrated here by their own words, they really seem to live and speak in their proper persons. As much can be said, too, for the sufficiency of the tales of personal adventure, of Indian warfare, and of the disturbers of the colonies. In the third volume, which summarizes the growth and progress of the ideas of the Revolution and contains its greatest state papers, one feels that only a part of that large mass of admirable political speech and

discussion is given; but the best of it has been included, and so as to reflect in a lively way the times and the men. In the succeeding volumes, literature proper, though not to the exclusion of anything which may be fairly embraced under the name of the nation's writings, may be expected to hold the chief place; and so far as the plan of the work is disclosed, it bids fair to be as useful and successful as what has already been published. At all events, these three volumes are a substantial addition to popular literature, and make, as they profess to do, a library of our best American reading for the people at large.

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#### MRS. CUSTER'S ARMY LIFE.

THE experiences of a woman in rough-and-ready campaigning must necessarily be interesting. There is a novelty in her position and in her view of men's affairs which is unailing, and to this is added the attraction of admiration for her pluck. Mrs. Custer's parents objected to her marriage because of the hardships of barrack-life to which she would be exposed, but in their wildest fears they could not have anticipated the tenth part of what it fell to her duty to endure. Her husband was a campaigner of a thousand, and in following him she had to meet with as much as an officer's wife could be subjected to by circumstances. Her story<sup>1</sup> is divided into two periods. The war being over, General Custer was dispatched without delay to the Southwest, partly to aid in the pacification of the country, and partly with a view to the contingency of an invasion of Mexico, in case there should be need of maintaining the Monroe doc-

trine by force of arms. The latter plan was, fortunately, not required to be put in execution. Enough remained in the task of restoring order in Texas to exercise the tact and discretion of the young general and the endurance of his wife. Her narrative is largely one of camp incidents and the discomforts of the marches in Texas. Her description of the journey south, and of the look of the country and the temper of its inhabitants, is a lively account of the unsettled condition of affairs on the close of hostilities; but the main story does not begin until the command advanced into the Texas wilderness. Throughout the volume much attention is given to the personnel of the company immediately about her: the servants, the relatives of the general, the friends among the officers, are the leading characters, and the horses and dogs are given a hardly inferior place; in fact, we have here a history of General Custer's family, as that word is used in

<sup>1</sup> *Tenting on the Plains; or, General Custer in Kansas and Texas.* By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.

army parlance. The pests of the country, the snakes, tarantulas, scorpions, alligators, mosquitoes, ants, and other live annoyances, naturally fill a large space to her womanly eyes, and are the occasion of many anecdotes. Among the ravages of the ants is one which we believe is unparalleled. It occurred when the general was ill with breakbone fever, and was unwillingly reduced to taking large quantities of quinine. As he became convalescent, it was noticed that the enormous ration of pills disappeared mysteriously, not at all to his sorrow. He pleaded entire ignorance, and on watch being set it was discovered that the ants had taken a liking for the round white balls, and when night came would climb the table and laboriously carry off the pills, as many as thirty at one raid. This is only a bagatelle among the troubles which the numerous pests of the region brought about, and which are detailed most feelingly. Such things were by no means the real hardships through which the young wife went with endless perseverance and courage, and for which the few amusements were not to be reckoned as compensations. Life on horseback and in the open air, nevertheless, has such invigoration in it that one can endure almost any measure of discomfort so long as one does not break down entirely; and Mrs. Custer transfers to her pages the attraction of such existence and its vitality. The family, moreover, was a merry one; the taste for practical jokes which flourishes in such circumstances was indulged to the utmost; there was a great deal of pure fun and high animal spirits; and by including all this in the tale, and never losing the sense of comradeship which belongs to camping-life, the narrative is enlivened and made real. But there was little regret at leaving Texas, it would seem, except for the separation the move caused when the general's staff was disbanded.

The second scene of the volume is in the plains of the Northwest, and its ad-

ventures are with the buffalo and the Indian. In this portion a near view is had of barrack-life, and Mrs. Custer writes with much sympathy for the temptations which it offers, especially with respect to drunkenness. Her husband was a teetotaler, and this quickened her perception of what a man who did not drink or was trying to reform had to meet at the hands of his companions. But barrack-life is at the best dull, and the interest here is rather in the expeditions of General Custer into the Indian country, with his letters to her, and in her journeys to join him. The humors of the plains, the weaknesses which come out so markedly in the confined life of small groups of men, the negro occupation of the fort, comical incidents, horses, dogs, hunts, all that goes to make up life in a frontier garrison, are portrayed with great detail; the picture is as complete as could be wished. It is too fragmentary and disconnected to have justice done it without liberal extracts. On the march the adventures were often stirring, and there was frequently peril from floods and accidents and Indian ambushes, while there were also much privation and exposure in that unsettled and weather-beaten country. Mrs. Custer was at one time in the exceedingly unenviable position of a woman in an Indian fight, whom the officer in command had promised her husband to shoot in case there were danger of her falling into the hands of the savages; and though the attack was beaten off, it was quite possible that the officer would have been called upon to do his work, as he said he would have done it without hesitation. But this and other such matters can be left to the reader's perusal. He will find the narrative full and vivid, if somewhat rambling and diffuse. The very defects of the volume show how much trivialities count for in the frontier life, and emphasize the dreariness of it; and one is brought very close to the lot both of the settlers and

the soldiers by the extended view of the hard conditions of existence at that time on the vast border of Western emigration.

What gives peculiar interest to these reminiscences, beyond their value as a record of observations of a life difficult to reach through books, is the personality of the popular hero who is the centre of all that goes on. General Custer's character has been often described, and here he is seen in his family life without a veil. Frank, brave and humane, quick-witted and self-controlled, he was the beau-ideal, to use the old phrase, of a soldier; he was born and trained to his career, and he had great qualities for its successful conduct. Here he is shown not so much in the field as in the tent; not assailing the enemy with his perfect courage and wild dash of assault, but living with his familiar friends, taking his sportsman's pleasure in the hunt, indulging his affection for his horses and his innumerable dogs, and, when occasion came, doing his duty with the quiet firmness of the hero. He was in those years, the ten years after the war, still in his early manhood, with much of boyish spirit; though he had won his way so rapidly to rank and distinction, he remained young, and the geniality and freedom and warm attachment that made him popular, as much as his ability, were striking qualities of his nature. It was a test of his metal that, being so youthful and open, he had to bear honors and duties beyond his years; and he endured the test like gold. We find here in his unrestrained and thoroughly natural letters, usually about common things of the day, a passage in which he speaks of himself. He writes

from his camp among the Indians to his wife in 1867: —

“I have so much to be thankful for in my life, God grant I may always prove as deserving as I am grateful to him for what he has given me. In years long numbered with the past, when I was verging upon manhood, my every thought was ambitious — not to be wealthy, not to be learned, but to be great. I desired to link my name with acts and men, and in such a manner as to be a mark of honor, not only to the present but future generations. My connection with the war may have gained this distinction; but my course during the last five or six years has not been directed by ambition so much as by patriotism, and I now find myself, at twenty-seven, with contentment and happiness bordering my path. My ambition has been turned into an entirely new channel. Where I was once eager to acquire worldly honors and distinctions I am now content to try and modestly wear what I have, and feel grateful for them when they come; but my desire now is to make of myself a man worthy of the blessings heaped upon me.”

These are simple, true words; and read in connection with this view of his circumstances on the frontier and of his nature as it shows itself in daily life, they bear the stamp of the finest manhood. The tribute that has been paid to his gallantry may well be paid to the man himself in all the compass of his character. His companionship was what made life in the camp dear to his wife, and one does not wonder, although feeling admiration for her devotion, that she chose to endure so much for his sake.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Pitch-Pine  
Meditation.

IN outward, every-day affairs, in what we foolishly call real life, man is a stickler for regularity, a devout believer in the maxim, "Order is heaven's first law." He sets his house at right angles with the street; lays out his grounds in the straightest of straight lines, or in the most undeviating of curves; selects his shade-trees for their trim, geometrical habit; and, all in all, carries himself as if precision and conformity were the height of virtue. Yet this same man, when he comes to deal with pictorial representations, makes up his judgment according to quite another standard; finding nothing picturesque in tidy gardens and shaven lawns, discarding without hesitation every well-rounded, symmetrical tree, delighting in disorder and disproportion, loving a ruin better than the best appointed palace, and a tumble-down wall better than the costliest and stanchest of new-laid masonry. It is hard to know what to think of an inconsistency like this. Why should taste and principle be thus opposed to each other, as if the same man were half Philistine, half Bohemian? Can this strong æsthetic preference for imperfection be based upon some permanent, universal law, or is it only a passing whim, the fashion of an hour?

Whatever we may say of such a problem, — and where one knows nothing, it is, perhaps, wisest to say nothing, — we may surely count it an occasion for thankfulness that a thing so common as imperfection should have at least its favorable side. Music would soon become tame, if not intolerable, without here and there a discord; and who knows how stupid life itself might prove without some slight admixture of evil? From my study windows I can see sundry of the newest and most commodious mansions in town; but I more often look,

not at them, but at a certain dilapidated old house, blackening for want of paint, and fast falling into decay, but with one big elm before the door. I have no hankerings to live in it; as a dwelling-place, I should no doubt prefer one of the more modern establishments; but for an object to look at, give me the shanty.

Human nature is nothing if not paradoxical. In its eyes everything is both good and bad; and for my own part, I sometimes wonder whether this may not be the sum of all wisdom, — to find everything good in its place, and everything bad out of its place.

Thoughts like these suggest themselves as I look at the pitch-pine, which, to speak only of such trees as grow within the range of my own observation, is the one irregular member of the family of cone-bearers. The white or Weymouth pine, the hemlock, the cedars, the spruces, the fir, and the larch, these are all, in different ways, of a decidedly symmetrical turn. Each of them has its own definite plan, and builds itself up in fastidious conformity therewith, except as untoward outward conditions may now and then force an individual into some abnormal peculiarity. And all of them, it need not be said, have the defect of this quality. They are not without charm, not even the black spruce, while the Weymouth pine and the hemlock are often of surpassing magnificence and beauty; but a punctilious adherence to rule must of necessity be attended with a corresponding absence of freedom and variety. The pitch-pine, on the other hand, if it works upon any set scheme, as no doubt it does, has the grace to keep it out of sight. Its gift is genius rather than talent. It has an air, as genius always has, of achieving its results without effort or premedita-



tion. Its method is that of spontaneity; its style, that of the picturesque-homely, so dear to the artistic temperament. Its whole make-up is consistent with this germinal or controlling idea. Angular in outline, rough and ragged in its bole, with its needles stiff and its cones hard and sharp, it makes no attempt at gracefulness, yet by virtue of its very waywardness it becomes, as if in spite of itself, more attractive than any of its relatives.

The Puritans of New England are mostly dead; the last of their spiritual descendants, we may fear, will soon be dead likewise; but as long as *Pinus rigida* covers the sandy knolls of Massachusetts, the sturdy, uncompromising, independent, economical, indefatigable, all-enduring spirit of Puritanism will be worthily represented in this its sometime thriving-place.

For the pitch-pine's noblest qualities are, after all, not artistic, but moral. Such unalterable contentment, such hardness and persistency, are enough to put the stoutest of us to shame. Once give it root, and no sterility of soil can discourage it. Everything else may succumb, but it — it and the gray birch — will make shift to live. Like the resin that exudes from it, having once taken hold, it has no thought of letting go. It is never "planted by the rivers of water," but all the same its leaf does not wither. No summer so hot and dry, no winter so cold and wet, but it keeps its perennial green. What cannot be done in one year may, perchance, be accomplished in three or four. It spends several seasons in ripening its fruit. Think of an apple-tree thus patient!

The pitch-pine is beautiful to look at, and "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," but it would be a shame not to add that it is also most excellent to smell of. If I am to judge, scarcely any odor wears better than this of grow-

ing turpentine. There is something unmistakably clean and wholesome about it. The very first whiff savors of salubrity. "The belief in the good effects of pine forests in cases of phthisis is quite unanimous" (so I read the other day in a scientific journal), "and the clinical evidence in favor of their beneficial influence is unquestioned." Who can tell whether our New England climate, with all its consumptive provocations, might not be found absolutely unendurable but for the amelioration furnished by this generously diffused terebinthine prophylactic?

When all is said, however, nothing else about the pitch-pine ever affects me so deeply as its behavior after man has done his worst upon it. It would appear to have some vague sense of immortality, some gropings after a resurrection. The tree was felled in the autumn, and the trunk cut up ignominiously into cordwood; but in the spring the prostrate logs begin to put forth scattered tufts of bright green leaves, — life still working under the ribs of death, — while the stump, whether "through the scent of water" I cannot say, is perhaps sending up fresh shoots, — a piece of *post-mortem* hopefulness the like of which no white pine, for all its seemingly greater vitality, was ever known to exhibit. But leaves and shoots alike come to nothing. If a pitch-pine die, it shall not live again. The wood's blind impulses, if not false in themselves, were at least falsely interpreted. Alas! alas! who has not found it so? What seemed like the prophetic stirrings of a new life were only the last flickerings of a lamp that was going out.

Quick Temper. — A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be undesirable possession, a quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper!" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with

the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply, "Oh, you're quite mistaken; I'm one of the quickest-tempered people in the world!" given in a tone that does not imply modest deprecation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now this willingness — eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called — to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar;" nor, if complimented upon consistent attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favorite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and — after a little lapse of time — forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and *unrighteously* (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for

good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honor of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this tempering episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly — in a flash of thought — the outburst would be averted.

Let the people with slow tempers, if there be any such, assert themselves and claim their superiority. Let them declare that they are not deficient in sensibility; that they are not callous, heavy, nor mean-spirited; but that they are really the quick ones, quick in intellect and in discrimination, and so able to control the temper with which, after everything has been said, I am inclined to think we are all, in the beginning, equally gifted.

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#### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Fiction.* Found, yet Lost, by E. P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) North Liberty is a Connecticut village, and the Ar-

gonauts are certain of its inhabitants who flee to California to complete the drama begun in the eastern village. Mr. Harte has seldom made such ducks and drakes of his coin as in

this story, where the use of character and incident is willful and in violent opposition to naturalness and truth. — Olivia Delaplaine, by Edgar Fawcett. (Ticknor.) This novel is more in Mr. Fawcett's vein than the temperance story which we have mentioned. The shadings of character in New York society offer a truer field for his intellectual industry. — Perrault's Popular Tales, edited from the original editions, with Introduction, etc., by Andrew Lang. (Oxford, Clarendon Press.) Mr. Lang has done us a service in giving us these famous little stories in the text of 1697. They have a new charm with their old-fashion punctuation, orthography, and capitalization. The editor's painstaking notes and, above all, his delightful essay on Perrault, place us very deeply in his debt. — A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder (Harpers) is an anonymous story of romantic adventure somewhat in the Haggard mood. The plot is not without ingenuity. — The latest addition to Miss Wormeley's admirable series of translations from Balzac is the Magic Skin — *La Peau de Chagrin* in the original. Mr. George Frederic Parsons enriches the volume by contributing a strikingly acute and interesting study of this story, which is one of Balzac's briefer masterpieces. (Roberts Bros.) — The lovers of stories that have beginning, middle, and end, will heartily welcome *The Black Arrow*, a Tale of the Two Roses, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.)

*Poetry and the Drama.* Metrical Translations and Poems, by Frederic H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. (Houghton.) Dr. Hedge's contribution of translations is mainly from the great Germans, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and shows his nervous, forcible diction; he contributes also the original poems of the volume, which are mainly occasional verses and hymns. Mrs. Wister's choice lies among less-known writers and poems, but in both cases there is a scholarly mark and a resolution of literary power. — Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes, together with the *Rhyme of the Border War* is the full title of Mr. Thomas Brower Peacock's volume of poems, which is introduced with a biographical sketch and critical study by Professor Thomas Danleigh Suplée. A. M., Ph. D., F. R. S. (Putnam's.) Seldom does a volume of poetry come under such a military escort as this, for besides the procession in front, headed by Mr. Peacock's portrait and autograph, there is a brass band of comments, criticism, etc., to bring up the rear. Footnotes freely scattered through the book represent the mob of boys, and curiosity is heightened to get a look at the Escorted. We open at random and come upon this stanza: —

“Full twenty years James reigned supreme  
The monarch of his own desire;  
His will was all the law, 't would seem,  
That marked his mad career of fire.”

One of the small boys at the foot of the page sings out that this is Jesse James. We turn the leaf: —

“Now as she combs her flowing tresses dark,  
Lo! that fair hand, how perfect is its make!  
Behold that face and form, her beauty mark!  
‘T is to enshrine fair Carolinda Blake.”

No footnote here, and we are left to conjecture whether Carolinda is an historic or imagined creature. Mr. Peacock takes himself much too seriously, and we may add in passing that he takes the Saturday Review in its comments on his poem too seriously, though we admit that the jocularity of our English brother is very successfully smothered. — *Cloudrifts at Twilight*, by William Batchelder Greene. (Putnam's.) It is true there is some doubt whether the next day is to be fair or not, but on the whole we should say that the chances are it will be rather dull and cheerless. — *Iona: a lay of Ancient Greece*, by Payne Erskine. (Cupples & Hurd.) The work of a writer who has a thought which she chooses to express in terms of verse: the writing is free and unconstrained, and there is a certain simplicity and purity of diction which wins respect, but though the poem is Greek so far as this goes, there is no such decision of form and directness of tale as the subject demands. The writer has command of language, but in handling words as in handling troops power is shown in making a small number do effective work, not in marching long lines up a hill and then down again. — *Lyrics on Freedom, Love and Death*, by the late George Frederick Cameron, edited by his brother, Charles J. Cameron. (Alexander Moore, Boston.) Mr. Cameron was a Canadian writer and journalist of earnestness and feeling. He was young and ardent, and had not learned to separate his function as a journalist from his gifts as a poet. Thus some of his fervid poems are editorials in verse, but this cannot be said of all. It may be said, however, that the journalistic facility seems to have got into his poetry, and his lyrics impress one rather as poured freely and without stint from a nervous nature than subjected to the discipline of obedience to art. — *Poems*, by Rose Terry Cooke. (Gottsbarger, New York.) We are a little surprised at the bulk of Mrs. Cooke's poetical work, but we have no right to be when we consider how much of a range her prose takes. This volume shows her also as a nice observer, a generous lover, and a woman of spiritual insight and force. — *Andiatrocté; or the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George*, and other Poems,

hymns, and meditations in verse, by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth. (Putnams.) An interesting book, if for no other reason than that it represents both the devotional and the literary side of a Roman Catholic writer who writes, not as a foreigner, but as an American. It is noticeable that the religious element has less hagiography about it than is common with the work of Roman Catholic writers in Roman Catholic countries.—Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire, by Aubrey De Vere. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) Mr. De Vere, in his interesting preface, points out the characteristics of that period which preceded the Middle Ages, and his poems are reflections of that time and spirit. His poetry has thus an intellectual origin, and will be read, we think, rather as a poetical comment on early Christians than for its own charm; but it is always a man of fine taste and pure mysticism who writes.—Mary Tudor, an historical drama, by the late Sir Aubrey De Vere. (George Bell & Sons, London.) There was a poetic power in the earlier De Vere which seems more native and genuine. This drama contains little of the lyric element, but is a forcible presentation in dramatic form of the view taken of Mary by a patriotic Englishman who also was a Romanist.—The Triumph of Music and other Lyrics, by Madison J. Cawein. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) Mr. Cawein has drunk deep of the overflow of the Pierian spring which runs through Swinburne's fields, and after reading a number of these lyrics and hearing their sound we find ourselves driven to wonder somewhat where the sense is.—Plays by Charles Gildehaus. (John L. Boland Book and Stationery Co., St. Louis.) Two of these dramas, Æneas and Telemachus, are drawn from antiquity; one, Sibyl, is drawn from contemporary life, and all are curiously taken from the left-off language of Shakespeare. We advise readers who want fresh literature to buy this book.—Rebecca the Witch, and other tales in metre, by David Skaats Foster. (Putnams.) The poetry of a writer who relies for his effects upon simple, natural sentiment, or very palpable humor.—Along the Shore, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. (Ticknor.) Mrs. Lathrop has a delicate perception of subtleties of color, form, and movement; she perceives *nuances* where others would find blank intermissions, and thus her poetry abounds in felicitous phrases and single bits of effect, though it would be hard to find the full, rounded, poetic form which takes no account of the reader's mood.—Smith, Elder & Co. are issuing a uniform edition of Browning's poems in sixteen volumes, the first three of which are now ready. The books are very neat in typography

and binding, but the proof sheets seem to have been carelessly read. On the opening page of Strafford, for example, the omission of a period at the end of a line and the dropping of the second letter in the line immediately following make sad work for the general reader. Mr. Browning's text is none too lucid even when it is correctly printed. In this respect the London edition falls short of the American, which, by the way, is the first complete collection ever made of Browning's poetical works.

*Theology, Ethics, and Religion.* The Heart of the Creeds, historical religion in the light of modern thought, by Arthur Wentworth Eaton. (Putnams.) An attempt at popularizing what may be termed, for want of a more exact epithet, Broad Church theology in the Episcopal Church. The book is not especially forcible, but it has good temper.—Manual of Christian Evidences, by George Park Fisher. (Scribners.) A compact volume, in which Professor Fisher, with his sound judgment and lucid method, seeks to furnish students with a convenient means of considering the evidences of Christianity as now ordinarily presented.—The Faith that Makes Faithful, by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A little volume of eight homely talks on religion and character, with many energetic words.—Show us the Father. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A half dozen addresses or sermons by Unitarian clergymen who represent the aggressive Western radical section. The writers tackle large subjects in a half hour, with results necessarily general, vague, and somewhat unprofitable. A little humility, by the way, would do these iconoclasts no harm. One may be provincial in thought even in Chicago.—The Anointed Seraph, by G. H. Pollock. (John F. Sheiry, Washington.) This is a thin volume one, of which a nebulous volume two is to contain, as it were, the answers to the conundrums now propounded. "Two men were walking around Boston Common, and had already made the circuit, when the clock in Park Street steeple reminded them that there was but an hour yet to midnight, and it was time for them to turn homeward." So the book begins. Nothing could be more encouraging, more genuinely realistic. Now here is the last sentence in the book: "Ishmael and Israel may stand as another expression for, or illustration of, the two principles in the natural world. They may also represent the two parts of the broken Tetragrammaton. But more than all, they may stand for the two keys embodied in the Anointed Cherub and the Anointed Son: the key of nature, and the key by means of which the mystery of God shall be solved." When

two men walk round Boston Common discussing anointed cherubs, tetragrammata, keys embodied, Ishmael and Israel, we wonder that they should go to bed so early as eleven o'clock. — Palestine in the time of Christ, by Edmond Stapfer, translated by Annie Harwood Holmden. (Armstrong.) A series of studies on the social and religious life of the Jews in the first century, based upon an examination, mainly, of the New Testament, Josephus, and the Talmuds. The author is a French Protestant, and while the book has nothing, probably, which is not accessible to the English student, the subject is presented in an orderly, clear manner; nor does one feel that the author has in mind an audience already affected by Renan. — The Realities of Heaven, eight lectures, by the Rev. T. F. Wright. (W. H. Alden, Philadelphia.) From the standpoint of Swedenborgianism, with more criticism of other doctrines than is usually indulged in by writers of this society. — The Field-Ingersoll Discussion. (North American Review, New York.) A reprint of a series of articles, by R. G. Ingersoll and H. M. Field, upon faith or agnosticism. There is a great hurtling of missiles in this book, but when the field is cleared, there appear to be no dead or wounded.

*Text-Books and Education.* Principle and Practice of Morality, or Ethical Principles Discussed and Applied, by E. G. Robinson. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) President Robinson, of Brown University, follows his great predecessor, Dr. Wayland, in producing a text-book on moral science, but whereas Wayland confined himself mainly to practical morality, Dr. Robinson gives his strength to the preventive principles. By so doing he more nearly meets the demand of colleges. There is an interesting chapter on the origin of the conscience, in which the theory of evolution is considered in its bearing on the subject. — Composition and Rhetoric, by practice, with exercises adapted for use in high schools and colleges, by William Williams. (Heath.) A convenient book for teachers in search of examples, but we should hesitate about giving so many more examples to correct than models of excellence. — The Sanitary Conditions and Necessities of Schoolhouses and School Life is a prize essay, by D. F. Lincoln, issued by the American Public Health Association. (Concord, N. H.) It deals with site, plan and arrangement, ventilation and heating, hygiene of the eye, school-desks and gymnastics, affections of the nervous system and supervision. — Nature Readers is the general title of two little books, written by Julia McNair Wright. (Heath.) The plan of the books is to give beginners in reading an acquaintance with simple facts in nature. We have no criticism upon the facts in the book,

but object to giving children reading-matter instead of literature for reading. These books have no style whatever, and surely style in literature is of the first importance. — Education in Bavaria, by Sir Philip Magnus. (Industrial Education Association, New York.) A pamphlet devoted especially to stating the opportunities for manual training under the system prevailing in Bavaria, which is compared chiefly with the English methods. — Atalanta's Race and other tales, from The Earthly Paradise, by William Morris; edited by O. F. Adams, with the coöperation of W. J. Rolfe. (Ticknor.) It was a capital idea to take these stories for use in reading, and the notes are interesting and helpful. — Variant edition of Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream, with introduction and notes, by Henry Johnson. (Houghton.) This is a valuable contribution to the academic study of Shakespeare, since it offers a fac-simile reprint of the text of the first folio, 1623, with foot-notes giving every variant in spelling and punctuation occurring in the two quartos of 1600. It is valuable, we say, because it will enable teachers and students to take up the text of Shakespeare as one might take up the text of a Greek classic. — Plea for an American Language, or Germanic-English, showing the necessity of systematic spelling and of making our words pure, self-developed, and self-explaining according to Greek, German, and Irish models, with a grammar, reader, and vocabulary of the proposed American language; appeal to Germans, Irishmen and Scandinavians as well as the Americans in behalf of an expressive tongue; the present English proven to be a national misfortune. By Elias Molee. (John Anderson & Co., Chicago.) We print the entire title-page, that any one who wishes a language *ragoût* may know where to find it. — Warman's Practical Orthoepy and Critique, by E. B. Warman. (W. H. Harrison, Jr., Chicago.) The main portion of the book is taken up with a list of words often mispronounced. The author seems to show good judgment in his decisions. — The Child and Nature, or Geography Teaching with sand modeling, by Alexander E. Frye. (Bay State Publishing Co., Boston.) A book of suggestions to a teacher, but it is unfortunately too ambitious for use by any but a trained teacher. Its author shows himself to be a vigorous student in the field. — Chemical Problems, by J. P. Grabfield and P. S. Burns (Heath), has also a number of examination papers, apparently from those used at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — Exercises in English; accident, syntax, and style, carefully selected and classified for criticism or correction. By H. I. Shaug. (Heath.) An English practice-book for teachers' use.

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## PASSE ROSE.

## V.

To keep her dagger company, Passe Rose carried a key, which gave her infinite trouble; for the former was slender and admirably concealed under the fold of her garment, whereas the latter — although it opened only the small door into the garden, under which Jeanne herself, who was both short and fat, stooped in passing — was of extraordinary size, and hidden with difficulty. Having locked this door behind her, on her return from the abbey, and entered the kitchen softly, she hung the key on the peg, that the boy who drove the geese to the fields might find it in the morning. She even looked into the adjoining apartment, a sort of shed filled with straw and hay, where the lad slept with the donkeys, to see that he slept well, and, being satisfied of this by his breathing, closed the door carefully and went to her own chamber.

Jeanne's garden lay to the south, and was separated from the street by a wall nearly hidden within by the plum-trees, which, trained against its surface, seemed all to be vying with each other as to which should first peep over the top to discover what was without. At the farther extremity the wall was pierced by a large gate, with double doors, leading to the market-place in front of the church of St. Sebastian, whose tower threw its shadow into the garden, and thus furnished Jeanne an excellent clock for nearly half the day. "It is time to

put the soup on the fire, — the cabbages have got the sun," she would say; by which she meant it was nearly ten, and that the hour when all good citizens had their dinner was near at hand. The remaining side of the garden was bordered by houses whose windows overlooked the entire inclosure, much to Jeanne's discomfort; for though she not infrequently gossiped with her neighbors, she liked not to be under their observance; so that to escape this she had caused to be planted on this side a row of wild carnelian cherry-trees, which, in time, not only yielded excellent fruit, but also interrupted her neighbors' view, while in no way intercepting their gossip.

It must be admitted that both Werdrick and Jeanne made good all observance of Lent and holy-days by plenary indulgence the rest of the year. "Of what use are fine garments," said Jeanne, "except it be for the priest who serves God at the altar? They neither warm the body better than coarse ones, nor preserve the health; neither can they be taken into the other world. But God hath provided all manner of food to nourish his creatures." Passe Rose, who, in the course of the many vicissitudes of her fortune, had often eaten bread of millet and even of beech-nuts with relish, did not fail to appreciate the unending supply of soft loaves, kneaded with milk and butter, which came from Jeanne's oven; for the latter not only made those pasties with yeast which could not be

had of the public baker, but also baked her loaves over the embers of her own hearth, having an oven expressly for this purpose, in addition to the iron tripod over the fire on the earthen floor of her kitchen. Indeed, it was the pleasantest thing in the world to sit in the morning sun, as *Passe Rose* was doing the day after her adventure in the abbey, and watch the good dame as she went about her matin duties. The kitchen projected into the yard, and, the wooden partition between the posts supporting the roof being removed during the summer, there was no lack of fragrant air from the garden. The cherries shone among the dark leaves, and the plums made a purple mist against the wall. Little birds hopped boldly up the path leading from the gate, on one side of which stretched lines of cabbage and shallot, beet-root and parsley, while on the other was a pleasure of grass growing luxuriously in the shade of the cherry-trees. Under the eaves hung branches of sweet herbs; within, on the shelves, were apples and plums dried in the oven for winter use; on the walls shone vessels of iron and copper; and from the pot on the tripod, or the spit attached to its legs, came always some smell so savory that the pigs in the street without paused to sniff the air.

Jeanne, intent upon the contents of her stew-pan, would certainly have been astonished could she have known the projects which filled the small head of *Passe Rose*. Nothing is so easily forgotten as that gay pageant of dreams which troop like an army with music and banners through the mind of the young. When the music is hushed and the banners no longer flutter, it is almost in vain that any one tries to recall the display; its figures are scarce more than dumb, colorless ghosts, so that one doubts if ever they were anything else. If once they had witched the mind of Jeanne, in the growth of her girdle she

had clean forgotten them. *Passe Rose*, on the contrary, at the very instant Jeanne seasoned the stew, was listening intently to the dream music and watching the dream banners. Neither assisting Jeanne nor busying herself with spinning, as was her wont, she sat idly clasping her knees with her hands and gazing at the church tower. So still was she that the little birds hopped nearer and nearer, and, after inspecting her from all sides, and concluding that she was no more to be feared than the statue over the church portal, would certainly have flown to her knee or shoulder, had not a wooden shutter in an adjoining house opened suddenly, and a voice, which caused *Passe Rose* to turn her head, cried, —

“Neighbor Jeanne, hast thou heard the news from the abbey?”

Jeanne, seeing that it was *Maréthru*, the wife of the notary, ran to the wall beneath the window, her spoon in her hand, while *Passe Rose* listened.

“Nay, what has happened?” said Jeanne.

“The abbot has recovered” — replied *Maréthru*.

“Praise be to God and the blessed martyr!” interrupted Jeanne. “When did the fever leave him?”

“It was no fever at all,” rejoined the other. “Have patience,” for Jeanne was on the point of interrupting her again. “As thou knowest, the blessed saint came not at once to his aid; so that after the relics were brought from below and mass was said, all withdrew except two who watched beside him, praying. Towards midnight one of these perceived that the abbot moved his lips whenever, in his prayer, he repeated the name of Christ our Lord, and, thinking he would speak, laid his ear to the abbot’s mouth. No sooner had he done this than he heard a most horrible hissing, as of fat on the coals” —

“Mercy of God!” ejaculated Jeanne.

“Amazed at this, he asked the abbot



what he desired, and the brother with him came also, asking the same question. Then a voice, very harsh and not at all like to the abbot's replied, 'Abbot I am none, but a satellite of Satan, who has given me orders to torment the souls of all who love justice and pity the poor. To this end have I power to enter their bodies, or take upon me any form of man or of woman.' Then they ordered the demon, in the name of the saint, to come out, and he replied, 'I will, not because of your authority, but because of the power of the martyr.' This the demon said, shuddering and breathing rage, through the mouth of the abbot. Immediately afterwards he came out, and the abbot, speaking in his natural voice, bade them seek the serf who keeps the gate, that he should carry him to his own house, — for thou knowest the abbot is heavy. So he who came last went to the room which is by the gate," — here Maréthruda paused to recover her breath, and *Passe Rose*, unclasping her hands from her knees, leaned forward her head to listen, — "and, opening the door, what thinkest thou he saw?"

Jeanne, long since lost in wonder, was ready to believe it was Satan himself, but fear had reduced her to such a state she could offer no conjecture.

"A girl of surpassing beauty, who was none other than the demon himself."

*Passe Rose* laughed softly. "How knowest thou certainly it was he?" she asked gravely, approaching the window.

"Because," rejoined Maréthruda sharply, not liking that any one should doubt the power of the blessed martyrs, "for many reasons. First, there was about the neck a circle of fire; and secondly, no sooner did the fiend perceive the monk making the sign of the cross, than it uttered a piercing shriek and fell upon the floor. And, indeed, that it was no young girl is plain, for immediately the doors of the room were closed and

barred, and when morning came the prior went in person to see whether it were so, finding no trace of any one but the serf. Can a young girl of flesh and blood like thyself pass through walls of stone?" asked Maréthruda triumphantly.

"True," replied *Passe Rose*.

"Moreover," added Jeanne, "devils often take the form of beautiful girls to tempt the saints; that is well known."

"God forbid!" said *Passe Rose* thoughtfully.

"Do thou go and buy a wax candle of four deniers," said Jeanne fervently, as she returned to her soup, "and light it at the altar of St. Servais in the church of St. Sebastian, and after dinner is over we will go to implore his succor, lest this devil enter one of us."

Whereupon, with a trembling hand, her thoughts flying hither and thither in her brain, like a swarm of bees which have lost their hive, Jeanne stirred the soup, and *Passe Rose* went down the path to the gate, driving the birds before her, and smiling at their noisy chatter.

It was indeed strange that *Passe Rose*, who was on her way to consult the pythoness in all sincerity, should at the same time find such cause for laughter in the fact of the abbot's possession by a demon. Yet so it was. So complex is the mind of man, and so various are the aspects of all which surround him, that in every age he is seen to deride the powers in whose fear he lives, to seek what he despises and contemn what he desires, to slight what he loves and caress what he loathes; and thus *Passe Rose*, on the way to the sorceress, made all manner of merriment of monkish superstitious, just as Jeanne, while powdering her cakes with coriander and adding the saffron to her soup, said to herself that only by resisting all carnal appetites could one be sure to escape the power of devils.

Having purchased the candle, *Passe*

Rose approached the church portal slowly, looking for an opportunity when she might address the woman without being observed; for although the latter lived altogether upon the alms she received from those who sought her counsel, there was not one in all Maestricht who did not agree with the abbot that every such practice was contrary to the word of God and altogether unlawful. So *Passe Rose* lingered on the way, and, coming into the porch, began to admire the carvings over the door, although she had seen them often enough, and indeed much finer elsewhere; and when no one was by she pressed her sou into the old woman's hand, and, stooping to her ear, whispered:—

“I seek a Saxon maiden whose name is *Rothilde*. Tell me quickly where she is to be found.”

One might well think that God had forgotten the work of his hand at the sight of this creature, whose body was so curved by the rickets that her knees were close to her chin.

“Hasten,” said *Passe Rose*, her rosy cheek next the yellow skin.

“Come again at the vesper service,” replied the sorceress, “and I will tell thee all thou desirest to know.”

*Passe Rose* was disappointed at this delay, but, restraining her impatience as best she might, went in and lighted the candle at the altar of *St. Servais*, where already others were burning, and before which were many people praying; for the rumor of what had transpired was spread abroad through the whole city. Thither also she returned with *Jeanne* in the afternoon, and again after the vesper office, when the sorceress told her that if she would compass her quest she must pass that night in fast and prayer in the oratory, and at vigils open the gospels which were on the altar, and it would be told her what she was to do.

Now it was no hardship for *Passe Rose* to fast only one evening and night,

for she had often fasted perforce longer than that; neither did she fear to watch by night in the oratory. But it troubled her sorely to open the gospels, for she could not read. However, she made known to *Jeanne* her intention of passing the night in fast and prayer,—a resolve which *Jeanne* applauded heartily, it being easier for her to commend the abstinence of another than to practice it herself. So when night was come *Passe Rose* entered the church again, and prostrated herself before the altar in the oratory set apart for *St. Servais*.

There were others also with her: a woman who was a serf, belonging to the royal domain called *Estinnes*, suffering from a grievous paralysis, so that she could lift her hand neither to clothe nor feed herself; a young man having a maldy called by the Greeks spasm, whereby his hand shook continually; and others tormented by various judgments of God, or having sins to expiate by prayer and fasting. Presently the sacristan closed the doors, and the sound of his footsteps on the stone flags having ceased, *Passe Rose* knew that he had retired. Then she raised her head and looked about her.

The feeble lights around the altar were unable to penetrate the darkness, and the shadows behind her seemed momentarily to advance and retreat, as if contending with them. Occasionally a groan or an invocation from some one of those near her rose like a spirit into the dome, beating back and forth from side to side, as a bird seeking to escape its place of confinement. Truly it did not occur to *Passe Rose*, as it might have to the learned abbot, that the altar, with its precious vessels and struggling tapers, before which these unfortunates were kneeling, surrounded by the darkness and overarched by the dome which flung back their supplications, represented in some manner the Church of God, so feeble amid the suffering, crime, and ignorance of the world, yet calm with

patience and an invincible faith in its own destiny. Surely, of all this *Passe Rose* understood as little as she understood the characters on the pages of the gospels. Yet she knew well that there was here something too vast for understanding, in whose mysterious presence kings bowed and her own spirit trembled; and for a while she remained on the cold floor, repeating her prayers in good earnest without lifting her eyes. But being in vigorous health and of active mind, soon her thoughts began to wander, so that even with pinching herself she could scarce keep from dozing. At last her head fell to one side, and, anxious lest through sleep she should miss the hour, she rose softly, walking to and fro in the darkness, behind the others.

There was yet some time before the monastery bell would announce the hour of vigils; there was nothing for her hand to do nor anything to divert her attention; so she gave herself over to her thoughts, following wherever fancy led her, as when one who is half asleep abandons himself to conscious dreaming. At first she debated with herself whether it were necessary to open the gospels at the hour which the woman had indicated; for although this manner of divination had been practiced by kings and was yet much esteemed by the people, it was under the ban of the Church, and expressly forbidden in the articles which *Karle* had caused to be written in his councils. This thought disturbed her, for there were many others present, and she wondered whether it would not answer her purpose to open the book on the reading-desk near the high altar. But aside from the fact that she had been particularly enjoined to consult the gospels in the oratory of *St. Servais*, there was only a single lamp burning before the high altar, and its light was so feeble that she could distinguish nothing.

Perhaps her strange adventures in the

wood and the abbey recalled to mind somewhat of her former manner of life; or perhaps, being alone in the darkness and solitude, apart from the others, a sense of freedom possessed her which it was not possible to feel in the garden of *Jeanne*; or it may have been the influence of the night hours, which often set free thoughts and imaginings that, like many winged and creeping creatures, lie hidden during the day, — at all events, whether for these reasons or not, *Passe Rose* began to dream and indulge her fancy in visions wherein neither *Jeanne*, nor *Werdric*, nor the boy who tended the geese, nor any familiar objects had part; not even *Passe Rose* herself in her simple dress and sandals, but *Passe Rose* in silken shoon and a pearl girdle, *Passe Rose* on a white mare, with a page at the bridle rein. Now she traveled with *Friedgis* in a great wood, seeking the Saxon maiden, and now she sat with *Gui of Tours* at banquet; now *Friedgis* defended her from some wild beast whose covert they disturbed in passing, and now she rode in the train of the king's daughters — when suddenly the monastery bell sounded faintly from the hill, all these things vanished, and she saw only the altar surrounded by the candles and the gospels lying upon it. Yet on the background of her sight the dream lingered, so that she was conscious both of it and what she was doing as, going boldly forward, she opened the gospels, noting well the miniature which adorned the page, and making a mark with her nail against the passage she selected.

In the early morning came one of the clerks who had charge of the church, to prepare for the morning office.

"Sir," said *Passe Rose*, pointing to the gospels, "is that the Scriptures which the king gave at the feast of *Noël* to the church of *St. Sebastian*?"

"No," he replied; "the book of which thou speakest is used only on holy-days."

"I have heard it said that it is ornamented with most wonderful pictures."

"That is true," answered the clerk, "painted in gold and vermilion upon purple vellum."

"In gold and vermilion," repeated Passe Rose; "that were indeed wonderful."

"Moreover," said the clerk, "it is written in new characters, very easy to read" —

"Like those of the notary, which Maréthruda has shown me," suggested Passe Rose.

"Nay," replied the clerk, "that is an ordinary manner of writing very different" —

"Show me, I pray thee, in thy misal," said Passe Rose.

"I have it not with me," he replied, "but come hither. Seest thou these characters?" — opening the gospels, — "how long and thin is the stroke of the pen? Those in the king's parchment are round, and" —

"What astonishes me," interrupted Passe Rose, turning over the leaves, "is that any one should find meaning in such marks."

"It is very easy," said the clerk complacently.

"Tell me, now," asked Passe Rose, putting her finger on the page, "canst thou read this?"

"Certainly. That is the Gospel of Saint Matthew, who is here relating what the blessed Christ said to the multitude, and there where thou hast thy finger it is written: "*Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses.*"

"Aïe, Aïe," ejaculated Passe Rose, lost in wonder, and repeating the words under her breath.

Recalled at this moment to his duties by those who came to the morning service, the clerk closed the book, while Passe Rose, whose interest in the art of the copyist seemed to have been satisfied, went slowly away, saying to herself, "In kings' houses — in kings' houses."

## VI.

A rise of three degrees in the temperature of the blood is fatal to ceremony, and so trifling a change often discovers a secret one might otherwise seek in vain to know — whether the bond which attaches others to us be one of interest or affection. Thus it was that the abbot, though his chaplain and servants neither asked permission to be seated in his presence nor received his wishes kneeling, as they did when he was in health, perceived from his sick-bed the evidence of a solicitude on his behalf which imparted to the thought of returning life a satisfying pleasure.

This was no more than he might rightfully have expected. His rule had been firm but mild, and setting forth doctrines strange to his times, namely, that power was for the protection of the weak, and not for their oppression, and that no man or woman, however unfit for labor or war, might not become useful to God, if only by exhibiting virtues of meekness and patience. Yet the abbot was always surprised as well as pleased that men should either love or praise him; for it was a noteworthy fact that of all who knew him none held him in less esteem than did he himself. Whereas in later times Pascal said, "I cannot forgive Montaigne," Rainal, abbot of St. Servais, used continually to say, "I cannot forgive Rainal."

Wearing ordinarily the common dress of a monk, except that all rose and bowed when he came into the refectory or chapter-house, none who saw him would have suspected that one of so modest a manner had been first chaplain to the great Karle, and loved by him above other counselors. Not only had he frequently served the king among the *missi dominici*, determining pleas and judging causes of every kind, but he had also been sent upon distant missions both of church and state, — to the

pope at Rome, and to the dukes of Bavaria and Spoleto. How he had discharged these duties was recorded over the king's own signature in the grant of his benefice, wherein it was written that "by faithful service and a devoted obedience he worthily deserves the favor of our generosity." And it cost the king more to part with his person than with the gifts whereby he honored him; for not only in his palaces of Aix and Ingelheim, when, resting from war, he refreshed his mind with learning and the arts of peace, but also in the wastes of Saxony, when he launched his *leudes* against the rebels, at the siege of Pavia, and in the grievous retreat from Spain, Rainal, no less sturdy and tireless in the saddle than his royal master, had shared his triumphs and reverses.

From these scenes he withdrew at his own request. "For the child the hour of death may be near at hand," he said to the king; "for the old man it must be. Suffer me, then, to retire from the affairs of this world, that when that hour comes it may not surprise me occupied with passing things, but applied to prayer and meditation on the divine word." Upon this entreaty, oft repeated, the king released him from daily attendance upon his person, as also from visiting the court yearly as others were required to do; and having thus given him control over himself, following the custom of his predecessors, was pleased further to make him abbot of St. Servais, with jurisdiction over the neighboring convent of Eicka and all its dependencies and granges, besides granting him certain villas with their adjacent forests and fields, pastures and meadows, formerly belonging to the royal domain, together with all servants and serfs attached thereto, to have and to hold in quietness, and to leave by will to whomsoever he wished.

It is not to be wondered at that the king, loving the abbot so well, should desire to be informed of his health; and

to this end he sent frequently from the castle of Innaburg, near to Aix, where he was then passing the autumn hunting-time, inquiring how the abbot fared; and on the evening of the second day following the invocation of the relics came Gui of Tours on the king's errand.

Jeanne and Passe Rose were returning from afternoon service, and were leaving the open space before the church of St. Sebastian, near the corner of the garden wall, when the troop entered at the opposite angle, and at the sound of the horses' feet they turned to see what was approaching. Perceiving that the horsemen were riding furiously and directing their course to the street where she was, Jeanne seized the hand of Passe Rose, who would fain have loitered, and hurried her towards the garden gate, for the street was narrow, and she feared to be caught between the walls. So fast did the troop approach that the clatter of hoofs resounded in the street before the gate was reached, so that Jeanne was forced to run, and had well-nigh exhausted her strength when she reached the door. Here, although perfectly safe, she fumbled the key in her haste, and thrust it awry in the lock, while Passe Rose, there being room for but one under the arch, stood without, her hands and back pressed against the wall. The passing of the troop was the affair of a moment; but when Jeanne had succeeded in opening the door, and, though all danger was over, had excitedly pulled Passe Rose into the garden after her, the girl carried in with her a picture as distinct as if she had seen it quietly in her own chamber, and not for a moment only, through a cloud of dust and amid a tumult of arms and horses' feet. This picture was none other than that of Gui of Tours at the head of the horsemen, a picture complete from the short-sleeved tunic which left bare the knees, the fur-lined jacket, and the baldric from which hung the sword, even to the shoes fastened about the legs by leather thongs.

On his part, although swept on by the impetus of those who came after him, Gui of Tours saw plainly his collar of gold about a neck of equal lustre, and two brown eyes, which, without any effort, or perhaps knowledge, on the part of their possessor, shot a glance of recognition sharper than an arrow's point through the dusty cloud.

"The world is not over-wide after all," said Gui to himself, smiling as he galloped on.

Beyond the city the cavalcade left the Roman road leading southward for that up the monastery hill. The way was steep, but the jaded horses climbed it eagerly, their ears pricked forward as if anticipating already the abbot's oats. The slope on either side was covered with vineyards, whose fruit was beginning to ripen, and the full clusters, shaded with golden-yellow or purple, might plainly be seen between the bright green leaves tinged with autumn bronze. Vine-dressers were tying the bending branches to the stakes with willow withes, or spreading ashes about the roots to hasten the work of the sun; and on reaching the brow of the hill, fields sweet with odors of drying grass, interspersed with patches of wheat and rye, flax and hemp, appeared on the plain. The sun was low in his arc as the abbey towers came in view, overtopping the trees which shaded the fish-ponds, and the sound of the wooden hammer on the bell was heard calling the laborers home. From the vines and the fields, the vegetable gardens about the ponds, and the blue line of forest to the west, they came in groups, laughing and chatting together, their tools in their hands; others were laden with baskets of provisions, while across the pastures, between the lowing of loitering cattle, might be heard the song of the goatherds and shepherds, and the wood-cutters chanting hymns and prayers as they emerged from the forest with their bundles of fagots and poles.

The vast court within the outer wall, extending on this side the length of the abbey close, with its small wooden houses, its workshops, granaries, and sheds, swarmed at this hour with a motley population. Wagons loaded with grain were drawn up within the gate, their unyoked oxen gazing stupidly around; donkeys, almost hidden by their burdens, waited patiently before the stalls; herdsmen carried milk-pails, whose white froth gave forth a pleasant odor, to the bakehouse, or filled the cribs in the cattle-sheds; workmen were preparing the wine-presses for the vintage, and rows of casks banded with iron stood ready for the coating of pitch and soap heating in caldrons over the fire. In the middle of the court was a small wooden basilica, in front of whose portico, under the shade of a few trees festooned by vines, a table was spread with loaves and dressed meats for the poor seeking food and shelter at the abbot's hands.

Through this throng Gui and his company made their way slowly, saluting the almoner at the table under the trees, and the monks in the doors of the workshops along the way; and coming to the high wall dividing the court from the monastery close, Gui struck with his sword-hilt upon the oaken gate.

Having given his horse to his servant, he, with two of his companions, entered, and were conducted to the hall reserved for the abbot's guests.

An atmosphere of peace and quietude, in striking contrast to the activity without, pervaded the inner enclosure. The very language was different, for the vulgar tongue was prohibited within the abbey proper.

Learning that the abbot was mending fast, Gui retired to the chamber assigned him, and after a bath, which he found already prepared in the large tank of warm water, returned to the hall into which his chamber opened. There Sergius the prior, dispensing the hospitality

of the house in the abbot's absence, awaited him, as also a goodly smell of cooking which came from the adjoining room, through whose doorway might be seen figures hurrying to and fro in the flaring firelight and smoke.

The Prior Sergius was very agreeable in conversation, though he said little. Those whom he addressed were at first charmed by a certain Roman elegance of manner consorting strangely with his robe. Afterwards, whether because of his small white hands, or a fire which slumbered in his eyes, one began to entertain all manner of absurd conjectures; as that, if he had not been a monk, the love of luxury and pomp, or the greed of power and gain — but no, that were impossible, and while putting away the suspicions, the soft reserve of his speech gave to them so fresh a force that one looked askance at his pale, thin face, saying, "God keep him the monk, else the Devil will possess the man."

If young Gui of Tours did not observe this, it was either because he was hungry and the table well served, or because his thoughts were on other things. He listened to the account of the interposition of the saint in the abbot's behalf, and he in turn told the prior the news of the outside world, — of the ambassadors from the newly elected pope, who brought the keys and standard of the city of Rome; of the end of the war against the Avars, the destruction of their fortified camp, and the fabulous treasures found in the royal residence of the Kan; of the expected coming of Pepin, the king's son, to Aix; and then, suddenly turning to Sergius, —

"Prior," he asked, "tell me who it is that dwells in the house by the square of St. Sebastian, at the corner of the street leading thence upon the road to Liege."

"It must be Werdric the goldsmith," replied the prior, after a moment's reflection.

Now the prior had one habit which,

when it overcame him, greatly marred his Roman manner. This was to fix his eyes upon those who conversed with him. A straightforward gaze which follows the motion of the heart troubles no one, but to be watched and, as it were, studied like a book is far from agreeable. For this reason, while the prior was telling who Werdric was, — that he was born a royal serf attached to one of the granges which the king had given the abbot; that the latter had released him from the yoke of servitude for his skill in gold-working, and given him the house where he lived with ample freedom to use it and all he might thereafter make in his trade, according to the canons and his own will, like other Roman citizens; how he lived in peace with his wife and four others, one being a serf of the abbey, also very skillful in the setting of gold, one a boy who tended the geese in the meadow on which the abbot had granted Werdric the right of pasturage, and two women, also serfs, spinning and weaving exceeding well; and that there was, moreover, he believed, a young maiden in the household who passed for Werdric's daughter, an idle girl received out of charity, whether freeborn or not he could not tell, — while, as was said, Gui listened to this information, he felt the espial of the prior's eye like the pry of a lever under a stone; so that although learning exactly what he wished to know, he nevertheless muttered to himself, "May God wither such eyes!" and again, "This monk is both shrewd and audacious;" and at last, when the prior came to the young girl, as if weary of the whole matter, he flung down his cup on the board, saying that if it pleased the abbot to receive him that night he was ready, and if not he would go to bed. Upon this the prior, who studied to live in perfect understanding with all, and knew how to preside at a table though partaking of nothing himself, filled the young man's cup and said he



would ascertain what was the abbot's pleasure.

Gui's two companions, their faces hid in their arms and their arms on the table, were already asleep; for the ride had been long and the abbey wine was heavy. Indeed, young Gui himself, when he looked into his cup, could see nothing but a golden collar and two brown eyes which laughed and vanished when the wine was stirred, and reappeared when it was still again. He rose from the bench, walking to and fro, deploring the necessity which forbade his remaining in Maestricht, and endeavoring to devise some plan by which he might accomplish his mission without returning at once to Immaburg. Often he abandoned the thought as impossible to realize, being the king's messenger; and then, when he lifted the cup to his lips, the eyes in the wine shone and laughed again, and such perfumes rose from it as filled his brain with new devices, — in the midst of which he walked through the archway into the kitchen, nor knew where he was till the smoke lingering in the rafters and the shining of vessels in the firelight recalled him to his senses. While thus debating what he should do, a servant came, saying that the abbot had just awakened from refreshing slumber and would receive the king's message.

The effect produced upon the abbot by the relation of the events which occurred the night *Passe Rose* visited the monastery had been little short of stupefaction. He was not free from the naive credulousness which tintured the piety of his day, a piety which if thus sometimes degraded to superstition was also often elevated to the heroism of faith. He had not the slightest doubt that the traces made by the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh on the Red Sea bottom were still visible, as affirmed by travelers who visited the spot, and that if effaced by the violence of the waves they reappeared by the will of God

when the sea became calm again. But it perplexed him to believe that God had given over his body to be the abode of devils. That such should assume the form of a beautiful woman was credible enough, but that they should find shelter in the temporary dwelling in the soul of an abbot was unheard of and contrary to reason. Reflecting upon this matter as he lay on his bed, he endeavored to put away the temptings of spiritual pride. How should he justify the ways of God? When he looked about him did he not see bishops seeking honors rather than to honor God, magistrates loving presents more than justice, nobles glutted with spoils, — everywhere war, the war of the vulture upon the defenseless, the war of the kite upon the dove? How should he reconcile these things to the providence of God? Abbot though he was, he understood them as little as did *Passe Rose* what she saw when repeating her prayers before the shrine of St. Servais. Yet he knew, as she did, the presence of something mightier than he, — the spirit brooding above the waters. When perplexed by such thoughts the abbot instantly addressed himself to prayer. He knew very well that the tendency to think was one of his besetting sins. His mind, vigorous as had been his body, loved to try its wings. He longed for the upper space in the presence of whose sun no cloud can form. A demon was thus ever opening the window of his soul and tempting his thoughts to flight; but like the dove loosed by Noah on the waste of waters, the thought of the abbot always returned to the ark of God.

Following his conductor, Gui traversed the shady walk between the church and the school to the abbot's lodging, and when the door was opened perceived the prior with two others standing at the foot of the bed. Gui had seen the abbot about the king's person and knew his face well; for even after Rainal's retirement from the court he

had accompanied his master upon the expedition to Saxony, and this the more willingly in the hope of moderating the treatment of the captives. Yet Gui was astonished to see the ravages of the fever. Approaching the bed, he knelt by its side; whereupon the abbot laid his hand on his head and blessed him.

Then said Gui, "Our sovereign master, the very glorious Karle, to Rainal, his faithful servitor and friend, sends greeting. He desires me, his messenger, to say to you that your health is his joy, and your joy his happiness, and may you continue in the grace of Jesus Christ and of all his saints."

It was more from emotion than from weakness that the abbot's voice trembled in reply.

"Say to the king in my name that the assurance of his friendship is consolation to the mind and medicine to the body, being after the grace of Heaven the support of failing years; and that if God deigns to give me life and health I shall speak in person those things which weakness of body now forbids the tongue to utter."

As Gui, rising from his knees, waited a sign that he might retire, the abbot, regarding him intently, as if searching his memory, asked his name.

"Gui, son of Robert, Count of Tours," replied the youth.

A shadow passed over the abbot's face as he heard the count's name. "Christ preserve you," he said, lifting his hand in sign of dismissal.

Now the abbot had caused to be written an account of the interposition of the saint in his behalf, duly signed by witnesses, and this document, together with a portion of the silken cloth which covered the reliquary, he desired to transmit to the king; so that when the morning was come, and Gui, preparing to leave the abbey, was about to mount his horse, he received a message from the abbot to the effect that he sent by a faithful brother, by name Dominic, cer-

tain papers to the king; and in order that the said brother should suffer no inconvenience on the way, he committed him to the safe conduct of the captain. Immediately after, riding a gray mule, appeared Brother Dominic himself, a fitting witness to all in the abbot's letter, having watched at night beside his litter and seen the shape taken by the demon in Friedgis's cell.

Young Gui of Tours was hot of temper and could scarce restrain his wrath; for his mind had but one thought, — to discharge the king's mission as speedily as possible, and return to Maestricht. But with a monk riding a mule, there was little chance to use the spur, and the day would scarce answer to compass the distance. Help for it there was none, however, and saluting the monk with scant grace, he rode slowly through the courtyard and out of the gate upon the road between the vineyards.

Never before was a man in so fit a temper to bear with discourtesy as was Brother Dominic, ambling along on his gray mule. Not since the day he came with letters from the convent of St. Bavon to the abbot of St. Servais, commending him as very dextrous in every art of the scribe, had his heart overflowed with such contentment. For he had in his pouch, besides the manuscript for the king, the epistles for every day in the year, done by his own hand and destined for the queen. The long months spent at his desk and the cramp in his right thumb were forgotten in the thought of the allegorical figures, the gigantic capitals, whose admirable drawing and soft coloring had cost so many hours, and which were now to be examined by a queen. Though the missal was safely enclosed in the silken altar-cloth and thrice enveloped in thick parchment, this did not prevent him from turning over in his mind every page and examining with pride every well-known stroke of the pen. Then again, like the apostles of old who had witnessed miracles and

cast out devils, he also had seen the power of God, and it pleased him mightily to think that a poor monk should have been concerned in such weighty matters; so that between the praise he put into the queen's mouth and the wonder he foresaw on the king's face, the recollection of his gold-dotted miniatures and the rehearsal of the story of the demon, he had little time to complain that Gui of Tours rode moodily before him in silence. Without his window, almost within reach of his hand as he sat at his copying-desk, a bird had her nest in a vine, and the view opening before him from the brow of the hill was to be seen also from the orchard within the abbey walls. Yet, riding to Immaburg on the high-road was a very different thing from sitting at his copying-desk; and the boundless plain, the river smoking in the morning sun, the scent of dew-covered hay, the thrill of the air when a bird sang, all seemed new to him. The very motion of the mule was agreeable, although Brother Dominic was neither well-knit like the abbot, nor graceful like the prior, and the mule staggered at times on a rolling stone.

A temper quick to rise is soon appeased, and Gui of Tours had not reached the foot of the hill before his mood began to change. "By Heaven," he said half aloud, "the monk is not to blame, and I do him wrong." At the same instant came the thought to give the mule to one of the servants, and seat the monk on the servant's horse. "God willing, he may hold fast at a gentle pace, and compass a gallop before the day is over," thought he. Full of this thought, he reined in his steed, for the horses were fresh, and, stretching their necks to loosen the rein, had gained at every step on the mule.

At this place the road dipped to cross a running brook, and rising in both directions, was visible but a short distance. Thinking that the brawling of the stream drowned the sound of the mule's feet,

and expecting every moment to see its ears over the top of the rise, Gui waited awhile, ashamed of his discourtesy, then rode backward to greet the monk with a pleasant word. But before reaching the brow of the hill he saw, to his astonishment, that the mule and the monk had parted company, whether in wrath or peace were hard to tell; for the mule was returning leisurely to the abbey, while Brother Dominic, the signs of terror on his face, ran in the opposite direction with such speed as his habit of body and dress would permit.

## VII.

Was there ever any one who once in his life did not feel happiness, not flowing in from without, but welling up, as it were, from an unsealed spring within? The world and all about are the same; the springs are not there, but in ourselves. The eye sees and the ear hears what never were seen nor heard before; for once soul and sense minister to each other and agree.

It was not because of the sun struggling through her window of horn that *Passe Rose*, the morning on which Gui of Tours set out from Maestricht for Immaburg, rose so blithe from her dreams, — for this it did every fair day in the year, — nor could she honestly have told what had unsealed her heart's spring. Yet never had grating of shutter as *Werdric* opened his shop below, nor knocking at panel slide as some passer-by stopped at the window in the wall of the tavern across the way for his morning beer, nor braying of loaded mule passing down the street sounded as they did that morn. There was nothing so common or so trivial that her happiness could not give it value, just as every vulgar pebble twinkles, or blade of common grass revives, when the spring water overflows them. It was nothing to her that *Jeanne's* cakes were underdone; that

the bees in the garden were making less honey than last year; that the boy who tended the geese was sick from overeating of green plums. She ate the cakes with a laugh, vowing that if the honey was less in quantity, the quality was better than ever before, and seeing Jeanne anxious for the geese, offered to drive them herself to pasture in the boy's stead.

Clustered about the garden gate, alarm and wonder reigned among the flock. The oldest could not remember such a delay, and nothing so disturbs the mind as the invasion of habit. The citizens of Maestricht themselves could not have felt more alarm at seeing the sun delay his rising than did the geese to see the garden gate still closed; and if the moon had appeared in the sun's stead, they would not have lifted their hands in greater astonishment than that with which the geese craned their necks to see *Passe Rose* behind them with the boy's staff. There was now no loitering to converse with their fellows by the way. The leader no longer regulated the march and its halts; for *Passe Rose* was quick of step, and many a joint ached, and many a throat was hoarse with remonstrance before the pasture was gained.

Beyond the town the way skirted the abbey hill to where the brook from the fish-ponds gained the plain; thence it followed the brook upward to an intervalle hollowed out of the slope, like a man's hand. Here the stream lost all unity, running in separate noiseless rills about tufted islands of grass, or spreading itself to rest about all manner of water plants, such as the geese loved. *Passe Rose*, well acquainted with the place, knew that by ascending higher to where the brook crossed the road she might watch at her ease in the oak shade the flock on the meadow below. Thither, therefore, she went, and after washing her feet in the cool water and laying her sandals, which had been wet in pass-

ing through the meadow, on a stone in the sun, sat down near by under the trees.

Before her the narrow cleft where the brook ran widened out into the pasture, its water shimmering between the grasses and dotted with the bluish gray of the feeding flock. Farther on, where the stream gathered again to fall out of sight over the mead's edge, the plain covered with forest stretched into the dim distance, where we are fain to think lies all that is lacking in what is near. *Passe Rose* sat motionless under the oak, her chin on her knee; but no bird soaring over the plain roamed so fast or so free as her thought. It was now the third day, and she could scarcely wait for the night in order to tell to *Freidgis* the answer she had read in the gospels; for notwithstanding the consequences of her previous visit she was resolved at least to sing, as she had promised, the cuckoo's song without the wall. Then the recollection of her being mistaken for an evil spirit brought a smile to her lips, and — but why repeat the idle thoughts of an idle maid? Only be it said that behind them all was the image of the king's captain, riding through the forest, over the plain, among the geese, — in fact, wherever *Passe Rose* turned her eyes; while up from her heart welled the unsealed spring, filling her veins with an unknown pleasure. Thus rises sometimes the fragrance of a flower whose roots we cannot discover.

So distinct was the captain's image that at the sound of horses *Passe Rose* sprang to her feet without a thought for her sandals, and ran barefooted to the fringe of shrubs and young shoots which screened the road. The horsemen had disappeared in the gully, and parting the sweet-brier stems, *Passe Rose* made her way through to watch for their reappearance on the farther side.

It was then that Brother Dominic was passing on his gray mule. Unaccustomed

to such violent motion, drops of perspiration shone on his round face; but this he bore bravely, his dilated nostrils drinking in the odors of field and wood, and his hands clinging fast to the saddle-pouch, both to insure his own safety and that of its precious contents. From thinking how he should bear himself at court, pleased also at his good success in bestriding the mule, self-esteem had gotten the upper-hand of humility; and, like many who perceive what they should have said or done only after the occasion is past, he devised imaginary perils wherein to exercise his superfluous courage. "Fiend of hell!" thought he, "another time thou shalt not escape so easily;" and fortified by the bright sun and pleasant air, he saw himself in Friedgis's cell, advancing boldly on the demon, which trembled at his approach. At this very moment, while letting go his hold to wipe away the drops which trickled from his forehead into his eyes, the gray mule thrust forward its ears at the noise of crackling stems, and Brother Dominic saw the demon itself peering through the copse beside the road.

No sooner did *Passe Rose* perceive the monk than she sought to retreat, thinking her secret would be discovered. But in a thorn thicket advance is easier than retreat. Moreover, it was clear from Brother Dominic's face and movements that he still labored under his former misapprehension. His hand was raised with a show of courage, and his lips moved valiantly, but terror was gaining upon him fast, and the mule was apparently imbibing this emotion from its master. It is possible that it shook only because the latter was shaking, but Brother Dominic had heard marvelous stories of animal sagacity, and made no doubt that his mule smelt the fumes of hell. *Passe Rose* would willingly have sunk out of sight in the ground. It was no more to her purpose to be mistaken for a demon than to be recognized as honest flesh and blood. But the

sight of the monk's countenance was too much for her prudence; laughter rose to her lips like the spring sap in a young tree; and at its sound, rolling from his mule, which he abandoned with the precious pouch to the protection of the saints, Brother Dominic fled with all his speed, in search of more substantial succor.

Neither *Passe Rose* nor the mule waited his return. The latter retraced complacently its steps, while the former struggled back with less deliberation through the thicket. If she thought to regain her flock unnoticed, it were better to have risked her sandals on the stone; for Gui of Tours, to whom the monk had related with such breath as was left him what had occurred, and who, next to seeing *Passe Rose*, was fain to see a demon in a shape so pleasing as that the monk described, having given Brother Dominic into the care of his followers, and dispatched one of the latter after the mule, forced his way through the copse and came upon *Passe Rose* herself, tying her sandals and still struggling with suppressed laughter.

*Passe Rose* blushed neither for her short dress nor her bare legs, but for pleasure and surprise, and at the same time the laughter she could no longer restrain burst again from her lips; for Gui of Tours, his head still full of the monk's story, could not utter a word, and the confusion of his thought was plainly to be seen in his blue eyes. He stood like a statue, looking at the girl sitting among the oak leaves, tying her sandal and laughing, he was sure, at him; and if for a moment he himself doubted whether he had to do with flesh or spirit, *Passe Rose* might well have forgiven him in view of the merriment he afforded her, and the certainty she felt of her ability to set him right. But the sound of voices in the road brought her thought to the matter in hand.

"Come thou with me," she said,

springing to her feet and laying hold of his fur-lined cloak. "I have much to tell thee."

The captain was surprised enough to see *Passe Rose*, but to be pulled by the sleeve was wholly beyond expectation. Gone was all thought of the king's service; horses, followers, and monk were as if they never had been. He saw nothing but the hand which had pushed his away in the wood of *Hesbaye*, now leading him on, and the eyes, then brimming with mischief, now divided between pleasure and fear, as they glanced hurriedly from his to the place whence the sounds came. Down the slope beside the tumbling brook, between alder and hazel, he went in a sort of daze, recovering his wits but slowly, while those of *Passe Rose*, trained by early experience not to scatter at every emergency, were busy in her service. Knowing nothing of the captain's errand, she had to think only of herself, and every glance at his face settled her first impulse into resolve; for she saw there something hard to define, but which warrants confidence without other credentials than a manner of speech or expression of feature.

"Hark!" she whispered, as they reached a shelter of black mulberry, where the stream dallied before spreading into the meadow. "Hark!" she repeated, her hand on his arm, her finger at her red lips, and her ear turned to the road.

Meanwhile Brother Dominic, firmly persuaded that the captain had been carried off by the Evil One, having recovered his mule, argued it were better to proceed on their way. One, bolder than the others, a swaggering fellow from *Wasconia*, but faithful of heart and daring of arm, swore he would spit the Devil himself on his sword rather than return to *Immagburg* without the captain, and drove his horse through the bushes, sword in hand. But devil there was none to spit, nor any trace of

the captain save his horse browsing by the roadside; so that after beating about in vain, reluctantly and but half convinced, he was forced to agree with the others that if the captain were alive he was well able to take care of himself; and if not, it were a bootless search and far better to fulfill the king's service than to waste the king's time. Therefore at last they resumed their journey, leading their master's horse, Brother Dominic being well satisfied that he, a poor monk, had come out whole of soul and skin from a matter which had cost the king a captain.

The sound of voices had ceased, and from the click of retreating hoofs on the road, *Passe Rose* knew that all danger of pursuit was over. If she had ventured alone at midnight into the cell of the Saxon slave who had treated her so roughly, certainly she had no reason in broad noonday to fear one who had fastened her collar with such trembling fingers; yet no sooner was all risk of interruption past than she withdrew her hand quickly from the sleeve where it rested, and the warm blood under her skin rose without leave, till her eyes swam and her ears were filled with its murmur; and under pretense of making sure the others had indeed gone, she ran out to drown her heart-beats in the brook's prattle, and steady her thought in the fresh sunlight; angry with herself, yet not forgetting to look in the water mirror to see, not what was her outward appearance, but what secrets her rebel face was betraying.

Satisfied with what she saw, yet she commenced to be afraid, exactly why, she knew not, — only it seemed to her as if some stronger spirit, having suddenly got lodgment in her heart and driven her true self out, danced and sang in its new abode, though too timid to show itself. "What ails thee?" she said, struggling to get possession of her own self, and forcing her feet forward as the juggler moved those of the puppets at *St. Denis's*

fair. Gui was just on the point of following her to see where she had gone, when the mulberry branches parted and there she stood among their down-covered leaves.

"What did the monk say to thee?" she asked almost in a whisper.

"That a demon appeared to him in the thicket as he passed by," replied Gui.

"Hast thou no fear of evil spirits?" said *Passe Rose* provokingly, and seeking to break the force of his gaze.

So serious was his gesture of scornful protest that she laughed aloud, and with her laugh came back her courage.

"Sit down here, on this moss. Didst thou hear aught of this demon at the abbey?"

"Aye, indeed," said the captain, obeying her; and he began to relate what had been told him of the abbot's recovery and of the demon's presence in *Friedgis's* lodging.

Standing above him as he sat on the moss before her, *Passe Rose* imagined that she had her enemy, as it were, under her feet, but so great was her interest in what she heard that before he had finished she was sitting beside him, tying her loose sandal and listening intently to every word.

"It is true," she said, when he had finished. "I was there myself, but as for issuing from the abbot's body, that is impossible. I went in by the small gate that is north of the great court;" then, looking into his face, "of all this thou art the cause and no other."

"I!" exclaimed *Gui of Tours*.

"Thou," said *Passe Rose*, "because of the collar thou gavest me. I lost it in the press on the day of the elevation of the relics, but as I went out," — here *Passe Rose* frowned, remembering the manner of her exit, — "I saw it in the hand of the porter. Give it me he would not, except I came at night ready to tell him whence I had it" —

"Dog of a slave!" interrupted the captain.

"Wait," said *Passe Rose*. "Not that I cared for the collar," she continued, blushing, "but was vexed at the manner of losing it. So at midnight I knocked at the gate as the porter bade me, thinking to be gone before vigils."

"Alone?" asked the astonished captain.

"Nay, my dagger was with me," pursued *Passe Rose* gravely. "The rest is as thou knowest. I had but entered when the monk opened the door. Dieu! we frightened each other well."

"But afterwards — the doors were barred."

"The Saxon hath a hole in the wall: I scraped my elbow in passing through," said *Passe Rose*, showing her arm.

"The like of this was never heard before," murmured *Gui*, overcome with admiration for her courage, and pleased at the value she attached to the jewel.

*Passe Rose*, continuing her tale, related her consultation with the sorceress, her vigil in the chapel of *St. Servais*, and how she had gotten the clerk to read the verse in the gospels on the altar.

"Tell me now," she said in conclusion, "whence thou hadst the collar; for I have sworn to the Saxon, and will not fail in my promise."

"It came to me fairly by right of spoil in the division of *Ehresberg*," replied *Gui*. "More than this I know not."

"Then the Saxon spoke truly," said *Passe Rose* eagerly, her thought reverting to the verse the clerk had read her. "Is there no Saxon maiden in the king's household? The gospels said 'In kings' houses.'"

Now *Gui*, who had been watching *Passe Rose* intently, although he heard her question, was thinking of other things.

"By *Saint Martin*!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet, "I have a mind to go and see."

The captain might well have laughed



at this startling proposition, had not jealousy pictured consequences the mere thought of which pierced his heart.

"The king's house is no place for thee," he replied softly, although at that moment *Passe Rose* looked to him worthy to sit in the queen's seat.

"Why not?" said *Passe Rose*, turning quickly and fixing her eyes on his.

"Because" — stammered *Gui*, "because," — his eyes returned her gaze; she wished now she had not sought them, but withdraw her own she would not, — "because — the king's house is no place for maiden feet."

"I fear no height!" she exclaimed impetuously, suddenly conscious that what she said was of no importance and that her eyes, like his, were speaking mightier words.

"There are many who fain would never have climbed, and whom it were wiser to pity than to envy," said *Gui*.

"I pity no mountain top for the storms about its summit," retorted *Passe Rose* hotly, endeavoring in vain now to avert what she knew his eyes could no longer contain.

"And I swear if thou goest," cried the youth passionately, leaping to his feet as a sword flashes from the scabbard, "thou goest with me only."

They stood for a moment face to face, trembling, each afraid to take a step in the new world God had suddenly created. *Passe Rose* struggled hard to repress the flush of pleasure which rose to her cheeks, — pleasure, however, which the captain did not discover, for the girl frowned, and, fool that he was, he thought her vexed. So at this frown he hesitated, and in an instant that new world disappeared like the sun behind a passing cloud. One would say both were vexed now in earnest, for *Passe Rose* turned, saying she would go her own way and do her own errand. *Gui* followed her moodily out from under the mulberries into the meadow, finding no word to utter.

"What is thy business in *Maestricht*?" she said carelessly.

"My faith," answered the captain, faltering like a boy caught in wrongdoing, "I came on the king's business."

"On the king's business!" exclaimed *Passe Rose*.

"To inquire after the abbot's health."

"On the king's business!" repeated *Passe Rose* angrily, "and thou loiterest here with a flock of geese in a meadow!"

"Ah," — began the captain reproachfully, seizing her hand.

"Nay, nay, nay," cried *Passe Rose*, disengaging her hand, — for love will show itself unawares at the window of solicitude when it will not pass the door of its own pleasure, — "get thee gone — thy men are off — what will the king say?" Her alarm was unfeigned, and though it transformed the lover into the captain in a twinkling, the cloud was passed off from the sun. "Fire and blood! where were thy wits?" she exclaimed, as they scrambled up the slope together.

"If they have but left me my horse," said he, outrunning her.

But on breaking through the hedge-row they found the road deserted. *Passe Rose* was breathing hard, the slope being steep, and she made no effort to conceal either her anxiety or her vexation. But *Gui* had recovered the wits she taxed him with losing; for it was easier far to face the king in displeasure than a laughing maid who teased him.

"There is nothing to fret over," he said, as they hurried along the road to *Maestricht*. "A horse is always to be had in the king's name, and I will catch the monk's mule before it reaches the wood of *Hesbaye*. But listen," — stopping short at the thought which flashed upon him, — "the monk goes to the king with the tale of the demon in parchment."

"In parchment!" gasped *Passe Rose*.

"Aye, so the prior told me. Shall I stuff the scroll down his throat?" asked Gui eagerly.

"Nay," said Passe Rose, reflecting, "that will avail nothing, — he hath it by heart;" then laughing aloud, "let the bird fly till it suits us to cast the lure."

"I will tell him I slew the fiend," suggested the captain, whose ideas multiplied.

"Aye," cried Passe Rose, clapping her hands, "and for a token show him the collar," and unfastening it from her neck she began to clasp it on his arm. It was loose enough at her throat, but it fitted the captain's arm closely, — so closely that she was forced to press the skin from between the clasps to adjust it firmly. "If thou art free to go among the queen's household," she said, bending her head over her task, "watch the eyes of her women, for the eye which recognizes this will answer its sparkle. Ask also among them for a Saxon maid whose name is Rothilde, and when thou hast aught to tell me, come this way again."

There was something so promising in these words that Gui was not only sure to come, but unable to go at all.

"Where shall I find thee?" he whispered.

"At the church of St. Sebastian, at vespers. Farewell, and hasten."

He was loath to part so abruptly, but Passe Rose shook both her hands forbiddingly, and seeing him hesitate, stamped her foot so imperatively that he was fain to obey. Halfway down the hill, where the road curved, he turned to see her still standing watching him, and to catch her hand's signal, "Farewell, and hasten."

Thus it was that Passe Rose, in spite of the fay's injunction, parted voluntarily with her collar. As for the captain, it was not until after rejoining his companions in the wood of Hesbaye, as the towers of Immaburg appeared among the oak-trees, that in rehearsing for the twentieth time his interview with the demon he recollected there was any other maid in the world beside Passe Rose, or that he had been bidden to seek a Saxon whose name was Rothilde.

"Nay, that is impossible," he said to himself, thinking of Rothilde, the queen's favorite, whom the king had refused his father, Robert of Tours, in marriage. "Nay, that is impossible."

*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

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## THE TUTOR OF A GREAT PRINCE.

IN the midwinter of 138 A. D., tidings reached the already bedridden Emperor Hadrian of the death of his adopted son, Lucius Ælius Verus; and, conscious that his own end was near, the master of the world was fain to turn his thoughts to the choice of a successor. The only son of the man who had just died, another Lucius Verus, was a child of seven years. Too young, also, for the complicated and crushing cares of the Roman state was Hadrian's latest favorite, a grave and handsome youth of seventeen,

who had attracted the Emperor's notice some years before, and who was destined to grow up, in the shadow of that reeking throne, into the man whom, of all pagans, the Christian world has most revered. "One may live well *even in a palace*," he wrote simply, at the summit of his power.

Hadrian soon made his choice, and is said even to have provided for the contingency in question during the lifetime of Ælius Verus. Convoking the Senate at his bedside, he presented to that

august body, as the man whom he had selected, one Arrius Antoninus; stipulating at the same time that the latter should adopt the two fatherless boys of whom Hadrian was so fond, — Marcus Annius Verus, who now became Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and the little Lucius Verus.

Two years earlier, Marcus had been betrothed to the only sister of Lucius, and now a marriage was arranged between the latter and Faustina, the younger daughter of Antoninus. When Hadrian died, in the following July, these matrimonial schemes were considerably modified. Antoninus Pius, who deserved his later surname so well, may possibly have been prejudiced in favor of Marcus by their near relationship, his wife being the boy's aunt, but more likely he discerned even then the moral superiority of the elder lad. At all events, it soon became evident that he intended Lucius to have no share in the imperial honors beyond such as would naturally fall to a younger son. He accordingly broke off the proposed marriage of his daughter Faustina, and offered her hand to Marcus, who, after some hesitation, agreed to relinquish for her sake his first betrothed. These two, Marcus and Faustina, were married a few years later, and Fabia, the jilted, sinks into obscurity until Faustina's death, after which, we learn from Julius Capitolinus, she tried her best to induce Marcus Aurelius to make her his second wife. Had she carried her point, the family relationships would have become more wildly complicated even than now, for Lucius Verus ultimately married Lucilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina; but partly, it may be, out of compassion for posterity, the philosophic and far-seeing Emperor declined the lady's offer.

Hadrian had himself superintended the education of Marcus, giving the utmost care to the selection of his numerous masters. A list of sixteen of these

has come down to us, about the same number being provided for Lucius Verus; and among the names of those who were common to the two we find that of Marcus Cornelius Fronto, instructor in Latin rhetoric.

It is a rather striking sign of the times that the best available master in this very essential branch of Roman culture should have been a native of Cirta, in Africa. Fronto had, however, been many years in Rome, and was in high repute there for his eloquence and varied literary accomplishments even before Marcus became his pupil. A great affection grew up between them, and he is one of those guardians whose names Marcus reverentially enumerates in one of the most affecting chapters of the *Thoughts*, and for whose influence over his early years he gives thanks to the unknown gods.

The interesting discovery was reserved for our own century of certain portions of the correspondence of teacher and pupil, which, upon the whole, go far to corroborate the justice of this noble tribute. In Milan, in the year 1814, the indefatigable Cardinal Mai descried beneath a thick black script, consisting of minutes of the Council of Chalcedon, the fainter characters of an ancient copy of the Letters of Fronto, long believed to have perished; and he addressed himself, with infinite patience and skill, to the task of deciphering and arranging them. Ten years later, he made a similar discovery in the Vatican library at Rome, and the consequence is that we have now, in a more or less mutilated condition, twelve books of Fronto's letters, of which seven are devoted to the correspondence with Marcus Aurelius.

The earliest epistle of all consists merely of three exasperating fragments, which whet the curiosity strangely: —

... "requested to see me, and when I had consented he sent our friend Tranquillus instead, making him his substitute even at supper. I care very little

which of your dear friends likes me, except that I naturally prefer him who treats me with most respect. . . . Tranquillus found me still resisting, but more feebly. . . . I admire the diplomacy of Tranquillus, who would never have undertaken this business of his own accord, or had he not known how fond you are of me."

This Tranquillus is no other than Suetonius, the historian, the friend of the younger Pliny, and private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian, whom Fronto did not greatly love.

During his own brief consulate, in 143, Fronto wrote to Marcus: —

"You inquire in your last why I have not delivered my oration in the Senate. It is, of course, my duty to make public acknowledgment of his favors to my lord, your father, and I now propose to do this on the occasion of my games in the Circus. I shall begin as follows: 'On this day, when, by the munificence of our sovereign, I have given a spectacle most acceptable to the people and largely attended, I have thought it a fitting occasion to present my thanks,' — and so on, with a Ciceronian conclusion. As for the oration in the Senate, I shall give it on the 13th of August. If you ask why I defer it so long, I reply, Because, in the first place, I like always to take my time about discharging any solemn public function. Moreover, feeling especially bound to be frank and straightforward with you, I will give you my inmost thought. Many a time, before a crowded Senate, I have eulogized the divine Hadrian, your grandfather, with a good will, and in carefully prepared discourses which are in everybody's hands. But, saving your filial piety, I did it to please and propitiate Hadrian — as I might Mars Gradius or Father Dis — rather than because I loved him. 'How is this?' do you ask? Because a certain degree of confidence and familiarity is essential to love; and, lacking confidence, I venerated

Hadrian too profoundly to dare love him at all. But Antoninus I do, indeed, love, like the sunlight, the day, like my own life and soul; and I know that he loves me. If I failed to praise Antoninus, not by a cold panegyric, destined to be buried among the archives of the Senate, but in an oration which all men may read and handle, I should be a veritable ingrate, even toward you. They tell the story of a runaway slave, who said, 'I used to run sixty for my master. I'll run an hundred for myself, so only I escape.' When I praised Hadrian I was running for my master, but to-day I am running for myself. I am writing this oration out of my very heart, and I will therefore do it at my leisure, carefully, collectedly, tranquilly."

This letter was brought to the notice of Antoninus Pius, as Fronto had no doubt intended it should be, and both it and the oration, when delivered, were very gratifying to the Emperor. He was particularly pleased by Fronto's manner of alluding to the Empress Faustina, who had died a year or two before; and we may take it for granted that mention was made, by the courtly orator, of the temple which Antoninus had dedicated to his wife's memory in 141. *DIVÆ FAUSTINÆ*, the inscription is read to this day by pilgrims from the ends of the earth, where it stands upon the architrave of that stately edifice beside the Roman Forum; and above, upon the frieze, in even clearer characters, appears the Emperor's own name, *DIVO ANTONIO ET*, as added twenty years later. Half buried in the mysterious *débris* of the ages, its cella transformed into the Christian church of San Lorenzo in Miranda, that memorial building has lasted virtually intact, until now the ten magnificent columns of the portico, each one a single shaft of *cipollino* fifty feet high, have been laid bare from massive base to richly carven capital, and we may mount, by fragments of the original steps, to the platform of the sacrificial altar.

In the very kindly note of acknowledgment sent by Antoninus to Fronto, after the panegyric had been spoken, he says : —

“That part of your address which you so gracefully devoted to the praise of my Faustina seemed to me even more just than it was eloquent. So it is, and I call the gods to witness that I would I were now living in exile with her, rather than without her on the Palatine.”

The delight of Marcus at the success of his favorite master was extreme. He did not hear the oration delivered, being absent with his mother Calvilla at a villa on the bay of Naples, but tidings of the event were not slow to reach him, nor he in returning congratulations. Occasionally his very Latin appears to fail him, under the stress of emotion, and he is fain to fall back on the more familiar Greek, just as an educated Russian of to-day might fly to his French. “Oh, how happy I am to have such a master!” he bursts forth. “*Oh, les arguments! Oh, l'ordre! Oh, the elegance! Oh, the words! Oh, the lucidity! Oh, the pungency! Oh, the grace! Oh, l'éclat! Oh, everything!*”

And then Fronto, in his turn, reviews point by point the discourse, which is unfortunately lost; showing where he knew he had made a hit, and where failed to carry his audience with him. “The fact is,” he naively observes, “I stole a good many of my jokes from Oratius Flaccus” (not even an *H* to Horace!), “a poet worthy to be remembered, and no stranger to me, thanks to Mæcenas and my Mæcenatean gardens.”

Did Fronto then own the famous gardens of Mæcenas? All shrunk as they were from their original proportions, this would seem to imply an establishment quite out of keeping with the modest means to which the royal instructor so frequently alludes; and a couple of words in Julius Capitolinus lead to the conjecture that this estate may have been

the property of Marcus's mother, and merely loaned to Fronto during her stay with her son in the South.

It is to this period that some of the most charming of Marcus's own letters belong, pensive and gay by turns, revealing between the lines his whole ingenuous character. The first sentence of the following is missing, but its drift is quite clear: “Allied by blood, but subject to no coercion, my lot cast in that rank of life where, as Ennius says, ‘all men give vain counsel, and all things tend to pleasure.’ And Plautus, too, in his Flatterer, says finely, on the same subject: —

‘By whatsoe'er they swear, their oath deserves no trust,  
And false the praise of those who hover near  
a king;  
The words they use to him are other than their  
thoughts.’

Once these obstacles were for kings only, but now, as Nævius says, there are those who ‘fawn and cringe and grovel’ even before the sons of kings.”

Again, he writes in a lighter vein: “The climate of Naples is beautiful, but it is horribly” (*vehementer*) “changeable. Every hour and every fraction of an hour, it turns colder, or warmer, or windier. The early part of the night is moist and sultry, as at Laurentum. Then, till cock-crow, 't is as chilly as Lanuvium” (Civita Lavinia, where Antoninus was born). “From cock-crow through dawn till sunrise it is, for all the world, like Algidum. The forenoon is clear and sunny, as at Tusculum; at midday the air scorches like that of Puteoli; but as the sun dips toward the broad ocean, the sky softens, a breeze springs up, and you might fancy yourself at Tibur.”

What a succession of pictures these words evoke! The piney stretch of sea-coast below Ostia; the outlying spurs and Romeward *versants* of the Alban hills; the curve of that amethystine bay which trembles before plumed Vesu-

vius; the dream-like splendors of the great palace at Tivoli, whose endless courts and colonnades must have echoed so often to the romping of Marcus's boyish feet. There is always a great charm about his descriptions of natural scenery. He could *feel* a landscape like a modern man.

"After I had entered the carriage and bidden you farewell," he writes on another occasion, "we proceeded on our journey comfortably enough, save for a few drops of rain. Before arriving at the villa, we made a detour, for the sake of visiting Anagnia.<sup>1</sup> We went over that old, old city, — very small, in truth, but famous for the antiquities which it contains, and its many sacred buildings and ceremonies. There is not a corner without its fane, or shrine, or temple, beside a vast number of written books pertaining to matters of ritual. As we passed out of the city gate we noticed this inscription twice carven upon it: 'Flamen, take the samentum.' I asked one of the people what a *samentum* was, and he replied that in the Hernic language it signified a bit of the skin of the sacrificial victim, which the flamen puts on his head before he enters the city."

The dates of these letters are often very difficult to fix. Frequently they contain no allusion whatever to public events. There is a long but comparatively uninteresting series, beginning with the year 148, when Fronto was appointed by Antoninus Pius pro-consul in Asia, but was compelled to resign the office on the score of ill-health. A little later the children of Marcus Aurelius begin to figure very sweetly in the brief notes which were all he found time to pen, after his adoptive father had handed over to him a share of the government.

"By the mercy of the gods," he

<sup>1</sup> The reader will remember that Cicero once did precisely the same thing, that he might get a day with a friend on his way to Arpinum;

writes, evidently in haste, "some hope of recovery is now entertained. The dysentery is checked and the febrile symptoms have subsided, but there is extreme emaciation and a slight cough still. You understand, of course, that I write of our poor dear little Faustina, for whom we have been very anxious. Tell me, dear master, when you write, whether your own health is as I could wish."

Whereto Fronto answers: "Good gods, how the beginning of your letter startled me! It was so worded that I was afraid it was your own health which was in danger. When it appeared that it was your daughter Faustina instead, who had been in so critical a condition, the nature of my alarm was completely altered. Nay, I experienced something very like relief. 'How so?' you exclaim. 'Does my daughter's peril move you less than my own, — my Faustina's, whom you have been wont to compare to a cloudless sky, a festal day, a hope that touches its fulfillment, an answered prayer, to joy without a drawback and honor without a stain?' Ah, well: I know the thought which came to me when I read your letter, although I know not why it came. I know not, I say, why I should have been more shocked at your danger than at your child's, unless it be that, of two equal misfortunes, that always appears the heavier of which we hear first. But you, who are so much more learned in the nature and faculties of man, will know better than I how to explain the mystery. You must remember that I was but imperfectly taught by my master and relative, Athenodotus" (here Fronto appears to be slightly ironical), "how to conceive and define in my mind those representative ideas, which he used to call *images*. Nevertheless, I fancy that I have evolved a notion of why my fear

and Virgil too has a word for "rich Anagnia," and Antony had a medal struck there to commemorate his marriage with Cleopatra.

was lightened as soon as it was transferred. I was like a man carrying a heavy load, of which the weight is not really diminished by shifting it from one shoulder to the other, but it seems so to him. And since, at the end of your letter, you really did quiet my apprehensions by the assurance that Faustina was convalescing, I see no reason why I should not be rather more expansive than usual, in speaking of my love for you. We always expect those to be a little fond and foolish who have been suddenly delivered from a great fright. I am made to understand, then, the nature of my own love to you, not by serious and weighty proofs alone, but by frivolous ones as well. Let me explain what I mean by *frivolous*. When 'bound,' as the poet says, 'by soft and peaceful slumber,' I see you in my dreams, I never fail to embrace and kiss you, and afterward, according to the tenor of my dream, I either burst into tears, or am transported with joy and rapture. This is the only poetic and, so to speak, *moonshiny* proof of love which I shall adduce from my experience. Here is another, of a sterner and ruder nature. Sometimes, *en petit comité*, when you were not present, I have reflected upon you pretty severely, for your inveterate habit of being too serious in society, and of skimming books in the theatre or at dinner-parties (though, to be sure, I always read at the play and at table, myself). I would speak of you as haughty and without tact; I have even been wrought up to the point of calling you *odious*. But if ever any one else presumed to disparage you in my hearing, I simply would not endure it. It is one thing to find fault with you myself, and quite another to hear any one else do it; just as I would rather strike my daughter Gratia than see any one else do so. I will give you yet another proof of my affection, again from my silly list. You know how, on all the tables of the

money-changers, in all shops, taverns, arcades, vestibules, everywhere, likenesses of yourself are exhibited, — the greater part of them pressed or moulded out of coarse, rough clay. Now, never upon my rambles do I see one of these likenesses, however bad, but my lips take the form of a salute, and I fall into a dream.

"But a truce to nonsense, and let us be brave again. All the more did I find a conclusive proof of my love in the fact that your daughter's danger alarmed me less than your own, because ordinarily I desire that she may survive you, just as much as I, of course, desire that you may survive me. But do not betray me to her, I beseech you, nor allow her to suspect that you are the favorite, lest, when I next essay to caress her hands and feet, she, like the grave, old-fashioned little maid she is, should either withdraw them indignantly, or extend them unwillingly. Whereas the gods know I would rather press my lips to her small fingers and plump little soles than to your own royal and smiling lips!"

Had Marcus been other than the saint he was, he must, one would think, have become very impatient before he reached the end of this loving but somewhat tedious and twaddling epistle; particularly so, since we know that his fears for the poor little princess were but temporarily relieved. For, after all, the third Faustina died in infancy, and was buried in the splendid mausoleum of Hadrian, glistening in those days with tier above tier of the alternating pillars and statues which, four hundred years later, a desperate garrison sent crashing down upon the heads of the invading Goths.

Fifteen years after Faustina's death, we get a lovely picture, from Fronto's pen, of the imperial twins, Antoninus and Commodus:—

"I have seen your little chicks, and it was the sweetest vision of my life, for they are as like you as never was. I



consider myself well paid for my journey to Lorium, for the muddy road and the weary hills. I saw you better than face to face, for I saw you whether I turned to the right or the left. Thank Heaven, they look as rosy as you could wish, and their lungs are quite as strong. One was grasping a fine white roll with the air of a young prince; the other had a bit of black bread, equally befitting the son of a philosopher. I pray the gods to preserve both the seed and the sower, and to grant a harvest in like manner." (It was as well, perhaps, for the peace of mind of this devoted servant of the Antonines that he could not then foresee the career of Commodus.) "For as I listened to those baby voices, so winning and so sweet, I fancied that I could detect in the piping notes of each a resemblance to your own liquid and cultivated accents. You may expect, therefore, to find me more puffed up with pride than ever, for I have found a substitute for yourself in my affection, — one which appeals not to the eye only, but to the ear."

"Health to my master!" answers the Emperor. "I feel that I have seen my little boys with your eyes. I saw you also, as I read your letter, and I pray you, dear master, continue to love me as you now do, and as you love my little ones. Or rather, — to sum it all up in one word, — love me as you have ever done. It is the exquisitely affectionate tone of your letter which moves me to write thus. Of its elegance, what can I say but this? — that you write Latin, and the rest of us neither Latin nor Greek? . . . Pray send a line to my brother" (Lucius Verus). "He is very anxious that you should do so, and even asked me to request it. Pardon my impertinence on his behalf, and farewell, dear master. My compliments to your grandson."

Lucius Verus was at that time conducting the war against the Parthians, and it was probably some military ex-

plot for which he coveted the congratulations of Fronto. A fragment has come down to us of the history of that five years' struggle (*De Bello Parthico*), which Fronto appears to have been writing at the time of his death, as also a curious correspondence between him and Lucius Verus concerning the materials for his work. A single quotation from this will illustrate the very different bearing of the imperial brothers toward their old tutor. The beginning of the letter is missing, but thus it proceeds: —

"The events which followed my departure you will be able to learn from the letters written to me by the generals in command. Our friend Sallustius — now Fulvianus — will give you copies of these; but in order that you may follow my plan of campaign, I will myself send you my own letters of instruction. If you desire any drawings, you can get them of Fulvianus. To give you the liveliest possible idea of the whole thing, I have ordered Avidius Cassius and Martius Verus to take notes for me to send to you, on the manners and customs of the people. If you wish me to append any commentary of my own, tell me of what sort, and I will follow your suggestions. I would be at any pains for the sake of having my achievements illustrated by your pen. Of course you will not overlook my discourse before the Senate and my speeches to the army. I will also send you notes of my parleys with the barbarians. These will help you very much. There is one thing which I should wish, in my capacity of pupil, rather to hint to my master than to enjoin upon him. Dwell at length on the causes and the beginnings of the war, and the mismanagement of affairs before I took the field. Work up to me slowly; and I think it important that you should place in as strong a light as possible the advantage which the Parthians had secured before my arrival, so as to make it clear how much I accomplished. You will de-

cide whether it is best to condense this preliminary matter, — as Thucydides does in his Fifty Years War, — or treat it somewhat more at length; although you would, of course, not go as much into detail as in the case of my own exploits. In short, my actions have a certain intrinsic value, but they will appear just as great as you choose to paint them.”

The Avidius Cassius to whom Lucius here alludes was the same who, in the succeeding decade, revolted, announced to the army that Marcus Aurelius was dead, and caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor. He had not, however, reckoned on the temper of the soldiers, by whom he was detested. The legions rose and dispatched him upon the spot, and his head was borne in triumph to Marcus, who proved to be in excellent health, and who showed himself merciful, as always, toward the relatives of the fallen rebel.

The letters of Fronto cease before the date of the conspiracy and death of Avidius Cassius, who figures in the correspondence merely as an able and influential citizen. A single note of congratulation to Avidius, on some piece of military success, is included in the series of Fronto's miscellaneous letters, *Ad Amicos*, which, for the rest, are chiefly introductory and commendatory. By far the most interesting among them are those addressed to C. Aufidius Victorinus, who became the husband of Fronto's beloved Gratia. He, too, had been one of Fronto's pupils, and makes his first appearance in the correspondence in this wise, in a letter of the latter to Marcus: —

“I return to you, by the hands of Victorinus, the verses which you sent me, having stitched the paper and sealed the ends of the thread so carefully that even that little mouse cannot possibly pry into it; for so roguish and perverse is he that he refused to repeat me one of your hexameters, averring that you

always recited them so fast, and ran them together in such a manner, that he really could not remember them. So now I have given him his deserts, and not a line of these will he hear. Besides, I remember that you have often said you did not wish your verses shown to any one.”

A little later it is Marcus Aurelius who writes to Fronto: “Aufidius is puffed up with his own conceit, and lauds to the skies the decision which he has made. He says that no more judicious man than himself ever (to put it mildly) traveled from Umbria to Rome! Would you believe that he would rather be praised for his judgment than for his oratory? and when I laugh at him he quite looks down on me. He says it is very easy to sit yawning at a magistrate's side, but that to give sentence yourself is a great thing. This is a hit at me. But the matter was really well managed, and it gives me pleasure to say so.”

Next comes a facetious fragment from Fronto to Aufidius: —

“The Greeks call it *ἕρον ὀστούν*, — the holy bone, — and Suetonius Tranquillus calls it the *sacred spine*. For my part, I would gladly remain ignorant whether of the Greek or Latin name of a member, provided I might never feel pain in the same.”

And again: —

“The gods will preserve to us, if we are worthy, my daughter and your wife, and will increase our family by children and grandchildren, whom they will permit to resemble you. I quarrel and go to law every day either with Victorinus or Fronto (Gratia's two children). You were never wont to ask pay of anybody for conducting or pleading a case. Fronto, on the contrary, lisps no word so frequently as *da*” (give), “whereupon I hand him a bit of paper or a tablet, wishing to cultivate a taste for such things. Certainly he shows some signs of having inherited his grandfather's disposition.

He is positively greedy for grapes. They were the first solid food which he swallowed, and all day long he is either licking a grape with his tongue, sucking it between his lips, or biting and squeezing it with his gums. He is equally fond of birds, and is delighted with chickens, young pigeons, and swallows. Now I have heard from my teachers and guardians that I, too, doted on these creatures from my cradle, and every one who knows me in my old age can testify to my fondness for partridges."

A son of Aufidius and Gratia, older, probably, than either of these two, died in childhood, and Marcus Aurelius, hearing the sad news, hastened to send Fronto a few words of sympathy, to which the old man replied at length. These two letters constitute the memorial book *De Nepote Amisso*. We can understand better from this than from any of the rest of Fronto's extant writings his great contemporary and posthumous reputation: —

"Fortune has tried me all my life through by many sorrows of this kind. For, not to speak of other afflictions, I have lost five sons in a most heart-rending way, one after another, and each one, at the time of his death, an only son, so that I was five times left childless. But I bore up the more bravely because I suffered alone. My soul faced its anguish, wrestling with it in single combat, and, as it were, with even chances. But now my distress is increased many fold by the grief of others, till I know not how to bear the burden of my misery. The sight of my son-in-law Victorinus weeping causes my own tears to flow, till I am exhausted by emotion. Then I expostulate with the immortal gods, and bitterly accuse the Fates. Victorinus, that blameless man, eminent for piety, humanity, and veracity, foremost in every good word and work, has suffered the most terrible of bereavements. Is this just? Is this right? If there be a providence at the

world's helm, was this really foreseen? If all human things are decreed by fate, *ought* fate to have issued such a decree? Is there to be no distinction in the fortunes of the good and the bad? Do the gods and the Fates, then, exercise no discrimination, that the son of such a man is snatched away? A wicked and depraved man, for whom it were better that he had never been born, brings up his children in safety, — they survive him when he dies, — while Victorinus, the upright, who, for the good of the state, should have left many heirs like himself, is deprived of his dearest child. What foresight ever foresaw anything so unjust? . . . But perhaps, after all, we are the prey of some illusion. We are ignorant of the nature of things. It may be that we regard those as good which are in truth evil, while we shun as evil that which is really good. And so death, which seems grievous to all, does, in truth, bring an end to our labors and sorrows and misfortunes, delivering us from the heavy chains of the flesh, and bearing us away to some gathering of souls, where all shall be blissful, peaceful, satisfying. I could easier believe this than that humanity is ruled by an evil power or by none. If death be, indeed, a blessing, and not a curse, it would follow that the younger one is taken away, the more he should be held happy and acceptable to the gods, — early freed from the evils of the flesh, early permitted to attain the honors of a free soul! But, after all, it makes little difference to us whether or no this be true, — to us who are longing for the lost; and those who must live on without their dearest ones are hardly consoled by the doctrine of immortality. It is the bearing, the voice, the figure we seek, the atmosphere that surrounded our loved ones in life; it is the dead face over which we mourn, the fixed eyes, the faded color, the lips forever sealed. Were the immortality of the soul proven, it would still be a theme for

philosophic discussion, not a remedy for a parent's woe. But whatever be the divine decrees, I cannot suffer long, who am so near my own end. Whether we are absorbed in the eternal" . . . Here there is a break in the manuscript, and when the writer resumes it is only to repeat, in a slightly altered form, the old sad and endless arguments.

Fronto's religious opinions appear to have been of a negative rather than a positive character, and it is certain that he entertained no very profound awe of the divinities of Olympus. In 143, when his two months' consulship was drawing to its close, he wrote to the young Marcus, then in Naples: "I sent my Gratia to congratulate your mother on her birthday, and I bade her stay till I came. The very minute I have sworn out of the consulship, I shall mount my carriage and fly away to you. I promised Gratia, on my honor, that she should not starve meanwhile, and your mother, I am sure, will allow her client some crumbs from what you have sent her. Neither is Gratia very greedy, as they say lawyers' wives are apt to be; she will be satisfied with your mother's kisses. But what will become of me? There isn't a single embrace left in Rome. All my fortune and all my joy are at Naples. By the way, whence came this custom of taking an oath the day before you go out of office? I am quite ready to swear, — to swear by as many more gods as they will let me swear, days earlier. But what does it signify to swear that I am quitting the office of consul? If they want me to take oath that I have been ready to resign at any time, for the sake of embracing Marcus Aurelius, well and good!"

This tone of light indifference is habitual with him. On the other hand, his bitterness toward the Christians was excessive, and though the original is lost of the famous oration against them, mentioned by Minucius Felix, yet the quotation or abstract which the latter gives of

Fronto's description of an *agape* sufficiently indicates its virulent character. What inspired one so amiable with this fierce and bitter prejudice we shall probably never know. We should be inclined to hold Fronto largely responsible for those deplorable persecutions of the Christians during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, which have hitherto seemed so incongruous with the Emperor's character, were it not that their correspondence, as we possess it, contains not a single allusion to the subject.

We have, however, a full report of at least one case in which Marcus Aurelius was able to conquer a prejudice on the part of his master. Among the numerous teachers of the prince was one Herod Atticus, a man of harsh and difficult temper, with whom hardly any one, except Marcus, was able, as the phrase goes, to get on at all. The invincible sweetness of the young man's temper was proof against all provocation, and he did his best, moreover, to make other people treat his irascible instructor with respect.

Now since Fronto was the master of Marcus in Latin, and Herod in Greek, rhetoric, it was natural that there should be a strong rivalry between these two, and in due time a case came before the Senate which seemed to promise them an opportunity for airing in public their mutual sentiments.

When Marcus Aurelius heard of the circumstances, he wrote as follows to Fronto: "I remember your often telling me that your desire was to know how you might best please me. Now is your time; now you have the opportunity of making me love you better than ever, if that were possible. The day of the trial approaches, on which men expect to take not only an innocent pleasure in hearing you speak, but a malign pleasure in observing your ill-humor. I perceive that no one has ventured to give you a warning on the subject; for those who are ill disposed toward you

are glad that you should blunder, while those who are more friendly are afraid of seeming to side with your opponent, if they try to dissuade you from this attack. Moreover, in case you have prepared an elegant little address, they do not wish to prevent you from delivering it. But whether you deem me a rash counselor, or a froward boy, or a partisan of your adversary, I am not to be hindered from offering you a word in season. It is odd, to be sure, for me to talk of giving advice to you, of whom I am always begging it, and promising at the same time to follow it implicitly. 'What!' you cry. 'If I am insulted, am I not to give him as good as he sends?' Of course, if he began, you would be in some sort excusable for retorting; but I have begged him not to begin, and I do not think he will. Now I am, for divers reasons, very fond of you both. I remember that Herod was educated in the house of P. Calvisius, my grandfather, and that I was educated by you, and I am most anxious that this unpleasant affair should end happily. I hope, therefore, that you will find my advice good; my intentions you cannot doubt. I would rather err in judgment by the suggestion I offer than in friendship by keeping silence. Farewell, best friend and dearest Fronto."

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God! It is pleasant to see how prompt Fronto was to answer his pupil in the same fine spirit: "It is well that I have devoted myself to you, and found the joy of my life in you and your father! What could be more tender, frank, and friendly than your words? Strike out, I beg, the *froward boy* and the *rash counselor*. There is small danger that the advice you offer will be either hasty or crude. Believe me or not, as you will, I know that I speak the truth when I say that your wisdom surpasses that of the ancients. It is you who have acted in this matter like a grave and hoary counselor,

and I like a very boy. Why should we make a scene, for the benefit either of the just or the unjust? If Herod be indeed a modest and worthy man, I ought not to abuse him. If he is a scoundrel, I should stand no chance with him. The game would not be equal. You cannot wrestle with an unclean adversary without defilement, whether or no he succeed in throwing you. But since you esteem him worthy of your protection, he probably is an honest man. . . . Farewell, Cæsar! Love me as ever. I am so fond of the minute characters which you trace! Pray write me with your own hand, when you can."

Post-haste after this goes the following: "Having signed and sealed my letter, it occurs to me that the other prosecutors in this case, of whom there will probably be several, will be very likely to say something uncivil about Herod. Do you think that I, alone, shall be able to prevent it?"

Here again we fancy we detect, on Fronto's part, a touch of mild sarcasm.

"First of all, my dear Fronto," answers Marcus Aurelius, "let me thank you for having not merely not spurned my advice, but taken it in good part. For the other matters on which you consult me, in your most amiable letters, my idea is that whatever pertains to the case in point ought to be set forth explicitly, while that which touches your own private feelings had better be withheld altogether. . . . Above all, say nothing which might seem unworthy of your character, nothing which could give occasion to cavil to those who are unwillingly mixed up in this affair."

This letter is more or less mutilated, while only disconnected phrases remain of Fronto's answer. Its drift may, however, be gathered. He promises once again to be guided by his philosophic pupil, thus turned master, but he plainly regrets a little his own vituperative eloquence, and the telling points he had

been so well prepared to make against his lifelong rival.

A venerable and peaceably disposed American citizen was once heard to lament that a duel which had been arranged between two young kinsmen of his own was prevented, at the last moment. "Pity, pity!" he said, with a sigh and a gentle shake of his gray head. "As it was, there was always bad blood between them; but if they'd been left to fight it out, they would probably have been good friends ever after."

It is not quite certain on which side of this grave argument the case of Herod and Fronto tells. Years later, at all events, we find the latter writing, "Since you approve Asclepiodotus, my friend he must be; just as Herod and I are on the best of terms to-day, though *that speech* exists."

Fronto considered himself past master in the art of oratory, and as an orator he was most anxious that Marcus Aurelius should shine. He was always urging upon him this necessity, and recommending a close and minute study of the Latin language and literature as the best mental discipline to this end. Besides the many casual allusions in his letters, there has come down to us, in a fragmentary condition, a treatise, *De Eloquentia*, inscribed to his illustrious pupil, from which a few extracts may be made:—

"I sometimes hear you say, 'But I avoid eloquence, because when I have spoken more finely than usual I am pleased with myself.' Why not cure yourself of this fault of self-complacency, rather than give up eloquence because it ministers to your pride? for the remedy you adopt is worse than the disease. Is it not so? If you are pleased with yourself for having delivered a righteous judgment, will you therefore repudiate justice? If you reflect with satisfaction on your pious devotion to your father, will you therefore avoid piety? You

are pleased by the consciousness of your own eloquence? Chastise yourself, but do not maltreat Eloquence. Mild mistress though she be, she might well lift up her voice and address you thus: 'There is danger for thee, young man, in this precipitate flight from approbation, for the crowning ornament of the sage, the last which he lays aside, is the desire of glory. Plato, yea, even Plato, loved glory up to life's last day. I remember also to have heard it said that wise men should hide in the counsels of their hearts many things of which they make little use, as also that they should, at times, make use of things which are condemned by the doctrines they profess. Neither do the deductions of reason always square with the needs of everyday life. . . . Try, then, O Cæsar, to attain to the wisdom of Cleanthes or of Zeno. Whatever your taste may be, it is the imperial purple you must wear, not the coarse woolen cloak of a philosopher. . . . A sword you must wield, but it makes a vast difference whether that sword be rusty or bright. . . . It is the duty of a Cæsar to defend, in the Senate, the interests of truth, to present many questions to a popular assembly, to resist unjust aggressions, to send frequent letters to all parts of the world, to call to account the kings of other nations, to correct by his edicts the mistakes of allies, to praise good deeds, to allay sedition, to overawe the turbulent. All these things must he do either by written or spoken words. Are you not, then, to cultivate what you see will be of such great and varied use to you later on? Can it be that you think it will make no difference in what language you speak of matters which can be treated only in speech? You err if you think the Senate would attach equal weight to an opinion delivered in the language of a Thersites or with the eloquence of Ulysses and Menelaus, whose expression, gestures, postures, musical intonation, varied emphasis, and many

oratorical effects Homer has so fully described.' ”

This was evidently written while Marcus Aurelius was still a youth, but Fronto shows in his very latest letters the same anxiety lest the Emperor should devote himself too exclusively to philosophy. It is unfortunate that we are not able to compare his precepts in oratory with his own speeches, but these are lost, or perhaps are waiting to be discovered by other eyes as keen as those of Cardinal Mai.

The last of Fronto's letters, as we have them, belongs to the year 166, and we may reasonably conclude that in this year he died. He had long been a great sufferer from gout and rheumatism, and he was now an old man.

Of the death of Lucius Verus and of subsequent events we can, therefore, learn nothing from him. We long for the light he might have thrown on the mysterious conspiracy of Avidius Cassius, and the vexed question of Faustina's complicity in it. We wish that he had told us more of Faustina herself, the perfect feminine sweetness of whose face, in marble, seems mutely to protest, in every gallery which it adorns, against the monstrous charges which have long lain against this lady. It is at least satisfactory to know that the latest results of modern criticism tend all to her exculpation from the worst of these, and to justifying the pathetic lament of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius over her loss.

Of the fate of the different members of Fronto's own family we learn something from other sources. "The Emperor Commodus," writes Dion Cassius, "put to death every one, so to speak, who had enjoyed any favor in his father's reign or his own, except Pompeianus, Pertinax, and Victorinus." And again: "A statue was erected to Victorinus, who had been prefect of Rome. He was not the victim of any plot. One day, when many rumors were flying around, and there were whispers con-

cerning his death, he did a bold thing. He went to Perennis (captain of the prætorian guard), and said, 'I understand that you wish to kill me. Why, then, hesitate or delay, since it is quite in your power to do so to-day?' Notwithstanding this, Victorinus suffered no violence from any one; and though he was one of those who had received from Marcus Aurelius the greatest honor, and though no one of his time surpassed him in force of character and eloquence, he died a natural death." (!)

Among the inscriptions found at Pisaurum — the modern Pesaro — is one which reads as follows: "Fronto, the consul, to his dearest son, great-grandson of M. Cornelius Fronto, orator, consul, and tutor to the Emperors Lucius and Antoninus, grandson of Aufidius Victorinus, prefect of the city and twice consul." And so the descendants of Fronto, through Gratia, disappear from history.

Of the large family of children born to Marcus Aurelius and Faustina, three daughters are known to have been living at the death of their brother Commodus, in 192. One of these was that Cornificia, of whom her father once wrote to Fronto, "I beg that you will treat it as a command not to drive out to Lorium on account of Cornificia's birthday." Last and saddest allusion of all, among the fruits of Cardinal Mai's investigations of the Vatican palimpsests, we have the following: —

"Concerning criminal sentences: Antoninus,<sup>1</sup> having decreed the death of Cornificia, commanded, out of respect to her rank, that she should be allowed to choose the manner of her own end. She, after weeping a long time, and dwelling on the memory of her father Marcus, her grandfather Antoninus, and her brother Commodus, at last said these things: 'O unhappy little soul, prisoned in a wretched body, come forth and gain your liberty! Convince these men, though they be loath to own it,

<sup>1</sup> Caracalla. 212 is the probable date.



that you are indeed the daughter of Marcus.' Then, having laid aside all her ornaments, and herself disposed all things for her agony, she caused her own veins to be opened, and so died."

Whether innocent or guilty of the unknown crime for which she suffered, Cornificia has at least established her claim to an imperial birthright. Her wistful words and serene self-possession

carry our thoughts back to the death-bed of the Emperor Hadrian, who, confronting death, addressed his own parting spirit in those haunting lines, which have never yet been successfully translated:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes, comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec. ut soles, dabis jocos?"

*H. W. P. & L. D.*

## MY FATHERLAND.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

THE imperial boy had fallen in his pride  
Before the walls of golden Babylon.  
The host who deemed that priceless treasure won  
For many a day since then had wandered wide,  
By famine thinned, by savage hordes defied.  
In a deep vale, beneath the setting sun,  
They saw at last a swift black river run,  
While shouting spearmen thronged the farther side.

Then eagerly, with startled, joyous eyes,  
Toward the despondent chief a soldier flew:  
"I was a slave in Athens: never knew  
My native country: but I understand  
The meaning of yon wild barbarian cries,  
And I believe this is my fatherland!"

This glimpse have we, no more. Did parents fond,  
Brothers, and kinsmen, hail his late return?  
Or did he, doubly exiled, only yearn  
To greet the Euxine's waves at Trebizond,  
The blue Ægean, and Pallas' towers beyond?  
Mute is the record: we shall never learn.  
But when once more the well-worn page I turn,  
Forever by reluctant schoolboys conned,

A parable the tale to me appears,  
Of blacker waters in a drearier vale.  
Ah me! when on that brink we exiles stand,  
As earthly lights and mortal accents fail,  
Shall voices long-forgotten reach our ears  
To tell us we have found our fatherland?

*William Cranston Lawton.*

## IN A BORDER STATE.

## I.

ONE clear, crisp morning in the month of October, 1864, the sun was shining brightly through the windows of a comfortable dining-room in a large town on the banks of the Ohio. There were thriving plants in these windows, and in the grate crackled a cheerful soft-coal fire. The table in the centre of the room had places for six persons, but four of them had been vacated, only those at the head and foot being occupied; the former by just such a round, comfortable, motherly woman as one would naturally associate with the well-kept room and the well-prepared breakfast, which still remained on the table. The children had hurried off to school, and the entire attention of their mother was now devoted to the head of the family, who sat facing her.

Mr. Robert Mitchell was a short, stout man of fifty, with a florid complexion and sandy hair and beard just touched with gray. His face was a good one, and his light blue eyes looked out honestly, if sometimes angrily, from under his shaggy brows. There was quick, hot, Irish blood in his veins, though it had become somewhat tempered, and the other marked qualities of the race — wit, poetry, romance — almost wholly lost in three generations of life and struggling in hardening, practical America.

Mr. Mitchell was evidently out of temper this morning. He moved impatiently in his large armchair, and from time to time gave vent to sundry emphatic exclamations which caused his wife to look at him half timidly, half reproachfully, and silently to rejoice that the children were out of hearing. His second cup of coffee remained untouched, and he had eaten nothing since

unfolding the newspaper, whose contents were evidently the cause of his dissatisfaction, — only partly the cause, however. The case was simply this: Robert Mitchell had come to his present home from New England when still a young man, had made his way by great industry and perfect probity, married and reared his family, and lived in entire harmony with his surroundings for more than twenty years. He had long been the senior member of a prominent hardware firm, and until the breaking out of the war had carried on a large and profitable trade with the Southern States. His wife had many relatives in the South, and he himself had made valuable connections and warm friends there. Until recently he had not realized that his home was an adopted one; that he was transplanted, not in his native soil; that his sympathy with the people among whom he lived was not inherent but acquired. He had never approved of slavery, it is true, nor owned a slave; the only negro in his house was the old cook, who had come there with his bride. The events preceding the war found him a staunch Union man, in favor of checking the extension of slavery, and of gradually, by legitimate means, putting an end to it altogether; but he was moderate in his views and in the expression of them. During the past few years, since 1861, he had paid bitterly the penalty of his position. He was at first in favor of the neutrality of his State, and when that position became untenable, he heartily approved of throwing her weight on the side of the Union. He was too far advanced in life to make it a point of honor with him to enter the army, and personally he had no desire to take up arms against the people of the South; he thought that they had had much to

bear; his feeling for them was half sorrow, half anger. But anger gradually got the upper hand when he found that he was becoming unpopular; that what he thought guarded expressions of opinion were misunderstood by the rabid "Southern sympathizers," who made up half the community. Old business friends grew cool; some finally passed him without a look, because he entertained Union officers, — some of them friends of his boyhood, or connections of such friends, whom the fortune of war had drifted to his hospitable door. His business, too, had suffered; the natural market for his goods was closed, and he lost heavily in consequence. He had many bad debts throughout the South, some owed by honest men who could not pay, some which had been openly repudiated, and this brought irritation as well as loss. Mr. Mitchell gradually became a decided Abolitionist, and was all the more vigorous in expressing his opinions because of his former ill-received moderation and of his growing business embarrassments; for he was too upright a man to become on any large scale an army contractor, and thus retrieve his fortunes. In this fourth year of the war, however, his views, or, to speak more correctly, his sentiments, had again been modified. The State had been placed under what was practically martial law. There was illegal interference with elections and other acts of petty tyranny committed by a series of provost marshals in his own city. Men whom he knew to be as loyal as himself were put into prison, or fled in the night to avoid it. A cousin of his wife had been arrested and sent beyond the lines because her husband was in the Confederate army. Families were roused at midnight by searchers for "contraband goods," that is, weapons, ammunition, and concealed rebels; property was confiscated; handsome residences were appropriated for hospitals and government offices, stables plundered, and horses pressed, — often

necessary measures, no doubt, but with gratuitous accompaniments of rudeness and arbitrariness. Mrs. Mitchell had recently been forbidden to continue her visits to the hospitals, where she had ministered to the wounded of North and South alike, until she should take the oath of allegiance. All these things had for months been uniting to render her husband impatient with the existing state of affairs. He was out of temper with himself, as well, because he found his sympathies thus changing from side to side; but still more irritated with the circumstances which placed him in a position antagonistic to the government. His attitude seemed to himself shifty and uncertain; he had an uneasy sense of its seeming so to others. In this he was mistaken. Public opinion had not changed concerning him from the first. He was always spoken of as an unswerving Union man, which was a merit or a fault, according to which side of the community the speaker belonged politically.

These were some of the reflections going on in the depths of Mr. Mitchell's mind, while on the surface it took in near and disagreeable impressions from the morning paper. At last he threw down the sheet and started from his chair, which slid back some distance from the impetus given by the suddenness of his movement.

"It's an outrage for these things to go on," he exclaimed. "Freeman's house was searched last night, and he is ordered South, — a man who has given more hard money to the cause of the Union than any one in the State!"

"Mr. Freeman ordered away!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell, in evident surprise. "Why, he's been an Abolitionist always. You know he would not speak to Mary's husband when he decided to join the Southern army. Well, all I can say is that I wish the State had seceded. I always shall think that it would have been better if Bragg had taken the city,

and we had gone with the South. You know, Mr. Mitchell," —

"Yes, I know, I know. I've been listening to that sort of talk for four years, and been trying to make you understand that it is all nonsense, and that the government should not be held responsible for the arbitrary acts of a few upstart officers. Though I'll be hanged if they ought not to have some check put upon them," he added, relapsing from patriotism into irritation.

Mr. Mitchell was standing by the fire as he spoke, lighting a cigar preparatory to going down street. He had hardly noticed the tramp of marching feet, so common was the sound; but now a short, sharp word of command attracted his attention, and glancing out of the window he saw that a regiment of soldiers, in faded blue overcoats that showed long and hard usage, had halted in the street. They were guarding a score or so of prisoners in rebel gray, with haggard, wretched faces, and unkempt hair and beard. These seemed weary and footsore. Some were without shoes, and had their feet tied up in coarse rags; not a few had a bloody cloth wrapped about the head, or carried one arm in a sling. This street, the main one of the town, ran north and south. At one end was a large square space inclosed by rows of frame cabins, and known as "the barracks;" and all about, on the level common, tents were pitched and troops encamped. At right angles with the other end of the street flowed the river, and here were the government boats for transporting men and supplies. All day long could be heard the tramp of soldiers along this thoroughfare, and the long-drawn words of command as the heavy muskets were shifted; all night the monotonous roll of the heavily-laden army-wagons made the windows of the houses rattle, and roused the sleepers within.

The company now in the street had evidently halted to get water from a

pump near at hand before proceeding to the boat which was to take their prisoners to some Northern fort. Husband and wife watched the men for a few moments in silence as they "broke ranks," and seated themselves wearily on the curbstones, some filling their canteens at the pump and dashing the water over their bronzed faces, others unbuckling their knapsacks and taking from them pieces of dry bread and uncooked bacon. The prisoners sat quite still in the listlessness of despair or of utter fatigue.

"Poor fellows!" said Mrs. Mitchell with a sigh. "They look very tired and hungry." She glanced doubtfully at her husband. "Shall I tell Mammy to take them out some corn-bread and coffee, Robert?"

"Yes, of course," was the quick reply. "You don't suppose I'm such an ill-tempered brute as to want to see men starve before my eyes, do you? Send out everything you can spare."

Mrs. Mitchell bustled away, selecting the store-room key from the basket as she went, and in a few moments she was standing at the door directing the distribution of baskets full of food. Tin cups were held out eagerly for the steaming coffee and the great "pones" and hot "corn-dodgers" disappeared like magic. Many a worn face looked gratefully toward the kindly mistress, and rough but good-natured jests were exchanged with the fat old negro cook as she went her hospitable round among the men. This was no unusual scene; such companies often stopped here for rest and water, and rarely left without food and refreshment; and it happened more than once that some article of male attire was hurriedly unhooked from its peg in wardrobe or closet and thrust into the cold hands of some one in special need. The prisoners had their full share,—Mrs. Mitchell saw to that; and she always scanned them carefully, half fearing that she might be startled by some dear familiar face. There was no

one to-day who was near to her, nor had there ever been; soon the supply of food was exhausted, and after a little while the men moved on with a cheer of thanks for their breakfast.

As they disappeared down the street, Mr. Mitchell resumed his preparations for leaving the house.

"I'm sick and tired of such sights," he said drearily, "and of the rattle of those army-wagons. Confound them! I was wakened half a dozen times last night by their noise. I tell you what it is, I must get out of this for a while. I believe I'll run out to Brewer's, and see if a few days' hunting won't set me up. There's nothing to keep me at the store, — about work enough for one man," bitterly, "and a dozen to do it. Besides, I promised Rob that he should try his new gun this fall, and I might as well take him with me, don't you think?" the last words somewhat dubiously, for he saw objections ahead on the score of school duties. But for once Mrs. Mitchell did not veto the interference with study; she saw that her husband was fretted and that he needed to get away for a time from the friction of his environment. So it was soon arranged that he should start early the following morning and that Rob should be made ready to accompany him, and Mr. Mitchell started off to his office with renewed cheerfulness.

That afternoon was spent in preparations dear to the hunter's heart. The shot-gun had to be drawn from its leathern cover, stained and blackened by long use; it was taken apart, carefully cleaned, oiled, and put together again, all by the owner's own hands, for the task was too important and too delightful to be entrusted to another. Powder, shot, and wads were measured out, for this was in days before the general use of breech-loaders; a well-worn suit of brown corduroy was brought from the attic, likewise an aged hair-cloth trunk, a time-honored institution in the family,

whose only fault was a tendency to emit half its contents at once whenever the deep, rounded top was raised. The children, freed from school, crowded around eager to help. Rob, a lad of fourteen, was the hero of the hour; he was the proud possessor of a new gun, and this was to be his first hunting expedition, though not his first visit to Brewer's. Clothing, hunting equipments, and ammunition were all stowed away by dusk, and then they gathered about the fire, the children listening to stories of former hunts until the tea-bell rang.

An early start next morning, and a ride of forty miles in a car crowded with soldiers, brought them to their station, where Mr. Mitchell was evidently well known. He was greeted as an old acquaintance by a number of lantern-jawed, tobacco-chewing loungers, and after due response he singled out one of them and asked if he could have the spring wagon to go to Brewer's place.

"Well, I dunno 'bout that, squire. You could have the wagon quick enough, but these here's ticklish times with horses. Wut with the guv'ment pressin' horses and the bushwhackers stealin' 'em, horses is 'bout es oncertain goods es a man kin haq'l."

They walked away from the station as old Jerry Young drawled out these words, which were evidently not meant as a refusal, but as his contribution to the general fund of conversation.

"Howsomever," he continued, "bein' es it's you, I reckon I'll have to git ole Bess outer the pasture and carry you on to Brewer's. I've been pestered scan'lus here lately, tryin' to keep her outer sight. Are they expectin' you out thar?"

"No," replied Mr. Mitchell, "but they know my ways and won't be put out by my coming."

"Heard from 'em lately?"

"No. Is there any news?"

"I b'lieve not. I seed that gal o' his'n yisterday at the store. She's jes'

es perty es ever,—heap too good fer that thar triflin' Sam Lyle she's set her heart on."

"What, the young fellow from the next farm? I thought he had joined the guerrillas and been killed."

"Well, he wuz with 'em, but he ain't killed. Ole Scratch takes care of his own," said Jerry dryly. "'T war n't more'n a month ago that he wuz pirout-in' round here es paradeful es ef he wuz commandin' the whole Army of the Potomac. Look here, squire," he continued, changing his easy, gossiping tone for one of seriousness, "ain't it a leetle risky fer you to be goin' out there jes' now? Thar's a heap o' raids goin' on, and you're a strong Union man."

Mr. Mitchell could not believe that there was any danger so near one of the largest military depots in the Ohio valley, and told old Jerry so; and before long the wagon was made ready and they started on a five-mile drive, going at a tangent from the railroad right into the heart of the country. At first the road lay between desolate, fenceless fields, marked here and there by circles where tents had stood and charred stumps where camp-fires had burned. Before long they left the turnpike, and seemed then to get every moment farther away from the path not only of war but of civilization. The situation of the Brewer farm was singularly secluded; it was reached by a series of lanes, like a labyrinth to those who were not familiar with the way, the last one ending at the farm gate; there seemed nothing beyond except woods. It was this remoteness which was so grateful to Mr. Mitchell and made his visits here peculiarly pleasant. When he put on his hunting-suit he could forget for a time all business cares and domestic worries and give himself up to the enjoyment of nature, of which he was a sincere though unemotional lover. Brewer was an old friend of his; their acquaintance had begun through small

purchases in the hardware line by the farmer, and casual inquiries as to the hunting in his neighborhood on the part of Mr. Mitchell, which ended in an agreement that he should come and try it for himself; and the first visit had been frequently repeated during the ten years that had passed since it took place. Mr. Brewer belonged to the class of small farmers so numerous in the free States, but comparatively rare where slavery was an established institution, the more energetic following the trail of Western enterprise, driven by strong objections to being relegated to the class of "poor whites." But Brewer was a lymphatic, inefficient man; he had come from Ohio early in life with a wife who would have been the making of him, but who died when their only child was a baby girl of three or four years. After this blow he became more listless than ever and dawdled on where he was, poor and unsuccessful, but unable to overcome the natural inertia and move to some other place. All his affection, hopes, and somewhat colorless ambitions centred in his daughter, now grown to be an unusually pretty girl of eighteen. When she was a little child, fretting because of the nameless want in her life, he had been forced to take in many ways the place of her dead mother, and now there still remained something of feminine thoughtfulness and tenderness in his care of her. The farm was ill-kept and the land was poor at best; much of it was wild and entirely uncultivated, so it was paradise for a hunter. The house, however, was a well-built frame, neat and comfortable, and even showing within some evidences of taste and refinement, the work of Lizzie Brewer's deft fingers. An old negro man, Jesse, and his wife, Virginia (better known as Aunt Gin), were the only servants, and except her father, Lizzie's sole companions.

As Jerry Young drove up to the gate of the "lot," there was no sign of life about the place except a couple of hunt-

ing-dogs, whose barks soon turned to whines and short yelps of delight as they recognized old friends. Their noise brought Aunt Gin's fat figure round the corner of the house and Jesse from the stable almost at the same moment. Then a door opened on the front porch, showing an interior of commonplace comfort: bright flowered carpet, black hair-cloth furniture, and, cutting off one angle of the room in a manner peculiar to rural localities, a spare bed covered with a vivid "log-cabin" quilt. In the doorway stood Lizzie Brewer, shading her eyes from the sun that she might see the travelers more clearly. Her figure was slight and girlish, and her pose graceful; for the rest she had a quantity of brown waving hair, clear gray eyes, and a warm, healthy color in her cheeks; a cheery, wholesome country girl who would be pretty for a dozen years and commonplace the rest of her life.

She smiled and nodded a cordial welcome at first; then the flush deepened and a worried look came into her face. She turned back toward the room, saying with an odd mingling of pleasure and annoyance, "It's Mr. Mitchell and Rob, pappy; they have come from the station in Jerry Young's wagon." At these words Mr. Brewer emerged from the house and reached the stile in time to help Jerry lift out the trunk. He was enough like Jerry himself and like the other lank, chin-whiskered, butter-nut-coated loungers at the station to be their twin brother.

"Howdy, 'Squire; howdy, Rob," said he, with as much of heartiness as was in him. "How that boy does grow! Got a gun, too! Well, well, we must try and find some pa'tridges fer you. Here, you Jesse, take and tote this trunk in the house. Won't you 'light, Jerry, and have a snack?"

"Thanky, Brewer, I reckon not. I've been layin' off fer a week, to git in my fodder, and I must 'tend to it to-

day," replied Jerry, and after a short rest and some water for his horse, he drove away, leaving Mr. Mitchell with a sense of relief that for a time the last link was broken that connected him with the world. It was only ten o'clock, an ideal autumn day, bright but cool; the trees were almost bare of leaves, which lay in rustling brown masses on the ground, and made walking a luxury. Rob and his father got a cup of Aunt Gin's excellent coffee, put some biscuits in their pockets, and were soon ready for a day's sport. Brewer and Lizzie were all kindness and hospitality, full of genuine sympathy with the boy's delight and of interest in his plans for the day. But now and then they seemed preoccupied, looked at each other doubtfully, and answered at random. Nothing ever happened here, or the thought might have formed itself in Mr. Mitchell's mind that there was something on hand, some event impending which his coming might complicate into cause for anxiety.

"I'm afraid you'll be disapp'inted about the birds, 'Squire," said Brewer, as they were about to set out. "There ain't many this year, and what there is has been pretty well scared. We've had so much raidin' goin' on about here." Lizzie looked at him uneasily, and he added hastily, —

"Not but what it does good, too, — it keeps the niggers in order."

"Have there been any outrages near here?" asked Mr. Mitchell, with an uneasy sense of having given a hostage to fortune in his small companion.

"Not what you could call outrages exactly, but there 's been a heap o' horses taken and some houses burned," was the reply.

Mr. Mitchell turned to Lizzie and said cheerily, "Well, Lizzie, I hope you won't let that rebel sweetheart of yours get hold of us."

The girl started, seemed confused for a moment, and then, looking straight at him from her honest eyes, replied, "No



harm shall ever come to you in this house, sir, if *I* can help."

In spite of Brewer's prediction, the day's shooting was not a bad one. Rob missed the birds, but was triumphant over two mangled squirrels, and his father also was well satisfied with his spoils when, a little before dusk, they started to return to the farm. As they came across country and reached the top of a hill they stopped for a moment to rest and take their bearings. The road lay below them, about two hundred yards away; it was plainly visible, for there was little foliage to obstruct the view, and the scene was lighted by the last lingering red of sunset. Suddenly and silently a troop of horsemen, about a dozen in number, came in sight, were clearly outlined for a moment against the glowing west, and then with a bend in the road were lost to view. The appearance was so remarkable in this remote locality that Mr. Mitchell started and had not recovered from his surprise when the men disappeared.

"Did you see that, father?" exclaimed Rob.

"Yes, my son. I suppose it is a posse of Union soldiers on some scouting expedition," he replied, making an explanation for himself as well as for the boy.

"But they did n't have on uniforms," urged Rob.

Mr. Mitchell had by this time noted that fact himself, and it made him uneasy. "I saw a few blue overcoats," he said; "perhaps the rest were prisoners, — though now I think of it, they all had guns," he added thoughtfully. During the day he had given himself up to the pleasure of the sport, finding a new zest in Rob's delight; but now this incident recalled what had been told him of the guerrilla raids, and he began to be anxious. He was known here as a Union man, and these outlaws claimed to belong to the Southern army, though most of them had no connection with it, and only brought shame on a cause which

they professed to aid. He reflected that it would be awkward to fall into their hands, that it might go hard with Rob as well as with himself. It seemed impossible, after all, to get away from this confounded war, and bushwhackers were even worse than the roll of army-wagons. He wished that he had stayed in town.

The light was fading rapidly and the air growing chill, so they again set out briskly on their homeward way. It was dark when they crossed the stile, and walked under the locust and sycamore trees across the grass in front of the house. Mr. Brewer stood at the door smoking a corn-cob pipe with his usual placidity; he asked many questions about their hunting exploits, and his freely expressed admiration made Rob feel a greater hero than ever.

"Well, now, I call that right peart, shootin' two squirrels the first day. You must get Jesse to take off the skins for you, so you can carry 'em home. And I would n't wonder if you could have a cap made out of 'em; they're powerful warm for winter."

Rob immediately had visions of himself, the envy of every boy of his acquaintance, in such head-gear as he had once seen and coveted in a picture of Daniel Boone. He wondered if his mother would let him wear it to Sunday-school.

In the mean time his father became gradually aware of an unusual stillness about the place. There was no sound of Aunt Gin from the kitchen, which was near enough for her voice to be frequently heard crooning some camp-meeting hymn; Jesse did not come as usual to prepare the game for cooking, and Lizzie was nowhere to be seen.

"Rob," said he finally, "take those birds to the kitchen."

"Why, to be sure," said Brewer, starting out of a brown study. "I beg your pardon, squire, I've been sorter pestered to-day, and I clean forgot about

that there game. Here, Jesse!" he shouted. And Jesse's bow-legs were soon seen coming from the smoke-house accompanied by his wife. Lizzie followed, closing the door carefully behind her, and then joined the group on the porch. She nestled close to her father, and he laid his hand caressingly on her hair, looking down at her with an expression of love and anxiety on his face.

The rattling of dishes in the kitchen and Aunt Gin's voice raised in sacred song proclaimed the glad tidings that supper was in course of preparation. Rob slipped away to superintend the skinning of his squirrels, and afterwards to tease Aunt Gin into singing his favorite ditty, and before long it rang out on the evening air:—

"Oh, the raccoon's tail is ring'd all round,  
The possum's tail is bar',  
The rabbit 's got no tail at all  
'Cept a little bunch o' ha'r."

It was a point of honor with Rob to eat as much squirrel as he could, scorning the more delicate quail and devoting himself to the spoil of his own right arm. After he had gone to bed and was sleeping dreamlessly, notwithstanding the liberties taken with his digestion, Mr. Mitchell joined his host in a final pipe at the door. His old friend was not so chatty and communicative as usual; it was only when Mr. Mitchell spoke of Lizzie and praised her blooming young womanhood that Brewer became talkative. Even here there seemed to be a shadow, for he spoke drearily of her dead mother, of his being left alone to care for her, and the difficulties in his way.

"You see I can't say no to the child, even when I'm dead sure it's for her own good. She only has to look at me pleadin' like, and I do jes' what she says. Yet I know I kin tell better what is good for her. She ain't seen no other men, so how kin she judge?" His voice died away in a pitiful quaver of weakness. Mr. Mitchell inferred that there

must be some undesirable love-affair in the wind, but a question or two showed him that the subject could not be pressed just now; so he said good-night, and was soon sleeping soundly after the unwonted exercise of the day. About midnight he was roused by what seemed to him a very loud noise. He started up and looked around the room, for his first impression was that the sound was close beside him; but Rob was motionless, and everything was just as he had left it,—that he could see by the moonlight which shone brightly through the uncurtained window. He listened intently; all was still for a moment, and then he heard in the neighboring kitchen cautious footsteps and the clatter of pans, and the idea became strong in his mind that it was the ringing fall of one of these that had awakened him. An outer door on a line with his window was carefully opened and closed, and then all was still. He tried in vain to go to sleep again; the edge was taken from his fatigue and he had gotten wide awake in his intense listening. At last he rose, went to the window, and stood looking out into the night. The moon was full, and peered through the bare branches of the trees; there was a misty ring around it, and the air was full of that smokiness peculiar to the autumn season. He raised the sash and leaned out; the air blew fresh and cool upon his face. The yard was flooded with moonlight; the haze gave it the effect of a veil of silver tissue. The commonplace scene was glorified; a fairy charm was thrown over the whitewashed stable and smoke-house, over Jesse's little cabin, and the paths of flat, irregular stones leading to them shone white as marble. The impression of stillness, of solitude, was strong upon him; he was miles away from any other habitation, and under this roof no one stirred; only the moon was awake and seemed listening, expectant. All at once something happened which, under the circum-

stances, startled him as if it had been an absolute impossibility. The door of the smoke-house, which stood just opposite the window, about fifty yards away, suddenly swung wide open; he had a glimpse of a brightly lighted space, a huge fire burning on the hearth, and candles on a table, around which were seated a number of persons, seemingly men; the light was caught and reflected by various metallic points about their dress. There was just time for this impression to be powerfully photographed on his brain when the door closed again, quickly and noiselessly. Mr. Mitchell was stunned with surprise; he had thought himself the only waking creature on the place, and here was this roomful of men. He had not time to attempt an explanation of the mystery; his eyes had hardly accustomed themselves to the moonlight, after the sudden glare of the more brilliant light, when he perceived two figures gradually taking shape through the silver haze. It was evidently to give them egress that the door had opened, and they were coming toward the house. The path led beneath his window, or rather beside it, for the room was hardly six feet above ground. The figures were already near the house when he saw them, and he at once recognized one of them as Lizzie Brewer. Her companion was a man of powerful frame; his arm was around her waist, his head bent over her, and this position, together with a soft felt hat which he wore, entirely concealed his face. Talking earnestly, the pair passed the window and stopped at a little back porch just beyond. Then their speech became more distinct, and the first words that Mr. Mitchell heard pinned him to the spot.

"Why, Lizzie, what's the old man to you? He's a damned Yankee and has done harm enough. He'd come just in time to put the boys in a good humor—they've had the devil's own luck lately." The tone was meant to be kind to the girl, but there was a hint of brutal-

ity in it for others. The answer came pleadingly:—

"He's known me ever since I was a little child, Sam, and has always been kind to me. He never comes here without bringing me some present. I'm fond of him and I could n't bear to have any harm come to him in our house."

"No fear of that; we would take him out into the woods, and he'd not trouble you any more."

"But, Sam, what good would it do you? He is only here to hunt for a few days, and has no money with him. You would gain nothing, and only put yourself in new danger. Oh, my dear, my dear," she broke out passionately, "leave those men! They are so rough, and some of them look so cruel and wicked that I could n't bear to go near them. Sam, you don't know what I suffer at the thought of the risk you run all the time. Give it up, come home,—come here. Pappy will let you, and you know I want you. I love you so much and I want you to be good"—her voice was choked by a sob. The man seemed moved by her appeal, and soothed her for a moment with some awkward words of endearment, and then said in an injured tone,—

"I thought you'd be proud to see me the captain of such a fine troop; that's the reason I came, and now you hardly speak to them. There's no harm in them,—a bit rough, perhaps, but you see the life makes us so."

"Why will you lead it, then, Sam? Come home," pleaded Lizzie.

"And go to farm-work, or to keeping store at the station!" he exclaimed irritably. "Not much! I've no taste for that sort of thing. It's a fine, free life we lead. Look at Morgan, what he's done for the South, and what a name he's got. Besides, it's too late now; the Yanks would be down on me in a minute for the hanging of that cursed old Abolitionist, Stevens."

She started away from him. "But

you told me you had nothing to do with that."

He hesitated for a moment, then said suddenly, "Well, it's true; but it was my men did it, and we stand together. There's a price on all our heads, but I reckon it will be some time before it's paid," he added defiantly. "But about old man Mitchell, Lizzie, it ain't safe to go off and leave him here. He may get wind of it some way and put the soldiers on our track. We must take him away with us — if we don't do anything more." Then with a violent start and an oath, "Is he in that room? The window is open and he may have heard every word. I'll make sure of him now, certain." As he spoke he rapidly approached the house, and by means of the rough-hewn stone foundation began to climb. Mr. Mitchell had been standing at one side of the window, and now instinctively drew back a little more into the shadow. In a moment a hand appeared inside the window, holding on by the sill; then another, grasping a pistol, ready cocked, with finger on the trigger; and then a head was thrust into the room. There was a certain bold beauty in the face; the black eyes told of courage and daring, the full red lips under the drooping mustache of vanity and sensuality. It was the face of a determined, unscrupulous ruffian, who had probably taken more than one life and who would not hesitate at another. He looked straight into the room at the bed where Rob's sturdy form could be dimly seen by the light of the moon; had he thrust in his head two inches farther, had he even turned his eyes to one side, he would have looked full into those of the man who he thought lay sleeping before him. He kept his uncomfortable position only for a moment, but it seemed an eternity to Mr. Mitchell; he was no coward, but the father's heart sank within him while the bushwhacker's eyes were fixed on his sleeping boy.

"He's fast enough," was heard out-

side, "and it's a good thing for him that he is. Look here, Lizzie, you are too soft-hearted for these times. If ever that old man stands in my way, he'll go down like any other; do you hear? But this time I'll let him off — that is, if the boys don't find out he's here. If they do, it would be no use trying to save him, for they are up to anything to-night. Now, my girl, stop that crying and give me a kiss. I don't see you often, and each time may be the last. I'm a rough fellow, I know, but I love you, and I always mean to be kind to you."

She clung to him and poured out her thanks, and all the love of a heart which, when first awakened from its maiden slumber, had blindly enthroned him as its idol. She was a gentle, childish creature whose only strength was in her affection. She did not weigh good and evil; she could only feel. He was accustomed to her adoration; it was necessary for him to disport himself before some one as the dashing hero which he was painted by her fancy and his own vanity. Had he lived in different times, he might have been always obscure and harmless; but the political upheaval had brought him to the surface, and the commonplace nature was brutalized by war.

Mr. Mitchell was ashamed to listen to avowals made so artlessly, but he dared not stir for fear of again incurring the danger which he had escaped almost by miracle. Before long, however, the lovers passed the window, went slowly along the path to the smoke-house, and joined the company where Mr. Brewer was playing the perfunctory part of host.

Mr. Mitchell's life had been an uneventful one, and this narrow escape from a violent death was not at all to his taste; still, now that the danger was past, there was something inspiring in the adventure, and he determined to see it out. Toward daylight the smoke-

house door was again opened, and he watched a dozen men — ill-looking fellows, all fully armed — move from a table which had been amply covered with eatables. Some wore army overcoats (he shuddered to think how they had gotten them), from which he concluded that they were the same men over whom he and Rob had puzzled their brains in the afternoon. They filed out silently and disappeared in the direction of the stable; then came the sound of horses' hoofs, restlessly tramping; and by the first streaks of dawn Mr. Mitchell saw the guerrilla band ride slowly away down the road.

## II.

A March day in a locality where that often means, as it did at present, a combination of disagreeables rarely equaled. The sky was leaden-gray, not threatening rain or snow, but sullenly gloomy and depressing. The streets were wind-swept and white with the fine limestone dust which sifted through every crevice. The air was not very cold, but sudden sharp gusts of wind chilled the passer-by to the marrow, and drove into his eyes and between his teeth particles so hard and dry that they cut like splinters of steel.

On a particularly windy corner of Water Street stood the tall warehouse of Mr. Mitchell. Within, a counter stretched along one side, with breaks here and there for convenience in passing behind it; the remainder of the space was taken up by samples of hardware — barrels of nails, piles of hoe and axe heads, and stacks of muskets; spades leaned against the wall, and heaps of chains lay coiled on the floor. In the centre of the store was a fiery little stove; the pipe was red-hot for some distance, and the smoke, meeting the March blasts in its narrow passage, was sometimes conquered in the struggle and

driven back into the room. One of the clerks was seated near the stove with a customer, to whom he had just sold a bill of goods, and he was now imparting such items of current events as were still new to a man from the interior of the State who had not the benefit of the daily papers. The other clerks were taking stock in groups of three: one, mounted on a ladder, took packages of screws, bolts, cutlery, and so forth from the upper shelves, threw them down to a companion, who caught them dexterously, counted their contents, and called out the same to a third clerk, who noted it down as they were tossed up again and put back in their places. This period, usually an interesting one, because recording the result of the year's work, was now almost an empty form, so few were the goods sold from season to season.

As the men worked they talked of the news from the front, — how Grant was drawing ever closer the cord that was to strangle Lee in Richmond. The account of Lee's attack on Fort Stedman had just been received, and some were rejoicing over its failure and the consequent tightening of Grant's grip on the fated city, when the salesman at the stove broke in, —

"It's all very well for you fellows to crow about the victory, but I've got a brother-in-law somewhere down there with General Lee, and this ain't exactly the kind of news that I like to take to my sister when I go home to dinner. It's been all I could do this last year to keep that damned provost marshal from sending her South; he would have done it if it had n't been for the old man," giving a backward nod of his head toward the private office of his employer. "Thank the Lord," he added fervently, in spite of the oath just uttered, "it looks as if the war was almost over at last."

As he spoke the great front door swung open slowly and heavily. One

of the stock-takers called his attention to the fact by calling out, warningly, "Butler!"

"All right," returned the young man, bringing his tilted chair down from two feet to four, and coming forward to meet the expected customer. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Brewer? We have n't seen you here for a month of Sundays. What can I do for you to-day?"

They had met some yards from the door, and Butler now perceived that Mr. Brewer was not alone; a slight, womanly figure stood at the door looking out into the street. The old man looked more lank and washed-out than ever; even the sharp wind had brought no color to his cheeks, but only made his faded eyes red and watery. He was dressed in rough homespun, and wore a blue-checked shirt, with a huge, stiff collar, whose points projected far beyond his face, and were evidently cutting his ears cruelly.

"Thanky, Mr. Butler," he said hesitatingly. "I was n't layin' off to buy any goods to-day, but I'd be obleeged if you'd ask Mr. Mitchell if I could see him."

"Certainly," said Butler. "Won't you and the — lady come to the fire?" putting two split-bottomed chairs near it.

"No, thanky, we'll wait here," said Brewer, and during the few moments required for Butler to go to the rear of the store and come back again, the two stood side by side, silent and dejected. Soon they were pausing at the glass door which separated Mr. Mitchell's private room from the rest of the store, to make way for an officer in uniform, who was just taking his leave. The woman started timidly at sight of him, and drew closer to her companion. Mr. Mitchell stood in the doorway, speeding one guest as he welcomed the others.

"Good-morning, colonel. I'll see to that matter at once. Don't forget that my wife expects you to tea this evening. Brewer, how are you? Walk in." And

looking closely at his companion, who had a veil over her face, "Why, it's Lizzie, is n't it?" A vision of the last time he had seen the girl came vividly before him, and he welcomed her with special cordiality, seated them both by the fire, and began a conversation with the father on some commonplace topic. But he soon perceived that this was no ordinary visit. Lizzie was very pale; her childish features looked pinched and anxious, and her eyes had a wide-open look of helpless pain, like those of a child or of some dumb animal. Mr. Mitchell felt sure that something extraordinary had brought about this, her first visit to town. She meant, no doubt, to ask his aid, and he was conscious of a throb of deep sympathy, and a strong desire to be of service to her; remembering besides the part which she had played in his adventure on that autumn night six months before.

"Mr. Mitchell," said Brewer, after a pause, which he had spent in smoothing down a wisp of hair that was plastered over his bald head, "we're in a heap o' trouble, Lizzie an' me, an' I 'lowed I did n't know anybody to come to but you; and Lizzie, she thought so, too." He paused and looked at the girl, whose face flushed slightly as tears filled her eyes, — slow, painful tears, as if the fountain had been wept out, and only these two drops wrung from the very depths and dregs of sorrow.

"You know, Brewer, that I'll do anything I can for you. What is the matter?" asked Mr. Mitchell.

"Well, sir, there's a friend of Lizzie's here that she wants mightily to see, and we thought you might help at it. She's powerful fond of him, and he was a likely lad once, but he got all wrong 'long o' the war."

"Father," said Lizzie reproachfully.

"Well, my dear, I don't want to say no harm o' Sam, fer I know your heart's set on him, and I say he was a likely boy enough when you two young ones

played together. I'm fond of him myself, and I'm almost es much troubled about this here bizness es Lizzie is," he continued, turning again to Mr. Mitchell. "You see, Sam went South, and got into the army, but he had some fuss with one of the officers, so he jest left and come home. His father, old Dave Lyle, was like me, he was for the Union; but Sam's goin' off made the people there think he was a rebel, and the soldiers did treat him powerful bad when they were camped near his farm. They burned his fences, and ruined his pasture, and took his horses, so the old man, he sorter lost heart, and he died soon after Sam got back. Then Sam turned bushwhacker, and he's been raidin' 'round the State nigh about a year, and I reckon he's been perty reckless," he added guardedly. "'Tenny rate, he was captured not long ago, and now he's here in jail, and Lizzie and me want to see him."

Mr. Mitchell sat thoughtful for a moment. "I think I can manage it, Brewer. That gentleman who left as you came in is an old friend of mine, and he has great influence with the provost marshal. Are you sure the man is imprisoned here?"

"Yes, sir; we saw it in the paper day before yesterday. It's two weeks old," drawing a rumpled sheet out of his pocket, "and Lizzie's been oneasy for fear he might 'a' been taken somewhere else. She did n't give me no rest till I said I'd bring her to town."

"Very well, then, I'll see about it at once. What's the name? Sam Lyle, did you say?"

Lizzie broke in suddenly, "Oh no, sir. You know he took another name, father. It's Montgomery."

"Montgomery!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell. His face grew very grave, and he hastily took up the morning paper, then as hastily folded and thrust it into one of the pigeon-holes of his desk. "You don't mean to say that

this man is the guerrilla chief, Montgomery?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, a little flicker of pride in her lover shining through her grief. "He has been captain of the band almost from the first."

Mr. Mitchell looked at the simple pair in wonder and pity. To them the bushwhacker was "Sam," the high-spirited fellow whom they had always known; who was a little wild, perhaps, but nothing worse. To Lizzie he was her first lover, the man who had stirred her fancy and won her heart. To Mr. Mitchell he was one of the worst of many criminals who had infested the State of late, and by their outrages increased the horrors of war, and brought reproach upon both parties in the struggle. He had been glad to hear of the man's capture, close on the heels of a brutal murder, and only that morning had read that the trial was over, and the prisoner condemned. These people, in their secluded home, had learned only the first one of a chain of events which was to end on the scaffold. What was he to do? How break to them tidings that would be so terrible?

Mr. Mitchell had been in dilemmas before, and there was one person who had always helped him. Now, in his perplexity, he did what a man always does under similar circumstances, — turned to the best woman he knew; one whose tact and tenderness would enable her to make, and at the same time heal, a grievous wound. It is usually a woman who has this dreary task to perform, who "breaks bad news" by the softness of her heart and the strength of her sympathy. These thoughts flashed through his mind, and he then became conscious that both Brewer and Lizzie were watching him closely, and that a look of alarm was growing on their faces.

"This will never do," he said to himself; then, with an effort, aloud, "I'm afraid it may be harder than I thought to get you an order to visit your friend,



but however, we'll see what can be done. In the mean time, you must both come home with me. I'm sure you are tired, and you can rest while I see Colonel Parker. Cheer up, Lizzie," he continued, turning kindly to her, and feeling like a base impostor as he spoke. "My wife will soon make you feel all right. She has always wanted to know you, and now this is a first-rate chance." He took up his hat and coat as he spoke, and led the way to the street, giving some directions to Butler as they passed through the store.

Mrs. Mitchell made her visitors heartily welcome. She knew and liked Brewer already, and her heart went out at once to the gentle, motherless girl, whose young face was so sad. Her husband found an opportunity to tell her hastily of the painful, almost hopeless, mission on which they had come, and then hurried off to the office of the post-commander. When he told his errand the colonel shook his head.

"Too late, I am afraid. The men are to be hanged this afternoon."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Mitchell, "not so soon?"

"So soon, my dear fellow? It would be far better if they had been caught and hung a year ago. A good many innocent lives would have been saved."

"But was not the trial very much hurried?"

The soldier shrugged his broad shoulders. "It can hardly be called a trial," he replied. "The men were caught red-handed, and they were dealt with accordingly. These guerrilla outrages must be stopped. We must make an example of these men. No one can doubt their guilt, even though it may not have been proved down to the last formality of the law."

Mr. Mitchell ruefully acknowledged the justice of arguments which he had often used himself, but somehow they lost their force when he thought of Lizzie Brewer's face. Colonel Parker

agreed to do anything possible to help him, and they went together to the office of the provost marshal. The guard at the gate presented arms, the superior raised his hand in stiff military salute, and they ascended the high stone steps of a house which had once been the pride of the city. Now the steps were stained and defaced, the hall which they entered was bare and dirty, and as they turned into what had once been a long drawing-room, the sense of desolation became more intense. The room was bare of furniture; the rich paper hung in strips from the walls; only the handsome crystal chandeliers and the pier-mirrors over the white marble mantel-pieces showed the remains of former splendor. Where were now the gallant forms that had once been reflected in those mirrors? Dead on Southern battle-fields, groaning in hospitals or starving in prisons, both North and South; for this had been, in former times, a rendezvous for the brave and the fair of all parties, and many hands that afterwards shook defiance and death at each other had met here in the dance. Mr. Mitchell sighed as he looked about the familiar room, and thought of the happy family group that he had known there, now scattered and broken, and again his heart swelled in indignant protest against the horrors of this evil war.

The provost marshal — a young man for so responsible a position, but with keen eyes and a square jaw which indicated that he had the force of character necessary to fill it properly — was seated at a plain deal table in an arm-chair covered with tattered, faded damask. He rose and saluted Colonel Parker, but his greeting to the citizen was short and not very courteous. Mr. Mitchell instinctively took the same manner, and said, somewhat curtly, —

"I have come, sir, to request an order to see the prisoner Montgomery."

"Impossible," replied the officer. "He is to be hanged at four o'clock. He has

made no request to see any one, and must not be disturbed in his preparations for death."

"But," urged Mr. Mitchell, "he does not know that he has friends in the city. They have just come on purpose to see him."

"Friends or relatives?" asked the provost.

Mr. Mitchell hesitated. "A friend who has known him from boyhood, and the young woman to whom he is engaged."

"Hum," said the officer, frowning and thoughtfully rubbing his smooth-shaven chin. "The request would have to be made in person, and the visitors searched before entering his cell. Montgomery is a desperate fellow, and would kill himself if he could get the means. They must not be given him; he must be executed."

Colonel Parker now interposed with a few words as to the touching character of the suppliants, and the provost marshal gradually laid aside his official brusqueness and asked several questions which showed a growing interest in the case. Finally, turning to Mr. Mitchell, he said, —

"I would strongly advise that the young woman do not see this man. He has been wounded in the face, in the first place, and is an unsightly object. Besides, his state of mind is terrible, especially since he has learned that he is to be hanged and not shot. He claims that he is an officer in the Confederate army, and should be treated as such. Take my advice, and tell her nothing more until he is dead."

Colonel Parker promptly agreed in this opinion, and after a moment's thought Mr. Mitchell could not but appreciate the wisdom of it. He went sorrowfully to his home, and told his wife of his unsuccessful errand. She said Lizzie was lying down, and her father was in the dining-room. After a short consultation they agreed in the necessity

of telling him the whole truth, and went to find him. They had forgotten that the morning paper was in the room. Brewer held it in his hands when they entered, and by the expression of his face Mr. Mitchell knew that the blow had already fallen. The old man stood on the hearth-rug; one hand clutched the mantel, the other the paper, which trembled in his grasp.

"Look here, 'Squire," he said hoarsely, "is this true? Are they goin' to *kill* Dave Lyle's boy? He's been wild and reckless, I know, but Lord A'mighty, he ain't shorely done nothin' to deserve that! I saw the men that were with him last fall, the time you come out there huntin', and they were a hard set, — heap worse 'n Sam. It was the brass buttons and the name o' captain that turned his head. Take me to the prison, Mr. Mitchell; let me see the officers, and tell 'em what I know about the boy and about his father before him. But don't tell Lizzie," he added, lowering his voice; "it would kill the child. Come, let's go now; it may be too late if we don't hurry," and he took up his hat as he spoke.

Mrs. Mitchell wiped her eyes, and her husband stood for a moment silent and downcast; then he took his old friend by the hand and said kindly, "It *is* too late already, Brewer. I have seen the officers, and they can do nothing. He has been tried and condemned to death."

"But can't we get a new trial? Can't we get it changed to imprisonment? Or if there's a fine, I could pay it. You know I would n't let a matter of money stand in the way of my girl's happiness. My poor little Lizzie!" the old man went on, with a pitiful quaver in his voice. "How on God's earth am I ever to tell her? What can I do? What can I do?" He wrung his hands like a woman in his pain and weakness.

"Sit down here, Brewer, and listen to me quietly for a moment," said Mr.

Mitchell. "Come, for Lizzie's sake." He yielded at once. "Now I have done all I can, and I find that it is doubtful whether you could see Sam even if you applied yourself. He is preparing for death, and it would not be well to distract his thoughts. He is to be executed soon, very soon,—this very day." The old man groaned, and covered his face with his hands. "Now would it not be better to say nothing to Lizzie until all is over?" A sudden thought came to him like an inspiration, and he went on. "She need not know *how* he died. He was wounded when they captured him, and that could account for it."

"Yes, yes," said Brewer eagerly. "She must not know. She must never know. It would kill her. She has loved him all her life, and believed in him, and been proud of him; and now to know he was"—He broke off shuddering. "But who's to tell her he's dead? I can't. My God! I can't. Why, 'Squire, I'd lay down my life to save her from pain, and how could I strike a blow right at her heart?"

The two men looked helplessly at each other. Gentle little Mrs. Mitchell gave a final rub to her eyes, put her handkerchief resolutely into her pocket, and came close to the agonized father.

"I'll take care of that, Mr. Brewer," she said, "if it will be any comfort to you. I'll tell the poor lamb. It would be her mother's place if she were alive, and, with God's help, I'll take it this once."

Mr. Mitchell had a choking sensation in his throat; he could only lay his hand on his wife's shoulder, patting it gently during the moment of silence that followed, for Brewer had no words, even of thanks. Mrs. Mitchell now took matters quietly but completely into her own hands; directed her husband to keep away from the house, since Lizzie did not know of his return, and must think that he was still trying to arrange an interview with her lover. Mr. Mitchell

meekly obeyed, and left the house with a feeling of added tenderness and respect for his wife, while she, with a few sensible words, toned up Brewer's feeble nature to the part which he had to play during the next two hours.

Dinner was over. Brewer had made a show of eating heartily. Lizzie sat silent, listening intently, and starting every time the door opened. The children came from school, and created a diversion. They made much of the visitors, and asked innumerable questions about the farm. Rob's squirrel-skin cap was brought out and duly admired, and only Mrs. Mitchell's timely interference saved her guests from a minute inspection of many other childish treasures stored away in odd corners of the house and yard. Rob wondered where his father was. Lizzie's heart leaped into her eyes at the question, and Brewer rose at once, and said he would go down to the store and see if there were any news. He stood behind Lizzie as he spoke, his hands on the back of her chair, his eyes on her young head. His chin began to tremble. He looked appealingly at Mrs. Mitchell, who nodded encouragingly, and said,—

"Go right along, Mr. Brewer, that's the best thing you can do. I'll take care of Lizzie."

He looked at her gratefully, then laid his horny hand softly on the brown hair before him, and said, with infinite tenderness in his voice, "You stay here, my daughter; pappy'll soon come back and tell you how things look." The plain old face was transfigured for a moment, glorified by a look of unspeakable love for his child; then a great sob rose in his throat, and he hurried from the room.

A little later, Lizzie Brewer sat alone in the cosy family sitting-room, her hands clasped in her lap, her head drooping. She did not weep, but there was a look of fixed sadness in her eyes, and now and then a pathetic quiver about

her lips, that told what she was suffering. Her heart was aching with sorrow and dread, and above all with unspeakable longing.

“Oh Sam! Sam!” she murmured. “If I could only see you just once! If I could only tell you that I love you better than ever! My poor, poor boy!”

She thought of him in prison, lonely, suffering, brow-beaten, — he to whom she had looked up as to a superior in his days of pride; and there entered into her love an element which made it very tender, — that maternal instinct which is always present, though perhaps latent, in the love of every true woman, even for husband or lover. It is this instinct which enables her to give the gentlest service where her highest respect and sentiment is awakened; it makes her heart the haven, the balm for life’s stricken ones; sometimes it even outlasts love and pride. Lizzie stretched out her arms involuntarily, as if to fold her beloved in them; they ached with emptiness. She rose and walked restlessly about the room, saying, —

“It can’t last much longer — it *can’t!* I could n’t stand it. Father and Mr. Mitchell will surely get them to let me see him. Oh, if they would only come!”

She went to the window and stood looking down into the street; it seemed crowded to her rustic eyes, and there was in truth an unusual stir among the groups that passed, all going in the same direction, away from the city and out towards the commons. One man was evidently explaining something to several others who were walking with him; he paused for a moment and pointed backward, then held up his hand warningly as if telling them to listen. Just then a sound fell upon Lizzie’s ear; solemn, ominous, she felt it to be, though heard now for the first time in her life. It was the hollow, monotonous roll of a drum, two slow beats together, then three a shade more closely connected; just these five counts over and over again, unchanged, unvaried, marking the time for marching feet, making her heart swell with a vague but terrible foreboding of evil. She had been diverted for a moment by the life and movement in the street, but at this sound her thoughts turned instantly to her lover, true to that law by which a great love in one’s heart becomes the pivotal point upon which all else turns, the centre about which clusters all joy and all sorrow. Just as in happier days any simple gladness in her life — the odor of a flower, the beauty in sky or field — had set her longing for his sympathy, so now, her nature profoundly moved by this unwonted sound, she turned to him, though in no way associating him with it. Still sounded the five steady beats, coming nearer and nearer, and seeming to strike her heart to stone, so cold and heavy it had grown; the passers-by hurried on toward a cross street at right angles with the one on which the house stood. Suddenly there broke out the brazen blare of horns; it was like the crash of that calamity which the muffled drum had foreboded. Lizzie trembled, cowered; her whole nature, finely tuned for the nonce by love, vibrated in unison with the solemn, inspiring notes of the Dead March. It was not alone that her individual sorrow stood forth more vividly; it was a new and overwhelming sense of the great sum of human misery, of life with its infinite pain, and of “the old, old fashion, death.” She sank upon her knees and laid her face in her hands, and rested so until the music slowly died away in the distance. She did not at all know what it meant; she was ignorant that it touched her narrow life; but it taught her, educated her, more than all her past had done. It lifted her above the ordinary plane; she was no longer self-centred, but a unit in the great scheme of things that stretched out far beyond her knowing. Never had her heart sounded such a

depth of sadness ; never had it caught such a conception of infinite calm ; for a moment she understood the agony of Gethsemane and the serenity of Calvary.

Lizzie did not hear the door open or perceive that she was no longer alone until she felt about her the motherly arms of Mrs. Mitchell. Then the spell of the music was broken, the reaction came, and she fell from her high mood into a burst of womanly tears. Mrs. Mitchell soothed and petted her as she would have comforted one of her own little ones in some childish trouble ; and then, when Lizzie was quieter, led her to talk of her father, and said that he had grown a good deal older in these last years. She was glad to see that the girl's gentle heart took quick alarm.

"You don't think he is sick, do you, Mrs. Mitchell?" she asked anxiously.

"No, my dear, only greatly troubled just now. But you know people have less courage as they grow older ; sorrow is harder to them ; so you must try now and help him bear whatever comes, just as he has helped and cared for you all these years."

Lizzie's head drooped for a moment ; then she said, "I never thought of that. I'm afraid I have n't been much comfort to him lately. I've been thinking of myself, and of — of — some one else," she added, hesitating.

"Yes, I know," said gentle Mrs. Mitchell ; "of some one who has come into your life, and who may go out of it again. But your father is yours as long as you both live, — nothing can change him. You must remember that, and if he should bring bad news you must be brave for his sake, dear child, for every tear of yours is like a knife to his heart."

Lizzie looked up quickly, her eyes startled, terror-stricken.

"Oh, Mrs. Mitchell, do you think the news will be bad? Won't they let me see Sam? Oh, just once, once more!" she made her natural human moan.

Mrs. Mitchell spoke now very gravely. "My dear, Sam was badly wounded when they captured him. He was in prison for two weeks, where you know men are sometimes roughly treated. He grew worse there, not better."

The girl sprang up ; a look of terrible certainty came into her white face. "Is he dead?"

Mrs. Mitchell silently covered her eyes.

"Dead!" the girl repeated in an awed whisper ; it was no longer a question. Then, after a moment, "That music — was it for him?"

"Yes, my child, for him. When a soldier dies, he is always buried so."

The door opened softly and Brewer paused on the threshold, scanning the face of his child ; he saw that the blow had fallen, and silently held out his arms to her as he entered. She turned to him : "O father, you are all I have ! Take me home, take me home !" and her head sought the faithful shelter, the true breast that had soothed her motherless childhood. Then the door closed, and they were alone with their grief.

And so we too will leave them. We will not watch through those first hours of agony, nor follow them in their journey to their saddened home. The spring hope blossomed into summer's fullness and died with the fallen leaves ; but Lizzie Brewer's heart stood still in a monotony of sorrow. The father watched her with untiring though awkward care, soothing her with commonplace phrases that were quickened into new meaning by his infinite tenderness for his stricken child. There was little real comfort for her in his words, but she saw at last how pinched and old his face had grown, and this won the first thought from her dead lover. Her soldier, her hero — for he was always that to her, shielded as she was in her secluded life from any cruel awakening. About his distant grave clustered all the romance and sentiment of her simple nature.

She glorified every act of his life ; she dreamed what he would have been had he lived — for her ; not knowing that death had chilled into enduring form a flower of love that otherwise would

have faded. Her way is lonely since then, but she holds in her heart's inner chamber an idol which can never be shattered, an ideal which can never be degraded. Shall we pity, or envy her ?  
*Patty Blackburn Semple.*

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### GARIBALDI'S EARLY YEARS.

THE publication, somewhat earlier than was expected, of Garibaldi's Autobiography<sup>1</sup> will revive interest in that extraordinary man, and in that crisis through which Europe has been passing ever since the destruction of the Bastille marked the fall of feudalism. Penetrating as deeply as we can towards the heart of this transformation, we must declare that our age only half knows itself. It may well be that when men look back, two or three hundred years hence, upon this nineteenth century, they will announce its salient characteristic to have been, not scientific, not inventive, but *romantic*. Science will soon bury our present heaps of facts under larger accumulations, from the summit of which broader theories may be scanned ; to-morrow will make to-day's wonderful invention old-fashioned and insufficient : but the romance with which this later time has been charged will exercise an increasing fascination over poets and novelists and historians, as the years roll on. Oblivion swallows up material achievements, but great deeds never grow old. That many of our contemporary writers should not have heard this note of the age argues that they, rather than the age, are prosaic and commonplace. For to what other period shall we turn for a richer store of those vicissitudes and contrasts in fortune which make up the real romance,

the profound tragedy, of life ? Everywhere the dissolution of a society rooted in mediæval traditions is accompanied by confusion and struggle, — the birth-pangs of a new order. Classes whose separation seemed permanent are thrown together, and antagonistic elements are strangely mixed ; there is strife, and doubt, and excess ; sudden combinations are suddenly rent by discords ; anachronisms flourish side by side with innovations ; new institutions wear old names, and old abuses mask in new disguises.

In such a crisis, two facts are prominent : the unusual range of activity offered to the individual — may he not traverse the whole scale of experience ? — and the dependence of the individual upon himself. He rises, or he falls, by his own motion. The privileges of caste avail nothing ; for the very confusion produces a certain wild equality, whereby all start at the line, and the swiftest wins. Napoleon's maxim, *La carrière ouverte aux talents*, is the motto of the century. Napoleon himself is a stupendous illustration of the power of the individual to make the momentum of circumstances work for him. The Revolution, it is true, had harnessed the steeds ; but Napoleon dared to mount the chariot, took the reins, and drove over Europe, upsetting thrones, and princedom, and hierarchies. The haughty descendants of immemorial lineage gave place to the brothers and comrades of the "Corsican upstart." Murat, the son of a

<sup>1</sup> It was understood that these memoirs would be published in 1892, ten years after Garibaldi's death.

tavern-keeper; Ney, a briefless law-student; Lannes, a dyer; Soult, Masséna, Berthier, Junot, soldiers of fortune; and how many other children of the third estate smiled at the pretensions of humbled Bourbons, Hapsburgers, and Hohenzollerns! Frequent reactions and restorations serve to emphasize the depth and stress of this crisis; and these contrasts in the conditions of men, revealing human character under the most diverse phases, show how inextricably the romantic and the tragic are interwoven in the average lot.

Nor in Europe only has this spectacle been going forward. The United States also have witnessed similarly rapid transmutations, partly due to other causes. Within a generation we have seen a gigantic national upheaval: three millions of artisans, clerks, merchants, and lawyers were transformed by the magic of a drum-beat into soldiers; and then, the conflict being over, soldiers and uniforms vanished, and the labors of peace were resumed. Lincoln, a country lawyer, became the President of the nation, and Grant, an obscure tanner, rose to the command of the mightiest army of modern times. If we read of such transpositions in ancient history, great would be our astonishment, significant the moral we should draw from them: to posterity our history will be ancient, and its significance clear.

Among all the political achievements of our century, none, perhaps, has more of charm or nobleness than the redemption of Italy. Whether we look at the variety and difficulty of the undertaking, or at the careers of the leaders and the temper of the people who engaged in it, we are alike allured and amazed. After the fall of the Roman Empire, Italy had never been united under one government: nevertheless, from the time of Dante on, the aspiration towards national

unity was kept burning in every patriotic Italian heart. During the Middle Ages, little republics won independence by overthrowing their feudal lords; then they quarreled among themselves, and then they became the prey and appanage of a few strong families. The Bishop of Rome, forgetful of his spiritual mission, lusted after worldly power, established himself as a temporal sovereign, and elevated his cardinals into temporal princes. Foreign invaders — Normans, Spaniards, Germans, French — swept over the peninsula in successive waves; bloodshed and pillage signalized their coming, and corruption was the slime they left behind them. One by one, the refuges of independence were submerged in the flood of servitude; until at last Venice herself, become merely the mummy of a republic, crumbled to dust at Napoleon's touch. Napoleon promised, but did not give, to Italy the unity or the freedom which she still dreamed of; he parceled her anew into duchies and kingdoms. By that act he broke down ancient barriers and opened a new prospect. Italians beheld the old order, which had so long oppressed them that many believed it must endure perpetually, suddenly dissolved, and in its stead a change, although not the change they longed for. Still, any change, in such circumstances, implies fresh possibilities; and the Italians passed from a lethargy which had seemed hopelessly entralling into a restless wakefulness.

The twenty years of the reign of Force, of which Napoleon was the embodiment, ended at Waterloo. Europe, exhausted, sank back into conservatism, and was ruled for thirty years by Craft, of which Metternich was the symbol.<sup>1</sup> The Congress of Vienna reimposed the past upon Italy. Monarchs and bureaucrats, like children who amuse themselves by "making believe" things are

<sup>1</sup> After Metternich, we have the period of Sham-Force, under Louis Napoleon; and finally, of Force again, under Bismarck. These

four stages complete the cycle of European politics during the past century.



not as they are, would have it appear that the deluge of revolution, with all its mighty wrecks and subversions, had never happened. The Pope was restored in the States of the Church; the Bourbons ruled again in Naples and Sicily; an Austrian was Archduke of Tuscany; Parma and Piacenza were assigned to Napoleon's wife, Maria Louisa; Venetia and Lombardy were given as spoils to Austria; an absolutist king reigned in Piedmont. Evidently, the revolution had been but a summer thunder-storm, for the sun of despotism was shining once more. The sun shone; but what of the sultry air? What of the threatening clouds along the horizon? Were these the fringe of the dispersing storm, or the portents of another? Mutterings and rumblings, too, Carbonari plottings, and quickly extinguished flashes of insurrection, — did not these omens belie Diplomacy's pretense that the eighteenth century had been happily re-suscitated to exist forever?

It was during this interval of reaction and relapse, when hope was stifled and energy slept; when victorious despotism flattered itself with the belief that the Napoleonic episode had demonstrated the absurdity of Liberalism; when Metternich, the spider of Schönbrunn, was spinning his cobwebs of chicane across the path to liberty, — then it was that the generation which should live to see Italy free and united was getting what learning it could in the Jesuit-ridden schools. Of this generation the most romantic figure was Giuseppe Garibaldi. He had the distinction of being revered, while still alive, as an epic hero; and we cannot doubt that, both by the broad, permanent traits of his character and the startling achievements of his career, he will be a hero to posterity. His life may furnish some future Tasso with a nobler theme than Godfrey's; neither invention nor myth can add anything to its unique poetic quality. He lived dramas as naturally as Shake-

speare wrote them. The commonplace could not befall him; every event had the surprise and charm of romance. His magic influence, not among his countrymen only, but among whatever people he was thrown with, proved that beneath the surface of our nineteenth-century society, which seems sealed by a dense scum of selfishness, there is a mighty volume of emotion and unselfish enthusiasm, which, once given an outlet and a direction, will sweep all before it. Two things were necessary for Garibaldi's success: his own unshakable devotion to an ideal, and a worthy ideal. Had his devotion been less, he could not have persisted to the end against obstacles and defeats; had the cause been circumscribed, his zeal might have narrowed into the fanaticism of a Torquemada or a Calvin.

This recently published Autobiography reveals the man in no new light. It will not alter the verdict which historians have already reached concerning the chief events in which he took part. During his life he was as outspoken as a spoilt child, making no secret of his likes and dislikes. In this final confession, he does not condescend to support his statement of disputed points by documents or witnesses. "This is the fact as I saw it," is the purport of every page; and you feel sure that volumes of contradictory evidence could not change the aspect of the fact *for him*. He writes so freely from his feelings that some readers, particularly Anglo-Saxons, may be prejudiced against his intensity: let such remember that the superlative was his positive degree, and that the Italian temperament, aided by the most flexible of modern languages, has a habit of vivid expression which foreigners at first distrust.<sup>1</sup> But that he wished to be sincere cannot be doubted. His Autobiography has the peculiar value

<sup>1</sup> Dante in poetry and Cavour in politics are examples, on the contrary, of Italians who stated facts with intense simplicity.

of being the chronicle of a life which was actually romantic. Its various parts were written at different periods (which the editor does not always state), and present to us Garibaldi's impressions of events soon after their occurrence, and not in a calm, later retrospect. Although this causes a slight confusion, it enables us to perceive that his opinions were intrinsically immutable, and that there is little mystery requiring explanation in his acts. When you have grasped his dominant purpose, you will not be puzzled by casual inconsistencies. He himself summarizes his character as follows: "A tempestuous life, composed of good and of evil, as I believe of the large part of the world. A consciousness of having sought the good always, for me and for my kind. If I have sometimes done wrong, certainly I did it involuntarily. A hater of tyranny and falsehood, with the profound conviction that in them is the principal origin of the ills and of the corruption of the human race. Hence a republican, this being the system of honest folk, the normal system, willed by the majority, and consequently not imposed with violence and with imposture. Tol-erant and not exclusive, incapable of imposing my republicanism by force; on the English, for instance, if they are contented with the government of Queen Victoria. And however contented they may be, their government should be considered republican. A republican, but evermore persuaded of the necessity of an honest and temporary dictatorship at the head of those nations which, like France, Spain, and Italy, are the victims of a most pernicious Byzantinism. . . . I was copious in praises of the dead, fallen on fields of battle for liberty. I praised less the living, especially my comrades. When I felt myself urged by just rancor against those who wronged me, I strove to placate my resentment before speaking of the offense and of the offender. In every writing

of mine, I have always attacked clericalism, more particularly because in it I have always believed that I found the prop of every despotism, of every vice, of every corruption. The priest is the personification of lies, the liar is a thief, the thief is a murderer, — and I could find for the priest a series of infamous corollaries." These tenets, written on the eve of his sixty-fifth birthday (July 3, 1872), had been Garibaldi's guide through life; experience but confirmed him in them, as we shall observe in examining that life.

Giuseppe (Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, July 4, 1807, in a house near the water's edge. His father was a sailor, thrifty enough to be master of a small craft of his own; his mother was a simple, pious woman. He records but few incidents of his childhood, but in these few his tender-heartedness and courage are already manifest. Thus he was so much grieved at having broken a grasshopper's leg that he shut himself in his room, and wept bitterly. Upon another occasion, he rescued a woman from drowning. His earliest masters were two priests, from whom he learnt nothing; then a certain layman named Arena taught him a smattering of Italian, writing, and arithmetic, and he picked up a little history. But he was fonder of play than of study, and conspired with some of his mates to run away to Genoa, merely for the excitement of the adventure. So they stocked a sail-boat with a few provisions, but had hardly got opposite to Monaco when a cutter, sent in pursuit by Garibaldi's father, overtook them, and brought them home, mortified. He played truant no more, but his predilection for roving was so strong that at last, when he was fourteen, his parents consented to his going to sea.

His first voyage was on the ship *Costanza*, bound for Odessa; his second, on his father's tartane, the *Santa Reparata*, resulted in an excursion to Rome.

Immense the impression the Holy City made on his imagination! He saw not the Rome of the Cæsars, nor the Rome of the Popes, — the city whose monuments entomb twenty-five centuries of history; but, he says, “the Rome of the future, that Rome of which I have never despaired, — shipwrecked, at the point of death, buried in the depth of American forests; the Rome of the regenerating idea of a great people; the dominating idea of whatever Past or Present could inspire in me, as it has been through all my life. Oh, Rome became then dear to me above all earthly existences. I adored her with all the fervor of my soul. In short, Rome for me is Italy, and I see no Italy possible save in the union, compact or federate, of her scattered members. Rome is the symbol of united Italy, under whatever form you will. And the most infernal work of the papacy was that of keeping her morally and materially divided.”<sup>1</sup>

Strange thoughts these for a sailor lad of eighteen to be revolving in his breast, as he wandered through the streets of Rome, about the year 1825, just at the time when Metternichism had the upper hand in Europe, and was discouraging, by gagging and imprisonment, the utterers of such sentiments. But Russian Czars themselves and Romish Inquisitors have never succeeded in devising a gag for the thinking of the most rebellious thoughts; and the youthful Garibaldi, perhaps under the very dome of St. Peter's, nursed his aspirations unsuspected, and he quitted Rome with that passionate ideal tormenting his heart.

Several years of seafaring followed: voyages to Sardinia, to the Canaries, to the Levant. Once, while at Constantinople, he fell sick, and had to be left behind when his ship sailed. War breaking out between Turkey and Russia, he was detained several months, and, having spent all his money, he served as tutor to three boys. On his departure,

<sup>1</sup> This was written in 1849.

he was entrusted with the command of a trader, bound for Port Mahon, and thenceforth on his voyages he had the dignity of master. But his patriotic aspirations seduced him more and more from meditation to action. He sought books treating of Italian liberty and persons consecrated to it; and when one day a young Ligurian unfolded to him the clandestine efforts then making, “Certainly,” he says, “Columbus did not experience so great a satisfaction at the discovery of America as I experienced at finding that there were those who occupied themselves in the redemption of our fatherland.” Mazzini, who had been banished from Piedmont in 1830, had founded the revolutionary society of Young Italy, and to this Garibaldi, like most of the spirited young Italians at that time, was drawn. But the Piedmontese government was vigilant, because fearful; Garibaldi was suspected of conspiring, and had to flee for his life. “Disguised as a peasant, and proscribed,” he records laconically, “at seven in the evening of February 5, 1834, I quitted Genoa by the Porta della Lanterna. Here begins my public career.” Under the assumed name Giuseppe Pane he escaped to Marseilles, where, a few days later, he read in a newspaper that the Piedmontese government had sentenced him to death. After months of idleness, — not wholly idle, however, for he volunteered to nurse the cholera patients in the hospital, an epidemic having beset Marseilles, — a chance came to reshipe. He took a cargo to the Black Sea, another to Tunis, and then sailed for Rio Janeiro. There he met a fellow-exile, Rossetti, and for a while they kept a shop. “But for business,” he remarks, “Rossetti and I were not adapted;” and when a more congenial occupation offered itself, they accepted it.

The province of Rio Grande do Sul, which forms the southern triangle of the Empire of Brazil, was then in revolt, having declared itself a republic. Bento

Gonzales, its president, had been captured, with his staff, by the Brazilians, and brought to Rio Janeiro. Garibaldi and Rossetti could not remain indifferent when a people was fighting for its liberty. Procuring letters of marque, they equipped a privateer, — a mere fishing-smack, of small size, — which they named the *Mazzini*, sailed out of the Brazilian capital with but twelve companions, hoisted the tricolor flag, and bade defiance to an empire! Don Quixote himself never launched on an enterprise apparently so foolhardy. But fortune favored them at the start: they captured a prize laden with coffee, and then sailed for the Rio de la Plata. Rossetti went to Montevideo to organize revolt by land, but the *Mazzini*, instead of being hailed as an ally, was treated as a pirate, and her crew were threatened with arrest. Supplies being exhausted, and there being no hope of replenishing them in any port, Garibaldi stood along the coast until he came to a cattle-ranch. They had no skiff, so he and a sailor floated ashore on a plank. Proceeding to the ranchero's dwelling, at some distance inland, he was hospitably received by the ranchero's wife, with whom he discussed Italian poetry until her husband's return, when an ox was soon bargained for.

It was on this expedition that Garibaldi first saw the pampas, those immense South American prairies, with their herds of wild horses, cattle, gazelles, and emus, of which he always speaks enthusiastically. The ocean-like expanse of billowy grass, the sense of vast freedom, the tranquillity and beauty of Nature, and the absence of the arts and artificiality of man captivated him. The independent settlers, too, veritable centaurs, "almost born in the saddle," he says, "downright, fearless, hospitable, were beings after his own pattern. He gives in sundry places many very vivid descriptions of that half-Bedouin, half-civilized life of the *guacho* with his ter-

rible *bolos*, of the native Indian who still had traits of pre-European days, of the half-breed and the *matrero* — now cowboy, now booty-seeker, — of mustang-taming and beef-salting. Although many interesting quotations might be made, let one suffice as a specimen. "How beautiful," he exclaims, "the stallion of the pampa! His lips never felt the chill restraint of the bit, and his glistening back, never burdened by the seat of man, shines like a diamond in the brightness of the sun. His splendid but uncombed mane beats his sides, as the haughty one, gathering the scattered mares or fleeing the persecution of man, outruns the swiftness of the wind. His natural hoof, never soiled in the stall of man, is clearer than ivory, and his luxuriant tail flaunts like a pennon in the breath of the pampa-wind, protecting the noble animal from the torment of insects."

Garibaldi and his comrade had hardly regained the *Mazzini*, before an attack was made upon them by two boat-loads of enemies from Montevideo. After a desperate fight, the assailants were beaten off, but during the combat Garibaldi had been struck down by a bullet in the neck. There was no surgeon to attend him; no pilot to steer the *Mazzini* to the La Plata, towards which her course was laid. Moreover, several of the crew, terrified at the prospect of being dealt with as pirates, showed signs of mutiny. A chart was brought to Garibaldi. His eyes fell upon the name, printed in the largest type, of Santa Fé, a town on the Parana. Unable to speak, he put his finger on the place, and for Santa Fé the privateer was accordingly headed. Garibaldi slowly recovered. When the adventurers reached Gualeguay, on the same river, they were arrested, but treated not harshly. For several months Garibaldi was held in loose confinement, being permitted to go about the town, and even to ride into the suburbs. At last, however, he planned an escape, and

had ridden more than fifty miles southward, when his guide betrayed him to a squad of pursuers. Bound hand and foot on his horse, he was brought back to Gualeguay, where Millan, the commandant, having first cut him in the face with a whip, caused him to be hung up for two hours by cords tied round his wrists. That torture ended, the prisoner was thrown into a dungeon, where he would have died, he says, but for the kind offices of a woman, who risked the commandant's displeasure in nursing him. Later, he was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and after two months he was released. He returned to Montevideo, to find his name among the proscribed, but friends concealed him, as they had concealed Rossetti.

Nothing discouraged, Garibaldi and Rossetti determined to renew their exertions in behalf of the republic of Rio Grande. They took a long ride across Uruguay, and presented themselves before President Gonzales, who had returned from his Brazilian captivity, and was prosecuting the war. Garibaldi was commissioned to fit out two cruisers, the *Republicano* and the *Rio Pardo*, and he enlisted for them a motley, cosmopolitan crew of sailors and marines, typical of that mixture of races which composes a South American state. There were freedmen, both negroes and mulattoes; natives, of Spanish and Portuguese descent; Italians and other Europeans; a few North Americans; and those nondescript, mongrel adventurers still to be met in South American ports under the name of *frères de la côte*. Garibaldi took command of the *Rio Pardo*; John Grigg, who had renounced a fortune in the United States in order to fight (and die, as it happened) for freedom in Rio Grande, was captain of the *Republicano*; Rossetti stayed ashore to edit a newspaper, for in South America, as in Europe, the journalist was a powerful agent of revolution.

We need not follow in detail the adventures of Garibaldi and his comrades. There was constant fighting by sea and by land, daily perils, hair-breadth escapes, varied now and then by moments of quiet, spent in the society of gracious ladies, sisters of President Gonzales, who lived on his large estate at Camacuán. Compared with the wars and battles of modern Europe and the United States, these exploits seem insignificant; nevertheless, they decided the fate of territories as large as France, and they called for a display of those martial virtues which beget heroism in any emergency. The reader who delights in tales of adventure will find a rare entertainment in these. What marches through the passes of snow-clad sierras, and through the trackless wilderness of primeval forests! What raids across the pampas, to capture some hostile position, or to anticipate attack! What hand-to-hand encounters on ship-decks! What hunger, thirst, cold, storms, added to the violence of enemies! One might believe that the strongest instinct in men here below is the instinct of extermination; that the purpose of each is to destroy all his fellows, and to become the unchallenged monarch of a world inhabited only by himself.

When South America shall have passed out of the state of chronic revolution into that of civilized order, Garibaldi's account of the former will be invaluable to the historian, who will observe that there, as elsewhere, social forces first manifest themselves by a lawless exuberance; that the period of anarchy is succeeded by a period of monarchy (whether the Strong Man have the name of monarch, or not); and that then, slowly, temperance, order, harmony, and liberty supersede the lower methods.

But our interest at this time is fixed on Garibaldi, and we come now to one of the marking episodes in his life. At

the outset of one of his marine expeditions his vessels were cast away in a storm. He succeeded in swimming to the shore, but his dearest companions perished. He felt lonely, dispirited; and though he was soon in command of another cruiser, the excitements of war could no longer dissipate his melancholy. "In short," he says, in a passage too characteristic to be omitted, "I had need of a human being to love me immediately; to have one near without whom existence was growing intolerable to me. Although not old, I understood men well enough to know how hard it is to find a true friend. A woman? Yes, a woman; for I always deemed her the most perfect of creatures, and, whatever may be said, amongst women it is infinitely easier to find a loving heart. I was pacing the quarter-deck of the *Itaparica*, ruminating my dismal thoughts, and, after reasonings of all kinds, I decided finally to seek a woman, to draw me out of my tiresome and unbearable condition. I cast a casual glance towards the *Barra*, — that was the name of a rather high hill at the entrance of the lagune, towards the south, on which were visible some simple and picturesque habitations. There, with the aid of the glass which I habitually carried when on deck, I discovered a young woman. I had myself set ashore in her direction. I disembarked, and going towards the house where was the object of my expedition, I had not reached her before I met a man of the place, whom I had known at the beginning of our stay. He asked me to take coffee in his house. We entered, and the first person who met my gaze was she whose appearance had caused me to come ashore. It was Anita, the mother of my sons; the companion of my life, in good and evil fortune; the woman whose courage I have so often envied. We both remained rapt and speechless, reciprocally looking at each other, like two persons who do not meet

for the first time, and who seek in the features one of the other something to assist recollection. At last I greeted her, and said, 'Thou must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese, and uttered these hardy words in Italian. However, I was magnetic in my presumption. I had drawn a knot, sealed a compact, which death alone could break. I had met a forbidden treasure, yet a treasure of great price. If there was wrong, it was wholly mine. And there was wrong. Yes, two hearts were knitted together with immense love, but the existence of an innocent man was shattered. She is dead; I, unhappy; he, avenged. Yes, avenged. I recognized the great wrong I did, that day when, hoping still to have her alive, I grasped the pulse of a corpse, and wept tears of despair. I erred greatly, — I erred alone."

Verily, as I remarked above, the commonplace could not befall Garibaldi. A man of such impulsiveness and emotion would have adorned that "society in a state of nature" which Jean Jacques believed had once flourished, and wished to see return. This meeting and instantaneous infatuation remind us of Don Juan and Haidee. A few nights later Garibaldi carried Anita off to his ship, clandestinely, as it appears, and they were wedded when they reached another port. The "innocent, wronged man" was Anita's father, who had betrothed her against her will. She was a companion matching Garibaldi's ideal, and he, susceptible and chivalrous, in an almost mediæval way, to women, cherished her passionately. She shared his wild fortunes and hardships; she was an indefatigable horsewoman, a dead shot, and, upon occasion, she could touch off a cannon.

The war dragged on interminably; generally the advantage lay with the Brazilians, owing to their superior force and generalship, and to dissensions among the republicans. At length Garibaldi applied for a furlough. He was weary

with six years of continuous exertion ; he was anxious for news of his parents and country ; and, above all, it behooved him to provide a better home than a tent or a saddle for his wife and family, as Anita had borne him two sons. We find him, therefore, some time in the year 1841, toiling towards Montevideo, accompanied by wife and babes, a few cow-boys, and a drove of nine hundred cattle, from which he hoped to realize a little fortune. It was a fifty days' journey, and he reached the city with but a few score hides, his beasts having died or straggled away along the route. For a time he harnessed himself to a peaceful employment ; he taught mathematics — of the elementary grade, we may presume — in a private school kept by an Italian, and earned what he could besides as commission broker.

Repose may have been grateful to him at first, but he could not long endure the routine of school-teaching and business, and when the call to action came he quickly obeyed it. The republic of Uruguay was then involved in one of those internecine wrangles which have hitherto made up the history of South American States. As usual, the question was, Who shall be tyrant ? and the contestants were Ribera and Ouribes. The partisans of the former were victorious. Ouribes and his party, being driven out, fled to Buenos Ayres. There a similar fight was raging between Rosas, chief of the Unitarian, and Lavalle, chief of the Federal, faction. Rosas ousted his rival, welcomed Ouribes and the expelled Montevideans, and asked nothing better than to take revenge upon Montevideo, where the Unitarians had found an asylum. Moreover, the republic of Uruguay, lying on the left bank of the La Plata, was the commercial and political competitor of Buenos Ayres, lying on the right shore of the river. Here was a double incentive to war, and war ensued.

The issues being thus defined, Gari-

baldi could not rest quietly teaching boys the multiplication table. News came from Rio Grande that an armistice had been agreed upon, with peace in prospect, so that he was released from his allegiance there, and he took up the cause of Ribera and the Montevideans very willingly, as he detested Rosas and Ouribes for their tyranny and cruelty. Three war-ships were fitted out, and it was planned that he should ascend the Parana to Corrientes, the capital of a province in league with Uruguay, and there begin operations against the enemy. To succeed, he must elude a hostile fleet under General Brown, the ablest naval officer in those parts. Unfortunately, the river was running low ; Garibaldi's largest ship grounded, and he was forced to anchor his little squadron, and await Brown's attack. The combat lasted two days (May 16-17, 1842). Garibaldi's guns were of small calibre and short range, whereas Brown's broadsides carried havoc. Some of the Montevideans lost heart and deserted ; one of the captains sneaked away in the night. The ammunition, even to the chain cables which had been fed to the cannon, was exhausted. There was no alternative but to surrender, or to blow up the ships and retreat up the river in the small boats. Garibaldi determined on the latter, and escaped with but a fragment of his original force.

Seven or eight months of fighting by land followed ; then, early in the next year, Garibaldi returned to Montevideo, where, on February 16, 1843, the enemy began a siege which lasted several years. The outlook for the Montevideans was gloomy. Their generals had been worsted in the field ; their ships had been destroyed, so that hostile men-of-war fearlessly entered the harbor. Vidal, minister of war, having stolen all the money he could lay hold of in the treasury, had absconded to spend it in Europe. The chronic danger of internal revolution had always to be guarded



against; and yet Montevideo, largely, it seems, owing to the resolution of a patriotic leader named Pacheco, and to the assistance of the foreign inhabitants, prepared to defend itself.

Of chief interest to us who are not deeply concerned in those South American broils is the fact that Garibaldi organized an "Italian legion," which gave proof, in many engagements and in long garrison duty, of courage and of capacity for discipline. This demonstration was important, because, for generations past, the Italian had been taunted in Europe with being a white-livered fellow, who had no soldierly quality.<sup>1</sup> Despots felt sure of their possessions in Italy, believing that the Italians would never stand fire. Garibaldi proved at Montevideo that his countrymen, if properly drilled and ably captained, could and would fight; and his legion was not a whit behind that of the French in valor and serviceableness during the siege.

But while military operations in that far corner of the earth were fluctuating, like an intermittent fever, between spasms of fiery activity and intervals of enervation, events in Europe were hastening to a crisis. That time-section of eighteenth century despotism which diplomacy had intercalated into the nineteenth was well-nigh spent. The lion Demus, awaking from his sleep, discovered that he had been bound in meshes of pack-thread; already he threatened to shake himself free. Thirty years of Metternichism had all been of no avail. Gaggings, dungeons, executions, banishments, confiscations, — all of no avail. Triumphant absolutism had, indeed, succeeded in slaying the apostles of liberty, but the idea which had vivified those dead men perished not with them. Invisible, indestructible, like pollen carried and sown by the wind, it dropped silently

into many hearts, and grew silently towards the time of harvest.

Great was the rejoicing among the Italians in Montevideo when the news came to them that the tyrannical Pope Gregory XVI. was dead; that on June 16, 1846, Giovanni Mastai Ferretti had been chosen to succeed him; that the new pontiff, who elected the title of Pius IX., was esteemed a man of liberal tendencies; that he had granted an amnesty (a delusion, as it proved) to political offenders; and that he had summoned to his council advisers in sympathy with the aspirations of patriotic Italians. At last were the dreams of the Neo-Guelphs to be realized, — Italy was to be freed from foreign oppressors, and united in a confederation under the presidency of the Pope! That these expectations were never fulfilled we cannot charge wholly to the duplicity or cowardice of Pius. Enthusiasts projected out of themselves a meaning into his first acts which he had never intended, and when he found himself being swept along a course he had not laid out, he quickly turned back, and was consistent in his mediævalism.

To Garibaldi the news was as welcome as the return of the dove to Noah. Now, after fourteen years of exile, he could devote his strength to Italy. He had spilled his blood for the freedom of strangers; now he could fight, and die if need be, for his countrymen. In his eagerness, he wrote and offered his services to Pius IX. as the redeemer of Italy. We have no intimation that the Pope or the Pope's secretary deigned to reply to it. Garibaldi grew impatient, and decided to sail for home. A brigantine, propitiously named *La Speranza*, was hired and made ready. Sixty-three of the legion accompanied him, Anita and the children having been sent on an earlier packet. They stood out of the harbor of Montevideo, greatly to the regret of the Montevideans, on April 15, 1848, and after touching at Santa Pola, on the coast of Spain, — where they were

<sup>1</sup> As late as 1848, the French general, Lamoricière, cynically remarked, "Les Italiens ne se battent pas."

thrown into feverish excitement by the tidings that Palermo, Milan, and Venice were in revolt, and that the revolution was general throughout Continental Europe, — they dropped anchor at Nice on the 23d of June. There the latest report of the situation was imparted to them.

Not even during the Napoleonic upheaval had modern Europe felt a convulsion like that of 1848, for government and order were as necessary to Napoleon as to his victims, and his revolution was the effort of one lion to devour foxes and wolves, of one preponderant tyranny to absorb many smaller tyrannies; but the catastrophe of 1848 seemed, to anxious observers, to endanger civilization itself. Society was dissolving into its elements. The many-headed beast had risen, ubiquitous, terrific. Lop off one head, and others grew from the stem. What substitute could possibly be found in that chaos for the tottering system? Nothing seemed certain but anarchy.

That was the year when sovereigns were suddenly made acquainted with their lackeys' staircases and the back doors of their palaces. The Pope escaped from Rome in the livery of a footman. Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, fled twice from Vienna. Louis Philippe, the "citizen king" of the French, put on a disguise, and slipped away to England. Metternich, rudely interrupted in his diplomatic game of chess, barely escaped with his life to London. The Crown Prince of Prussia, subsequently Emperor of Germany, eluded the angry Berliners, a trusty noble driving the carriage in which he escaped. There was a scampering of petty German princes, as of prairie-dogs at the sportsman's approach. Nobility, whose ambition hitherto had been to display itself, was now wondrously fond of burrows. And just as the frightened upholders of absolutism went into hiding, the apostles of democracy emerged from prisons and exile.

Paper constitutions, grandiloquent manifestoes, patriotic resolutions, doctrinaire pamphlets, were whirled hither and thither as thick as autumn leaves. Every man who had a tongue spoke; speaking, so furious was the din, soon loudened into shouting. But the old *régime* was encamped in no Jericho, whose walls would tumble at mere sound. There must be deeds as well as words; in truth, more action and less Babel had been wiser. Committees of national safety, workmen's unions, civic guards, armies of the people, sprang into existence, and it is wonderful to note with what quickness officers and leaders were found to command them. Universities were turned into recruiting stations and barracks; students and professors became soldiers. There were heroic combats, excesses, reverses bravely borne. Gradually the fatal lack of centre and organization could not be concealed. Among the leaders there were disputes as to measures; then misunderstandings, jealousies, desertions. Each doctrinaire cared that *his* plan, rather than the general cause, should prevail. Each sect, each race, feared that it would lose should its rival take the lead. But the purpose of monarchy was everywhere the same, — to recover its footing; and the agents of monarchy, cautiously creeping out of their retreats, began to profit by the divisions among their enemies. Within a year the European revolt was crushed. Nevertheless its lessons abide. It taught that kings cannot be permanently abolished so long as a large majority of a nation require kingly government, and the proof that they require it is the fact that they submit to it; whence it follows that republicanism cannot conquer until a people be educated up to the capacity of governing themselves. It taught that without unity among the heads and obedience among the members no reform can succeed. It taught, finally, that no society which has once attained a certain level of civilization

can exist in a state of anarchy; for when anarchy is reached, the opportunity of the strongest man, the tyrant, offers, and the process of reconstruction from the basis of absolutism begins.

Concerning the affairs of Italy at the end of June, 1848, Garibaldi was soon enlightened. The revolutionary agitation, breaking out in Sicily at the beginning of the year, had swept up the peninsula. The petty rulers, thinking to save their thrones, at first made concessions, granting constitutions to appease the popular clamor, and to prevent the establishment of republics. National enthusiasm, seeking a common foe, pitched upon Austria, and demanded that Lombardy and Venetia should be liberated. Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, renouncing his previous despotic policy, offered himself as the champion of the Italian cause, and declared war on Austria. The King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany promised to send troops, and the Pope blessed the undertaking, — with what sincerity we can surmise, when we reflect that Ferdinand and Leopold, as well as the papacy, had hitherto depended upon Austrian support for their very existence. At the outset the national cause prospered. The Piedmontese won a victory at Goito, April 8; Radetzky, the Austrian general, abandoned Lombardy, and retreated to the Quadrilateral.<sup>1</sup> The Milanese and Venetians were eager to conclude their annexation to Piedmont. The rebellion in Hungary, thus far successful, made it probable that all the Austrian forces would be withdrawn from Italy to save the empire at home, and, once departed, their return would be impossible. Full of hope gleamed the prospect to the Italians in that month of June; but the hope was illusive, merely a surface shimmer. Already, those who looked deeper, saw defeat

preparing. Among the Italians themselves were two enemies more formidable than Radetzky. The rulers who had been frightened into posing as friends of the national cause watched most enviously the successes of Charles Albert, — successes which, if maintained, would make of Piedmont the leading state in Italy, with a king pledged to a liberal policy forever incompatible with Bourbon methods. So their coöperation, insincere and compulsory at the first, was now tacitly renounced. More disastrous still was the action of the Mazzinians, who insisted that unless the revolution triumphed in a republic, they would give it no sanction. They would tread no middle road. To fight for Charles Albert was to play into the hands of a dynasty, to substitute one monarchy for another. So they bestirred themselves to foment a revolution within a revolution, and to proclaim republics in the just liberated and in the wavering provinces. They urged Garibaldi to join them. "Be true to your republican principles," they pleaded; "never help to aggrandize a monarchy." "There is fighting for *Italy* on the Mincio," he replied. "My place is there." This decision was the most important in Garibaldi's career. It separated him from the republican sectaries with whom he was allied in theory, and made him the most powerful popular instrument in the emancipation of his country; whilst their efforts proved abortive, and frequently harmful. Common sense and visionariness were mingled in his nature: common sense dictated this resolve, and kept his eyes clear to see where his patriotism could be applied for the largest practical good. Italy must be liberated; then, and not till then, would it be proper to discuss theories of government.

Therefore, within a few days after his landing at Nice, Garibaldi appeared at Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, and Legnago. It was the key to Venetia.

<sup>1</sup> The Quadrilateral, which played so important a part in modern Italian wars, was a district bounded by the four very strong fortresses

Roverbella, the Piedmontese headquarters, and offered his own and his comrades' services to Charles Albert, — the very king who had sentenced him to death fourteen years before. On the part of the king there was hesitation, coolness. He was naturally distrustful of republicans, and here was a notorious republican. He deemed it indispensable that the European Powers should not confound his mission with the lawless schemes of political incendiaries. Perhaps he was skeptical of the efficiency of this red-shirted soldier-of-fortune and a few score companions. Perhaps he was already chilled by a presentiment of defeat. In his temperament, moreover, lurked a fatal indecision; at critical moments he could never take a downright resolve and defend it without reconsideration. He was always too late: destiny had barred the door, whilst he stood debating whether to enter. Personally brave (the house of Savoy has had no coward on its roll) and sincerely patriotic, Charles Albert failed through this constitutional defect. He is one of those pathetic unfortunates who deserve our sympathy rather than our censure.

This reception exasperated Garibaldi. He felt contempt for the wavering monarch, scorn for petty excuses and official temporizing. To have come seven thousand miles over sea with one controlling motive in your heart, to ask no more than permission to fight in the ranks of the leader who had made your cause his cause, and then to be eyed with suspicion, to be put off and rebuffed, — surely here was reason for indignation! Unable to effect aught with the king, Garibaldi proceeded to Milan, where the provisional government charged him with the organization of a corps of volunteers, composed for the most part, he says, of military dregs. They marched to Bergamo, but an order soon summoned them back to Milan, which Radezky was about to recapture. At

Monza, they learned that Milan had succumbed, that the Austrians were once more masters of Lombardy, and that Charles Albert had retreated with his army beyond the Piedmontese frontiers. Garibaldi's legion of three thousand dwindled rapidly, although he endeavored to keep alive an irregular warfare along the shores of Lake Como. The deserters took refuge in Switzerland, and, realizing that the odds were too great, he withdrew, full of chagrin and sick with fever, to Genoa.

After the discomfiture of the Lombards, the reactionaries in other parts of Italy grew bolder; the revolutionists, on their side, instead of losing heart, grew more violent. Garibaldi's health being somewhat repaired, his energy returned. We hear of him at Florence, where Guerrazzi, the provisional dictator, gave him but a half-hearted welcome; thence, with his faithful few, he crossed the Apennines, in the inclement autumn weather, and reached Bologna, with the design of proceeding to Venice, where Manin was bravely resisting the besieging Austrians. Hungry for action, Garibaldi was nevertheless thwarted by circumstances, and by his natural inability to work harmoniously with other leaders. He knew not when to compromise, or when to accept the expedient instead of the larger but unrealizable ideal. So he tarried and fretted, until Italy was startled by the news that Pellegrino Rossi, the Pope's liberal minister, had been assassinated (November 15, 1848), and that Pius himself had fled to Gaeta, leaving Rome open to the machinations of the revolutionists. Garibaldi hastened thither. Again he found affairs conducted far otherwise than he hoped. Among the managers of the Roman government, "the same spirit was dominant," he says, "which had ruled Milan, and was ruling Florence. Italy did not need soldiers, but orators and bargainers, of whom could be said what Alfieri said of aristocrats, — 'now haughty,

now cringing, always infamous'; and of these orators especially, our poor country had never a dearth. Despotism had for a moment given up the reins of the commonweal to speechifiers, to sing to the people and put it to sleep, with the almost certainty that these parrots would smooth the way for the tremendous reaction which was preparing throughout the peninsula."

Early in February, 1849, the republic was formally proclaimed. Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini were chosen triumvirs. As the spring wore on, it was evident that the Italian cause was tottering. The Piedmontese army suffered utter defeat at Novara (March 23). Charles Albert abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and died in Portugal, broken-hearted, a few months later. The new king had to accept peace on the Austrians' terms. Only at Venice, Florence, and Rome the fires of patriotism still burnt, isolated, and hourly menaced by the rising flood of reaction.

The Romans nevertheless defied destruction. Succor from their countrymen could not be expected. The thought that the European Powers might interfere in their behalf could not be seriously entertained: those Powers were celebrating the downfall of the revolution at home, — how should they foster it abroad? And within the city, although there was determination, there was not harmony. Garibaldi complained that the triumvirs were theorists, whereas the emergency called for practical, energetic men. He complained that the command of the army was divided between himself and an incompetent old general named Rosselli. There were differences between them, and when he requested to be made dictator and bear the sole responsibility, Mazzini was scandalized. Meanwhile, the Neapolitan king was marching up from the south, and a French army, dispatched by Louis Napoleon, had landed at Civita Vecchia, with no hostile intent, it

was pretended. Garibaldi led his troops out of Rome, and checked the Neapolitans at Palestrina and Velletri; but he had not the means, even if the authority had been granted him, to follow up his advantage. He was called back to defend the city itself, which the French, having thrown off their mask of friendliness, were about to invest. Thenceforward, during the four weeks of the siege, Garibaldi acted as general-in-chief, and made a gallant defense. Inch by inch, however, Oudinot's soldiers, superior in all things save valor, gained on the Romans, who retreated doggedly from wall to wall and from house to house, with no prospect beyond extermination or surrender. To conquer was impossible. Ammunition failed; famine threatened. Then Garibaldi proposed that the garrison should march out of Rome, and entrench itself in some stronghold of the Apennines, where resistance might be prolonged indefinitely. But Mazzini judged that this could not succeed, and on June 30 the Assembly voted to surrender. Four days later the French took possession of the city, but Garibaldi was not among their prisoners. He, refusing the offer of the United States Minister, Cass, to avail himself of the shelter of an American man-of-war then anchored at Civita Vecchia, marched out of the Porta San Giovanni on the afternoon of July 2, accompanied by nearly four thousand men.

Garibaldi's narrative of his retreat is the most remarkable passage in his *Memoirs*, scarcely to be matched, so far as I know, in any other autobiography whatsoever. He speaks simply, conscious that no rhetoric could heighten the effect produced by a mere statement of the tragic episode. Only occasionally, a flash of sarcasm, a cry of indignation, reveal the anguish of the man.

His wife, Anita, would not be parted from him. He urged upon her the certain perils and fatigues, and with all the

more earnestness tried to dissuade her from them, as she was soon to bear a child. But his "Brazilian Amazon" feared nothing; she would endure everything except separation from him. Finding entreaties vain, he reluctantly acquiesced. Her hair was cut short, she put on man's clothes, bestrode a horse, and the retreat began. On the morning of July 3, when the French were entering Rome, the Garibaldian remnant had crossed the Campagna and reached Tivoli. Among the mountains Garibaldi had hoped to stir up the peasantry; he soon discovered that they were dull and timorous, not at all eager for an insurrection. His own followers, too, slipped away, under the cover of each night. He was gladdened, at Terni, by the accession of Colonel Forbes, an Englishman, with a few companies of disciplined troops. On they wound over the Apennines, every stage bringing them nearer to the Austrians, who were masters of the Adriatic slope. Now and then a skirmish ensued, but generally the Garibaldians evaded attack, occupying every night a lofty position, whence they passed to another on the morrow. The number of deserters increased, causing pain to Garibaldi, not only by this evidence of weakness, but also by the excesses they committed as they disbanded through the country, — excesses which brought disrepute to his name. He had resolved to push his way to the coast, and embark for Venice, where Manin still held out; but when he reached the tiny crag-nested republic of San Marino, sitting down on the step of a church outside the town, he wrote the following order: "Soldiers, I release you from the duty of accompanying me. Return to your homes, but remember that Italy must not remain in servitude and in shame." Garibaldi refused to make overtures to the Austrians; so it was agreed with the authorities of San Marino that those of his companions who laid down their arms within the territory of that neutral state

might go their way unmolested. Many availed themselves of this offer, but a devoted few, seeing that their chief had not flinched in his determination to reach Venice, would not desert him. He made a last effort to persuade Anita to stay in San Marino, where she could be cared for during her confinement; but she too was firm.

The little band, thanks to celerity, caution, and wise guidance, fell upon the small sea-board town of Cesenatico about midnight. They overpowered the guards at the gate, and ordered the municipal officers to provide boats immediately. But a heavy wind, blowing in shore, caused so long a delay that it was broad daylight ere they finally embarked, — thirteen boat-loads, ill supplied with food and water. The wind now favored them, and they sailed all day along the low coast of the Po delta. The next night was very clear; a full moon shone. Just as they rounded the point of Goro, they discovered the Austrian squadron lying in wait there, and were discovered by them. Garibaldi steered his boat between the enemy and the shore, hoping to escape in the shadow of the land; but his companions, alarmed by the cannonade of the men-of-war, attempted to retreat, and he followed, unwilling to abandon them. When dawn broke, the fugitives found themselves entrapped in the little bight of Goro. The Austrians lowered their launches. Nine of the boats were captured; the other four succeeded in reaching the shore. Anita, whose natural sufferings had been increased by fatigue, excitement, and lack of water, was already in a dying condition, and had to be lifted from the boat. The Austrian marines would be upon the fugitives in a few moments; yet, should they strike inland, they must inevitably fall into the clutches of the Austrian and papal soldiers stationed in that neighborhood, and put on the alert by the cannonade. Still, the latter alternative must be haz-

arded. Garibaldi bade his friends disperse through the fields, in the hope that some, at least, might escape capture.<sup>1</sup> He himself, with the help of Leggiero, a comrade who refused to leave him, moved Anita into an apricot orchard, at a little distance from the beach. Leggiero then went forward to reconnoitre, and presently returned with Colonel Bonnet, one of the legion who had fought at Rome, and had retired to this locality — it being his home — to be cured of a wound. He had heard the firing, and suspected its cause. A lucky fortune led him to Garibaldi in this emergency, for Bonnet knew the country and the people. They conveyed Anita to a peasant's hut, where water was procured for her. "Thence we passed to a house belonging to Bonnet's sister." (I conclude the account of this episode in Garibaldi's own words.) "From there we traversed part of the *valli* of Comacchio, and approached La Mandriola, where a doctor was to be had. We reached La Mandriola, and Anita was lying on a mattress in the wagon which had brought her. I said then to Dr. Zannini, just arrived at that instant, 'See you save this woman.' The doctor to me, 'Let us try to remove her to a bed.' We four then took each a corner of the mattress, and transported her to a bed in one of the rooms of the house, at the top of the little staircase. In placing my wife on the bed, I thought I discovered the expression of death in her face. I felt for her pulse: it was not beating."

Garibaldi could not linger over the dead body of his wife. His presence would compromise the dwellers in the house, and make his own capture sure. To the humanity of those strangers he commended Anita's burial, and set forth,

heavy-hearted, with Leggiero. A guide conducted them to the village of Sant' Alberto, where they were concealed in the house of a poor tailor. From the window of this refuge Garibaldi could see the Austrian soldiers pass to and fro: but there, and throughout the thirty-seven days of his flight through a country full of the enemies' soldiers and spies, by the devotion and adroitness of friends whom he had never seen before, but who were proud to risk their lives in his behalf, he was loyally preserved. He was passed on from protector to protector, who furnished guides when possible, and preconcerted with trusty confederates as to the hiding-place which should harbor him at each advance. They led him through unfrequented lanes and over desolate mountain-paths; they lighted beacons to warn against peril; they outwitted at every point the vigilance of his pursuers. Once, he and Leggiero hid for several days in the great pine forest near Ravenna, sometimes in the cabin of a woodsman, sometimes in a thicket; and it happened that when they were in the latter, some Austrian soldiers, part of a regiment detailed to beat the forest, passed within a few rods. Slowly but safely, however, the refugees progressed, being smuggled, like contraband goods, by night from Ravenna to Forlì, and from Forlì across the frontiers of Tuscany; then they boldly followed the high-road as far as Prato, within sight of Florence, which they avoided by a detour; and so on into the Maremma, to the shore of the Tyrrhene Sea. They embarked in a fishing-boat on the Gulf of Sterbino, near Follonica, and sailed to Elba for provisions. Then they coasted Tuscany, and as they passed Leghorn Garibaldi was tempted to seek an asylum on an

<sup>1</sup> Nine of these were almost immediately taken. Among them were Cicernuacchio, conspicuous in the early days of the Roman insurrection, and his two sons; Ugo Bassi, a patriotic priest; Captain Parodi, of the Montevidean

legion; and Ramorino, a Genoese priest. "Dig nine graves," commanded the Austrian captain who arrested them; and when the timorous peasants had obeyed, the nine prisoners were shot, and huddled into them.



English ship; but the desire of seeing his children prevailed, and they kept on to Chiavari, where they landed and found friends. General La Marmora, hearing of their arrival, caused them to be brought to Genoa, where they were temporarily held under restraint in the ducal palace. The Piedmontese government, not yet recovered from the disaster of Novara, could not suffer so conspicuous a revolutionist as Garibaldi to remain in the kingdom, although it granted a pension to him. He was allowed one day for a trip to Nice, where he bade farewell to his children; and was then requested to choose a place of exile. He chose Tunis, but the Bey, instigated by the French, declined to receive him. Then he was taken to the island of Maddalena, off Sardinia, whence, after twenty days' sojourn, he was removed, on the groundless suspicion of plotting an insurrection. A man-of-war conveyed him to Gibraltar. There, the Piedmontese were indeed rid of him; but even there the outcast might not stay. The English governor bade him depart within six days. He crossed the straits, and found a resting-place at Tangier.

Such was the treatment which civilized Europe, in the very meridian of the nineteenth century, dealt to Garibaldi, and to thousands like him, — men of integrity, of supreme disinterestedness, often highly intelligent and refined. Their crime was to have fought to free their country from foreign tyrants; to have asserted that men have an inalienable right to liberty; that the jurisdiction over the lives of a people shall not be wielded by an irresponsible autocrat. To avow these principles was criminal; nay, worse than criminal, for the common assassin was not so hounded and persecuted as were these witnesses to justice. Not merely

the tyrant of their town and province was implacably aroused, but all the tyrants of Continental Europe were leagued against them. When the interdict had been fulminated against one of these offenders, he had nothing to hope from justice or mercy: if caught, he was shot, or thrust into some loathsome dungeon;<sup>1</sup> if he escaped, his goods were confiscated, his family beggared and tortured, and whosoever dared to befriend him was liable to the same punishment. We shudder at the persecution of the early Christians by Decius and Diocletian; horrible indeed was their barbarity; yet those were martyrdoms inflicted by pagan emperors upon victims of another religion, at a time when men were not moved by the sight of physical agony. The persecutors of this century, on the contrary, have been avowed Christians, and their victims were Christians.

For a time, then, Europe was rid of this incubus, Garibaldi; and the reprobate himself, during the space of half a year, impenitent but sad, fretted in his African exile. A few loyal companions were not wanting to him, even on the verge of the Sahara. Twice a week they solaced themselves with the chase; they sailed in a little boat lent by a friend; they fished in the Mediterranean; they talked over the past, and sent guesses and hopes into the future. Admirers in Italy having started a subscription to buy a merchant-ship, which Garibaldi should command, he went to New York, in June, 1850, by way of Liverpool, to effect the purchase of the vessel. But the project failed, through lack of subscribers; only six thousand dollars had been raised. "But what vessel could one buy in America with thirty thousand *lire*?" he asks. "A little coasting-craft; but as I was not an American citizen, I should have been obliged

<sup>1</sup> The reader need hardly be reminded of Mr. Gladstone's account of the Neapolitan prisons, in his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen. The Bourbon government, he declared, is "a

negation of God" (1851). There were then, it is said, twenty thousand political victims in the Neapolitan prisons.

to take a captain of that nation, and it did not suit. At last something had to be done. A worthy friend of mine, Antonio Meucci, a Florentine, decides to set up a factory of candles, and asks me to help in his establishment. No sooner said than done. . . . I bent myself to that toil, on the terms of doing as much as I could. I worked for some months with Meucci, who did not treat me like any ordinary employée, but like one of the family, and with much kindness. One day, however, sick of making candles, and urged on perhaps by inborn and habitual restlessness, I went out with the determination of changing my occupation. I remembered that I had been a sailor. I knew a few words of English, and betook myself to the shore of the island [Staten], where I saw some coasting-barks being loaded and unloaded. I reached the first, and asked to be engaged as sailor. Those whom I saw on the vessel hardly heeded me, and went on with their work. Approaching a second ship, I made the same request, and had the same response. At length I passed to a third, where they were busy unloading, and I asked if they would let me help: for reply they said they did n't need help. 'But I do not ask for pay,' I insisted. No answer. 'I want to work to shake off the cold' (there was actually snow). Still less. I was mortified. I returned in thought to those times when I had the honor to command the squadron of Montevideo, not to speak of the valiant and immortal army. What booted all that? They did not want me! I swallowed my mortification at last, and went back to my tallow."

In this page from the *Odyssey* of the Italian Ulysses we have a glimpse of his life at Clifton, Staten Island. Behold the hero of Montevideo and Rome trying out grease in a candle-factory, without a Calypso to beguile his banishment, or a Penelope to welcome him

home! In the course of a year, however, his circumstances brightened somewhat, and he sailed for Central America — having resumed his old *alias*, Giuseppe Pane — with a friend engaged in a commercial speculation. In Nicaragua Garibaldi caught the Chagres fever, and well-nigh succumbed under it. Then he wandered from port to port along the western coast of South America. A chance offering, he captained a vessel with a cargo of guano from Lima to Canton, and returned with other freight to Lima. Finally, his adventures in the southern hemisphere were ended. He brought a ship, laden with copper from Chile and wool from Peru, round Cape Horn to Boston. Then he took a cargo of flour and grain from Baltimore to London, and subsequently a cargo of coals from Newcastle to Genoa. It was in May, 1854, after nearly five years of exile, that he saw his native land again. The succeeding five years he dismisses in two lines. "I passed them," he says, "partly in sailing, and partly in cultivating a little farm bought by me on the island of Caprera."

Here the first period of Garibaldi's career properly closes, — a period crowded with adventures, wanderings, strange vicissitudes, startling exploits, thwarted hopes. The efforts of thirty years seemed to have accomplished nothing; at fifty he beheld Italy still enslaved, and the prospect of her independence still beyond reach. But his career, outwardly unsuccessful, had not been wasted. It had demonstrated that he had a power over popular enthusiasm which, if wisely directed, might produce tremendous results. Hitherto, his work had been that of a free-lance, gallantly struggling with unorganized forces against unequal odds. The future revealed what his energy and magnetism could achieve, when they became part of a great, organized movement, and were no longer ineffective from their very isolation.

*William R. Thayer.*

## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

## IV.

## FRENCH WORKS IN THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.

THE fairer daughter of a fair mother, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, is the legitimate offspring of the Athenæum. There is many a picture-gallery in Europe not half so rich, and this is only just begun. Let us not linger one moment in the vestibule nor among the heathen relics in plaster down-stairs, but plunge boldly into color at once. The school of France, from the seventeenth century down to to-day, promptly invites our study by the surprising abundance of its works. From Santerre, Chardin, Boucher, Greuze, Géricault, and Ary Scheffer, to Corot, Troyon, Courbet, Rousseau, Millet, Couture, Bastien-Lepage and Regnault is but a step; yet what a journey, full of wonders and contrasts! There are, of course, wide gaps to be filled one day, if we would gain a complete understanding of the school in its historical relations, but to contemplate what has been done already within a few years gives substantial encouragement with regard to the future. In considering the French paintings, the chronological order is adopted for the sake of convenience. We therefore begin with Jean Baptiste Santerre, (1650-1717), one of the ablest contemporaries of Lebrun, though younger than that artist, who had great success as a portrait-painter, particularly after taking a vow to please his sitters regardless of whatever ugliness stood in the way.

In the romantic time of Louis XIV., when the noble Athos, the mighty Porthos, the gallant Aramis, and the generous, brave, and belligerent D'Artagnan were unhappily divided in their councils,

the latter hero rode forth to an obscure village, where he found Aramis immured in a convent. After dining, D'Artagnan took his leave, as it was night, and he was obliged to return to Paris. Instead of departing at once, however, he hid himself behind a hedge to play the spy upon his devout friend; and presently, in the moonlight, he witnessed an interview between the artful Abbé d'Herblay and a woman clad in a man's clothing. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, the wind having blown her hat off, D'Artagnan "recognized the large blue eyes, the golden hair, and the noble head of the Duchess of Longueville."<sup>1</sup> Thus the keen Gascon made the interesting discovery that Aramis was her lover. By what singular chance or concatenation of chances a portrait of this lady should find its way to Boston, and into the possession of the Museum, I cannot say, but there she is, life-size, three-quarters length, as Santerre painted her from life. Probably he did not need to flatter the Duchess of Longueville, who, if we may believe his report, had a pretty face, with small, regular features, a blooming complexion, golden-brown hair, a handsome neck, and elegant little hands. He was famous for painting hands well, which, as artists can testify, is no small distinction. In her right hand the duchess holds a black domino, which she has just removed from her face. Her left elbow rests on a table. To describe her dress would be a voluminous undertaking: in brief terms, it may be said that her costume comprises a profusion of handsome, heavy golden-brown ottoman or reps, relieved by scarlet silk and immense rubies, the waist and sleeves of black velvet; a white-and-red turban is on the head.

Hazlitt has something to say in one

<sup>1</sup> Dumas: *Twenty Years After.*

of his essays about the unseen beauty of commonplace things, and how a true artist may reveal it to our eyes in pictures of still-life. Taine has elsewhere and in other words expressed the same thought. They must have had in mind Chardin's pictures. An artist who could so glorify a raw loin of lamb, a loaf of bread, a gray jug; who by his arrangement, choice of light and shade, refinement of drawing, wise contrasts and subtle combinations, above all by his perception of color, could make every-day kitchen utensils appear so beautiful that one would like almost to kiss them, was indeed the prince of still-life painters. It could not be said of him that

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more;"

for although he left nothing to be desired as to the truth of his painting, he saw more and saw better than most people; as Gautier once said of Regnault, he "gives you those sensations, those delights and joys which are of the pure domain of sight, and to which no other art can give birth." There are two small still-life pieces by this master in the Museum, and they are simply delicious. One of them represents a group of edibles and vessels on a kitchen table; the other a gray tea-pot, a pear, a big bunch of white grapes, and two plums. No words could do justice to the modesty, the quietude, and the incomparable harmony of these works. Other still-life painters have displayed more strength than Chardin, and some of the old Dutchmen were marvelously literal copyists of nature, but for exquisite taste and a perfect perception of the intimate character of inanimate objects, the Frenchman takes the palm.

François Boucher, who reflected in his factitious idyls the shallow but decorative life of Louis XV.'s giddy time, — a continual *fête champêtre*, rather silly, but undeniably pretty to look on, — was

a contemporary of the more sober-minded Chardin. His pair of large pictures, the titles of which, *Going to Market* and *The Return from Market*, seem far-fetched, were intended as models for Beauvais tapestries. Both of them are crowded with a meaningless mass of figures, animals, and still-life, well painted with a free brush; the gray tones are delectable, and the color in general frank, gay, and pure, if not of great depth. Boucher and Chardin represent the two Frances of the eighteenth century — the one incorrigibly light, frivolous and worldly, the other grave, thoughtful and industrious. When the former undertook to emulate the latter's kitchen interiors, it is said that he made a *Venus of the cook*, from sheer force of habit.

The painting of a young woman's head by J. B. Greuze, which, under the fanciful title of the *Chapeau Blanc*, has been for many years the object of much admiration, and of which many copies have been made, has a certain delicate and old-fashioned beauty of its own, but, like the rest of Greuze's works, is rather thin in sentiment. Cool and pearly-gray tones run all through it. The flesh, the dress, the powdered hair, the hat, and the background, all are gray. On the face is a little mole which has been considered by countless school-girls vastly to enhance the beauty of the unknown model. She appears well satisfied with her own personal appearance, and if a little affectation enters into her pose, there is almost none in her expression, and it may easily be pardoned. This is a first-rate example of Greuze, as good as anything by him in the Louvre. His portrait of Benjamin Franklin, bust-length, in a dull red coat, is not an attractive work, and does not convey a flattering impression of Franklin's character. He was not, of course, such a sanctimonious hypocrite as this description of his appearance would intimate.

Jacques Louis David, the famous head

of the classical school, whose place in French art always will be important, is meanly represented by a rough study of his Hector Drawn at the Chariot of Achilles, which gives no notion whatever of his merit of design. It was on the strength of his Death of Hector, by the way, that David was received by the Academy.

Jean Louis Géricault, who, with Delacroix, may be said to have founded the modern French school of painting, is likewise represented by a study; but in this case the work, slight as it is, conveys a good idea of the artist's powers. The Study of a Cuirassier is a strong and brilliant fragment, which I take to be the original sketch for the Cuirassier Blessé Quittant le Feu in the Louvre, painted when Géricault was twenty years old, at the same time as the famous Officier de Chasseurs à Cheval de la Garde Impériale Chargeant, representing a lieutenant mounted on a splendid gray charger rushing to battle — the embodiment of the painter's own impetuous character, and the finest picture of the kind in the world. Géricault was one of the three great painters produced by Normandy, the others being Poussin and Millet. He was descended from an old and rich family of Rouen. In all his work he displayed the fiery and energetic character of the old Norman knights.

If one could only see Eberhart, Count of Würtemberg, Mourning over the Body of his Son, by Ary Scheffer, it might be possible to say that so pathetic a subject had been adequately treated by this romantic painter, who was really an illustrator; but it has darkened so much that one receives a mere suggestion of the corpse of a young man in armor and of an old man bending over it with clasped hands, and the singular power of expression with which he is said to have interpreted "The Weeper's" story must be taken for granted. This is a replica of the picture in the Louvre.

Schiller's ballad, which it illustrates, relates how, while the other soldiers were celebrating their victory, the old count, "alone in his tent, with the dead body of his son," was ever weeping. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1834.

Hué's Shipwreck is the conventional conception of that dreadful calamity — a dark stormy sky, of course, and a raging sea, with cliffs, breakers, a vessel on the rocks, a boatload of passengers trying to make a landing, and some figures in the water. It does not appear, from the way in which Hué has painted this scene, that he ever saw a shipwreck; if he did, it is certain that he was not equal to giving expression to all the horror of the event.

Corot's big painting of Dante and Virgil Entering the Infernal Regions, one of the gloomiest pictures ever painted, was given to the Museum by Mr. Quincy A. Shaw. It is eight feet six inches high by five feet six inches wide, and was first exhibited in the Salon of 1859. In a sombre forest, where the evening is doubly dark, we see two figures in the centre of the foreground. Virgil, clad in the classic white tunic and pepulum, his head crowned with a laurel wreath, points towards the right, while at the left Dante, in a black gown and red skull-cap, shrinks in terror from a snarling she-wolf which shows her fangs. A panther crouches and a lion bars the way at the right of the composition, in the direction towards which the two poets are bending their steps. In the upper left-hand part of the painting is a section of silvery sky, in which lingers a faint afterglow, and against which the trunks of tall leafless trees stand out in relief. The general tone of the forest interior is a cool brown, which in the darkest places approaches black. The branches of the trees and the foliage are not made out, but suggested or generalized by bold and apparently carelessly applied strokes. The wild beasts are not distinguished by fine

drawing, but there is given a forcible suggestion of their crafty and cruel natures, their strength and ferocity. There is little charm in such a picture as this, and not much to be admired, although, like much that Corot did, it is worth looking into with attention, and few will acknowledge that their scrutiny has been fruitless. In close sympathy with the poet's description of that forest, so wild and dense and rough that the recollection of it was enough to renew his terror, so bitter that death itself seemed hardly worse, Corot undertook to convey, and in a measure succeeded in conveying, the sentiment of horror and melancholy which is felt in the passage from the *Divine Comedy*, of which this painting is an illustration. But, after all, it is not as an illustrator that Corot will be known to fame, nor was it in connection with grand, ponderous, and tragic themes, such as Dante's *Inferno*, that the great landscapist made apparent his noblest qualities. In a word, it is evident that in this obscure and infernal wood he is not at home; and it is not improbable that he himself may have realized that it was a mistake to abandon his chosen and familiar province for this fanciful by-way of literature.

Diaz's *Wood Interior* is strictly mundane, and, though a small work, is a fair specimen of his style. It offers a glimpse of brown, dead leaves lying among gray-lichened bowlders and the massive moss-clad trunks of old oaks, in a remote recess of the mysterious forest, where slim shafts of sunlight penetrate here and there only to make the surrounding shadows deeper. Every one has seen this picture, possibly not by Diaz, though he painted it many times, but in walking through the woods. The brilliant little *Oriental sketch* by the same artist, *A Turkish Café*, describing a low, white building on the bank of a stream, under an intense azure sky, has within itself the very atmosphere and soul of the East.

The *Landscape and Sheep*, by Troyon, is in a large style, though of small size. It is full and juicy in color; cool, not cold; solidly painted; breezy and easy; in a word, a first-rate Troyon. It represents a flock of sheep coming down a lane, followed by a boy in a blouse and a woman on a donkey. On the left is a pond; in the middle distance is a village, and beyond it a hill. The sky is partially obscured, and the shadows of clouds alternate with full sunlight on the surface of the landscape. The larger painting by Troyon, *Landscape near Dieppe*, seems to be a great favorite, but it belongs to another and less vigorous period. It is thinner, and, although a good picture, lacks something of the force and virility of the smaller work. The pastel drawing of *Oxen Ploughing*, also by Troyon, has a certain timidity and tightness in the handling, which makes me think it must be one of his early works. It has none of the breadth, vigor, and conscious power of his mature paintings. Six Jersey oxen and two farmers are represented in action. All three of the Troyons are from the Appleton collection.

One of the chief glories of the large picture-gallery, where it has occupied a place of honor since 1877, is *The Quarry (La Curée)*, by Gustave Courbet, belonging to Mr. Henry Sayles. This modern masterpiece was bought by the Allston Club, in the spring of 1866, for five thousand dollars. It was brought to Boston, with other French pictures, by Mr. Cadart, who was the first dealer to bring Corot's paintings to this country. When one of the enthusiastic young Boston artists, Mr. A. H. Bicknell, went into the store on Bromfield Street where the Courbet was on exhibition, and saw what it was, he determined on the spot that the Allston Club ought to have it. Mr. Cadart gave him a refusal of the picture for three days. Bicknell then went to work, and, with the aid of Tom Robinson and other members of the club, he raised the necessary amount of

money within the prescribed time, and clinched the bargain. Thus, during a part of May and June, 1866, a banner, eight by six feet in dimensions, swung from a window of the Studio Building with the device: —

ALLSTON CLUB.  
ON EXHIBITION:  
COURBET'S GREAT PAINTING,  
LA CURÉE.

The critics at that time saw little or nothing to admire in the picture. There was but one Corot owned in Boston, and that was generally ridiculed. The artists alone appreciated these new lights. When Hunt first saw *La Curée*, Bicknell said to him, —

“Mr. Hunt, there is a picture worthy of Paul Veronese.”

“I will go further than that,” replied Hunt. “In painting, he never surpassed it.”

Poor Morvillier, who knew what it was to be obliged to go without his dinner, begged to subscribe twenty-five dollars to the fund for the purchase of the Courbet. The committee dared not refuse him, for it would have cut him to the quick. The Allston Club died a natural death a year or two later, and at its demise the Courbet passed into the possession of its present owner. It was taken from the gallery in the Studio Building, and placed in the Athenæum for a while, and in 1877 it was removed to its final home in the Museum of Fine Arts. In the mean time it had been cleaned, with more thoroughness than was necessary, so that some of the most delicate glazes on its surface were somewhat impaired, as I am informed. The damage, however, cannot have been so serious that time will not to a great extent repair it. Courbet was much gratified that this picture should have been bought by an art society, and he subsequently sent to the Allston Club, through Mr. Cadart, several large lithographic reproductions of the painting. It must

be borne in mind that in 1866 Courbet had a very limited following in France, and therefore the sale of *La Curée* to a club of American artists was of considerable benefit to him. Armand Gautier was with him on the evening that he received the money for the picture, and he relates that Courbet cried out, “What care I for the Salon, what care I for honors, when the art students of a new and a great country know and appreciate and buy my works?” Gautier adds that Courbet’s rural simplicity and frugality never forsook him, and he never took a cab; so he (Gautier) pinned the money in Courbet’s vest, and as the artist climbed upon an omnibus he said it was the proudest day of his life. *La Curée* and the *Demoiselles de Village* (bought by the Duc de Morny, and now owned by Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth), both of which came to Boston, were the only important pictures by Courbet sold during his lifetime, which ended under such a heavy cloud. All his other works were locked up in his studio, — painted for the sole love of art. And it was left for the government which had fined and banished him and made his life miserable to buy his works at enormous prices after his death.

The size of *La Curée* is six feet and ten inches in height by five feet and ten inches in width. The prevailing tone is brown. A great variety of finely opposed cool and warm tints — greens, grays, browns, blacks, reds, yellows, and whites — fill the eye as a deep chord given out by a mighty orchestra fills the ear. Imagine, if you please, the shadowy aisles of an old pine forest, on a sunny day. The mosaic of sunlight and shadow on the luxuriant verdant carpet of the wood; the straight brown tree-trunks rising in regular ranks; the thick dark green canopy of foliage shutting out all sight of the sky overhead; a complete realization of the rich gloom of the forest, set off by the dancing spots of sunlight which, filter-



ing through the tremulous leafage, form happy notes of contrast. A deer has been shot, and is hung by one hind leg to the trunk of a tree at the left of the foreground, the head and the fore part of the body resting on the earth. At the right are two hunting-dogs, one white and dark brown, the other white and light brown or chestnut. While one dog looks wistfully at the carcass, his companion turns towards him as if to warn him not to go any nearer. In the centre and a little further back are two men dressed in hunting-costumes. One of them stands, with folded arms, smoking a pipe, and leaning against a tree, looking down. He is in shadow. He wears a soft black cloth hat, a dark green short coat, brown trousers, gray leggings, or gaiters, and rawhide shoes. His complexion is ruddy, and he wears a dark beard and mustache. This figure is said to be a portrait of Courbet himself. If so, he was a well-looking young man: the age of the original cannot have been much above thirty. At his left, and beyond him, sits the second man, a game-keeper, who is in full light, at the foot of a tree. He is lustily winding the horn to summon the scattered hunters to the quarry. His right hand rests upon his hip, while with his left he holds the horn, and his healthy cheeks are distended by the blast he is blowing. He wears a brown cap, a bright red waistcoat, buff trousers, and is in his shirt-sleeves. The coloring of this remarkable work is a rare instance of great sobriety with great brilliancy. The composition permits a wide range of colors, and no one can fail to be struck by the freshness and variety of the greens (a hue which Courbet in his landscapes used with more complete mastery and frankness than any other painter, unless Daubigny be excepted) in the leaves, the grass, the moss, etc. Nor can any one withhold his admiration when the superb array of browns is contemplated, in all degrees of depth

and lightness, from the deer's velvety coat, the two hounds' hides, and the hunters' trousers to the tree-trunks and the earth. Mark also the audacious but truthful treatment of white in the markings of the dogs and in the game-keeper's shirt-sleeves; the bold red notes provided by the latter's waistcoat and the patches of blood on the grass near the deer's body; and the finely graduated gray tones conspicuous in the deer's head and neck and in the hunter's gaiters. What truth of color, of textures, and of light! The depth and glossy softness of the dead deer's skin are marvellous. Who has ever painted more life-like dogs than this pair, sniffing the quarry, with every line, hue and motion distinctively canine? They have the litheness, the intelligence, the restless animal life of real dogs, as no painted dogs ever had before in equal degree. As to the manner of handling, it is enough to say that it would be impossible to find in any modern painting of which we have any knowledge an equal frankness, directness, and strength in execution, the result of an entire *parti pris*, of a thorough understanding on the painter's part as to his purpose. Each brush-mark or knife-mark in the painting of the tree-trunks near the foreground, and in the grasses and flowers, can be made out without difficulty; and there appears to be no reticence, no concealment. The workmanship is large and simple. "The embarrassment," Fromentin said, speaking of a picture by Rubens, "is not to know how he did it, but how he could do so well by working thus." Nothing is occult here but the working of the mind in its creative heat. Page bought a Titian and dissected it to find out how it was made; but all that he learned from it could not make a Titian of Page. It is interesting to notice how Courbet built up La Curée from a study. The original canvas, that on which the deer was painted, is but one piece of a patchwork; four

pieces are joined to it, one on the left, one above, and two on the right. To the deer and the hunter were added as afterthoughts the dogs, the game-keeper, and the distance, as well as the branches of the trees overhead.

The *Bergère Assise*, or Seated Shepherdess, of Jean François Millet, appears to have been called originally *The Young Shepherdess*. Sensier makes no mention of it in his biography, an omission which leads to the inference that it was among the peasant-painter's later works, and was not exhibited until after his death. It was given to the Museum by Mr. S. D. Warren. There is a large infusion of Millet's best qualities in this work, and it is vastly superior to some of his pictures which are more known to fame. The color is cool, light, gray, and on a higher key than was habitually struck by the author of the *Angelus*. On a knoll sits the shepherdess, in a position the reverse of conventional elegance, but entirely natural, and holds in her hand, Penelope-like, a distaff. Although her expression may be regarded as stolid, sleepy, and even stupid, yet there is a certain dignity and sweetness in the face, small as to features, which is shaded by a wide-brimmed straw hat worn on the back of her head. She wears a dull green waist, and a skirt of lighter color, which may have been white, blue stockings, and sabots. The landscape is roughly painted in, and some sheep are seen on the farther slope of the knoll where the girl sits dreaming. The handling is by no means facile, but the luminosity of the sky is extraordinary; and the manner in which the girl's well-shaped head, under its picturesque covering, comes up against this sky and appears to be miles on miles this side of it is completely illusive, and constitutes the main charm of the picture. There is, moreover, in Boston a sentimental reverence for Millet, and a feeling of personal enthusiasm about his paintings, which is one of Hunt's most

valuable legacies. Millet is understood, appreciated, and loved in this distant town, more cordially than elsewhere. His peasants do not seem to us either insignificant or ridiculous. On the one hand, there is the same pathos in their glances, their attitudes and gestures, their heavy movements, bespeaking their silent patience, endurance, and clumsiness, that we find in the helplessness of old age or of infancy; on the other, there is a naturalness and simplicity which, under all their rude exteriors, occasionally suggests the noblest classical models.

Besides the *Bergère Assise*, the Museum possesses two smaller paintings by Millet, entitled respectively the *Woman Milking*, and the *Sewing Lesson*, not to speak of an interesting group of his drawings and water-colors. In the *Woman Milking*, night is drawing on, and an amiable red cow stands chewing her cud in the shady foreground, while a stout dame in a white cap deftly coaxes the warm milk in two alternating slender streams from the gentle beast's overcharged udders. Beyond a thick hedge, cows and sheep graze in a green field, which, being a little higher than the foreground, receives the last level rays of light from the setting sun. The roof of a humble house is visible above the further slope of the meadow. In the *Sewing Lesson*, a little girl in a red gown and a blue frock sits near an open window, trying to wield the needle properly, while her mother, a rudely moulded peasant, who holds a baby in her lap, leans forward to instruct the apprentice. This is a rough, warm sketch. I cannot turn from Millet before relating a story which deliciously illustrates how hypocritical is much of the loudly-voiced admiration of his works. A group of gentlemen stood in front of one of his pictures in an apparent ecstasy of enthusiasm, exclaiming and rhapsodizing over its beauty. After they had dispersed, one of the party, who had been

among the most demonstrative, said seriously: "How much more interesting Millet's pictures would be if he had only painted a better class of people!" I quoted this piece of richness to an artist who had known Hunt well, and he was immensely amused. "If Hunt were alive," he said, "I would not miss the pleasure of telling him that for a hundred dollars."

Couture was one of the modern French painters whose superior abilities were recognized at an early date in Boston, thanks to his pupils, among whom were Hunt, Bicknell, Ernest W. Longfellow, John W. Dunsmore, Frederic Crowninshield, and others. Two studies of secondary importance by the painter of the Roman Decadence belong to the Museum. The Head of a Bacchante, with its vacant expression and silly smile, is hardly worth consideration; but the study for the Volunteers of 1792, although sketchy, is full of life and character. The uplifting power of patriotism, the love of liberty, the ardent courage of young manhood, are all represented in these stern, angular countenances, of an intensely French cast; in these serious eyes the doom of tyrants might be read. The gaudy old French uniform is effective with its red epaulettes and collar, blue coat with buff facings, and black chapeau. There is something undeniably noble in the sentiment of this study.

Gustave Brion's *Coming Out from Church* is a grave, sweet picture of Alsatian life. The peasants and village people are quitting the little church which stands on a hill overlooking the hamlet. The women and children wear the quaint and sober costumes of the province. The church porch is in shadow, but a flood of sunlight strikes upon the red tile roofs and whitewashed walls of the houses below at the left. The Vosges hills uplift their blue summits afar, and over them bends a placid, blue-and-white, Sunday-morning sky. It is a

scene of utter peace and rustic charm. Brion herein painted his own native and well-beloved province with characteristic seriousness. There is but one other example of his work in Boston, so far as I know, but many Americans must be familiar with his illustrations of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, into the spirit of which he entered with wonderful sympathy. Everything that Brion did was sincerely done.

The little *Landscape* by Théodore Rousseau, from the Appleton collection, is a perfect example of his finished work in a small form. In the centre of the composition is a road in perspective, and near the foreground a woman watches two cows drinking from a pool. In the middle distance and a little to the left is a flock of sheep; beyond them a fine group of tall trees, and still farther away a range of hills, which continues, diminishing in height, towards the distance at the right. The sky is almost full of light, warm, gray clouds, with patches of faint blue between them. The warm, sunny, mellow tone of the painting is admirable; finish and breadth are joined in a remarkable degree.

Jacques's *Coming Storm* is a blackish landscape, not in his best vein. There is a flock of sheep and some figures in a rocky pasture, with trees on a knoll at the right, and menacing clouds fill the sky.

Gustave Doré's *Summer* is a huge upright painting of wild-flowers and weeds in rank profusion; a scythe of the sort that Father Time uses lies idle among the green growths; mountains close in the distance; and the colors are all out of tune. This is a strangely insignificant work, considering its author's genius in graphic expression.

Opinions diverge more widely about Bastien-Lepage's *Joan of Arc* than about any other picture in the United States. Many artists and critics see nothing to admire in it, and many, on the other hand, are extravagant in their

praise of it, and consider it one of the great works of this century. All this disagreement but augments the fame of the painting, which has become one of the most celebrated pictures in the Museum. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1880, was bought by an American, Mr. Erwin Davis, and shown in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1881, after which it was for a short time lent to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In the fall of 1882 it was exhibited at the fair of the New England Institute, Boston, and ever since that time it has been in the picture-gallery of the Museum. It was painted in 1879, at Damvillers (Meuse), the artist's native village. Although not his best work, it is the most striking and remarkable. It is full of faults, which are so glaring that one cannot forget them even if one desires to forgive them for the sake of the motive and the strange power of expression in the maid's face. As a rule, painters do not do justice to the picture, which offends their sight by its want of depth, perspective, and atmosphere, and by its pale, sickly coloring. It looks precisely like a piece of tapestry, the prevailing tone in which is a cool bluish green; and this impression is strengthened by the confused and crowded composition, and above all, by the flatness of the painting. But (there is always a but in speaking of this work) there is a spiritual beauty in the face of the Maid of Orleans that is so striking and so significant that, once seen, it haunts the memory. There she stands, awkward, ill-clad, a commonplace peasant girl, amid the most prosaic and humble surroundings, yet not all her homeliness nor the poverty of her state avails to diminish the impression of capacity for great things conveyed by her glance. Nay, the very lowliness of her condition, and the harsh, unlovely life of labor that she leads, contrasted with the glorious destiny of which she begins dimly to

dream, which is to make her Heaven's instrument for the salvation of her country, is the thought that makes the picture pathetic, and appeals to so many sympathies with so much power. The sensitive mouth has as much to do with the exalted expression of her face as the fixed pale blue eyes, whose strange look is universally remarked. The whole story of her heroism and martyrdom appears legible in these features, surcharged with an extraordinary emotion; and this alone may be said to make the Joan of Arc one of the most marvelous of modern paintings in a psychological point of view. The singular mixture of realism and ideality is not an uncommon phenomenon in Bastien-Lepage's works. However his rank as a painter may be disputed, it is evident that his peculiar convictions were well defined and strongly held, and that he did not live aloof from convention and routine because of a desire for notoriety. It is believed in some quarters that the Joan of Arc was an accidental production. A plausible theory is that it was originally nothing more than a study of a peasant woman. Certainly the maid appears too old for her rôle, unless we presume that hard work has prematurely aged her. The introduction of the misty, floating figures of her vision, typifying St. Michael, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret, must have been an afterthought, and is in any event decidedly open to objection. The observer's imagination, awakened by the maid's rapt expression, might well be left to supply for itself the vision of the three saints. This offensive insistence upon an idea, this childish embodiment of "beckoning ghosts," this paradoxical realization of the unreal, confirms the suspicion that the imaginative power displayed in the central figure is at least partly the result of chance rather than of pure calculation.

Henri Regnault's Automedon with the Horses of Achilles was one of the first performances which served to call

attention to the extraordinary talent of its author, whose premature death, in 1871, deprived France and the world of an artist of the highest rank. During his short lifetime the Parisian critics quarreled over him as savagely as they had fought over Eugène Delacroix; and the movement to buy this picture, in 1884, caused a very pretty little civil war among the Boston *cognoscenti*. On the score of taste, in regard to his motives and his manner, there will always be a respectable class of dissenters who are unable to approve of French works of this type because of their violence, their alleged bombast and sensationalism. There is no repose in Regnault, whose paintings are all fire and passion. Nevertheless, though his speech is melodramatic, he makes use of the idioms and accents common to great painters, compelling admiration. This picture, which was painted in 1868, when he was a student at the Villa Medici, was his *envoi*. It is a young student's painting, and I shall let him describe it in his own words:—

“A young Greek, Automedon, bringing in from the meadows by the shore of the Scamander the divine horses of Achilles, those steeds whose golden manes fell clear to the ground. I have conceived a movement for my young man in which Lagraine [the model] is admirable. He is between the two horses, and is running towards the spectator, holding a horse with each hand. The horses present themselves almost full front; one of them is rearing, and the other throws his head to one side in an attempt to get away from the hand that holds him. I think I have got a rather happy arrangement, both in respect of lines and masses. The young man is a splendid subject to paint. . . . You are frightened by the antique subject of my *envoi*, but you may take courage; for I have done some Greek after my own fashion. It is a free translation. Automedon may be what

you will, and in my horses I have sought to represent, not the particular cut of Thessalian horses' manes, but all that is noblest and most awe-inspiring in the horse, all that the historic horse might be in this line,—the talking horse who foresaw the death of his master Achilles. The sky is overcast with storm clouds, a leaden sea begins its sullen heaving, though still upon its surface it seems asleep. A dreary ray of sunshine lights up the rocky and sterile coast on the horizon with a wan glimmer. The horses, knowing that their master will take them into the combat, that this fight will be the last, and will cost him his life, resist and struggle with the servant who has come to bring them in from their pasture. One of them, a dark bay, rises like a great sombre phantom in a silhouette, against the sky. I wished to give in the picture something like a presentiment of a sinister event. But have I well said all that I wished to? You are right: an artist ought to let himself go, and give himself up to the various impressions he feels in the presence of nature, and he ought not to reject or despise half his good impulses just because they are not accepted by his school or sect. Yes, nature, the true, the touching things, life and death, even real death in its awful or serene immobility,—that is what must be sought.”

The fine youthful ardor displayed in Regnault's letter is seen also in the picture, the execution of which is vigorous and brilliant. The figure of the man, a superb study, is doubtless the best life-size and full-length nude, in drawing, modeling and color, that we have in the United States. The horses, not having been painted from nature, are not literally true to nature, but they are in thorough accord with the spirit of the Iliad, and might well have borne through falling Trojan squadrons the slaughtering sword of the mighty Achilles, who thus addressed them:—

"Zanthus and Balus! of Podarges' strain,  
 (Unless ye boast that heavenly race in vain),  
 Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,  
 And learn to make your master more your  
 care: . . ."

The coloring of the immortal coursers' glossy coats, especially that of the bay on the left, is exceedingly rich. The red drapery floating in the breeze from Automedon's shoulder and loins is a superb note, worthy of Rubens. The landscape is full of deep tones, striking contrasts of light and dark, impressive lines, and is weird and suggestive in its effect. The only touch of sunlight in the picture falls on a hillside where clay and spindling grass alternate in patches at the left of the background. With the lowering sky beyond it to provide the needed relief, it is a fine stroke, which adds not a little to the dramatic character of the work. Such horizons are to be seen in mountainous regions, where the sterility and mystery of the landscape forcibly affect the imagination. Gautier called Regnault a colorist of the first order; Hamerton thought he might have become one if he had lived; and Regnault himself expressed the wish that he could color as well as he could draw.

The Automedon is not of even excellence throughout in color, but after all, the young man who could execute such a work, so full of life, of brilliancy, of audacity, while still a student, must have gone backwards in an uncommon fashion not to bear out Hamerton's judgment. The policy of excluding the picture from the Museum for fear that it might demoralize the art students would have been mistaken, not to say absurd; and it was in this belief that the artists and art students of Boston, with much una-

nimity, welcomed its acquisition. People who know the least are sometimes the readiest to find fault. An artist told me that one day he saw two extremely degraded, ignorant, brutish-looking men talking so earnestly that he drew near, out of sheer curiosity as to what such beings could be discussing, and as he came within hearing these oracular words met his ears: "I'll tell you the mish-take Napol'yun Bonyparty made at the battle of Waterloo!"

One of the largest paintings in the Museum is Henri Lerolle's *By the Riverside* (*Au Bord de la Rivière*), a landscape with figures, of almost colossal dimensions. The composition is an upright, and represents a path alongside a smoothly flowing river, a group of tall and leafless trees on the bank, beyond the stream, in the distance, more trees with yellow foliage, and a range of abrupt hills. In the middle distance, at the left, a woman is seen driving some cattle home. In the foreground, at the right, two peasant-women, life-size, are walking along the river-side path, one of them carrying a baby, and the other a loaded sack. The sunlight strikes upon their heads and shoulders. This is a broad, simple, and true picture, quiet and satisfactory. The gray sky is luminous, and the whole effect of lighting is happy and well out-of-doors. The sentiment of the work is agreeable, if not profound; and, though it cannot be called a great painting, it is a very good example of a good class. It was first exhibited in the Salon of 1881, and became the property of the Museum through the generosity of Mr. Francis C. Foster. There is a large picture by Lerolle in the Luxembourg Gallery. He took a first-class medal in 1880.

*William Howe Downes.*



## PASTURE HERB AND MEADOW SWATH.

THE pasture is the living-room of Nature, where common daily avocations go on round hearthstones made hot by the sun; where the sounds are trivial, the silences familiar, and life an affair of cheerful activity rather than of solemnity or high insight. It is the meeting-point of civilization and wildness, as the pastoral life has been for nations the link between barbarism and agriculture. The cows troop soberly up from the farmyard to join the tinkle of their bells to that of the rivulet which tumbles down from the mountain, losing its deep, cool privacy to spread itself thinly on grassy terraces, wind among the bushes, stand here and there in open pools, and perhaps go to naught in the parched, porous soil. The pasture itself slants skyward, and was once part of the mountain. Its shadows have been torn away; its rocks lie revealed, bare-shouldered, bleached, and seamed by the weather, and covered with papery lichen in place of their ancient moss. They long, perhaps, to revert to the old wildness, but in vain. "They have submitted to a new control." The change is almost climatic. A new fauna and flora have grown up around them. It is the era of the herb and the grasshopper. The mushrooms, and cool ferns, and the shy wood warblers are left behind and above on the mountain.

Between the rocks the soil is pungent with the spice of sweet-fern, mint, and pennyroyal, with now and then an aromatic patch of brown needles under a clump of pine-trees. The flowers are of the homely sort: yellow St. John's wort and mullein, straggling white-starred cinquefoil, and in damp spots a few of the little faint blue Quaker ladies, or "innocents," as they are called in some parts, — we must go back to Charles Lamb for the connection between the

two appellations, — not clustered together as in their native meadows, but peeping out shyly, one at a time, unconscious and unobtrusive. What place have their tiny stems and gold-eyed crosses in a region where everything is for use, where the clustered pink bells of the huckleberry are storing up future pies, and the herbs seem fashioned in the ground with a view to their winter sojourn in the garret? The old women are right to stand by their herb tea. Nature has seemingly lent herself to a multitude of systems and quackeries. The fruits of knowledge have been often baneful, and those of cultivated ignorance have destroyed their thousands. But she planted the pennyroyal on open ground close to the farmhouse, and invited the good people to gather it for its pungent odor, and to tie its trim spikes into a homely bouquet. If the brews concocted of it have less efficacy than the fresh mountain air which blows over it all summer, they yet retain something of the summer's spice in their simplicity. And there are housewives, plenty of them, in dear New England who have the strength and wholesomeness of the herbs in their souls, whether or not their bodily vigor be the result of sage or boneset, and from whose hands one would receive a cup of bitterness almost as joyfully as a square of delicious brown gingerbread or a doughnut just out of the pan. There are things in life more palatable than the herbs which leave no such sweetness behind.

Among the rocks and hollows of the pasture, society is, perhaps, as nearly upon a communistic basis as we can find it in Nature outside the bee-cell and the ant-hill. There are no rich holdings. The thin blond grass is free to all, and gives nourishment to the cows, who



spend the long day in threading their way between rocks and bushes, cropping mouthfuls of its sweetness as they go, and weaving a network of objectless paths through the swampy growths and sweet-fern. The chipmunks keep house under the bowlders, and scamper out to sun themselves, in kittenish attitudes, on rocky ledges. In summer they vary their diet of nuts by an occasional berry. I watched one lately helping himself to the lowest raspberry from a low-hanging branch, picking it daintily with his forepaws, and holding it up to eat as if it were a nut. They are the tamest of our wild creatures. I have known one to come daily from his hole in the garden wall to join the chickens at meal-time; by degrees he became venturesome, and once or twice he crossed the threshold of the farmhouse, and picked up from the kitchen floor crumbs that must have had a new flavor to his palate.

Another pasture mammal, though he is also a denizen of the meadow, and was christened in the copse, is the woodchuck. He is not to be lured by the wiles of civilization; he takes kindly to its fruits, but will none of its yoke. I held an interview, brief but half intimate, with a woodchuck the other day, in which my fancy was captivated by that idea of a possible kinship with wild four-footed things that haunted Hawthorne and Thoreau; but I could perceive that the comradeship was all on one side, and that my companion received but small pleasure, and had no intention of imparting any. It was on a logging road which struck away from the pasture into a wood. A half-grown woodchuck advanced from under the trees to the edge of the path, and stopped on seeing me. He held three leaves in his teeth. I also called a halt, and we stood looking at each other. His little nose quivered with a motion all its own, and his round body rose and fell in longer waves of respiration.

Both of us shirked the initiative for a time; at last I withdrew a little to give him confidence and an opportunity to resume his way, but he did not budge. He may have been paralyzed in his little woodchuck heart, but he did not look frightened. At the risk of being set down as unpoetic in my conclusions, I will say that he looked like a shrewd Yankee woodchuck, who waited to see his neighbor's pile before making his own. Impelled by a curiosity to see how far his terror or his courage would go, I stepped up to him and took one of the leaves from between his teeth. He made a little snap at my hand, then drew himself together and chattered at me with a wild gleam in his eye, "a countenance more" in anger than expressive of fear or any other sentiment. It was not till I had removed to a distance and waited for some moments that he took to his heels, and then they carried him down the wooded slope at a pace which put further intercourse out of the question.

No, they do not want us in those alien spheres. We are broadening our sympathies to small purpose as far as any save ourselves are concerned, and tendering them where there is neither craving nor need. Even the internal relations of the pasture *Mir* are not always as friendly as the soft blending of sounds and odors would lead us to imagine. Its inhabitants are, after all, bread-winners, and though the competition implied in that fact appears to be a cheerful one, we cannot look into it without perceiving the existence of the little rift which for us has well-nigh destroyed the music. When we get the statistics of the pasture herbs, we find that the ground they occupy was won by hard fighting, and covers a multitude of slain. Now and again, in the open daylight of the pasture, there are fierce struggles with darkness. One day I came upon a small chintz-patterned snake in the act of devouring a toad. He took

his meal slowly and with relish, drawing his elastic body forward over his prey, wrinkle by wrinkle, as a glove is drawn over a hand, and opening his mouth with satisfaction as the living mass within moved from one curve to another. Such sights suggest to us that the cruelties of life may have their root in something deeper than a social form, and that in clamoring as we do for their extinction, we may be combating a law that is central and eternal. The means for soothing and mitigating lie all about us, and are not to be disregarded; invitations to forget or to rise above them are in every breath and ray of light. The beauty of life lies open; its sanctity and sweetness are inherent, but Amiel was looking into a real abyss when he wrote that "la profondeur est austère et formidable." It is for the soul to take account, to reconcile or to accept.

But here in the pasture we remember Emerson's saying that "life is not intellectual or critical, but sturdy." The ants labor all day over humps and hillocks with their heavy burdens. The cricket and grasshopper take long leaps across each other's acres, and the bee covers them all on invisible lines of railroad, whirring with swift accuracy from one flower-station to another. The wild strawberry hangs, racy and vermilion, above the tufts of moss. Checkerberries and ground pine creep down from the woods, and join with the deep club-moss to drape the knolls. The purple finch and the indigo bird sing in the pasture, and make a festival in its colors with their warm crimson and brilliant blue. The black-winged yellow bird flies past, singing, as he goes, a melody cadenced to the short rolls and dips of his flight; tossed like a little golden ball from one unseen hand to another, and on to a third, for his course often describes a sort of triangle, he throws out his notes as he goes, turns, and begins again. The robin and bluebird belong to the orchard and the lawn, but I have

twice found the robin nesting on the ground in pasture land: once in a clump of brake, and once in the ruffle of blueberry-bushes that bordered a flat rocky ledge on a hill-top. But the native and true poet of the pasture is the song sparrow. He was reared in the midst of it under a tuft of grass or sweet-fern, and pours out his song from a fence, a bush or a savin-tree: his aspirations go no higher; his art is simple enough; yet none of our birds has the same joyous, every-day ecstasy. He begins his pasture ballads before the snow has melted from the hollows; he celebrates the coming of spring, of morning, and of rest, and not infrequently "puts in his little heavenly word" amid the silence and lethargy of a summer noon. He does not soar and chant like the lark between "the kindred points of heaven and home;" but he is very near home, and is a reminder of heaven on slopes where the mullein spreads its flannel leaves to the ground and points upward with its "silent finger," and the sky space above looks almost too large for the knarled and hollowed acreage. Home in pasture regions is an old-fashioned place, not utterly remote from heaven.

If the pasture gives us the prose and strong-grained common sense of life, and the mountains hold its austerer poetry, the meadows have caught much of its color on their broad, moist palettes. Hues blend and colors change with the moving of the year and the passing of every breeze; the green which is tender in spring, dazzling and almost hard in early summer, becomes, as the season proceeds, only the ground on which the embroidery is wrought. There are impetuous rushes of silver across its surface, waves of amber-red, delicate pencillings made by slender, purple-seeded grasses. The dandelion reigns, grows gray, and dies. The buttercup spreads its yellow, and gives way in turn to the clustered lilies and the tawny rud-

beckias, in which the yellow is not only deepened in tone, but matched with its counterpart of grave maroon. The meadow-rue waves its white plumes above the grass, and here and there are patches of lush clover that hold fast their own purpled rose-color, and merely nod their heads in response to a wind which lays the meadow grass in broad sweeps at its feet.

Is it a fancy that the birds which haunt the meadow fly horizontally? We cannot well hold them to the point, but the song that in our American meadows takes the place of the skylark's is that gay trill of the bobolink, uttered as he hovers above the grass in short level flights; the swallows skim hither and thither, dipping as into an ocean, and following all day long the waving shadows in the grass; and above the hawk soars in circles, or a heron flies across with deeply flapping wings. All these belong more intimately to the meadow than even the hosts of little sparrows and finches which seem to turn up more suddenly and abundantly than ever at haying time, and take possession of the haycocks as gayly as children.

We are loth to let the grass go when it is ripe for haying, lest all the rich color should be wiped out, but Nature can be trusted with the preparation of the palette; a day or two of dryer, lighter tints, and the green and gold are back again, settling in stalk and stubble and nascent blade, and laying a new mantle of beauty over the bare field. And what a delight it is to wake up some July morning to the burr and click of the mowing-machine on its first trip of the season, and, looking out, to see the scalloped swaths lying green and silvery in the early hot sunshine! One cannot write of haying after Tolstoi, for the whole rich experience, sensation, sight, and action is stored up, with all its summer heat, in his easy, wonderful pages. We who cherish our own writers side by side with our native daily life may be

pardoned if a feeling that is almost disappointment is mixed with the delight of finding the sweetest and most familiar event of our rural life written down for us, within the last ten or twelve years, by a novelist of the other hemisphere. We are tempted to forget that haying is an episode of all rural life the world over, so closely is it bound up in our heart with New England meadows and workers. Haying brings the meadow for a season under the utilitarian idea, and nearer to the pasture. The farmer declares that he does n't see why city folks talk about the poetry of haying; they would n't find much poetry in it if they had to work as he does, fifteen hours a day, with showers coming up, and the crop to be sometimes hustled in at short notice or lost altogether. But the farmer cannot take the poetry out for us or make even so homely a draught as molasses, ginger, and water, in a huge earthen jug, anything but delicious to the warm, passionate thirst that sun and exercise have given. The meadow itself sanctions the poetic view. I have raked hay at sunset when that simple occupation seemed like a solemn rite performed in a temple of glory. The crimson that lay on the mountains from summit to base was only a materialization of the living light which filled and flooded the plain: the atmosphere held color as a glass holds wine, and in walking one had the sensation of moving through its strong fluid gold as a swimmer through the blue of the sea. It was like being caught up into the clouds to share in their suffusion of radiance and mystery. That was an ordinary sunset, one of the marvels of every day: a more unusual manifestation of meadow glory came to me one evening in October, on the wide sea marshes, which for freedom of outlook and suggestion come next to the mountain tops. A haze of Indian summer was in the air. The sun was sinking, soft and yellow, across the marsh, when, as he touched its horizon, a flood

of gold poured across, forming, from the meadow-pinks at my feet to the town which lay steeped in sunset three miles away, a broad highway of dazzling light. It was as if a glittering veil had been thrown over the marsh on which one could walk as upon a carpet; and the veil was there, though the fairest foot-fall would have broken through its

meshes. It was the gossamer spun by innumerable meadow spiders, which had caught the light in its network, and gave it back from every thread. They had toiled and spun for their glory, these meaner dwellers on the marsh, but to them, as to the lilies, it came in a way not wholly calculable, shed from above and beyond the effort and longing of the day.

*Sophia Kirk.*

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### ICELAND, SUMMER AND WINTER.

THERE was an unusual noise of hurrying to and fro on the deck of the *Phoenix*, the stanch little steamer that carries the mail from Denmark to Iceland. It was still very early in the morning of the last day but one of August. The sound that came down from above was clearly some sort of chorus. There was nobody about to ask for information, for every one was apparently on deck. What could it mean? A glance from the companion-way showed my fellow-passengers singing together in a group, while far off in the distance rose the top, the white, glistening top, of a glacier. It was an Icelanders' welcome to Iceland.

All that day we steamed along a shore that was white in the distant background where it met the sky, but black and rugged in the foreground, and then white again where the sea broke in foam at its feet. Sometimes a waterfall was seen, a straight line of light across the face of a precipice, and then a green-brown slope told of vegetation; a promise only, in which one was not tempted to place much faith, and which was never fully kept. The Westmann Islands were passed, and we saw where miniature sheep were grazing far up above one's head. Over a dizzy steep, cut sheer to the sea, a man hung by a rope, while the gulls, mere insignificant specks,

wheeled about him. Round about clouds of sea-birds floated upon the water or hovered over it. Now the coast was smoother and greener, and back of it, apparently out of a field of ice, rose Hekla, the Cloak. Then the sun set in the sea, and the ice-peaks turned red as if from the fire glowing within. The night grew dark, but the ship kept on its course, and early the next morning the anchor chain rattled out, a gun was fired, and we were anchored in the harbor of Reykjavik.

Seen from the sea, Reykjavik does not present an imposing appearance. You have before you an ordinary fishing village, made up of a few straggling streets of little one-story wooden houses, browned by the weather or painted black, as if to anticipate its ravages. Close by the sea is a green mound where once was a fort. Back of it stands a long white house, the Governor's, with a flag-staff, and a flag flying in honor of our arrival. Still farther back are two small churches, and a graveyard on a hill. That is all, yet Reykjavik is the great point of contact with the outside world; the commercial, the intellectual, and the political centre of Iceland, at the same time hand, heart, and head.

If you are fortunate in securing early the services of a boatman from the shore, you are stowed, with your luggage, in

his boat, and presently landed at one of the several long wooden piers that run down into the water. Then you pick your way between the piles of dried codfish, making room for a woman who is carrying an unsavory load of them upon her head, and at last you are on shore. The distinctive characteristic of Reykjavik at certain seasons of the year is codfish. It is the principal article of export, and one of the few sources of wealth. The air is heavy and the ground is covered with it, until, at last, it is loaded upon ships and disseminated throughout Europe. The coat of arms of Iceland is a codfish spread open upon a shield, and surmounted by a crown.

The chief beauties of Reykjavik are not of itself, but of its surroundings. Away to the west, beyond the islands of the harbor, roll the bright blue waters of the Faxa Fjord. Sixty miles to the north rises, as if out of the sea, the single icy peak of Snowfell. Nearer are the slopes of Esja, with their ever-varying color, violet, purple, pink, and glowing red. On the land side the view is shut in by black mountains, rough and jagged notches across the horizon, with here and there a volcanic peak as symmetrical as a sugar-loaf. A little way off, from some warm springs, whose "reek" gives the town its name, a cloud of steam floats lazily.

Reykjavik, poor little metropolis of two thousand inhabitants, has, nevertheless, its sights and sounds. Its houses, with but few exceptions of wood, consist usually of a single story, but in isolated instances rise to the dignity of two. Through the town runs a wide and tolerably straight street, on which live several of the dignitaries of the island, the Bishop, the Governor, the Chief-Justice, and other members of the government. Upon one side, surrounded by wooden palings, is the public square, in the centre of which stands a bronze statue of Thorwaldsen, presented by the Danish government to the native coun-

try of the sculptor. At the farther end is the little cathedral, which contains a marble font by the artist himself. Around the different sides of the square are grouped the new parliament house, the post-office, and a school for girls, which draws its pupils from all parts of the country. One of the most imposing buildings of the capital is the jail, and two of the most awe-inspiring of her citizens are the policemen, who in turn patrol the streets in felt helmets and uniform. It was not discovered, however, that they ever arrested anybody, because nobody ever so far forgot himself as to warrant arrest. The jail consequently is always empty, a fact that can be but imperfectly understood when one sees its manifest superiority to all other dwellings. One of the policemen exercises, in addition to his function of guardian of the public weal, that of librarian of the Icelandic Literary Society, which was established as long ago as 1816, and has published many works. He is also an author, and has written at least one valuable book.

The streets of Reykjavik are unpaved, but at certain corners, wide apart, stand lamp-posts, whereon burn kerosene lamps to light the belated citizen to his door. One of the most characteristic of street sights is the long lines of ponies that almost continually come and go, bringing loads of dried fish, and carrying back the necessaries of life; and almost all of life's necessary demands in Iceland must be supplied from without. Even the wood with which the houses are framed comes from Norway, and must be taken into the interior on the backs of horses. A frequent sight is a procession of ponies, each with a board on either side, fastened at one end to the pack-saddle, while the other end is left to trail and bump along the uneven road. On pleasant mornings another kind of procession is often seen. It is composed of women and girls, each with a wooden tub, and all going to the warm

springs to do the household washing. The water can be had at all temperatures, from boiling hot, where it bubbles up out of the earth, to tepid, farther down the little stream formed from the overflow. Dipping up a tubful of hot water, the washerwoman puts her washing to soak, and then selects a convenient place upon the bank near the water's edge, where she kneels and rubs and wrings piece by piece.

The Icelanders show plainly enough their Scandinavian origin, and but little new blood has come in since the settlement, over a thousand years ago. One sees, however, fewer pleasing faces, both among men and women, than in Norway. It is a harsh life at the best in this unpropitious climate. It is far too serious a matter to be lived lightly, and there are few pleasures. The ordinary Icelanders are persons who are phenomenally serious, seldom smiles, and neither can take a joke nor make one. In stature and physique he is slighter than the Norwegian. His height is not so great, his shoulders are less broad, and his limbs less brawny. In his costume, except for his shoes of ill-tanned sealskin, there is but little unconventionality. His suit is of black homespun, for the Icelandic sheep produce wool of excellent quality and length, which the housewives spin and weave during the long nights of winter.

The feminine costume is more characteristic. On ordinary, every-day occasions the garb is all of black, relieved only at the bosom by a coquettish glimpse of white chemisette stiffly starched. The abundant hair is carefully braided, usually in four strands, which are then caught up at the ends. Matron and maid, the women wear upon the head, both at home and abroad, a jaunty disk-like cap, black in color, and so firmly knitted that it seems to be of cloth; from its centre depends to the shoulder a tassel of silk, held at the top by a silver slide. The peasant maids,

who often have bright eyes and full, red-cheeked faces, know how, by a toss of the head, to throw these tassels saucily from one side to the other. Where it can be afforded, a black silk apron completes the attire.

The holiday costume is still more effective. A dress waist elaborately embroidered with silver thread, and often a precious heirloom for generations, replaces the one ordinarily worn. A silver belt of antique workmanship clasps the waist, and upon the head is set the graceful *faldur*, a Phrygian helmet of stiff white linen, over which is thrown a white gauze veil. A gala costume, now scarcely ever seen, is still more elaborate. In addition to the silver ornaments of belt and waist, a flat silver-embroidered ruff stands stiffly from the neck. Upon the head is wound, like a turban, a handkerchief of figured silk, while over it curves a stiff white linen headdress, shaped like a miniature pulpit sounding-board. In Reykjavik one also sees, here and there, the conventional dress of woman; for the wives and daughters of many of the government officials have been educated abroad. A glance into many of the houses shows, too, the cosmopolitan tastes of their inhabitants. There are pianos and pictures, the London illustrated papers, the *Revue du Monde*, and the last new Danish novel. Reykjavik, however, is not Iceland any more than Paris really is France; and to find the characteristic life of the people one must seek it outside of the little town.

Town life, in fact, is a matter of comparatively recent growth in Iceland. The only considerable villages are Reykjavik in the south, and Akreyri in the north. The rest of the seventy thousand people who make up the total of the population are scattered in small fishing settlements along the coast and in isolated farmsteads about the fertile parts of the island. The west and north are the most thickly inhabited and the most fertile;

fertility, however, must be taken in a purely relative sense in a country where there are no trees taller than dwarf willows and birches, over which one can see without difficulty, where grain will not ripen, and the hardest vegetables rarely will grow.

The interior of the island consists of vast and well-nigh inaccessible plains of volcanic sand and desolate lava fields, which rise in the southeast to the height of considerable mountain-ranges covered with eternal ice and snow. Along the west and north the coast line is broken by innumerable fjords running far up into the land. Into them pour countless streams, whose sloping banks are clothed, during the summer, with short, rich grass, which forms excellent pasturage for the ponies and sheep, and provides them, in favorable years, with hay for the winter. It is in these grass-grown valleys that the Icelanders most often live.

Travel through the interior is performed entirely by means of ponies. The little Icelandic pony is one of the hardest of his species; his life, no doubt, has made him what he is. All summer he toils for a master who does not care to spare him, and when snow has obliterated every pathway, and he can no more serve for a beast of burden, he is not infrequently turned adrift to shift for himself; then, forsaken and forlorn, he wanders down to the sea-shore to eat the wrack washed up by the waves. Yet he serves you cheerfully and faithfully. Along the rough bridle-paths — for roads are short and few — he carries you with surest foot, close, often, to the brink of frightful precipices, where the slightest misstep or stumble would be certain death alike to pony and to rider; up hill and down, now fording this stream, and now swimming that, you are borne safely to your journey's end.

It was one morning in September that our party started out from Reykjavik. Everything had been arranged by Zoega,

the guide, and Gisli, his useful auxiliary. The ponies for immediate use were saddled, the packs were adjusted on the wooden pack-saddles, and the dogs were guarding the relay of ponies they were hereafter to drive.

The Icelandic dogs do not merit the slight esteem in which, to judge from ancient Pistol, they were held in Shakespeare's day. They are very intelligent animals, in race like their congeners of the extreme north of Europe. No traveling party is complete without a number of them. They trot soberly along behind the ponies, now and then going a short distance to one side of the bridle-path, where they stand still a moment looking up and down the line; if any of the ponies have strayed from their places, the dog on duty instantly is after the delinquents, and by furiously attacking their legs, drives them back into line again. To make your train move faster you have but to br-r-r-r to the dog and at once he is barking and snapping at the heels of the laggards. There is continual war between horses and dogs. The horses, in their turn, often make an ineffectual but savage attack on the dogs with teeth and hoof, but the latter are always too quick for them. If the way is rough and the horses are intractable, the poor dogs sometimes get very tired, and then they are taken up upon the saddle, either before or behind the rider, where they cling until rested.

There is a road for a short distance out of Reykjavik, but it ends abruptly, and thenceforth your way is but a succession of bridle-paths, worn by the hoofs of generations of ponies. Now you begin to realize what manner of country Iceland is and how sparsely it is peopled. Often you may travel mile upon mile and not a house nor a human being meet your eye. The panorama that unrolls itself is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting. You start into the lower end of the valley, whose hill-sides and slopes, where the sun is warm-



est, are bright with the greenest grass and gay with short-stemmed flowers — the dandelion the most frequent of all. Your way leads you continually upward — at first gradually, but soon it grows more and more abrupt and difficult. The flowers disappear, the grass gives way to brown heather, and then you have nothing about you but moss-grown volcanic rocks; soon these are bare, and the air grows chill, for the snow-line is low. Higher still you climb, and the path is slippery with fresh-fallen snow, which now flies in a flurry around you. At last you pass the summit and commence the descent. The air changes, and is thick and heavy. Ahead, you hear the barking of the dogs, as they urge on the hesitating horses, but you have lost sight of them, for the fog has settled over you. Lower still, the wind has swept the mist away, and now your view falls upon the rugged surface of a lava field. As far as the eye can reach, it stretches away, a picture of utter chaos and desolation. The path winds laboriously through it, and you have a chance to see it in all its varied phases of disorder. In every conceivable manner it is riven and torn. Here, a crack has been formed, with sides as sharply defined as if laid with trowel and plummet. Yonder, a giant bubble has burst and left a deep chasm, black and jagged. Farther on, the lava has assumed all the capricious forms of the ocean in a storm, as if waves, and swirls, and foam had been caught and instantly turned into stone. Nowhere is there a sign of life; over all there is silence unbroken. Only now and then the dismal croak of a raven, as he flies heavily across the scene, makes the silence more apparent and the desolation more complete.

Sometimes, however, you look upon quite another scene. Below you the land rolls away, in slopes covered with green, to the shores of a lake, whose still waters strive to rival, in depth of

color, the sky above. Near it a cloud of steam from a hot spring floats leisurely away. Flocks of sheep are grazing here and there, upon the hillsides, and yonder rises the yellow smoke from the peat fire of a farmhouse. In the background, beyond the lake, the view is shut in by mountains, whose icy tops glisten in the sunlight.

There are no inns in Iceland, and the goal of your day's journey must be some farmstead, where you can be sure of shelter for the night. When it is possible the farm of a clergyman is selected, for the Lutheran clergy all eke out a scant living by farming. In close proximity to the house is the little church, which also is made to do duty as a literal place of refuge for the weary traveler. An Icelandic farmstead is peculiarly characteristic and picturesque. You approach, first of all, the home-field, carefully enclosed by a wall of lava blocks and turf: it is of considerable extent and not infrequently on both sides of a road leading directly up to the farmhouse. Before the buildings it ends in a sort of court, sometimes paved with stone, but oftener overgrown with grass. Your arrival has already been announced by the dogs, of which there is always a nondescript collection about every dwelling, and several of them are standing on the highest point of the roof of the house, from which position they have watched your gradual approach, and are now excitedly barking. Before you have fairly entered the court, everybody belonging to the farm has come to the door and regards you curiously; questions and answers as to your destination are interchanged, and you are made welcome.

The buildings of a farm usually are under one roof and stand in a row, with their gable ends facing the court. They are peculiarly constructed: economy of timber and the exigencies of the climate furnish, however, a key to their architecture. Ordinarily they are but one story

in height. They are framed of wood, and their gables also are wooden; their sides and backs, which usually slope to the ground, are commonly of lava and turf; the roof always is thatched with turf, which quickly grows together and forms a continuous covering, through which wet and cold scarcely can penetrate. Seen from a distance a group of farm buildings bears the appearance of an irregular grass-grown hillock, upon which, to heighten the illusion, sheep are calmly grazing. The farmhouse proper consists of two or three gables: next it is the byre for the winter shelter of the cows, if the farmer is sufficiently well-to-do to possess any, and next the smithy with its forge and anvil: the Icelander in his isolation is thrown upon his own resources, and is obliged still to exercise, upon occasion, a calling that has descended to him from the immemorial past. Entering the house through the low doorway in one of the gables, you find yourself in a long straight passage, through which, even in broad daylight, you must commonly grope your way. The floor is sometimes of boards, sometimes of earth; on each side doors open into the adjoining buildings, separated from each other only by wooden partitions. Usually the door on one side leads into the common living-room of the house, which occupies the whole of the building in which it is situated. A quaint and picturesque interior meets your eye. It is a long, low room, lighted at either end by a square window. Above, the beams are visible, and have been made the place of deposit for an indescribable variety of household articles. Along one side stands the low stationary bed which serves also as a lounging place by day; some square wooden chests are ranged along the opposite side; at the end, particularly in winter, several women are carding and spinning wool. This common room always indicates the thrift or poverty of the farmer. Sometimes it is scrupulously neat and orderly, and

its furniture is good and substantial, if not costly. Frequently, however, everything about the place is of the most primitive kind, and comfort, convenience, and cleanliness are unknown. The bed looks as if it were never made up; and dirt, fleas, children, and dogs are distributed in equal, though inordinate, proportions.

If you enter the door on the opposite side of the hall-way, you find a smaller room, usually furnished with chairs and a table, and sometimes with a bed. This, in the larger houses, is the spare room of the house, and, after the various saddles and Sunday garments placed here for safe keeping have been removed, it is assigned to the chance guest. If, instead of turning to the right or to the left, you continue your way along the passage to the end, you arrive at the kitchen, which usually is in a separate building. Its floor is of earth. In a fire-place flickers an uncertain fire of peat, and over it hangs an iron pot from a crane. Everything is dark and smoke-begrimed, for much of the smoke does not escape through the open chimney, and the only light is from the fire. Perhaps an old woman with her black garments and her tasseled *hufa* bends over the kettle and stirs its contents. The unsteady light gives it all a weird appearance, and you wonder if the crone is not muttering an incantation. It is such an interior as Gerard Douw would have loved to paint.

Small as is the kitchen fire, it is often the only one in the house, for fuel in some parts of the island is exceedingly scarce, and must be used with the strictest economy for cooking purposes alone. It is customary to close the houses when the cold winter weather comes on, for then the atmosphere becomes at least warmer than the outside air, if not quite so well adapted for breathing purposes. The houses of the clergy often are better than those described, in that they have more rooms or better accommodations;

sometimes, however, they are worse, or the guest chamber already has been allotted, and in that case you retire to the neighboring church.

The churches of Iceland are generally of one character, — small wooden structures, plain and unpretending, with peaked roof and open belfry at the front above the entrance. Often they are set in the midst of grass-grown mounds, a silent congregation just without the door, and then the whole is inclosed with the usual wall of turf and lava. Within, the little church is more peculiar. An aisle runs down the centre, and on each side are rows of straight-backed benches. At the extreme end is the altar, with two tall candlesticks and a low platform in front surrounded by a railing. Everything is plain and unpainted, and there is no attempt at decoration, with the exception of the altar-piece, which not infrequently is a fair copy of some well-known picture of the Crucifixion or the Resurrection. On week days the churches often are made the convenient receptacle of all sorts of articles from the farmhouse. On the floor are straps, and saddles, and bridles; dependent from pegs in the beams or the ceiling are trousers, and shawls, and dresses, coats and petticoats of all materials, shapes, and sizes. Curious they are and out of place, but once or twice we were thankful that they hung so near, for the night proved exceptionally cold, and we took down the whole nondescript collection and spread it over us for additional warmth.

Although he has little to offer, the Icelander willingly shares with you what he has. If there is room in his house you are welcome to it: all wet and travel-stained as not infrequently you are, your garments are placed where they will dry, and you are made as comfortable as circumstances will admit. If, by good luck, there is a salmon boiling in the pot over the fire, you are asked to partake of it. If the house is too small

or already is occupied, you are furnished with bedding, which you then spread upon the church floor just in front of the altar, or, if it is large enough, upon the platform inside the altar rail, and go to bed by the light of the candles.

No matter when you come to the farmhouse, it is the same. One day Gisli had miscalculated the distance, and darkness overtook us when we were yet a long way from any habitation. From the ordinary dark night it grew to be as black as any possible Cimmerian desert, and to add to the discomfort we lost the way, and it began to rain. Because of the darkness it was impossible to see the ground over which we rode, and we only knew from the crunching of the horses' hoofs that we were traversing a plain of volcanic sand, or from their sharp click that our pathway was the flat surface of a lava field. Later on we found ourselves struggling over and between the hummocks of a bog, where the stirrups were knocked off our feet at one moment, and we were half unseated the next. At last, however, after having made an unnecessary detour, we arrived at the farmstead which had been our original destination. Nobody was astir, so Gisli clambered up on the roof of the house and called down the chimney. The people soon appeared, and bedding was given us to spread on the floor of the church. It was a cold night, and the floor was filled with draughty cracks, so that the wardrobe was taken down from its pegs, and the black gown of the priest, which hung at the side of the altar, shared the general fate.

Occasionally we found better accommodations. Once, in the south, we arrived after dark, tired, wet, and hungry, at the house of a clergyman whom we had met in Reykjavik. He was not at home, but his wife received us, and took us to the best room, which bore, in its carpet, and pictures, and well-filled bookshelves unmistakable marks of cultivation. Shortly after the table was spread

with a snow-white cloth, and coffee was brought on a silver server by the housewife herself, who sat down and drank with us. One of us, interested in a rare copy of an ancient Saga whose scene of action was about this very place, took it down from the shelf to examine it more carefully, and was asked if he would not accept it as a gift. After a dinner of boiled salmon and potatoes, broiled mutton, rye bread with butter, and the national dish of *skyr*, or curds, we were shown to a bedroom and comfortable beds. At the foot of Hekla we were met with open-handed hospitality. The white-haired clergyman received us with evident pleasure, and gave us the best room and an adjoining bedroom. His generosity did not stop here, for the comely daughter of the house had soon spread the table in our room with an abundant dinner. The next morning, before we had thought of rising, the same fair maid brought us coffee and cakes on a napkin-covered tray, waited until we had bolstered ourselves up so that we could drink more comfortably, and stood by until we had finished our repast.

It is customary to instruct your guide to distribute among the servants of such a farm a sum proportionate to the size of your party and the duration of your stay, but it would be considered an insult to offer pay directly. Hospitably to entertain the stranger is an old-fashioned usage that is fast dying out on this tourist-traveled globe, but it is still characteristic of Iceland.

Your Icelander himself, wherever you may meet him, is disposed to be friendly and communicative. As snuff-taking is the national vice, he is an inveterate snuff-taker, and offers you, after the usual greetings have been exchanged, his capacious snuff-horn. The habit is usually confined to the men, but women sometimes succumb to its temptations. It is customary to pour out the snuff in a little heap upon the back of the hand,

and then to draw it up into the nose, but occasionally a more vigorous votary of the art of snuffing puts the little end of the horn into his nostrils and fills them up in this expeditious manner. Whatever pleasure, real or imagined, the snuff-taker may derive from his habit, its disadvantages are apparent in the unsavory condition of his face, which is usually stained on both sides a dirty brown. If you are acquainted, or your new-found friend feels particularly well disposed toward you, he makes haste to kiss you. Among themselves the people are continually kissing. When they arrive and when they depart, the whole household, men, women, and maids, must be kissed. It was a custom that we found pleasant enough in some cases, but we were not infrequently obliged to discriminate against some and in favor of others. In traveling, a casually met horseman stops and inquires who you are, where you are going, and what your errand may be. If you are riding alone you are usually greeted with "*Sæll!*" (Be happy!) and then by the question: "What is the name of this man?" If you are belated, you are often met by a traveler who suddenly rides up out of the darkness. "Happy be you!" he cries, and passes on into the night. The universal greeting is a mutual wish for happiness. The customary salutation upon entering a house is "Happy be you!" Upon departing the order is reversed, "Be you happy!" which has the force of a blessing.

The usual objective point of a tour in Iceland is the Great Geyser in the south-western part of the island. It is most accessible from Reykjavik, and the journey becomes doubly interesting from the fact that the way leads by Thingvalla, where the *Althing*, the parliament of Iceland, used to meet in the open air, in the midst of some of the grandest scenery of which even Iceland can boast. Down between black precipices of lava, concealed from your

view until you are almost close upon them, lie the Thingfields, a green, fertile plain through which runs the little river Axewater. At one end the plain runs down to the bright blue waters of the Thingvallavatn, the largest fresh-water lake in Iceland, whose farther shore is bounded by mountains. At the other end the valley slopes upward to a range of high mountains, whose tops at the time of our visit were covered with snow. Into the valley on the west tumbles the Axewater over the precipice at a single leap; flowing thence along a chasm, suddenly it changes its course and comes, with a succession of leaps, directly into the middle of the Thingfields, where, broadening out, it forms several sandy islands near the lower part of its course. On the western side of the valley, a continuation of the chasm through which the river first runs, is the *Almannagja*, the general assembling place of the people. It is simply a great rift in the lava with flat, grassy bottom and black sides, that on the west rising sheer a hundred feet. On the eastern side of the valley is the *Hill of Laws*, where the legislature sat. Like an island, it is almost completely isolated from the Thingfields by deep rifts, the bottom of which, fifty feet below, is filled with clear blue water. The tongue by which it is joined to the mainland is so narrow that it could be defended, as was sometimes necessary, by a single man. The *Hill of Laws* proper is a slight elevation in its centre around which were grouped the members of the little parliament.

The site of the old Icelandic *Althing* is one of the classical places of the world. For almost nine hundred years it was the meeting place of the parliament and the centre of the whole national life. When the assembly met in the middle of June the plain was covered with the tents and booths of the principal men from all parts of the island. It was the scene of games and of friendly

contests of all kinds; of ball-playing, of tugging at a rope, and of wrestling. Bargains were made here and contracts closed; fast friendships and alliances were formed; feuds were healed, and marriages were contracted. It is the stage, too, upon which was enacted many a thrilling scene described in the ancient Sagas. There is little left now at Thingvalla to remind the chance traveler of its former significance. Time has effaced all the old marks and left intact only the green plain, the rocks, and the river.

The clergyman of the little church had hospitably received us and pointed out the places of interest. After a supper in his house, to which we had also contributed from our stores, we picked our way through the graves in the churchyard to the church where we were to sleep. The distant mountain tops shone white and cold in the moonlight, and at their feet the lake sparkled. All was still. Only the low, half-heard sound of falling water rose and fell on the air. Inside the church the beds already were spread upon the floor, and the candles were burning on the altar.

Midway between the Thingfields and the Geyser, after passing a mountain range of black and scarred lava masses and extinct volcanoes, the road is crossed by the river *Bridgewater*, which comes tumbling down out of the mountains between precipitous banks. Here, however, the banks fall away in a slope, the river broadens out, and is divided into two parts by a wedge-shaped chasm, which suddenly yawns in the river-bed. Lower down, the sides of the stream are again rocky walls, so that this one spot forms the only available crossing place. A rude wooden bridge accordingly has been thrown across the chasm, and presents the unusual spectacle of a bridge in the middle of a river, for to reach it from either side you have first to ford the swiftly running water. Insignificant as it is, it is the only bridge

in Iceland, and gives a name to the river over which it stands. The absence of bridges is often a serious inconvenience to the traveler. The smaller streams are forded, but a long detour often is necessary in order to find a suitable crossing place, and even then the fords not infrequently are deep and dangerous, and every year occasion the loss of many lives. When the rivers are too deep to ford they are crossed by ferries, consisting of ordinary fishing-boats managed by men who live in convenient proximity. The ponies are driven down to the river-side and the packs, saddles, and bridles taken off and placed in the boats; they are then with difficulty urged into the stream, for they dread the ice-cold water, when they swim across in an irregular line, followed by the boat. If the river is swift or unusually broad, they are tied together, head to tail, and then are towed behind the boat. They are good swimmers and seldom drown, although often obliged to swim long distances, as the rivers, on account of the rugged nature of their sides, can often be crossed only near their mouths. The brackish water at the river mouths is particularly disliked by the ponies, and, to add to their discomfort, the seals, which swarm in the estuaries, appear to delight in terrifying them. Suddenly and without warning a smooth black head with round eyes appears directly in front of a pony's face; and then he plunges and makes the water foam in his excitement and terror. If, from the nature of the river banks, it is impossible to row the boat close to the shore, the ferrymen jump, with perfect nonchalance, into the water, up to their waists if need be, and, taking the passengers up in their arms, like infants, place them dry-shod upon land. The Icelander is a perfect water animal, unshrinking and fearless, although, owing to the coldness of the water, he seldom, if ever, learns to swim. Death by drowning is a common fate in all parts of

Iceland, and it is due not infrequently to recklessness in venturing far out to sea in open fishing-boats, or to crossing the streams carelessly in unknown places or at high water.

On approaching the valley (the Hawk-adale, in which the Geyser is situated) the clouds of vapor rising from the numerous hot springs and mud volcanoes present the appearance of a busy manufacturing place with steaming and smoking chimneys. It is a broad plain which unfolds itself gradually to view, grass-grown in the distance, but barren in the immediate foreground, where it slopes upward in continually increasing heaps of sand and tufa, forming farther back a line of black mountains. Near the edge of the slope is the group of warm springs. Here the whole surface of the ground is parched and burnt, and filled with fumaroles, and one is obliged to dismount and go cautiously, lest the horse should break through the thin and brittle crust. The Geyser (the Spouter) is a gigantic caldron set in a hillock of calcareous tufa which rises gradually and symmetrically from the surrounding plain. The cone has been formed in the usual way, by deposits from the water itself, which at frequent intervals rises to the top of the basin, overflows for a few minutes, and then resumes its former level, several inches below the brim. The round basin is about sixty feet in diameter at the top, and narrows gradually, like a shallow funnel, toward the centre, from which, five or six feet from the surface, a shaft goes straight down into the earth. The water is as clear as crystal, and the fantastic deposits on the sides of the basin can be seen with perfect distinctness to the bottom. Over its surface, which lies as still as a mirror, hangs a continual cloud of steam. While we were standing close to the edge looking in, thump! thump! thump! came the sound and sensation of a violent blow struck three times under our feet; the water boiled up fiercely and



ran over the edge, a great column of vapor rose high into the air, and then the water sank back to its former condition of perfect tranquillity. Eruptions take place at very uncertain intervals; sometimes hours, sometimes weeks intervene, and nowadays they occur less frequently than formerly. The Geyser evidently is gradually dying out. The water, although it does not boil at the surface, still is nearly at the boiling point, and if you can trust in Providence sufficiently to hang your coffee-pot from a crane over the edge so that the bottom shall be well immersed, your coffee soon will be cooking in a gratifying manner.

The Strokkur, or Churn, which lies a short distance away, is much more satisfactory. It is merely an oblong hole in the ground, quite even with the surrounding surface. Inside it is like a well, some five feet wide at the mouth, and looking down through the steam, you see the water surging and boiling in great waves twelve or fifteen feet below. While the Geyser is to the last degree uncertain and capricious, the Strokkur can be made to erupt. It is only necessary to administer a quantity of turf and rocks by way of an emetic (the figure is Icelandic), and a desperate sickness is sure to follow after a short interval. From the farm near by, Gisli had procured a shovel, and cutting a pile of turf carried it to the edge of the Strokkur, where he tumbled it in together. It ought to have produced the desired effect. A glance down the well showed that the water had risen halfway to the top and was boiling more violently than before. A half-hour and an hour passed, and still there was no eruption, and down in the well the commotion had begun to subside. A fresh attempt was made, and a pile of sand and loose rocks was heaped up at the edge, and then thrown in as rapidly as possible. Ten minutes after the water came boiling to the top and burst, a muddy fountain, high up in the air.

Again and again the stream shot up, carrying with it rocks, and stones, and half digested sods, which were flung to a distance on all sides or sank back into the well, only to be hurled out again a minute after. Gradually the eruption diminished. The column of water, at first nearly a hundred feet high, grew lower at each successive outburst. Several times when it appeared to be all over it broke out anew, but each time more feebly than the last, until finally, after half an hour, the water, as at first, lay boiling at the bottom. With the subsidence of the Strokkur, a third spring, a short distance away, called the Little Geyser, which seems to be in some way connected, all at once became active, and repeatedly sent up a column of mingled water and steam ten or twelve feet high. The other springs in the vicinity are of all kinds and sizes. In some of them the water boils furiously, and the steam escapes hissing into the air; in others the water lies unruffled, and gives evidence of its heat only by the vapor that slowly rises from the surface. One is a deep well filled to the brim with clear water, but the light reflected from the sides is a deep, vivid blue, and the whole glitters and sparkles like a jeweled grotto in a fairy tale. The next morning, after having slept in the church not far distant, we made our toilet in the runlet formed by the overflow of the Geyser, and found that the tepid water left the skin deliciously soft and smooth.

Our course now lay to the south. In the home-fields along our route men and women were busily engaged in harvesting the hay, which was loaded on the backs of ponies and stacked near the buildings of the farm. Sometimes we met a number of ponies heavily loaded on either side with crates of turf, which had been cut earlier in the summer and left to dry in the sun, and was now being conveyed to a place of shelter. Once, while we were waiting for the ferryman



on the bank of a river, a procession of ponies came slowly down the mountain in the distance. As it drew nearer we saw that it was a funeral; on the back of one of the foremost horses was tied a rude coffin of boards. They halted at the river-side and the coffin was silently placed in the boat; then the saddles were removed, the horses were driven into the water, and struck out for the opposite shore. We could see on the other side how the coffin was again fastened on a pony's back, and as weirdly as they had come, they were soon lost to sight in the distance. Burials are always made in the little graveyards near the churches, and often it is necessary to come long distances, as the churches in the sparsely settled regions lie far apart.

We saw, a little later, another characteristic scene. It was a public sheep-folding, when the sheep, that have been left during the summer to stray at will wherever they can find sufficient pasture to tempt them, are again collected. The folds are walled enclosures situated in a convenient and central place. On a certain specified day in the autumn the whole male population of the district unites in hunting the sheep on every mountain and in every valley for miles around, and all are driven into the common fold. Every sheep is distinguishable by a registered ear-mark, and when all that can be found are collected, they are separated according to their marks and driven away by their owners. A sheep-folding sometimes lasts two or three days, and is an occasion of much conviviality, not always of a strictly pastoral kind. It is a picturesque sight — the men in their suits of rough homespun, the shaggy ponies, the dogs, and the long-wooled sheep. The foreground is a green plain with a turf-grown sheep-fold, and round about are the snow-covered mountains and the glaciers.

On every side preparations were now making for the winter, which was soon to settle, long and dark, over the land.

According to the Icelandic almanac, winter commences shortly after the middle of October; but for a month previous the snow had been gradually creeping farther and farther down the mountain sides. A bright day would melt it off, but it came again persistently, and finally it remained. The air, usually moisture-laden, was now clear and sharp. Night after night the sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere of marvelous transparency. September was the month of auroras; later they faded by degrees, and finally almost wholly disappeared. But while they were at their best it was truly a magnificent display. Sometimes a complete semicircle stretched across the heavens from east to west, an arc of light, vying with the rainbow in brilliancy of color. At other times a bed of light, white, red, and green, often all together, lay still upon the sky; now it hung down a waving curtain of changing colors; again, it shot up out of the north across the sky, vanishing and reappearing almost instantaneously.

By November the winter had begun with all its rigor, and fierce storms swept over land and over the sea, which lost its blue and became dull and dark. One by one the ships left the harbor of Reykjavik; then the last mail-ship sailed, and Iceland was cut off until spring from communication with the outside world.

Although the climate of South Iceland is cold, the winter is scarcely what one would be led to expect from the northern situation. There is not much snow. A few inches usually lay upon the ground, crisp and hard, but not the piled up drifts of a New England winter. Accordingly it was possible to make horse-back excursions to the farms round about, and to see the winter life of the people in the country. This season for the Icelander is a time of comparative rest. As nothing can be done abroad he stays of necessity at home, but his life is no mere hibernation. He sleeps a great

deal, for his house is insufficiently lighted and the nights are long, but by daylight he has occupations enough. He has boats to build and oars to shape; saddles and harness to make and to mend; or he sorts the wool which the women spin into yarn and then knit into stockings, or weave into coarse homespun or flannel, like *wadmál*. A busy sound of whirring wheels often greets the ear when you enter the farmhouse, and you find the women all at work at one end of the long room. Another duty devolves on the heads of the household at isolated farms. There are good elementary schools in many places throughout the island, but in remote districts the children must be taught at home. In summer the time is occupied with out-of-door work, but in the comparatively idle days of winter the father, or not infrequently the mother, teaches the children of either sex the common branches. Iceland is perhaps the best-educated community on the face of the earth; throughout the length and breadth of the land there is nobody who cannot read and write, and the general knowledge of some of these obscure fisherman-farmers is sometimes well-nigh appalling.

In their social conditions the Icelanders are neither the best nor the worst of the world's people. Although as a whole the nation is to be characterized neither as immoral nor irreligious, its morals are by no means unimpeachable, nor its religion zealous. The little cathedral at Reykjavik and the parish churches throughout the land are well filled on Sundays and festivals with congregations of worshipers. The Bible, thanks to the English Bible Society, is everywhere diffused, and books of homilies and hymns are common in nearly all households; but the religion is, after all, of that lukewarm quality that characterizes Protestant Germany. As a unit the nation is staunchly Lutheran, and schismatic "isms" have never ap-

pealed to Icelandic ears, nor found root in Icelandic hearts. Viewed comprehensively, the morals of the country are excellent, but judged in detail, the ethical code is nevertheless not wholly free from anomalies. Crime of any sort is infrequent. The Icelanders are and have always been a litigious folk, and their law-courts are crowded with neighbor feuds and cases of grievance real or imagined, but their jails are empty, and their house doors without locks. In all the land there are no criminal classes, and even petty crime is almost absolutely unknown. With the cardinal virtues it does not fare so well. Three are heeded, but intemperance is common. The principal drink is brandy, of which, as in all high latitudes, astonishing quantities are consumed without apparent ill-effect. It was not, however, a rare experience to meet men in various stages of intoxication; several times in our journeyings belated Icelanders were found lying upon the ground utterly oblivious of things mundane, while their ponies grazed near unconcernedly. It is in the recognized relationship of the sexes that the Icelanders are most unconventional. If the crowded condition of the Icelandic house is borne in mind, it will readily be inferred that privacy in such a place would be, as it really is, well-nigh impossible. The direct consequence is that modesty, in a great majority of the people of either sex, is not even a tradition. Every year a large proportion of the children born is illegitimate. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the loose construction of the marriage laws, but partly, too, to the unrestricted intercourse of the sexes. As children born out of wedlock are legitimized by subsequent marriage, public judgment looks upon a mistake of this character either as a matter that can easily be remedied, or generously condones it as an unfortunate accident. This state of affairs is not confined to one or the other stations of life; even clergymen were

pointed out whose children had been legalized only by a tardy marriage. Once contracted, however, the marriage tie binds fast enough, and is seldom broken. In the social status of the persons concerned it could not be discovered that a questionable birth made the slightest difference; public opinion simply refuses to take the matter into consideration.

Winter in the usual Icelandic farmhouse, though picturesque, loses much of its charm upon close acquaintance; there is little poetry associated with it, but a great deal of stern and uncomfortable reality. The days are extremely short, and the tallow lights, necessary in mid-winter more than two thirds of the twenty-four hours, but insufficiently illuminate the low room. The air is cold, damp, and impure, as there are no means of heating or of ventilation. There is excuse for the former because fuel is scarce, but the latter simply is disregarded. With the advent of cold weather the entrance door, which really is the only means of admitting fresh air, is kept carefully closed; the windows are stationary, and are intended solely for the admission of light. The food during the winter consists principally of dried fish and smoked mutton. Rye flour, obtained from the nearest trading place, is made into hard bread, and potatoes often are to be had. During the summer, butter has been made of ewe's milk and packed away without salt. There is also a kind of cheese, dark brown in color and nearly tasteless. The only luxury is coffee, of which the people are inveterate drinkers at all times of the year. For amusement the Icelander plays checkers, the national game, or he reads once more out of the limited number of books that he possesses. The picture, however, that one is apt to form of the cosy family group "in many a smoky fireside nook," gathered about one who tells or reads aloud the ancient Sagas, is purely fanciful.

There is a widespread knowledge of the old literature, but there are no fireside nooks. The Icelander is glad when the winter is over, for it is often a season of deprivation and always of hardship. To meet it successfully calls forth all his energies throughout the summer. Its importance over the rest of the year has even made itself felt upon the language. It is not "How many years old are you?" but "How many winters?"

In the little capital, life through the winter went merrily enough. The government functionaries vied with each other in giving and returning dinners, when sometimes the haunch of reindeer was followed by oranges and grapes. In December there was a grand ball at the hospital, at which the music was produced by an accordion and a drum. There were weddings, too, and christenings, both alike chiefly remarkable for the good cheer that succeeded them. In the autumn an antiquarian society had been organized, and to give an earnest of its purpose, it was decided to celebrate in the old heathen manner the great midwinter festival of Thor. An ancient mead-hall accordingly was arranged; long fires were lighted down the centre of the room, and shields were hung upon the walls. The head of the feast sat on a high seat, and around him were the members of the society as henchmen and retainers. The banquet was strictly Icelandic; only the punch, which figured as mead in the speeches, had an unmistakably foreign flavor, but this was forgotten, and the sign of Thor's hammer was made in the old way over the cups that were drunk in his honor.

Even in Reykjavik, with its comparative gayety, the winter was tedious by reason of the constantly changing weather. Storm succeeded storm, and sleet and snow lay alternately upon the earth; the chilling air was heavy with moisture, and cold fogs clung about the coast. Once a furious thunder-storm with vivid lightning came out of the west and flew over

the land, sending down its shafts upon every mountain-top in its course. Some days were clear, and bright, and beautiful, and the whole landscape gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight.

One morning in February there was a great commotion in the streets of Reykjavik. People were hurrying to and fro, armed with telescopes and glasses of all descriptions, or were conversing excitedly in groups; some had hastily saddled their ponies, and were galloping off to neighboring hill-tops. The reason was soon apparent, for away down on the horizon was a blot of black

which could be nothing but the smoke of an approaching steamship. There was presently no doubt of it, and before many hours an unheard-of thing had happened,—the mail-ship from Denmark lay in the harbor in the middle of winter.

Some days later, in the midst of a driving snowstorm, a fishing-boat waited to convey on board the mail and the few passengers for the return voyage. Healths had been drunk, the final adieux had been said, and last of all, the policeman kissed the departing travelers good-by at the pier.

*William H. Carpenter.*

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#### ESOTERIC ECONOMY.

It is one of the most delightful things about Miss Edgeworth's immortal tales for children that the incidents they relate have a knack of remaining indelibly fixed in our memories long after we have succeeded in forgetting the more severely acquired information of our school-days. Why, for instance, do I vex my temper and break my fingernails in a vain effort to untie the knotted cord of every bundle that comes to the house, save that I have still before me the salutary example of that prudent little Ben who so conscientiously and cheerfully devoted himself to unfastening his uncle's package? "You may keep the string for your pains," says Mr. Gresham, with pleasing liberality. "Thank you, sir," replies Ben, with more effusion than I think he feels. "What an excellent whipcord it is!" And so, pocketing his fee, it wins for him, as we all know, the prize at Lady Diana Sweepstake's great archery contest, while poor Hal forfeits his shot, and loses his hat, and gets covered with mud and disgrace, and sprains his little cousin Patty's ankle, and all because he

has been rash enough to cut his piece of cord. Never was moral more sternly pointed, not even in the case of Miss Jane Taylor's heedless little Emily, who will not stoop to pick up a pin, and is punished by the loss of a whole day's pleasure, because, owing to some unexplained intricacy of her toilet,

"She could not stir,

For just a pin to finish her."

But was whipcord such a costly article in Miss Edgeworth's time that a small piece of it was worth so much trouble and pains? We have Hal's testimony that twice as much could have been bought for twopence; and though Hal is but a graceless young scamp, who cannot be induced to look upon twopence with becoming reverence, and who plainly has a career of want and misery before him, yet his word on this matter may be accepted as final. At the present day the value of a bit of string saved by patient dexterity from the scissors is so infinitesimal that the hoarding up of match stumps, after the fashion of a certain great banker, would really seem the quicker road to wealth.

But the true gain in these minute economies is of a strictly moral nature, and serves, when we know we have been extravagant, to balance our account with conscience. The least practical of us have some petty thrift dear to our hearts, some one direction in which we love to scrimp. I have known wealthy men who grudged themselves and their families nothing that money could buy, yet were made perfectly miserable by the amount of gas burned nightly in their homes. They roamed around with manifest and pitiful uneasiness, stealthily turning down a burner here and there whenever they could do so unperceived, dimming the glories of their glass and gilding, and reducing upper halls and familiar stairways into very pitfalls for the stumbling of the unwary. The advent of lamps has brought but scant solace to these sufferers, for their economy is in fact much older than the gas itself, and flourished exceedingly in the days of wax tapers and tallow-dips. We read in the voracious chronicles of Cranford how Miss Matty Jenkyns, so thoughtlessly generous in all other matters, had for her one pet frugality the hoarding of her candles, and by how many intricate devices the dear old lady sought to cherish and protect these objects of her tender solicitude.

“They — the candles — were usually brought in with tea, but we only burned one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any moment (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep them of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burned two always. They took it in turns, and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty’s eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it, and to light the other, before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.”

This little scene of innocent deception

is finer, in its way, than the famous newspaper paths on which Miss Deborah’s guests step lightly over her new carpet to their respective chairs. We sympathize with Miss Matty’s anxiety about her tapers because it represents one phase of a weakness common to all mankind, and far remote, we trust, from mere vulgar parsimony, which, seeking to stint in all things, is by its very nature incapable of a nice spirit of selection. Even the narrator of Cranford, that shadowy, indistinguishable Mary Smith, who contrives so cleverly to keep her own identity in the background, — even she consents to emerge one moment from her chosen dimness, and to claim a share in this highly discriminating economy. String, she acknowledges, is her foible. Like the excellent Mr. Gresham, she would preserve it from destruction at the most liberal expenditure of other people’s time and trouble. “My pockets,” she confesses, “get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use India-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of string, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an India-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new; one that I picked up off the floor six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.”

It would be a pity to spoil this vivacious description by a touch of odious modern realism, and to hint that an India-rubber ring which had knocked about the world for six years must have parted with much of its youthful elasticity, and would be of comparatively little use to any one.

Illustrious examples are not lacking to give dignity and weight to these seemingly trivial frugalities. The great,

and wise, and mean Duke of Marlborough, he who held the fate of Europe in his hands, and who was, without doubt, the first of English-speaking generals, did not disdain to bend his mighty mind to the contemplation of his candle-ends, or to the tender protection of his luggage. Who understood so well as he how to spend a thousand pounds and save a shilling? When Prince Eugene came to a conference in his tent, the duke's servant, anxious no doubt for an ostentatious display, had the temerity to light four wax tapers in honor of the royal guest, which, when Marlborough perceived, he promptly extinguished, rating the unlucky attendant with such caustic severity that the offense ran little likelihood of being soon repeated. While the great pile of Blenheim was absorbing countless thousands in its slow process of erection, the duke walked every morning from the public rooms at Bath to his own lodging, thereby saving sixpence daily, and affording a shining model to those whose favorite economy is cab-hire. He walked to the very end, this consistent old warrior; walked while the pangs of illness were creeping over his disabled frame; and at last, when he could save no more sixpences, he died, and left nearly two million pounds to be squandered briskly by his heirs.

His wife, too, the beautiful, brilliant, high-tempered Duchess Sarah, was every bit as thrifty as her lord. She built the triumphal arch of Blenheim at her own expense, and wrangled mightily all the while over the price of lime, "sevenpence half-penny per bushel, when it could be made in the park." She was the richest peeress in England, but her keen blue eyes, as fiery as Marlborough's own, were ever awake to any attempted depredation. Her dressmaker, one Mrs. Buda, essayed, not knowing with whom she had to deal, to hold back from her some yards of cloth; whereupon the duchess borrowed Mrs. Buda's diamond ring "for a pattern," and refused to

give it up until the stuff was returned. She understood also the admirable art of utilizing her friends, and there is a delightful letter written by her to Lord Stair, then minister at France, commissioning him to buy her a night-gown, or more properly a dressing-gown, "easy and warm, with a light silk wadd in it, such as are used to come out of bed and gird round, without any train at all, but very full. 'Tis no matter what color, except pink or yellow — no gold or silver in it, but some pretty striped satin or damask, lined with a tafetty of the same color." She also desires for her daughter, Lady Harriet, then a child of thirteen, "a monto and petticoat to go abroad in, no silver or gold in it, nor a stuff that is dear, but a middling one that may be worn either in winter or in summer." The canny duchess prudently adds that she will wait for the things until "no one need be troubled with the custom-house people," a euphuism worthy of an American conscience, and she thanks Lord Stair at the same time for sending her "a pair of bodies," which were so well-fitting, and evidently so cheap, that she will have two more pairs of "white tabby from the same taylor." Fancy asking a foreign minister to purchase one's stays, and wrappers, and little daughter's petticoats, and to please wait his opportunity to smuggle them in without duty!

Yet "Queen Sarah" was capable of sudden deeds of generosity that quite take away our breath by their magnificence, and so, for the matter of that, was another noble termagant, Queen Elizabeth, who gave away right royally with one hand, even while she held out the other for beggarly gratuities. We see her heaping riches into Sir Walter Raleigh's lap, and managing to get a great deal of it back again, when his treasure-laden ships came slowly to port. Nay, did she not seize on "a waistcoat of carnation colour, curiously embroidered," which the brave navigator, always pas-



sionately addicted to fine clothes, had snatched from some Spanish galleon for the adornment of his own handsome figure, and which the queen straightway proceeded to flaunt as a stomacher before his injured eyes? If we read a list of Elizabeth's New Year gifts, we are both astonished and edified by their number and variety. Here is Fulke Greville presenting his sovereign with a night-dress; not a wrapper this time, but a genuine night-dress, "made of cambric, wrought about the collar and sleeves with Spanish work of roses and *letters*, and a night-coif with a forehead-cloth of the same work." And here is Mrs. Carre offering her majesty an embroidered cambric sheet; and Dr. Bayly, one of the court physicians, arriving brisk and early with a pot of green ginger under his arm; and Mrs. Amy Shelton with six handkerchiefs all edged with gold and silver braid; and Sir Philip Sidney with a most beautiful cambric smock, "and a suite of ruffs of cut-work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold." And here, best of all, are several gentlemen of rank who, being unacquainted with the intricacies of the female toilet, feel afraid to venture upon smocks, and ruffs, and night-dresses, so solve their dilemma by plumply handing down ten pounds apiece, a practical donation which the virgin monarch accepts with all possible alacrity and goodwill.

Elizabeth, moreover, was known to be a costly and often a sadly unremunerative guest when it pleased her to visit her loyal people. There is a letter written by the Earl of Bedford to Lord Burleigh that is positively pathetic in its apprehension of the impending honor. "I trust truly," says the expectant host, "that your lordship will have in remembrance to provide and help that her majesty's tarrying be not above two nights and a day, for so long time do I prepare." As it was one of the queen's

whims to give scant warning of her coming, the unfortunate gentlemen suddenly called upon to harbor their sovereign and her suite often found themselves at their wits' end for food and entertainment; and not unfrequently it happened that after days of ruinous expenditure they had the satisfaction of seeing their prospects as blighted as their larders. Lord Henry Berkely lamenting the loss of his good red deer, twenty-seven of which were slain in one day — in their owner's absence, be it noted — for Elizabeth's diversion, was at least a happier man than the luckless young Rookwood of Euston Hall, whom her majesty requited for his hospitality by cruel insult and imprisonment. Even King John, who has come down to us in history as the least profitable of royal guests, could not well do worse than this, though his visits, being occasionally of longer duration, were just so much harder to be borne. In the chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, we read how once the king came with a large retinue to the convent of St. Edmundsbury, and stayed there for two whole weeks, eating up the monks' provisions at a fearful rate, emptying the cellars of their choicest wines, and making, no doubt, what with drunken, swearing soldiers and insolent court parasites, sad riot and confusion within those peaceful walls. At last, however, the weary fortnight was over, and the guests stood marshaled to depart; but not before his gracious majesty had made offering, as guerdon for two weeks' entertainment, of a silk cloak to cover St. Edmund's shrine, which same cloak was promptly borrowed back again by one of the royal train, and the monks beheld it no more. In addition to this elusive legacy, which left the shrine as bare as it found it, Jocelin records that the monarch, ere he rode forth, presented the convent with the handsome sum of thirteen pence, in consideration of a mass being said for his soul, which sorely



needed all the spiritual aliment the good monks could furnish it. We can fancy Abbot Samson standing at his monastery door, and regarding those thirteen pence very much as the Genoese consul must have regarded the Duke of Kingston's old spectacles, which the dowager duchess tendered him in return for his hospitality; or as Commodore Barnet regarded the paste emerald ring with which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gracefully acknowledged the valuable services of his man-of-war.

"Lady Mary's avarice seems to have been generally credited at the time, though we have no proofs of it," says one of her recent biographers, who is disposed, and rightly, to put scant faith in Walpole's malicious jibes. But if the story of the ring be a true one, she can hardly be acquitted of amazing thrift, and of a still more amazing assurance. It is said that the gallant commodore, never doubting the worth of her token, was wont to show it with some ostentation to his friends, until one of them, who knew the lady well, stoutly maintained that if the stone were genuine she would never have parted with it, and a closer inspection proved the melancholy accuracy of his suspicions. As for much of her so-called greed, it was not without solid justification. If she drove a hard bargain with Mr. Wortley, stipulating most unromantically for her marriage settlement before she ran away with him, be it remembered that upon this auspicious occasion she was compelled to act as her own guardian; and if she had an inexplicable fancy for wearing her old clothes, the dimity petticoat, and the gray stockings, and the faded green brocade riding-jacket which so deeply offended Walpole's fastidious eyes, let us deal charitably with a fault in which she has but few feminine successors. Those were times when fashions had not yet learned to change with such chameleon-like speed, and people did occasionally wear their old clothes

with an unblushing effrontery that would be well-nigh disgraceful to-day. Silks and satins, laces and furbelows were all of the costliest description, and their owners were chary of discarding them, or even of lightly exposing them to ruin. Emile Souvestre's languid lady, who proves the purity of her blood, somewhat after the manner of the princess and the pea, by supercilious indifference to the fate of her velvet mantle in a snowstorm, could hardly have existed a few hundred years ago. We have in Pepys's diary a most amusing record of his disgust at being over-persuaded by his wife to wear his best suit on a certain threatening May Day, and how of course it rained, and all their pleasure was spoiled. The guilty Eve was quite as unfortunate as her husband, for she too had gone forth "extraordinary fine in her flowered tabby gown," which we are greatly relieved to learn a little later was two years old, but smartly renovated with brand-new lacings. Only fancy being so careful of a two-year gown as to begrudge it to the sight of court and commoners on May Day!

The same frugal spirit extended down to the last century, and was of infinite value to the self-respecting poor. Artisans had not yet found it imperative to dress their wives and children in imitation finery, and farmers were even less awake to the exigencies of fashionable attire. We read of rural couples placidly wearing their wedding clothes into their advanced old age, and we are lost in hopeless speculation as to how they accommodated their spreading proportions to the coats and gowns which presumably had fitted the comparative slimness of their youth. With what patient ingenuity did the good dames of Miss Mitford's village, aided occasionally by an itinerant tailoress, turn and return their husbands' cast-off clothing, until, from seeming ruin, they had evolved sound garments for their growing boys; and with what pardonable pride did the

strutting youngsters exhibit on the village streets these baggy specimens of their mothers' skill! Among the innumerable anecdotes told of George III., it is said that, strolling once with Queen Charlotte in the woods of Windsor, he met a little red-cheeked, white-haired lad, who proved, on examination, to be the son of one of his majesty's beef-eaters. The gracious king, always well pleased with children, patted the boy's flaxen head, and bade him kneel and kiss the queen's hand, but this the sturdy young Briton declined flatly to do; not, be it said, from any desire to emulate the examples of Penn and Franklin by illustrating on a minor scale the heroic principles of democracy, but solely and entirely that he might not spoil his new breeches by contact with the grass. So thrifty a monarch, says Thackeray, should have hugged on the spot a child after his own heart; and even if the royal favor failed to manifest itself in precisely this fashion, I make no doubt that the beefeater's wife, who had stitched those little breeches with motherly solicitude, found ample comfort in such a judicious son.

Perhaps, indeed, he was a worthy scion of the race of Dodsons, with whom it was an honorable tradition to preserve their best clothes, very much as the inhabitants of Ceylon preserved their sacred Bo-trees, by guarding them jealously from the desecrating touch of man. Who that has ever had the happiness of reading *The Mill on the Floss* can forget the dim seclusion of the shrouded room, where, far from the madding crowd, reposes in dignified seclusion Mrs. Pullet's new bonnet? To go to see it is in itself a pilgrimage; to try it on, a solemn ceremonial; what then must have been the profound emotions with which it was actually worn! Little Maggie Tulliver, watching with breathless interest while it is lifted reverently from the shrine, feels oppressed with a sense of mystery, and is child-

ishly indignant because no one will tell her what it means. The Dodsons are all fond of fine raiment, but not for the mere vulgar pleasure of self-adornment. Less favored families may take a coarse delight in exhibiting their clothes, but it remains for them to derive a higher gratification from keeping them unseen. Even a third-best front is felt to be much too good for a sister's dinner-party, while in the matter of frocks and trimmings they are as adamant. "Other women, if they liked, might have their best thread lace in every wash; but when Mrs. Glegg died, it would be found that she had better lace laid by in the right-hand drawer of her wardrobe in the spotted chamber than ever Mrs. Wooll of St. Ogg's had bought in her life, although Mrs. Wooll wore her lace before it was paid for." Here, in a humble way, we have the same sentiment that thrilled the heart of Elizabeth Petrovna, when she gazed at the thousand and one gowns hanging up in the royal closets, and felt a true womanly satisfaction in knowing they were there.

It is in fact a curious and edifying circumstance that the great ones of this earth, if they must be held responsible for much of its unwarranted luxury, have at the same time afforded us many shining examples, not only of that general and indiscriminate parsimony which induced old Frederic William, for instance, to feed his family on pork and cabbage, but also of that more refined and esoteric species of economy which it is our task to recognize and encourage. George III. was frugal in all things, but his particular saving appears to have been in carpets, for summer or winter he never permitted these effeminate devices upon his bedroom floor. His great grandfather, George I., does not figure as an austere or self-denying character; but he, too, stinted bravely in one direction, — the family wash. In that beloved court of Hanover, which he

exchanged so reluctantly for the glories of St. James, there was evidently no lack of well-fed, well-paid attendants. Looking down the list, we see seventy odd postilions and stable-men, twenty cooks with six assistants, seven "officers of the cellar," twenty-four lackeys in livery, sixteen trumpeters and fiddlers, — and only two washerwomen. Think of it, — twenty-six people to cook, and only two to wash! "But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" Yet the chances are that of all the officials in that snug, jolly, dirty little Hanoverian court those two washerwomen alone led comparatively idle lives. When balanced with the arduous labors of the seven officers of the cellar, I am convinced their position was a sinecure.

Of much the same temper as royal George was that great Earl of Northumberland, whose expense-book, which may be consulted to-day, gives us a delightful insight into some of the curious methods of past housekeeping. Germany, be it confessed, has always been a trifle backward in the matter of cleanliness, but England, until within the last two centuries, was very nearly as conservative. Appalling stories are told of the fine ladies and gentlemen who glittered in the courts of the Tudors and Stuarts, and who, in their light-hearted indifference to dirt, very nearly rivaled the prowess of the Spanish Isabella, when she vowed away her clean linen until Ostend should fall, and gave the honor of her name to that delicate yellow tint which her garments assumed in the interval. The Earl of Northumberland, however, aspired to no such uneasy asceticism. He was simply the model housekeeper of his age. Every item of expenditure in his immense establishment was rigorously defined, and no less rigorously overlooked. With his own noble hands he wrote down the exact proportion of food, fuel, and candles which each body of retainers was ex-

pected to consume; and while the upper servants appear to have fared tolerably well, the commoner sort enjoyed an unbroken monotony of salt meat, black bread, and beer. But it is in the matter of tablecloths that his grace chiefly excelled, and that he merits an honorable mention in the ranks of esoteric parsimony. For his own needs, and for the service and pleasure of his many guests, — and let us remember that he kept open house after the hospitable fashion of his day, — eight of these valuable articles were deemed amply sufficient; while in the servants' hall one cloth a month was the allowance. Granted, if you please, that in this rather effeminate age we have grown unduly fastidious about such trivialities; yet who, looking back through the long vista of years, can contemplate without a shudder the condition of that tablecloth when its month's servitude was over?

It is easier, however, to jeer at the honorable efforts of mankind than to arrange our own economies on a strictly satisfactory basis. Beyond a rational and healthy impulse to save on others rather than on ourselves, few of us can boast of much enlightenment in the matter, and even our one unerring guide is in a measure neutralized by the consistent determination of others to exert their own saving powers on us. The out-and-out miser is at best a creature of little penetration. He cheats himself sorely throughout life, and gains a sort of shabby posthumous distinction only when he is long past enjoying it. The true economist is, if we may believe Mrs. Oliphant, a *rara avis*, as exceptional in his way as the true genius. She endeavors, indeed, with much humility, to describe for us such a character in *The Curate in Charge*; but, while laying all possible stress on Mrs. St. John's extraordinary proficiency, she does not for a moment venture to hint at the secret of her power. "I don't pretend to know how she did it," confesses this

discriminating authoress, "any more than I can tell you how Shakespeare wrote Hamlet. It was quite easy to him and to her, but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she." This is a degree of perfection to which we may not well aspire. Shakespeare and Mrs. St. John lie equally beyond our humble imitation. We do not even feel ambitious of such excellence, but

cherish the more contentedly those few finely selected frugalities, those car-fares and match stumps, those postage stamps and half sheets of paper, those dimly lighted rooms and evaded custom-house duties, which, while they may not leave us much richer at the year's end, have yet a distinct ethical value of their own, and, breathing an indescribable air of conscious rectitude, serve to keep us in harmony with ourselves.

*Agnes Replier.*

## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

### XX.

BAINTREE lifted his sleek black head for a moment, and covertly surveyed his fireside companion, whose eyes were fixed meditatively on the coals. There was an expression of acute though surprised comprehension in the face of the crafty mountaineer; his elevated eyebrows, keen, quick glance, and thin pursed lips betokened much deft and agile deduction and analysis, although none of these swift processes were indicated in the brooding and reflective mien into which he had relapsed before Rathburn's attention once more reverted to him.

"Marcelly air pritty enough," he said, still spreading his thin fingers to the blaze. "Thar ain't no two ways 'bout'n that. I reckon a man mought take a righteous oath ez thar ain't sech another lookin' gal in the Newnited States — but she ain't like them young citified Glaston gals, what walks with par'sols, — in no wise like them ez walks with par'sols," he repeated the phrase with relish of its aptness, for to him it expressed the totality of the status. "An' she don't know none of the things they know. Why shucks! even the men-folks in the mountings air a thousand million o' miles

away behind the times. I fund that out through jes' goin' ter jail in a sure-enough town. I reckon they would fall down stunned ef they war ter see a three-story house. I'll be bound they would be plumb afeard ter go inside o' one, thinkin' bein' so high it mought fall in onto them an' mash 'em tee-totally!" He looked up half laughing, half sneering at the thought of his compatriots' ignorance, and Rathburn's face wore a responsive gleam, — Jake Baintree's attitude of superiority expressed so definitely how relative a thing is sophistication!

"The folks in the mountings don't know nuthin' sca'cely," he went on, evidently bitten by that tarantula of decrying the home-keeping things characteristic of more learned travelers in wider circuits. "But they won't b'lieve that, though. Why, even me — I useter think thar war n't no kentry but Tennessee, an' No'th Carliny, an' Georgy, an' sech. It liked ter hev knocked me down whenst that man ez war my cell-mate in Glaston — ye 'member, he hed a chronic mis'ry in his throat — an' bless the Lord, he showed me Ashy an' Africky an' Europe on a map he hed, an' I could n't sleep none that night — the news liked ter hev tuk my breath away!"

He reached behind the chair to the woodpile, lifted a great log split in half, and flung it on the fire, which sent up a myriad of sparks and a cloud of smoke, and then seemed to dwindle in discouragement for a season, only now and then emitting a timorous blue or yellow flame to coil like a thong around the bulk of the wood, disappearing the next moment in the slowly ascending gray wreaths that had usurped the place of the dancing blazes. The room had grown very nearly dark. Rathburn could ill distinguish the crouching figure, with its elbows on its knees, seated in the rickety chair on the opposite side of the hearth. It seemed lighter without than within. He could see through the rift in the batten shutter a section of the deeply purple sky, athwart which the leafless twigs of a bough near at hand moved fitfully, fretted by the wind. Once in their midst a great white star shone, pulsating in some splendid ecstasy, and then the clouds surged over it anew. The lash-like blaze sprang out once more about the log, and he caught Baintree's eye, still illumined with a jeering laugh, and a twinkling appreciation of the incongruity between his present fully-posted estate and his former ignorance.

"Did ye see Eli?" he demanded presently.

Rathburn nodded.

"Hev he got sensible agin?" asked Baintree, remembering his delirious condition when they visited the house together.

"He talked very sensibly indeed, this evening," the physician replied evasively, the professional punctilio instantly on the alert, "especially about lynch-ers and law-breakers generally — sound views."

Baintree became suddenly rigid.

"Ye war n't fool enough," he said, sitting stiffly upright, "ter go tellin' Eli Strobe, the off'cer o' the law, 'bout'n them men *by name* — they'd hang ye

fur a informer, ef they hed nuthin else agin ye, ef enny of 'em fund it out."

"*That* for their slip-knots!" cried Rathburn, snapping his fingers and laughing in gay bravado. "I'm not in collusion with 'em, and I'll do nothing to protect 'em. I'll give 'em away every time!"

Baintree visibly winced at the mere idea of this defiance. He made no response for a moment, but looked doubtfully over his shoulder at the broken batten shutter. It shivered and shook as if in sympathy with his glance.

"The wind is harsh ter-night," he said again.

"I'm through with this skulking and hiding," said Rathburn, the superficial composure and friendly tone that he had maintained giving way suddenly. "I'll say what I mean, and what I think, and what I feel. And I'm going to hire twenty — fifty hands — to sink shafts in both those gorges where the best indications are."

Baintree had been startled by his sudden change of tone, and had listened with relaxing muscles and lips parted. A certain hardening took possession of his features as the final words fell on the air. A covert triumph, a definite appreciation of his own superior cleverness, shone in his eyes, incongruously enough with the mild tenor of his speech as he said, "Waal, Eugene, I wish ye well — I wish ye well! Ye an' me hev been mighty frien'ly tergether an' I hev enjyed yer comp'ny."

Rathburn, tilted back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, looked, with curling lip and sarcastic, glowing eye, the sneering protest that it was futile to speak. Since he had been so free with his company he could not logically quarrel with Baintree for presuming to find it agreeable.

"I be sorry ye hev got tired o' me. I ain't ez school-larned ez ye, though I ain't like a ignorunt mountaineer, nuth'er. I hev larned some in books, an' I

be one o' them ez kin larn out'n 'em, too. Thar's a heap o' things I know — through jes' bein' knowin'." His look was the very essence of boastful slyness as he cast his eyes up obliquely at the flushing face of the young townsman. He had his elbows once more on his knees, and his chin in his long bony hand, and his drawl was not as distinct, thus hampered, as it might have been. "Eli Strobe hev been ter Glaston time I war war tried, likewise Teck Jepson. They never larnt thar what I larned 'bout town ways; they never seen thar what I seen! Though Teck Jepson hev got sech a survigrous vision ez he kin view the prophets o' the Lord lopin' around the Big Smoky Mountings! — when the men never war out'n Ashy in all thar born days, 'ceptin' they hed a sorter stampin'-ground o' captivity in Egypt." He gave the self-flattering laugh of conscious cleverness, and then went on with that manner compounded of mock-humility and fraternal familiarity that had become so offensive to Rathburn. "But I ain't ekal ter sech ez you-uns, Eugene, an' I don't wonder none ef ye hev in an' about hed enough o' me. I don't wish ye nuthin' but well. Mebbe ye mought hire some o' them men ez war along o' Teck Jepson at the blacksmith's barn ter-night ter kem an' dig an' sink shafts." He rubbed his chin in pretended cogitation upon ways and means. "Folks in Brumsaidge ain't gin over ter diggin' much — seems ez ef it in an' about kills 'em ter hev ter scratch the top o' the ground enough with thar shallow ploughin' ter put in the leetle bit o' corn an' sorghum an' sech ter keep the life in 'em. But mebbe ef ye war ter hire 'em, they would be cured o' thar dad-burned laziness, an' would jes' jump fur jye fur the pleasure o' diggin' down sixty or sebenty feet in the hard groun'. They would git used ter giant-powder an' sech, too, arter a while — an' would n't 'low the Devil was in it."

Eugene Rathburn was chewing the

end of his mustache, now and then pausing with his white teeth set, and looking at Baintree with antagonistic eyes, his anger held in bounds only by the sense of being at a disadvantage, and the demoralizing effect of sustaining an unrequitable rebuff, — for Baintree's sarcasm admitted of no successful retort. It was merely for the sake of going through the motions of self-confidence and asserting independence, that he said in an off-hand way, "Oh, I meant laborers from Glaston — Irish ditchers; they are willing to dig, I fancy."

Jake Baintree affected to receive this with solemn consideration. "Yes, sir! *They'd* dig. Useter see a gang a-workin' on that thar new railroad — whilst lookin' out'n the jail window."

It seemed a wide and varied expression of the world and of life that that jail window had given upon, so much had the crafty observation been able to glean therefrom.

"*They'd* stonish the mounting folks! Thar ain't no sech dirt-slingers nowhar. But 'pears like ter me, Eugene, they mought be sorter expensive — ef — ef, ye know — it war ter turn out ez thar *war n't* silver in payin' quantities. Ye know bes', Eugene, what with yer book-larin', yer g'ology an' sech, an' yer leetle assayin' consarns, but ez fur ez I kin jedge, ye air powerful welcome ter enny min'ral in them two gorges. I'm willin ter gin ye my sheer!" He had spoken gravely, but suddenly a glancing smile lighted up his eyes and curved his lips with so spontaneous an expression of malicious enjoyment that it seemed in his rare relish of the situation his will had lost control of his muscles. He instantly recovered himself, and although he noted the fact that Eugene Rathburn, quietly looking at him, had marked the dropping of the mask, he went on in the same mock-fraternal vein, "I dunno ez I be hopeful 'bout'n it, Eugene — but I wish ye well, I wish ye well, Eugene."

Rathburn was holding his every muscle in a sedulous placidity. There was a conscious, intent, exacting calmness upon his face and in his voice.

"Baintree," he said slowly, "I am glad I slept to-day. I am glad I have my nerves abnormally under my control. Otherwise I should kill you, — I should strike you dead where you are. No man under ordinary circumstances could resist the temptation."

Baintree cast a searching glance upon him; then emboldened by his quiescent aspect, he sneered as he laughed.

"Then I'm glad, too, ye slept. Thanky kindly, sir! But I hain't slept none. An' I know ye would n't 'low ez I war right perlite ef I war ter kill ye an' take yer life, kase I hain't hed my nap. I'm glad, too; I never s'picioned afore how much interest I oughter take in yer sleepin' sound an' satisfactory."

Rathburn felt the blood rush to his temples, and he heard his hurrying pulses beat surcharged with the impetus of rage. He did not stir. He still sat with his hands clasped behind his head, his chair tilted on the hind legs. He looked very trim, and sinewy, and lithe in his close-fitting blue flannel shirt and trousers, with the well-shaped high boots coming to the knee, in contrast with the long and lean Baintree, upon whose gaunt frame his ill-made brown jeans hung with many a crease and wrinkle. Beside the florid young physician, the jail-bird seemed to have no blood in his veins, so pallid was his clearly-cut face, so black his sleek hair close to his narrow head. As they steadfastly gazed at one another, the comparison might have interested a third party looking on in the firelight, now richly aglow once more; but they were alone in the vastness of the Great Smoky Mountains, the slope of this lofty dome inhabited by naught else save bear, or panther, or wolf. Only the mist peered in at the rift of the battened shutter, white-faced, and wild, and disheveled, fleeing forever before the

ousting wind that made the brooding, silent thing a vagrant. It seemed as if to escape the antagonistic element that it sought to enter the rift in the shutter, sending in a timorous wreath, slow-stealing, pausing aghast in the glow of the fire, and disappearing in the instant.

As the two comrades faced each other it was hard to say which had the advantage, the clever man with the aid of culture, or the clever man so clever despite the lack of culture.

Baintree's insidious sarcasms, with their ever-ready thrust, had acquired an edge from the attrition with his malicious mirth. And Rathburn found that his seriousness weighted his anger and, since he would not sanction its outburst, made his defense clumsy.

"I don't understand you, Jake," he said at last in a mollifying tone, — "to save my life I can't understand you. You go fooling me along with a bait of rich float from month to month pretending to show me where you found it. And when I tell you that it is impossible that you could have found it here, and there, and elsewhere, because the formation proves you a liar, you make out all at once that you were mistaken, and we plod about, and you affect to recognize other landmarks, and so we have the whole tomfoolery over again. If you were half as smart as you think you are, you would realize that you can't light hap-hazard on any similar rich spot — you have got to go where you found that piece of float, and follow it up or dig there."

"Laws-a-massy, Eugene," said Baintree, adopting in turn a more pacific tone, and holding out both empty hands with the palms upward as if to express a vacuity of unworthy intention, "don't I try an' try ter find the percise spot, an' ef I fool ye don't I fool myse'f too? 'T war toler'ble long ago whenst I fund that rock, an' the Big Smoky Mountings seem sorter roomy whenst ye take ter huntin' fur one percise leetle yard med-



jure o' groun', whar a boy five year ago picked up a rock."

Somehow as he became less acrid the temper of the other waxed stronger, feeling the opposition lessen. With this spirit encroaching upon his self-control Rathburn said suddenly, "I don't believe one word of it. You know the spot well enough. You are afraid to go to it."

Baintree, whose attitude remained unchanged, barely having had time to shift the deprecating earnest look he had worn to a defiant sneer, seemed petrified for one moment as he sat still holding out his hands, his laugh rigid on his startled face.

"'Fraid!" he echoed, glancing over his shoulder at the spectral mists that came in at the crevice in the shutter and paused at the sight of the fire, and shivered into invisibility. "'Fraid!"

Suddenly the rain came down on the roof with a thousand tentative touches upon the clapboards, as if to try their sonorous capacities, and elicit what element of melody so unpromising an instrument might add to the music of the storm. Through its iterative staccato beat, one might hear the blended, unindividualized fall of the floods in the distance, a low, mellow resonance. A chill blast came in under the door. The chimney piped. The pallid mists were torn from the rift in the shutter, and one could see upon the black and limited space of darkness without certain fine gray palpitating lines of rain, close at hand, continuously shifting, but never ceasing nor breaking into drops.

"I believe," continued Rathburn, "that the silver is at the spot where you ki— where that man Samuel Keale lost his life." He did not fail to note that Baintree winced at the name. "And you are afraid to go there, and—ignorant fool that you are!—you think because silver is there, it is anywhere else, and if we dig hard enough we will find it *somewhere* in the mountains."

Baintree said nothing. He sat moistening his thin dry lips with the tip of his tongue, and looking at Rathburn with eyes small, bright, and with an expression that reminded him of the eyes of a rat in a trap, timorous, furtive, and bespeaking mercy that it did not hope to receive.

"Where is that cave? Tell me that," urged Rathburn, all his eager desire for the hidden treasure goading him anew with the recital and the recollection of how long he had been forced to dally upon the verge of an opulent discovery.

"Where is that cave?" he demanded. He was fain to raise his voice to be heard above the din of the elements, and the commanding tones added to the sense of power that possessed him more and more as Baintree's confidence collapsed. "I don't ask you to tell me where the float was found—simply where is that cave?"

Still Baintree met his eye like a caged and helpless thing. He nevertheless had something in his power,—to be speechless; and as Rathburn perceived a resolution in his dumbness he persisted more vehemently.

"Tell me! Tell me! Then, if you won't, Teck Jepson will be ready enough to tell me where he found the man's coat and hat, and I suppose the cave can't be far away in the gorge. I shall find it—I shall find it—I shall never cease to search until"—

As he spoke he caught a glint of triumph in Baintree's eyes. He realized how far afield his hopes had carried him, that long and devious distances lay between the spot to which he might be guided and the spot he sought.

With a sudden savage cry and the agility of a panther he flung himself upon the man at the fireside and grappled at his throat.

"Tell me!" he ground out between his set teeth. "Tell me!"

A hoarse, half-strangled, intermittent scream for help filled the log-cabin, and

penetrated to the stormy voids of the wilderness without. How vain! The heedless rain beat upon the roof. The unrecking wind passed by. They were alone in the lofty fastnesses of the mountains, and one was at the mercy of the other. Eugene Rathburn had never thought to put his knowledge of the mechanism of the human throat to such uses, but the mountaineer's superior strength had enabled him only to rise and to writhe helplessly upon the verge of strangulation, under the scientific pressure of those fine and slender hands upon his bare throat, practically demonstrating how nearly a man may be choked and still live. For now and again their grasp relaxed, not to permit that hoarse, futile cry that twice and thrice ensued, but as the essential means of an answer to the question, —

“Tell me, where did you find it?”

Baintree, taken by surprise, his eyes starting out of his head, his face almost purple, both unnerved hands grasping Rathburn's lifted arms, seemed in these intervals, in catching his breath, to regain a modicum of his faculties. He ceased his instinctive efforts to tear away the strong clutch at his throat. He swiftly passed his arms around the waist of his assailant, and with a sudden wrench sought to fling him to the floor. But the lithe Rathburn kept his feet, and the two went staggering together across the room; crashing over the chairs; dragging the saddle that lay on the floor under their clumsy, stumbling steps, the stirrup-irons clattering on the puncheons; now swaying this way and now that; overturning the table, with its scanty store of crockery breaking unheeded on the hearthstone. The red firelight, sole witness of the strife, flickered bravely on the brown walls; the green wood, with the sap still in the fibres, sang a mellow elfin song, fine and faint, all unheard. Their shadows had lost the pacific habit of many evenings of fraternal communings when

the silhouettes smoked many a pipe in Barmecidal fashion, and drank together in dumb show, and imitated their hilarious, genial, and hopeful gestures. Now, adopting their example anew, they reeled furiously after them as they went.

Baintree's vise-like grip failed only when the strong pressure on his throat was renewed; his wind-pipe seemed to close; the strength of the convulsive struggle, in which all his unconscious physical forces were asserted, proved futile. There was a different expression in his bulging eyes — he was beginning to believe that the reply to the question was the price of his life. Perhaps Rathburn noticed and interpreted the sign of subduement. The pressure of the strong deft fingers, where no equal strength, uninformed by a certainty of knowledge, could have availed, relaxed again.

“Where did you find the float — tell me!” he reiterated.

“I never fund it,” Baintree gasped. The fingers tightened on his throat, then the grasp loosened, for he was about to speak again. “Sam'l Keale fund it.”

“Where — where?” demanded Rathburn, his teeth set hard and his breath fluttering.

“I dunno,” gasped the victim, — “he would n't never tell me!”

“You killed him for that?” Rathburn asked swiftly — suddenly his fingers began to tremble. Had he too been tempted to this hideous crime through the lure of that bit of float? “What ever became of him?”

He asked the question less with the desire of response than an instinctive effort to elude even to his own conscience the tracing of so repulsive a parallel. But Baintree could not divine his train of thought nor that aught had served to weaken that clutch upon his throat save the wish to facilitate reply. He was in momentary expectation of its renewal. He had yielded and yielded utterly.

"I never knowed," he sputtered, — "ez the Lord air my witness I never knowed. He jes' disappeared one day, an' I traced his steps ter the mouth o' a cave, — thar hed been a rain, — an' I never seen him agin."

"Was the cave where Jepson found his hat and coat?" Rathburn demanded.

"Naw!" exclaimed Baintree, his eyes growing suddenly intent with anger. "Naw! Ef I hed knowed at the trial ez Teck Jepson war a-goin' ter find them old clothes in the gorge, an' make sech a power o' a 'miration over 'em arterward at the baptizin', I'd hev tole whar the cave war sure enough whenst they put me on the stand. An' Teck Jepson would n't hev liked that so mighty well, I reckon, kase all the kentry knowed ez him an' Sam'l war at loggerheads fur years an' years."

"Why? — what would Jepson have cared?" cried Rathburn.

It was only in the revived interest of the moment that his muscles grew tense, but his grasp had the intimation of coercion to Baintree, who instantly responded, with a nod of the head, —

"Kase the cave's on his land — in Teck Jepson's woods. That's why! An' folks war powerful worked up an' excited then, an' mought hev s'picioned him."

Rathburn's hands fell from his throat to his shoulders. "Jake," he said, amazed, his voice bated with uncertainty and excitement, "why did you never tell this before, if you had no hand in his death — if, in fact, he is dead at all?"

"What did I want ter tell fur? How'd I know what ter tell an' what not ter tell? Nobody knowed how nuthin' would strike the jury — not even the lawyer. An' I 'lowed ef they fund Sam'l thar," — he shivered a little at the suggestion, — "he'd hev looked turrible, mebbe, an' hev hed his bones bruk — an' that would hev made it all go harsher

at the trial. Ev'rybody knowed he had been consortin' with me, a-sarchin' fur silver, an' war seen las' along o' me. So I jes' purtended I could 'nt find the spot agin, an' the steps ez led ter the cave; it hed rained mo', an' the groun' war washed up cornsider'ble. An' they all 'lowed 't war up in the gorge whar them clothes war fund. Why n't I tell, an' why n't I tell?" he reiterated. "I be sorry now I hev tole what I hev tole."

He cast his brooding, anxious eyes absently about the room with a harried, hunted look. Evidently the disclosure he had made was of paramount importance to him, and precluded for the moment consideration or realization of the coercion which had elicited it.

"That's of no importance — you could n't be tried again for the same offense," said Rathburn reassuringly.

"Waal — *that* rule don't hold good in Jedge Lynch's court," returned Baintree gloomily.

Rathburn walked away a few steps with his hands in his pockets. It was difficult to assume a casual air after the episode of the evening, but his efforts were aided by Baintree's fixed attention upon the engrossing subject of Keale's disappearance rather than his recent injuries.

He stopped short suddenly. "Thought you and he were scuffling and playing when he fell into the chasm?" He looked at Baintree with a revival of suspicion.

"I 'lowed that whenst I war confused an' did n't know what ter say," replied Baintree. "We war n't playin' nor nuthin'. He lef' me a-diggin' in the gorge — an' lef' his hat an' coat thar — an' 'lowed he war a-goin' ter a spot ter peck at the rocks a leetle furder down; an' I waited an' waited, — I waited a week fur him, whenst I fund his track ter the cave — 'feard ter go home. He ain't kem yit."

Rathburn sank down into his chair beside the fire with a dazed, baffled

sense of loss. He was trembling with excitement, and exhausted by the struggle. His eyes were fixed, unseeing, on the fire, and he panted heavily as he drew out his handkerchief and passed it over his forehead.

"Why did n't you tell me before that it was he who found the float; that you didn't know where in this big, thrice-acursed wilderness it came from?"

"Kase I war 'feard ye would n't 'low 't war wuth while ter sarch, then," responded Baintree, with the promptitude of the instinct of self-defense. "I 'lowed ef Sam'l Keale, knowin' the lee-tle he did 'bout min'ral, could find sech ez that, ye with *all* yer book-larnin' could. What's the good o' yer g'ology, an' all yer other gear, ef ye can't?"

"I can't find silver if it is n't in the rock," said Rathburn. This was not said in the tone of a retort. A gnawing sense of shame, a burning self-reproach, had the ascendancy in his consciousness, — even the vanishing prospects of wealth, diminishing gradually in the far perspective of probability, were secondary for the time. He could not justify his deeds — he blushed for his motives. He felt in this cooler moment of reflection as if he had suffered some metamorphosis — some translation into another sordid entity, whose every impulse was followed by an anguish of remorse. He looked down at his hands, still red and smarting with the strain to which he had subjected them, as if he could hardly endure to acknowledge them after the work which they had done for him so well and cleverly. His lids drooped a little as he looked up at Baintree, and he evasively glanced hastily away.

"Jake," he said in an embarrassed and husky tone, — the mountaineer had seated himself opposite, and was unwinding a large handkerchief which he had worn around his throat, the folds, as they fell, showing the bruised and swollen flesh, — "I am sorry I got to quar-

reling with you. I don't know what in the world made me do it."

Baintree paused in unrolling his neck-gear, and glanced keenly at the troubled and downcast face.

"I dunno what made ye do it, nuther. I be sorry, too. I hev got reason ter be. An' if ye call it *quar'lin'* — it's toler'ble survigrous *quar'lin'*, I will say."

The flames in the chimney cowered as the wind swept down, and crouched like a beaten thing. The smoke puffed into the room. The gusts had a wild, insurgent, menacing note. The batten shutter rattled. The rain redoubled its force upon the roof. The place seemed infinitely solitary, and distant, and forlorn.

"I wish I had never heard of the silver. I wish I had let it alone," said Rathburn, from out his moody reflections.

"That ain't goin' ter do ye no good," declared Baintree suddenly. "Ye'll go right back ter it, same ez a frog ter water. Them ez hanker arter it hev got the love of it rooted in 'em. Hey, Lord! I 'lowed wunst ez I hed enough o' it. I 'lowed thar war a everlastin' curse on it. Arter Sam'l Keale, he jes' vamosed like he done, an' they 'rested me, an' I hed ter go ter jail an' be tried fur my life — an' paid everything I hed in the world, even my gun, an' my pistol, ter the lawyer, fur defendin' me — I 'lowed 't war kase I hed hankered arter the silver ez the Lord hid away in the hills. An' I did n't keer no' mo' fur it then. Not even whenst ye kem ter physic me, an' seen that piece o' float I hed kerried jes' by accident in my pocket. Not even whenst ye 'peared so streck of a heap, an' kep' sayin' how rich, — how rich 't war. Naw, sir! An' whenst I kem home, I tuk corno'sider'ble pains ter git religion. I 'lowed I war n't goin' ter gin the Lord no mo' excuse fur goin' back on me. I got religion an' sot out ter save my soul. I hed hed enough o' sarchin' arter silver an' hev'n'

nuthin' ter kem o' it, so I hed sot out a-sarchin' arter salvation. I wanted ter find suthin' this time! I wanted ter be a prosperous saint o' the Lord, an' what with knowin' how ter read an' write, I mought git 'lected ter office some day, ef I stood well in the church. Could n't find salvation, nuther! This hyar Teck Jepson kem a pouncin' down on me at the very water's aide, whens I war a-goin' ter wash my sins away, an' git the right sperit ter lead my feet ter heaven, an' he war a-totin' Sam'l's old gyarments what I hid ter be rid of 'em, an' Pa'son renounced me. So now I hev got ter go ter hell — but hevin' lived sech a life in Brumsaidge ez hev been my sheer, I reckon 't won't be sech a turr'ble change ez most folks find it."

"Come, Jake, you don't have to be baptized to go to heaven!" exclaimed Rathburn. He was looking at his fire-side companion with an anxious commiseration upon his deprecatory, flushed face, despite the laugh that fluctuated over it.

But the rustic, however he may be awakened to a sense of his ignorance of mundane matters, stoutly maintains all the arrogations of a spiritual adept. The mountaineer sneered the theological proposition scornfully away.

"Ye dunno nuthin' 'bout'n it — I hev hearn ye say things ez makes me 'low ye ain't haffen a b'liever; ye 'pear ter sense religious things mighty porely! Ef ye read the Bible mo', an' yer g'ology an' min'rology, ez ye call 'em, less, ye 'd be mo' able ter entertain the sperit, ef ye ever war ter hev a chance."

As he shook his head drearily over the fire, the sombre reflections evoked by his review of his forlorn, distraught fate imprinted on his pallid, clear-cut face, his throat momentarily showing more definitely the marks of the fingers that had clutched it, his poverty, and its concomitant hopelessness, despite his native cleverness, expressed in his rough jeans clothes, and his broken boots, and

his bent old hat, Rathburn's heart smote him anew.

"Jake," he said, an insistent inward monitor clamoring for confession, "you don't know how sorry I am that I was so — so harsh." He adopted in his uncertainty a word that Baintree often used; it expressed for him many phases of the physical and temporal world. "You don't know how badly I feel about it."

"Waal," said Baintree, carefully abstaining from any intimation of being appeased, although he made no definite sign of resentment, "I feel toler'ble bad myse'f." He touched his throat with a gingerly gesture, as he rearranged his neck-gear. It appealed to Rathburn with all the power that the sight of physical injury, however slight, exerted upon him. He could without compunction have brutally lacerated his fellow-creature's sentiments, but for his cuticle he had a humane professional regard, and remorse found him an easy prey.

"I'd give a hundred dollars if I had n't done it," he said.

"Waal — I would n't," Baintree protested, with mock earnestness, "kase I never hed a hunderd dollars in all my life ter give," he added dryly.

Rathburn turned aside, clearing his throat with a sound that was much like a stifled groan.

There was silence for some moments, except for the ceaseless splashing of the water into the gullies below the eaves, and the sharp staccato beat of the rain on the clapboards above. The roof leaked in more than one place, and now and then a solemn, intrusive series of drops fell upon the floor, with a deliberate iteration of chilly intimations. Once Rathburn fancied he heard a wolf howl at no great distance, and then doubted if it were not the wind sounding a new and savage pipe.

He began to fancy that Baintree, relishing his contrition, was disposed to

make the most of it, and give him as much to be sorry for as his capacity for repentance could accommodate. But he strove to banish this caviling mood, incongruous with the injury he had done, and the regret and humiliation that it had entailed. His perceptions, however, could not be denied the prominent lugubriousness of Baintree's mien, albeit his mental faculties were interdicted any deductions therefrom.

Baintree's voice had a latent reproach in its very tones as he went on:—

"An' then whenst I war a-tryin' ter git over that back-set—findin' out thar war n't no mo' room fur me in heaven than thar war on yearth—up ye hed ter pop, like a devil out'n a bush, a-goin' ter sarch in the mountings fur silver, sech ez that float ez I hed. An' ye got me set ter honin' an' hankerin' arter silver an' sech—whenst I mought hev knowed ez Satan war in it, through Sam'l's takin' off bein' so durned cur'ous." He rubbed his hands silently for a few minutes as he looked at the fire. "That war the reason I tuk ye fer Jepson's old cabin ter bide a-fust—I 'lowed ye mought find sech float 'mongst them steep ledges an' rocky slopes."

Rathburn looked up at him with an alert and kindling eye. His sense of humiliation, his wounded conscience, were forgotten in an instant. "We never went near the cave!" he exclaimed. "That was where the fellow was going. That is where you tracked his steps, Jake." He rose to his feet and leaned over and clapped his comrade on the shoulder. "We 'll find it yet. There's the ore. We 'll explore the cave!"

The color had flared into his face; his full, red lips curved hopefully under his yellow mustache; his hand stroked it with his wonted alert, confident gesture.

The mountaineer looked up at him with a face cadaverous in its extreme pallor and the elongation of all its traits. His remonstrant eyes had a presage of

hopeless defeat in the midst of their anxious entreaty.

"*That* won't do, Eugene," he said, in palpitant eagerness. "Laws-a-massy, boy, we can't go rummagin' round a dead man's bones fur silver!"

He seemed to take note of the unmoved resolution in Rathburn's face. In his despair and fear he sought to assume a casual air of confidence which might impose upon his companion, however little root it had in fact.

"But shucks! ye would n't *dare* to go a-meddlin' round dead folks. Ye know ye be afeard o' 'em!"

"I?" exclaimed Rathburn, looking down at him with a bantering smile, "I?—afraid of dead men's bones?"

Looking up into his flushed, handsome, triumphant face, full of life, and light, and spirit, Baintree quailed. For did he not remember, so late though it was, his coadjutor's profession? And had he not once seen, in the back room of Rathburn's office, a bleached white skull that the young physician considered a beautiful thing? The sight was renewed to his recollection with the vivid dread of a nightmare. He felt a suffocating pressure upon his chest. He did not move as he sat staring into the limited, dull, and dreary scenes of his memory. A hoarse, wheezing, half-smothered, unconscious cry broke from his lips.

"Why, Jake!" Rathburn began, in a cheerful, rallying, reassuring tone; but the mountaineer had started to his feet, and the impetuous torrent of words would not be stopped.

"Ye air puttin' a rope round my neck! Ye—knowin' the Brumsaidge boys like ye do! Ef they war ter find his bones—ye know, ye know what would happen! O God A'mighty!" He struck his long, lean hands together as he held them above his head. "An' ye'd do it! Ye'd put a rope around my neck fur the bare chance, the bare chance o' findin' the silver! O Lord! I hev been gin over—plumb gin over!

What ailed me," he went on, in futile self-reproach, — "what ailed me ter tell the true place, many a lie ez I hev tole? Even the Devil fursook me, — never whispered me nare lie ter tell this time, — this time, when a lie would hev saved my life! What ailed me ter tell the place — the place" —

"Oh Jake, stop — *hush!*" exclaimed Rathburn, irritably.

"Oh, I never 'lowed ez ye 'd sarch that spot — ez ye 'd put me in danger — the man ez gin ye all the chance ye ever hed" —

"Mighty good chance!" sneered Rathburn, losing patience. "A piece of float that another fellow found, God knows where, — stop that racket, Jake!"

"Stop!" cried the mountaineer, still clasping and unclasping his hands above his head as he moved convulsively about the floor. "Why n't ye ax that thar worm in the fire," — he pointed his quivering hand at a wretched, writhing thing that the heat had summoned from its nest in the rotten heart of the log forth into the midst of the flames, to turn hither and thither in a futile frenzy until consumed, — "why n't ye ax that worm ter stop?"

"Go on, then, and have a fit," said Rathburn coolly, "or work yourself into a fever." He pointed to a small medicine-chest. "Shan't cost you anything, — got that advantage over the worm."

His ridicule and his assumption of indifference were salutary. Baintree paused, looking restlessly about for a moment, then he returned to the hearth, shoving his chair with his knee back into the corner where he had sat before. His fear was not allayed, however, nor his sense of injury assuaged.

"Oh, ye air a mighty aggervatin' cuss, Eugene Rathburn!" he declared, lowering hopelessly at him across the hearth. "Ef I hed lived the life other men do, an' hed hed my sheer o' the good luck other folks gits, I'd hev too much sperit

ter let ye kerry things like ye do. I'd kill ye afore I'd let ye harm me!"

"I ain't going to harm you," said Rathburn casually. He did not even remember his clutch on his comrade's throat.

"Ef I hed n't been through with jes' what I hev been through with, ye would n't treat me so. Ye would n't dare treat another man — Teck Jepson, say — this-a-way."

"Now I'm not afraid of Teck Jepson; you can bet high on that," Rathburn protested, with a sudden flush. "You are such a fool, Jake, though you think yourself very smart indeed, that you make all sorts of mistakes, and you want me to make them, too. You ought never to have said that the man fell into a cave or chasm — for you don't know it." A sudden doubt crossed his mind, and he cast a quick, suspicious glance across the hearth at Baintree, whose trembling hands were spread out to the fire, his pallid face bearing that recent impress of a strong nervous shock, indescribable, but as unmistakable as the print of a blow. "You ought never to have hid his coat and hat, — and, by the way, the Broomsedge despot took no measures to punish you for that, — and I dare say if the man's bones were found in a cave on *his* land, people would like to know how *his* cave came by them."

Baintree looked up with a sudden flash of his former sly intelligence, then bent his brooding eyes once more on the fire.

"Especially," Rathburn continued, after a pause, "as they were always on bad terms. You would be in a better position to stand such a discovery than Jepson, for the jury has said that you had nothing to do with his bones. What did Jepson quarrel with him about?"

Baintree never spoke of the victim of the catastrophe save with a bated voice and a strained, anxious expression,



almost a contortion, in its speculative desire to detect the lack of confidence that was the usual sequence of his words.

"Bout'n the way he treated his wife."

"His wife? — thought he was a young fellow, a mere boy."

"He war married young, —'bout twenty. Gal war young, too. They did n't agree tergether. Some folks 'lowed he beat her, but Sam'l's kin declared they jes' fought tergether — her bein' ez survigrous ez him. But Jepson, bein' the gal's cousin, went over thar one day whenst she hed her head tied up, 'lowin' her husband hed busted it, an' he gin Sam'l a turr'ble trouncin'. He hed *his* head tied up arter that. Jepson set store by the gal, bein' her cousin, an' 'lowed she should n't suffer through hev'in' no brother nor dad."

"She did n't mourn her loss, then?" suggested Rathburn, with a jeering smile.

"Took on turr'ble a-fust, an' married agin 'fore the year war out."

"Glad to get rid of him, eh?"

"*He'd* hev been mighty glad ter git rid o' *her*. Useter 'low sometimes ez he'd run away from her ef he hed ennywhar ter run ter, an' from Jepson, too. He war turr'ble 'feard o' Jepson. He useter 'low sometimes ez he wisht he hed never kem from North Car'liny, whar he useter live an' work in a silver mine. It gin out, though, an' war n't wuth nuthin' ter its owners."

"I wonder," said Rathburn speculatively, "if that is n't where he is right now."

"Hed n't been hearn on thar time o' the trial," said Baintree.

"Or else," pursued Rathburn meditatively, "if in trouncing him, according to his royal prerogative, Jepson might not have overdone the chastisement, and stowed away the evidences of how justice had overborne mercy in that cave of his."

Both would have liked to credit this, but Baintree shook his head.

"I don't believe he fell into any

cave," Rathburn presently resumed, — "a deft-footed mountaineer! He either went in there searching for silver, or he was put in there for some purpose, or he has run away from his matrimonial infelicity and the despot of Broomsedge Cove."

He paused to kick the chunks of the logs together, between the stones that served as fire-dogs, for they were burnt out now save for their bulky and charred ends. The flames leaped up anew. The smoke had ceased to puff into the room, but its aroma, with the pungent fragrance of the wood, lingered in the air. The worm, in which Jake Baintree had descried a parallel of cruelly perplexed anguish, was gone, and the world was as if it had never been. The sinuous contortions of his fear and harassment continued with hardly more hope of ultimate rescue. Nevertheless, like the worm, he could but strive.

"Eugene," he said, "let's leave the cave alone. Su'thin' dreadful will kem o' it ef we go meddlin' thar. Ye know ye don't want ter put me in no danger wuss'n I be in now. Ye would n't, now would ye?" in an unctuous, coaxing voice, and with an appealing eye.

"Why, not for worlds, Jake, not for worlds!" exclaimed Rathburn heartily.

A sigh of relief was on the lips of the suspected man, a look of renewing life in his jaded eye. There had not yet been time to evolve doubt, suspicion, qualification, before Rathburn spoke again.

"Nothing that I am going to do can injure anybody. I was placed in far greater jeopardy by your concealments and mystery about the forge than ever you will be by anything I counsel or do."

"Ye mean ye won't go ter the cave?" said Baintree, his lips dry and moving with seeming difficulty.

"Now don't be an ignoramus and a fool, Jake. Of course I shall look for more of the float about the cave. I be-

lieve that's where the man found it. I should be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum if I did n't search there, and that's just what you are. No harm in the world can come of it." He was silent for a moment. "Why," taking a bit of paper from his pocket and deftly rolling a cigarette, — "why, Jake," — he spoke in answer to Baintree's silent look, — "what would you have done if, some of those days when we were at Jepson's house, I had stumbled on the mouth of that cave?"

He cocked the cigarette between his teeth, its tiny red tip brightly flaring, for the room was growing dull and dusky, and looked with an expression of good-natured argument at Baintree across the hearth.

The mountaineer's ruminative eyes were fixed upon him. "I tuk good pains ye should n't," he admitted, in a tone, however, which implied that he had yielded the previous points of controversy. "I never guided ye in that d'rection."

Rathburn took his cigarette from his mouth, emitted an airy wreath of smoke, and shook his head seriously from side to side. Then as he smoked on he said, "I have a very pretty quarrel with you, Jake. By your own confession, you have systematically deceived me for a matter of six months or more. You made me believe that *you* had found the float, and of course knew where you found it, when you were only trying to get the benefit of such scientific knowledge as I had, — to discover mineral where there was no reason to believe it to be. If you were not so ignorant you would n't have tried a foolish, hopeless dodge like that. You have made me work very hard at this wild-goose chase, digging, and tramping, and blacksmithing, and *you* got me into a scrape that might have cost *me* my life. Indeed, but for that timely warning that put me on my guard and made me behave like a man instead of a sheep-kill-

ing dog, I believe it would have cost me my life."

His face grew grave and conscious at the thought of Marcella. He sat silent for a moment or two, looking steadfastly at the fire and rolling the cigarette delicately between his fingers.

"It is absurd, because you are afraid of this and afraid of that, to ask me to give up the whole thing or go and search where there are no indications, or very slight ones, as you had me do all summer, when you knew where the only chances lay. But I forgive you, and I'm not going to do anything that can possibly injure you."

Baintree was sitting so still in the dusky gloom of the darkening cabin that he hardly seemed alive. With the brown color of his coat dimly suggested on the darker tones about him, he looked like an effigy of a man rudely fashioned from a root.

"What be ye a-goin' ter do?" he demanded.

The lack of candor could hardly be urged against Eugene Rathburn among his many and conspicuous faults.

"I'm going to search that cave from end to end, if the good Lord spares me," he asseverated. "That's what I'm going to do. There's nothing there that I shan't find."

His cigarette, so far spent it was, required some deft manipulation that it should not burn his fingers or lips and yet yield the last treasures of nicotian luxury that it contained. His eyes were fixed upon it, and he lost the look with which Jake Baintree received this unequivocal statement. When he glanced up, the mountaineer had risen and was filling his pipe from some tobacco on the mantel-piece.

"Going to smoke again?" asked Rathburn. "Well, good-night to you, for I'm going to turn in."

He had found that a thick rug and a heavy blanket comported more nearly with his idea of comfort than did the

lumpy shuck mattresses of the region. One end of the drapery of this primitive paraphernalia placed over the saddle served as pillow, and as he lay thus upon the floor before the dying fire he seemed to take scant heed of the vigil of the silent, watchful figure, still erect in his chair, and still smoking his pipe. Only once the young townsman stirred after he lay down. "How good the rain sounds on the roof," he said drowsily. A few moments afterward he was doubtless asleep — a sound, dreamless slumber, the close counterfeit of death, motionless, silent, deep. Nevertheless Jake Baintree hardly felt sure of its genuineness until after he had arisen and arranged his own pallet with some unnecessary stir, that might have seemed an experiment to judge if the sleeper would rouse again on any slight provocation. Then he sat down once more and meditatively eyed the red embers dwindling, still dwindling, in the white and gray ashes.

The monotone of the rain still beat on the roof; he heard the wind from far away; the vague stir of the crumbling fire was distinguishable, although it might seem so fine and subtle a rustle would have been lost in the sound of aught else. The muffled figure on the floor was still discernible in the red glow; even the yellow hair showed in a dull gleam amidst the umber tones of the shadows. Jake Baintree's eyes were upon it as with a careful hand he reached into a crevice of the jamb of the chimney and drew forth something that had a sudden steely glitter even in the semi-obscurity, and laid it cautiously on his knee.

He did not move for some time afterward, although in the increasing dusk his shadowy figure could hardly have been distinguished from the inanimate shadows about him. Presently his hands were moving softly to and fro with swift, industrial intentness.

Even the embers seemed to cling to

life and yield it with the reluctance and vacillating struggle pathetically typical of the passing of human breath. Their sparkle, and verve, and flamboyant energies were all spent, but suddenly they sent forth an unexpected red glow, strong in the midst of the ashes, that was like the transitory revival in the last flickering moments of a doomed creature.

It irradiated Baintree's wary bright eyes fixed abruptly upon it, as he sat in the corner. So sudden was its flare that he had not an instant to prepare for it, and a whisking feather in his hand still mechanically moved to and fro as he oiled a pistol, now and then dipping it into a tin vessel that stood on the jagged edge of the jamb beside him. It was poised and motionless the next moment above the weapon, as he gazed with alert anxiety at the sleeping man upon the floor. The room was fully revealed in the melancholy red suffusion; Rathburn's face was distinct with its far-away, unconscious expression. He did not stir; he saw naught of what he might have thought strange enough in the dead hour of the midnight, — Jake Baintree slipping cartridge after cartridge into the six chambers of Dr. Rathburn's neglected revolver, not loaded before since he had come to the mountains in August.

## XXI.

The storm wrought great havoc in the aspect of the outer world. The dull light of the autumn days that ensued served to show how the red and gold of the leaves had faded, and what resources of brown and a sere tawny gray the ultimate stages of decay held in store. They were thickly massed on the ground now, and most of the boughs were bare and wintry, and swayed, black with moisture, against the clouds, that in their silent shifting illustrated an infinite gradation of neutral tints between

pearl and purple. Yet they seemed still, these clouds, so imperceptibly did each evolution develop from the previous presentments of vapor.

Far away the gray mountains appeared akin to the dun cloud-masses they touched, as if range and peak were piled one above the other almost to the zenith. Certain fascinating outlines of the distance, familiars of the fair weather, were withdrawn beneath this lowering sky, and strangely enough the landscape seemed still complete and real without them, as if they had been merely some fine illusions of hope, some figment of a poetic mood, painted in tender tints upon an inconstant horizon. Close at hand the heights loomed grim and darkly definite. In dropping the mask of foliage they showed fierce features hitherto concealed, — gaunt crags and chasms, and awful beetling steeps; ravines, deeply cleft in the heart of the range; torrents, flung headlong down the precipices to be lost in the river; many sterile, bare rocky slopes.

To Marcella a new glow of interest was shed upon the sombre scene; often she looked up at those more open expanses, wondering where, in the vast bewilderment of the fastnesses, the stranger and his mountain guide had made their temporary home. Far away as they were, he seemed near in the definiteness of her new knowledge of him. And this she supplemented by knowledge not so definite. With this basis for speculation, her imagination constructed, with all the ease of that airy workmanship, a status for his previous life, endowed him with a series of predilections and prejudices, and many noble ideal qualities with which Rathburn might have found himself somewhat embarrassed, having had but scant experience with such fine æsthetic gear. There were circumstances connected with his recent danger which gave her an intense satisfaction, — she had requited the good deed he had done that

night when he had come to her father's aid through the storm. She had repaid the debt four-fold. She remembered, with a certain soft elation, how he had recognized the risk she had encountered, how he had esteemed it of no slight magnitude. It might have been vanity, it might have been some tenderer thrill astir, but it was sweet to her to hear again — as so easily she might, when she would — the quiver in his voice when he had declared that an angel of mercy, an angel had rescued him! Often she paused at her simple tasks to recall anew those fervent words, those earnest, swift glances, which said so much that the subtlest words might fail to convey. His gratitude held all the finest essences of the incense of flattery, and she recognized a unique delight in the fact that the words and the glances were so cleverly calculated for her alone. Always her lips curved, with that rarest relish of laughter, when it is for joy alone, unmarred by any element of scorn or ridicule, when she remembered her grandmother's satiric flouts at his "nangel" and subsequent speculation as to which of the mountain girls he deemed, in his sentimental folly, bore any resemblance to a celestial being. These thoughts were undulled by repetition. They bore her company coming or going, spinning or weaving, and most of all, in her out-door tasks they kept pace with her loitering footsteps. It was not until one afternoon, on a bleak hillside, that into this inner radiance of thought and spirit a certain shadow fell — a shadow as gray, as chill, as prophetic, as if it were akin to the gray, chill, prophetic shadows of the day that stood, dejected, on every slope, and waited as for a doom. She had gone out to salt the sheep, and she carried a gourd of salt in her hand. Her bonnet — it was of a gay yellow calico — hung on her shoulders, the strings knotted about her neck, and her heavy, waving brown tresses falling over it almost hid its assertive color beneath their

curling luxuriance. Her dress was of a more sombre tone; it had encountered disasters in its dyes, and had not withstood the test of soap and water. It was difficult to say whether the result were a darkly brownish green or a darkly greenish brown. It was not incongruous with the dulling tints of the landscape; as she stood, it served to define her light, lithe figure distinctly against the tawny stretches of broomsedge behind her, that rose gradually to the summit of the hill. There seemed the full development of its tentative shade in the dark green of the pines clustering along the background of the mountain. Gray rocks cropped out of the red clay gullies that scarred the descent at her feet. In all the monotony of the scene, the flaring yellow about her throat seemed a triumphant climax of color, so luminous and intense it was. Her eyes were fixed on the gray sky opposite, for she looked far over the sere valleys where it bent its great concave to a low level. Her hand hesitated as it was thrust into the brown gourd that she held. The sullen elements had no power to dim the fair, rich tints of her face, and grave though it was, it bore the happy trace of recent smiles. The sheep pressed close about her, the black sheep of the flock, all unaware of his unenviable metaphorical notoriety among men, preferring his claim for salt with calm assurance. She was motionless for a moment, then, as if the thought had come to her for the first time, "Why hev he never, never kem agin?" she said.

Her mind went back slowly, with a benumbing anxiety to count the days, knowing they were not few. It was difficult to differentiate them, they were all so alike — so alike in thought. As she reviewed the trivial incidents that might serve to individualize them, keeping a tally with her fingers on the gourd, she began to realize what she had not noticed before, — that lately

there had been many visitors at the house, not her own, nor her grandmother's; men, chiefly, wanting to see Eli Strobe. The doctor's orders had precluded their entrance, being rigorously obeyed since they subserved the pride of the women, who had sought to shield Strobe's infirmity from general observation in Broomsedge Cove.

"We-uns don't want 'em 'round hyar a-crowin' over Eli in the pride o' sech brains ez they hev got, till he hev hed a fair chance ter git well," Mrs. Strobe had said to her granddaughter. "Folks knowed ez he war out'n his head with fever an' his mind wandered some whenst he war fust knocked down, but nobody suspicions ez he hev plumb gone deranged 'bout killin' Teck Jepson 'cept-in' them two doctor men an' Andy Longwood, an' I know they ain't goin' ter tell."

Many, then, had been to the door of late, but the yellow-haired young stranger had come no more, and Marcella wondered, with a dull presage of gloom, would he ever come again.

When next the chords of memory vibrated with his declaration that an angel had saved him it had a jarring clangor of doubt, of ridicule, that made its wonted dulcet iteration a discord. Human nature is not generally so recognizant of celestial condescension and kindness that much is necessarily implied in the protestation of equivalent gratitude and indebtedness to an earthly benefactor. Marcella did not realize this. Was it thus, she asked herself, that he would have passed her by if he had felt in his heart the word upon his lips?

Now and again the gourd in her hand was nudged by the soft nozzle of a sheep, and she would once more bethink herself to cast a handful of salt down upon the rock as they pressed about her. There was no other stir in all the broad spaces she overlooked save the vibrations of the wind in the bare boughs that clashed together with a dull rattling

sound, and the rustling shiver through the tawny tufts of broomsedge.

She gave a great start when her eyes were suddenly concentrated upon an object in the midst of its tall growth halfway down the hill, beginning slowly to move, to rise. It seemed to her suddenly recalled attention, still dazed by the transition from the world of thought to the more exigent material sphere, as if it were some gigantic mushroom toiling up the ascent, having just come in sight above a projecting knoll of earth. Beneath the broad bent hat she presently discerned a chubby dark-eyed face, and the rest of the person of a fat young fellow-creature of the age of four, perhaps, arrayed in a short, stout homespun skirt and a straight waist tightly encircling a singularly round body, was revealed to view.

So unexpected was this apparition, despite its simplicity, that as she gazed she was not aware that a man had ascended the hill further to the right, and stood leaning on a long rifle silently contemplating her. Not until he spoke did she turn. Then she looked at him with a start.

"Ain't ye goin' ter gin me nare word, Marcellly?" said Teck Jepson.

She flushed deeply. She had a sense of discovery, as if he might have read in her unguarded face, before she was conscious of his watchful eyes, the thoughts that had silently hovered about Rathburn. Taken thus at a disadvantage, she forgot for a moment her anger toward him.

"I never seen ye — howdy," she said meekly.

Her flush was instantly reflected on his face as the red glow of a sunset irradiates the alien eastern sky. There was a new light in his eyes. She detected in his voice something of the impetus of the false hope that lured him, although he only said casually, as if seeking to formally acquit her of any discourtesy, —

"I seen ye war noticin' Bob, thar, — he air a mighty s'prisin' sight down in the valley, I know."

Even so slight a pleasantry seemed odd from him, so exacting a gravity he bore in his daily walk and conversation. She subtly understood it as the out-gushing happiness of the mistake under which he had fallen; so trifling a hope, so slight a relenting counted for much in the depths of despair into which he had sunk. She would have been glad to undeceive him, but she was still agitated and confused by the sudden severance of her troubled and absorbed train of thought, and the abrupt surprise of his presence here. She merely said, "Air that leetle Bob Bowles, yer nevy?"

He nodded, his face relaxing into its infrequent smile as he looked down at the plodding plumpness approaching through the broomsedge.

"He air visitin' ye, then, I reckon."

"Not edzac'ly; he hev runned away from home."

The fat Bob sat down upon one of the outcropping ledges of the rock near where the sheep crowded about Marcella, at whom he looked with apprehensive eyes. Mrs. Bowles was the only woman in his very restricted social circle with whom he was acquainted, and his experience with her did not tend to foster confidence in the sex.

"He looks at me ez ef he 'lowed I'd hurt him," cried Marcella, flushing and suddenly affronted. "I never knowed I war so turr'ble ez all that."

"Bob — Bob, ye look the other way!" Jepson admonished him.

But Bob, with scant regard, evidently, for his mandates, continued to gaze winningly up at the fair face of the girl, meeting her indignant and wounded eyes. Detecting at last a protest in her expression, he lifted his chubby arm and crooked it over his head, a forlornly inadequate guard against the blow he expected.

"He thinks I'd hurt him!" she cried

in an aggrieved tone. "Why, don't ye know I would n't fur nuthin', — fur nuthin'?"

She sat down by him on the rock and took his hard little sunburned hand in her soft clasp. His eyes were alight and alert with fear. With a wonderful show of elasticity he edged bouncingly along the ledge to evade her overtures; but a sheep had lain down across the rock, and although he pressed close into the wool of the creature, it did not rise, and he was at the mercy of his captor. She still held the gourd of salt, and the flock crowded about with insistent, rummaging nozzles. One of the sheep, standing on the higher ground behind her, looked pensively over her shoulder at the broad mountain landscape, the delicate, slender head of the animal almost touching the bright hair so heavily curling on her yellow sun-bonnet, still hanging loosely about her neck.

The graceless Bob! Jepson could only lean his six feet of helplessness upon his long rifle, and earnestly breathe that sinking hope against hope known only to those who have callow relatives placed in a conspicuous and exacting position, with every opportunity for lamentable infringement of etiquette. Did ever so doubtful, suspicious, and terrified a look meet such suave, sweet, smiling eyes? Was ever a round, dodging, bullet head so evasively shifted from beneath so light a caress as the touch of those falling curling tresses? How wasted, how inopportunately wasted on Bob her soft words, —

"I love ye — an' I want ye ter love me!"

But Bob, who evidently harbored a distrust in amazing disproportion to his small size and his tender years, was proof against even so enchanting a siren. He merely knitted his limited eyebrows in perplexity because of the unexpected nature of the attack, for that unhappy and striking developments were to ensue he did not permit himself to disbe-

lieve for an instant. He left his hard little hand in hers, for his theory that least resistance resulted in the minimum smart had been proved often enough to commend it. A short little puff of breath — in an adult it might have been called a sigh — escaped from his half-parted lips, and betokened suspense.

"How ye all mus' hev treated him up on the mounting!" Marcella exclaimed, flashing her angry eyes upward at Teck Jepson. "He's 'feard — an' jes' see the leetle size of him! He's 'feard; he would n't dodge that-a-way ef he hed n't been hit a heap o' times fur nuthin'. Who treats him so mean?"

Jepson hesitated. Certainly he owed naught to Mrs. Bowles, but they had been of the same household, and he had a certain reluctance to expose her to scorn and contumely, however richly merited.

She noted his hesitation and broke forth impulsively, "I don't wonder ye look 'shamed of it. I mought hev knowed it!"

He shifted his position suddenly, and as he gazed at her, still leaning on the rifle, his eyes widely open, his lips parted, his breath coming quick, it might have seemed that he had need of his weapon to uphold him, — he was shaken as if by a blow.

"Marcelly!" he exclaimed, — and the voice hardly seemed his, so unlike was the husky quaver to his wonted full, mellow tones, — "kin ye think that o' me, — ez 't war me ez hev persecuted that thar leetle bit of a critter?"

He paused and looked about him with an air of finality. His nerves were still distraught; his lip quivered. She sat, a little pale and shaken by the sight of his agitation, gazing up at him from under her eyebrows, and hardly lifting her head, expectant, waiting, and making no sign of denial.

"Waal," he said, drawing himself to his full height, "this finishes it. I hev b'lieved, I hev lived in hope ez some



day ye mought kem ter keer fur me, 'spite o' all that hev kem an' gone. But now ez I hev fund out how awful mean ye think I be, ez ye kin b'lieve fur one minit ez I hed enny hand in tormentin' a leetle trembly soul like that, I'll gin hope up. I'll trouble ye with my feelin's no mo'. An' I'll never fur-give ye whilst I live!"

Marcella sat quite still and with down-cast eyes during this outburst. There was something very like a sob in his throat as he spoke the last words, but when she glanced up again his face was so calm, his gaze so loftily discursive as he cast his eyes over the landscape, his attitude so impressive and striking, that she interpreted this serenity of pride as triumph, and she suddenly felt a goad in his last avowal.

"Waal, strange ez it may seem," she said, tossing her hair backward, and the breeze, catching the locks, flinging them gayly about, "I kin live without it. An' I hev hearn ye talk 'bout yer feelin's an' sech till thar's mighty leetle entertainment lef' in 'em. An' treatin' this hyar leetle chile mean, till he looks ter be beat of a body glances thar eye at him, 'pears ter me mightily of a piece with bein' the captain o' a gang o' lynchers an' sech evil doin's."

There was a momentary silence. Her eyes, restless, unseeing, wandered vaguely over the broad brown expanse of valley and mountain. Once more she be-thought herself of the sheep, and poured the salt out of the gourd on the ground. The excitement of the moment pulsed heavily in her temples; she felt a vague, gnawing pain at her heart, and she was unhappy.

The cause of all this trouble hardly comported himself in a congruous manner. Bob was relieved when her attention was diverted from him, and gave a fat little sigh of content. He sat for a moment quite still, looking very rotund in build, contemplating the resources of the scene for juvenile enjoyment. Then

leaning forward, he placed his broad white wool hat on the unsuspecting head of a sheep near at hand, and it was difficult to say whether the smothered "baa" that proceeded from the eclipsed beast, or its groping as it rose to its feet, or its unique aspect as it stood, with the hat on its head, uncertain what might ensue, was the chief factor in eliciting a low, jovial chuckle from the distended gleeful lips.

But neither of his elders noticed the wiles of the callow martyr, for Jepson's attention was fixed upon the revelation contained in Marcella's last words, and she was nervously biting her lips in futile regret that they had thence escaped.

"I hev no call ter gin account o' sech ez I do ter you-uns," he said, with that serene arrogance which she had always felt was intolerable, and which she had in vain sought to reduce. "I'd hev been mighty pleased ef ye hed thunk well o' my deeds an' could hev put enny dependence in me, but ef ye don't, it don't make me think no ill o' myself nor my aims. I ain't got two faces, ter turn this one, an' ef ye don't like its looks, turn that one. I be guided by sech light ez the sperit hev revealed ter me, an' I don't ax ye nor enny other human ter show me the way an' guide my feet." He paused, looking reflectively at the broomsedge waving about his high boots; then he recommenced suddenly. "Bein' ez ye hev got a interus' in the man ez tole ye I war a captain o' a gang o' lynchers, ye hed better warn him not ter let his jaw wag too slack, — not about *me*; I ain't keerin' what he say 'bout *me*, but them t' other men mought hear o' his talkin' too free, an' I ain't round about the *Settlemint* much, an' could n't hender 'em ef they war ter set out ter do him a damage. Tell him that. They air powerful outdone with me ennyhow, kase I would n't gin my cornsent ter sech ez they wanted that night he kem ter the forge."

Marcella hardly breathed, so strong upon her was the terror of jeopardizing the safety of Rathburn, who was rash enough at best.

"How do ye know who tole me?" she demanded, gazing up at him with a feint of defiance in her contracted eyebrows and curling lip. "Ye may be talkin' 'bout one man, an' me 'bout another."

He looked straight into the clear depths of her eyes. They faltered suddenly, and the long lashes fell as he said, —

"Naw, we be both talkin' 'bout'n that Doctor Rathburn, ez he calls hisse'f, — that be who we air talkin' 'bout."

She leaned back silently against a rugged bowlder amongst the outcropping ledges, the gourd, empty now, the neck of it still in her listless hand, lying beside her on the trampled broomsedge. Her greenish-brown dress was much like the mosses in the fissures of the gray rock, against the cold monotone of which her fair young face seemed so delicately and finely tinted. The flock had scattered, feeding amongst the brambles and on tufts of grass that seemed, beneath the fallen leaves, to have escaped the frost. The sheep that had worn the hat rid himself of it at last, and looked on stupidly when the little mountaineer, with an agile elasticity of gait incongruous with his infantile rotundity, ran out and triumphantly crowned another, slipping back to his seat beside Marcella, and attracting no notice save from the placid flock, pausing to gaze in mild-eyed wonder.

"I ain't lookin' ter see that man agin," said Marcella, her eyes fixed on the summits across the broad valley. "I can't tell him."

She paused, in the hope that he might ask if she had not seen him lately, but Jepson could be betrayed into no unseemly show of curiosity, and she was presently fain to continue.

"I ain't seen him sence he war at

our house that night. I dunno what's kem o' him."

He stood impassive, silent, leaning upon his rifle, which he held with one hand, while the other was thrust in his leather belt. When she spoke he looked down at her, and his eyes met hers, but when she was silent he glanced with grave preoccupation at the leaden sky or the sombre ranges.

"I 'lowed mebbe he hed gone home," she said, after one of these intervals. A pensive wistfulness was on her face. Her eyes saw far into the dreary desert of vague absence with no return in view. Her attitude became more listless. The despondency of a fresh disappointment was upon her. It was so recently that she had become definitely aware how long it had been since he was at the house, how fully the recollection of his words had sufficed in the certain expectation of his return, that she was for the first time canvassing the probabilities. She looked up appealingly.

"Mebbe so," he replied non-committally.

She gave a sudden quick gasp, and turned pale.

"Them men — them men, mebbe, hev tuk him at las'. They waylaid him agin, — hev they? — hev they?"

"Not ez I hev hearn on," he replied.

His evident lack of excitement in regard to the possibility roused her anger anew. Her nerves were all a-quiver under the unexpected strain. She hardly sought to control her words; they were a relief to her tense, overwrought anxiety.

"How kin ye stand thar an' 'low, 'Not ez I hev hearn on,' ez keerless ez ef I war a-talkin' 'bout a fox ketched in a trap? Ye *don't* keer, Teck Jepson, ye *don't* keer! Ye'd jes' ez soon he would be kilt by them mis'able Brumsaidge rangers ez not. Ye air a cruel, blood-thirsty man! Ye *don't* keer ef the in-nocent stranger war kilt."

Despite his protestations of independ-

ence of spirit, he was roused to defend himself against this imputation.

"Ef I hed n't keered," he said, his lip curling with a scornful half laugh, and his eyes far away, "I would n't hev gone with them fellers at the barn. I 'lowed I could hender 'em from doin' ennything onjust, or hasty, or mischievous, though ef the stranger hed been at enny wicked device, I dunno ez I would hev pertected him an' sot him free like I done."

Marcella's heart was throbbing with contending emotions, the dominant feeling a resentment that Teck Jepson should thus credit himself with the humane and generous rescue of Rathburn, the merits of which that young gentleman's rhetoric had greatly exalted in her estimation, for she had thought it a simple, natural, matter-of-course action when she had first been moved to do aught in his behalf. She had logic enough to realize, however, that her timely warning and Rathburn's clever boldness would have availed little had not Jepson's mood been judicial, and the sway which he exerted over his comrades perfect and complete. Nevertheless her claim was not to be easily belittled. Her ingenuity renewed its hold.

"Then," she said, "ye let him off, I'll be bound, not kase ye knowed 't war right an' jestice, but jes' kase ye fund out ez 't war me ez hed warned the man, an' ye 'lowed 't would put me in a good humor with you-uns ef ye war ter help me out an' save his life. Ye done it ter please me."

He was not quite sure he understood her at first. He seemed dumfounded; then, as the light of comprehension dawned in his eyes, he looked down into her face and laughed.

"Kem, Bob," he said, turning away, "it's time we-uns war a-travelin'."

But Bob had met a young friend of somewhat his own tastes and disposition. A lamb had strayed near where he was sitting, and the two had spent some

profitable moments in gazing silently at one another with that irresistible curiosity and manifest fellow-feeling which infancy has for infancy. What they thought each of the other no one can ever say. That the scrutiny was not mutually derogatory in its results may be inferred from the fact that the lamb leaped suddenly to one side on its slender, knobby little legs, with a sort of aquiline alacrity, and kicked up some very frolicsome heels. Whereupon Bob mitigated the intensity of his stare, and began to run about nimbly with his short skirts flying, his round body very straight, his agility seeming necessarily somewhat knock-kneed in order to give free play to such redundant calves. He showed a very merry pair of heels, that served him as well as the lamb's two pairs, and neither of the blithe young things took the smallest notice of Jepson's summons.

Marcella gave them no heed. She had never been so deeply wounded as by Jepson's evident surprise, his laugh, disclaiming the motive to please her. Always he had seemed to her secretly subservient to her power, however he might seek to assert his own independence. She was amazed that he would openly and disdainfully disavow any influence of hers upon his actions. She was humiliated that she should have suggested it, to receive a renunciation rather than a protestation. It was as if he had told her that he did not love her so much as she thought — not so blindly, so idolatrously. She had over-flattered herself; her vanity had palpably convicted her. Strangely enough she was not angry. Every emotion was absorbed in the perception that he did not love her as she thought he did — he had laughed at the supreme power which she assumed to wield over him.

She glanced up at him aslant under her long lashes. He was not looking at her. He had shouldered his rifle and was advancing upon the swiftly

revolving Bob and his nimble four-footed acquaintance.

"Kem on, bubby. Kem on, Bob. We-uns mus' go home now."

But the gleeful Bob, with distended ruddy cheeks, and two rows of snag-gled white teeth, and gleaming eyes almost eclipsed in rolls of fat, continued his merry round, finding a new joy in flapping his arms, in which he had an advantage over the lamb, who had no arms to flap, and who often paused with meditative lowered head to gaze at these gyrations.

"Kem on, Bob — or I'll make ye! Ye'll repent it, sir! Kem on!"

And once more he approached the elusively whisking Bob. "Kem on! Like a good boy." He resorted to entreaty.

But Bob evidently disbelieved in retribution from this source, and was hard-hearted enough to disregard softer suasion.

As Marcella looked on, a little uncertain, a new light was shed upon her mind.

"He be a powerful obejient chile!" she remarked, with a little satiric laugh.

"He's young yit," returned Jepson, flustered and mortified. "Whenst he gits a leetle older he'll do better. Bob, I'll let ye tote my shot-pouch, like ye love ter do."

But Bob, with a soul above bribes, circled as before. Marcella, with an arch sidelong glance, turned her eyes from him to Jepson. "How mean ye must treat him! How 'feard o' you-uns he do be!" she exclaimed with laughing irony.

A flush rose suddenly to his brow, and she saw anew how deeply wounded he had been by the ignoble and odious accusation. Little wonder, since he felt it so, that he had declared he would never forgive her.

"I furgot he hed a stepmother," she faltered by way of excuse.

"I never said nuthin' agin his step-

mother," he rejoined sternly, darkly frowning.

Bob was beginning to show signs of exhaustion. As Jepson turned toward him again Marcella gave a sudden start. She felt she had done him a grievous injustice and she repented it. With some vague apologetic intention she sought to detain him on some pretext, — on any pretext, — and she spoke upon the impulse of the moment.

"Mus' I tell the folks at home ez ye never wunst thunk ter inquire arter them?" Her eyes were dewy and bright; a faint flush was in her cheek; the tender curves of her red lips wore a half-smiling sweetness; as she lifted her head upward to look at him, the hair curling on her shoulders fell still further down over the dangling yellow sun-bonnet.

He turned a changed face. "I war 'feard ter ax, Marcella," he said, in his low melancholy drawl. "I know ye feel so hard ter me 'bout'n Eli — an' I never kin forgive myself, though I never went ter do no harm. I hear 'bout Eli constant — 'thout hevin' ter harry yer feelin's by axin' ye arter him."

The girl felt a certain reassurance, a satisfaction that in this at least he had not changed. Since he had wrought so grievous an injury to Eli Strobe, remorse was the meet sequence. But her alert intuition presently apprehended a tone not altogether applicable to the past.

"He air thrivin' toler'ble, now," she observed.

He glanced at her with the keen suspense of an unexpected hope shining in his eyes. "Then what they say at the *Settlemint* ain't true!"

She felt a sudden fear clutch at her heart. Her face paled — her eyes dilated.

"What air they sayin' agin him at the *Settlemint*?" she asked, trembling, yet roused into instant defiance.

"T aint faultin' Eli noways," he explained anxiously. "They 'low, though,

ez his ailment hev streck his brain, an' he hev gone deranged."

Her short, sudden scream rang out shrilly in the dull silence of the gray afternoon. She sprang to her feet. "Who hev tole that — who hev tole that on him? I'll be bound them sly foxes at the Settlemint air plottin' su'thin agin him. They won't gin him time ter git well, an' they don't want ter let him be constable, what he hev done been 'lected ter be. Who hev tole it? Who hev tole it?" Her eyes flashed an insistent inquiry at him and he could only reply doubtfully, —

"I dunno, Marcellly. I jes' hearn a whole pack of 'em at the store" — she winced visibly at the idea of this wide dissemination of the rumor — "a-talk-in' bout'n it. But I dunno who set it a-goin' fust."

"I do!" she exclaimed frantically. "That stranger — he 'peared tickled ter death whens he fust noticed it. Never seen a man so streck by nuthin' in yer life. Tuk an' felt his pulse, sir, an' 'peared like he 'd ruther hear sech foolishness talked 'n the sober wisdom o' Sol'mon! I war mad then — but what through bein' called a nangel" — She broke off suddenly. "'T war him — 't war him — kase nobody else knowed it. Dad hain't seen nobody else 'ceptin' him an' Andy Longwood one day, — but Andy hain't got larnin' enough ter feel folkses pulses an' sense thar shortcomin's an' sech. 'T war him! 'T war him! Oh, ye air all alike. I never see nobody ez I take a notion air mighty good an' fine, an' I go round like a fool studyin' 'bout 'em all day, but what — ef I know 'em long enough — I find out they air jes' plain common men-folks sech ez hev been sence the worl' began, — jes' like Adam, rather guzzle a apple 'n bide in Paradise." She smiled reflectively, a scornful retrospection, as if the thought of some past folly were both bitter and ludicrous.

"Waal," she resumed, turning upon

him, "what war they 'lowin' at the store they war goin' ter do 'bout'n it?"

He shifted his weight to the other foot, then leaned heavily on his gun. "I hate ter tell ye, Marcellly," he said with a low-spirited cadence. "I hoped 'twar n't true."

"I mus' know," she asserted insistently.

"Waal," he reluctantly began, "they 'lowed ez some o' them 'smart Alecks' of politicians an' sech hed gin information ez thar war a crazy in the county ez oughter be restrained o' his liberty." A short exclamation, little less than a scream, came from her with an accent as if it were wrung forth by physical pain. "Ef the county court app'ints the sher'ff ter summons a jury fur a inquisition o' lunacy, an' they see Eli an' 'low he air insane, they think they kin git up perceedin's ez will take away his office."

She listened silently as she stood holding the empty gourd in her hand. He felt as if he were pronouncing a sentence of some terrible doom, in thus destroying her pride. She esteemed the humble office so high and noble an estate, its shattered incumbent the chief of men!

"Marcellly," he said, "look here. No matter what ye want ter do 'bout'n it, ef ye kin do ennything, I stand ready ter help. Promise me ye 'll let me know. Promise me ye 'll let me help."

She looked up at him. Her lips were compressed. Her eyes were dry and steady. "Help!" she echoed bitterly. "It's you-uns ez hev brung all this torment on dad. An' now ye talk about 'help.' It's too late — too late ter help." Then she turned away.

He stood watching her as she went; her dull greenish-brown dress was visible a long way against the tawny tints of the broomsedge; the wind was rising and tossed her hair, for her head was bare, the yellow sun-bonnet still hanging upon her shoulders. A leaden cloud

was coming down the opposite mountain side, rapidly advancing across the valley; she seemed to be going to meet the storm, and suddenly it was as if she had been caught up in it. The sombre

vapors enfolded her; there was a swift, transient, ochreous gleam, then she was seen no more, and the dreary sound of the invisible rain falling, falling in the beclouded valley filled all the air.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

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## THE PIONEERS OF OHIO.

THE thirty years of Ohio life which followed the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 may be summarized as the long struggle of the pioneers with the forest and bad roads; they were literally getting out of the woods. The first migration of the traders and the hunters was past. The murderous foes of Logan, Cornstalk, and the Moravians had disappeared. The early settlers who followed them had, by a sudden revolution, set up a State and begun a new order of things. Then came an immigration, attracted not only by rich land and love of adventure, but by the strong prestige which the free State, built upon the Ordinance of 1787, had at once acquired. The immigrants were not merely admirers of free commonwealths in the abstract, but numbers of them were men from Kentucky, Virginia, and States further south, who brought their slaves with them for emancipation. A reaction followed upon this movement. The masters, with the best intention, had unwisely set the freedmen adrift in a wild, uncultivated country, without fitness or capacity to provide for themselves. Bad results followed, and harsh legislation was resorted to as a check. Laws were passed, not only to restrain the settlement of negroes, but to expel them. Among other measures, they were made incompetent as witnesses in any suit, criminal or civil, where a white person was a party. Violent outbreaks occurred in which expulsion, under these laws, was cruelly enforced.

The times were every way hard. The straits to which the forefathers of the State were reduced, in public as well as in private life, are to be seen in the pictures of their first capitol at Chillicothe, of hewn logs, two stories in height, with an imposing front of thirty-six feet on Second Street, and twenty-four feet on Walnut. Its grand feature was fifteen glass windows, each of twelve panes, eight by ten inches in size, a degree of splendor thought to be unequalled in the Territory until eclipsed by the Blennerhassets. Here sat the territorial assemblies in St. Clair's time. Its successor, erected by Ross County, in 1801, to accommodate the assembly and the courts, far surpassed it. This probably was the first public edifice built of stone northwest of the Ohio. It was about sixty feet square, surmounted by a belfry and lightning-rod, upon which the American eagle, with wide-spreading wings, long did duty as a weathercock. Here the convention which formed the Constitution of 1802 and the state legislature, for many years, held their sessions.

The millions who are dwelling in peace and plenty in the broad farms and busy towns of Ohio to-day can get no realizing sense, from mere words, of the hardships by which their prosperity was earned. The toilsome journey, the steep mountain-ways, the camping-out where there were no inns and hardly a road to guide them, were as nothing to the dreariness which, at the journey's

end, confronted the immigrant and his devoted wife and tender children. The unbroken forest was all that welcomed them, and the awful stillness of night had no refrain but the howl of the wolf or wailing of the whippoorwill. The nearest neighbor often was miles away.

Their first necessity was to girdle the trees and grub a few acres for a corn crop and truck patch, sufficient for a season. As soon as the logs were cut a cabin was built, with the aid of neighbors. Necessity invented the "house-raising," as it did log-rolling and corn-shucking. This habitation, with its clap-board roof, its single room and door, if any, swinging upon wooden hinges, with no window but a patch of greased newspaper between the logs, and no floor but the ground, was often finished at nightfall on the spot where the trees had stood in the morning. The daubing of the chinks and wooden chimney with clay, and a few pegs in the interior for the housewife's draperies, were all that the Eastlake of those days could add to the primitive log cabin.

But food, rather than shelter, was the severest want of the pioneers. True, the woods were full of game, but venison, turkey, and bear meat all the time became tiresome enough. There was no bread nor salt. The scanty salt springs were therefore precious. The Indian corn, when once started, was the chief reliance for man and beast. The modern Ohioan may know of hominy, but the art of making hoe-cake, ash-cake, johnny-cake, the dodger, or a pone is lost. This crop, convertible also into bacon, pork, and whiskey, soon became the staple of the country. The want of mills at first led to singular devices. Corn was parched and ground by hand or by horse-power. At Marietta an ingenious application of power was obtained by bracing a mill-wheel between two boats anchored in the current of the Muskingum, — a powerful mill-race without a dam.

The furniture of the cabins and the dress of the people necessarily partook of the same absolutely rustic simplicity. Excellent tables, cupboards, and benches were made of the poplar and beech woods. The buckeye furnished not only bowls and platters for all who had no tin or queensware, but also the split-bottom chair still in popular use. Bearskins were bed and bedding. The deer-skin, dressed and undressed, was very much used for clothing, and the skins of the raccoon and rabbit formed a favorite head-gear. But wool and flax soon abounded, and spinning-wheels and looms became standard articles in every house. The homemade tow-linen and woolens, or mixed flannels, linseys and jeans, constituted the chief materials for clothing. For dye-stuffs the hulls of the walnut and butternut and a root of bright yellow first answered, but were superseded by indigo and madder, which became almost uniformly the colors of the hunting-shirt and the warmus. These primitive fashions gradually yielded, as store goods, together with iron and Onondaga salt, began to be introduced by the great Pennsylvania wagons, from Pittsburgh and the ports along the Ohio River. After the purchase of Louisiana considerable imports came from New Orleans by keel-boats.

The pioneers had pastimes and festivities also in their own way. Besides such gatherings as those already mentioned, there were the sugar-camp, the militia-musters, the bear-hunts, the shooting-matches, and the quarter-race. At these the neighborhood for miles around was wont to gather. The quilting-party also was a thing of joy in feminine circles. Here the housewife made a gala day for her friends by collecting them round her frame to put together one of those decorative works, a pile of which, to the pioneer mother, was esteemed of more honor than all the shawls of her modern granddaughter. A wedding, among people of the better sort, was



a three-days' festivity. The infare, or gathering, on the first day, included a variety of the sports above mentioned, according to taste and circumstances. Next came the nuptials, the invariable dance, and the feast. The guests closed the third day by escorting the bride to her new home, and the ride was not unlike that to Canterbury in style. The housewarming ended with another dance, in which there was no modern stiffness or dawdle.

Camp-meetings were another early custom, originally adopted to supply the want of Sunday worship. The country store, also, was an important centre, especially when the county-seats were distant. There was little money, and business was chiefly in barter for peltries, ginseng, beeswax, and such products as could be transported by pack-horses. Cut money, or "sharp shins," was a curious necessity of the times. For want of small change the coins, chiefly Spanish, were cut into quarters, and so circulated. By a law of the governor and judges, in 1792, it was enacted that, as the dollar varied in the several counties of the Territory, all officers might demand and take their fees in Indian corn, at the rate of one cent per quart, instead of specie, at their option. In trading, the deer-skin passed uniformly for a dollar. The bear-skin brought more, and the peltries variously less. Beaver were rare, and soon became extinct.

A curiosity of later date, when roads and wheeled vehicles became practicable, was the traveling museum. It consisted of three, four, or more box-cars, mounted on low wheels, and lighted by windows in the top. These, on arriving at the show places, were united, end to end, so as to form an interior gallery, through which the admiring spectators passed to enjoy the sights. Shelves and glass cases were filled with objects of every description, from the bones of the mastodon down to Dr. Franklin's veritable

penny whistle. Panoramas of colored engravings were exhibited through magnifying glasses, and the whole world was brought before the eye by the pulling of a string. The grand attraction was the gallery of wax figures, among which the most captivating were the Sleeping Beauty, Daniel Lambert, Washington on his death-bed, and perhaps the actors in the latest atrocious murder, all in one mingled scene.

Schools were an object of the very earliest interest to the settlers of Ohio. The first school was not the free school, however, for which Congress had set apart the munificent foundation of one thirty-sixth part of all the lands in the State. This was to wait until the gift should be ripe for the purpose. Pride and ignorance, moreover, were bitterly opposed to the free system. Schools were sustained for twenty-five years by the parents of the pupils, and though of divers sorts, were by no means inefficient. Hardly a township or village was without one. Generally they were of humble architecture, but had good teachers. The mixture of studies would be regarded now as heterogeneous. Discipline was of the most rigorous type. "Toeing the mark" was the test of decorum. At the teacher's desk there was commonly a straight line drawn or cut on the floor, to which every one of the class reciting was bound to stand erect under direful penalties if neglectful. Many of the men who taught these schools were of superior education, and the names of some are kept in grateful memory. One of them deserves more than a passing mention. This was Francis Glass, who about the year 1820 kept a school for the farmers' children in a remote part of Warren County. In the midst of this drudgery he conceived and wrote the life of General Washington in Latin, a volume of two hundred and twenty-three pages. After his death it was published by his friend, Prof. J. N. Reynolds, with the approval of

Charles Anthon, Drs. S. B. Wylie, Wilbur Fiske, and other classical scholars, as not only a literary curiosity, but, to use Dr. Anthon's words, for its easy flow of style, and the graceful turn of very many of its periods.

Another phase of the times is given by Judge Burnet, in his *Reminiscences*, when he speaks of the long journeys made by the judges and lawyers on horseback, through the wilderness and swamps across the Indian country, in the annual rounds of the courts. They traversed distances of sixty or eighty miles in these circuits without seeing the habitation of a white man, carrying blankets and supplies for their bivouacs, often made in swamps where the roots of the trees afforded the only bed. The Indians entertained them always with hospitality. Old Buckongehelas on one occasion made up a grand ball game on the St. Mary's for their diversion. Riding the circuit in company long continued to be the custom of the judges and the bar, the lawyers residing in only a few of the larger towns. If the traditions be credited, the old court-houses and the wayside must have echoed with a wonderful mingling of law and hilarity. Hammond, Ewing, Corwin, and Hamer all began their practice in this school.

It was not many years before these primeval conditions began to wear away. In the more fertile and accessible counties the farms and houses, with their grounds and blooming orchards, their well-filled barns and herds of cattle, horse, and swine, gave a new aspect to the country. Mansions of greater proportions and elegance were to be seen here and there, with interiors furnished with mahogany, mirrors, and all the fittings of life in the older States. The advance in the ways of polished society was a grief to McDonald, the biographer of the pioneers, who "well remembers it was in Mrs. Massie's parlor he first saw tea handed around for supper,

which he then thought foolish business, and remained of that opinion still." The earliest of these stylish mansions was that of the Blennerhassets, built with a broad Italian front, at the head of a large island in the Ohio, near Parkersburg. Dr. Hildreth, in his *Lives of the Early Settlers*, has preserved a full description of this superb establishment, a paradise in the wilderness, and its accomplished builders, and shows that Mr. Wirt's picture was not so extravagant as has been supposed.

In state affairs the legislature had given evidence of its disenfranchisement by establishing eight new counties at its first session. By the year 1810 the number had been increased to forty-one, the population of the State, at that time, having risen to 230,760 in number. More than a third of the State had been cast into the Indian Territory. In 1804, the Firelands and all the Reserve west of the Cuyahoga, together with the military lands lying between the Reserve and the treaty line, were purchased from the Indians, and the proprietors of the Firelands incorporated by the legislature. Their names fill more than eighteen pages of the *Land Laws of Ohio*, where the towns, and the precise loss of each sufferer, in the raids of Tryon and Arnold, are recorded for history. The Connecticut Land Company caused their purchase to be surveyed into townships five miles square. Six of these, including Cleveland and Youngstown, were sold. All the rest were subdivided among the proprietors, by the close of the year 1809. Still the Western Reserve did not move.

In 1805, the directors of the Firelands put them in charge of Taylor Sherman, of Connecticut, as their general agent. His mission was accomplished by a full survey, allotment, and partition among the numerous owners, completed in 1811. Mr. Sherman however, contributed more than this to the history of Ohio. In 1810, he was fol-

lowed by his son, Charles R. Sherman, who had been educated and admitted to the bar in Connecticut, and was now settled in Lancaster. In that distinguished home of lawyers he took a prominent position, and was appointed one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State. He died in 1827, while on the circuit. In the earlier volumes of the decisions of that court, he has left an enduring monument of his rank, as one of the ablest lawyers and judges of the State. Among his children are General William T. Sherman and Senator John Sherman. Ohio, therefore, may attribute to the Firelands, and the misfortunes by which they were founded, no small share in her promotion.

Another treaty with the Indians, in 1808, secured a roadway between the Firelands and the rapids of the Maumee, with land a mile in width on both sides for settlement; also a roadway from Sandusky up to the treaty line. But how little it was worth is related by Daniel Sherman, who, in escaping from Huron County to Mansfield, at the Indian outbreak in 1812, did not find a cabin or clearing in forty miles. The statutes were prolific of new roads, new counties and schemes for developing salt springs and navigable rivers. But there was no money to make them.

A far more important measure was the movement by the Ohio Senators in Congress for utilizing the two per cent. fund, which had been pledged to the State for making a road between the Ohio River and tide-water. The special committee to which, on Mr. Worthington's motion, the subject was referred in 1805 recommended the route by way of Cumberland, which became the National road. Under an act of Congress, March 29, 1806, commissioners were appointed to lay it out. Wheeling was adopted as the crossing-place, on the Ohio, because it was not only on the direct line to the centres of Ohio and Indiana, but was safer for connection with

the navigation of the river. Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia ceded the right of way, and contracts were made in 1808 for constructing a turnpike road, metaled with broken stone, one foot in depth, and nowhere to exceed a gradient of five degrees. This, it was promised by Mr. Gallatin, the Secretary of the Treasury, would effect a reduction in freight of one dollar per hundred on all the produce of the West, and its returns from the East. As this would be a gain of two dollars upon every barrel of flour and pork, it will be seen how vitally interesting it was to the people of Ohio. Their crops were profitless. Except on the Ohio, and the rivers running to it, there was no outlet for the immense production of which the State was becoming capable. Every year at the spring freshets, quantities of flour, bacon, pork, whiskey and the fruits of the country adjacent to the streams were taken in flatboats to New Orleans and the intermediate markets. This would have been a most profitable commerce but for the extreme hazards to which these frail and unmanageable craft were subject. The starting of these fleets annually was a spectacle of great interest at the towns on the Muskingum, Scioto and the Miami. Keel-boats, built in the fashion of canal-boats, but lighter and sharper, were also used with profit, as by great labor they could stem the current of the Mississippi, and the cargoes which they brought back were the earliest considerable imports of foreign goods. Numbers of sea-going vessels were built on the Ohio River, and freighted with produce to the West Indies or Europe. Marietta alone is reported to have sent to sea, before the war of 1812, seven ships, eleven brigs, six schooners, and two gun-boats. The entire commerce of Lake Erie, prior to this time, was carried on by half a dozen little schooners.

At the moment when the State, with a quarter million of people, an exuberant

soil, a dozen considerable towns, and the prospect of another British and Indian war overhanging it, lay like a young giant, bound hand and foot, occurred the signal event which was to give the Mississippi Valley an impetus to an ilimitable growth. This was the launching and departure from Pittsburgh, in October, 1811, of the steamboat Orleans, first of the mighty fleet which put the currents of the great river to naught. On this voyage Mr. Roosevelt, who had superintended the construction for Messrs. Fulton and Livingston, with his young wife and children, Andrew Jack, the pilot, Baker, the engineer, and six hands, besides domestics, constituted the sole freight. The novel appearance of the craft and the speed with which it passed through the long reaches of the Ohio excited wonder and terror among the riparians. Few of them had heard of steamboats. Some supposed the comet, then near, had fallen into the river. War with England being expected, one little town was alarmed with the cry, "British are coming," and took to the hills. The Orleans being prevented, by low water, from passing the falls at Louisville, was employed between that place and Cincinnati, during this detention. On the Mississippi she incurred much peril from the effect of the extraordinary earthquakes, which continued from December until February. She reached her destination De-

ember 24th, but neither the Orleans nor the two steamers from Pittsburgh which followed her, in 1813 and 1814, returned to the Ohio. The first which accomplished this was the *Enterprise*, of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, under the command of Henry M. Shreve. In December, 1814, he took a cargo of ordnance stores to General Jackson, in fourteen days from Pittsburgh. After serving that officer until May, Captain Shreve set out for Pittsburgh, and in twenty-five days arrived at Louisville. For this wonderful feat, the people of the town honored him with a public dinner.

Commerce, though still suffering a check eastwardly, now shed some of its genial influence over the valley of the Ohio. The Lake shore, and the northwest portion of the State, remained inaccessible. It was not until August, in the year 1818, that the first steamer on Lake Erie, the *Walk-in-the-Water*, made her appearance, having been built at Black Rock, within a few miles of the spot where the *Griffin* was launched in 1679. New York, as early as 1811, had been agitated with the grand design of connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson. In response to her call, the legislature of Ohio, in January, 1812, had heartily resolved that the cost of such a work should be assumed by the United States. Poverty, and not her will, was at fault.

*Rufus King.*

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## PARTIAL PORTRAITS.<sup>1</sup>

THE dearth of criticism at the present time might seem to indicate a decline of interest in literature on the intellectual side. The critical movement which began with the expansion of Eng-

<sup>1</sup> *Partial Portraits.* By HENRY JAMES. Macmillan & Co. London. 1888.

lish thought in this century has lost its force, and is now apparently subordinated to the later historical spirit. Were it not for the somewhat weary contest of the rival schools of the novelists, and for the opportunity which the career of the new fiction in France and Russia

affords, the field of criticism would appear exhausted. Arnold stands entirely by himself as the pure critic, interested in the spirit of literature rather than in its biographical side or its relations to the common movement of society. The group of pleasant and elegant essayists who are the successors of men of larger calibre, if not of finer perceptions, content themselves with very modest aims, and they do not hit above the mark. Mr. James is one of these, and his new volume is a good example to show to what extent reviewing on a small scale and what one may call the professional spirit have occupied the ground of one of the great departments of letters. When new books appear, something must needs be said of them; when new names rise into a sudden popularity, and much more when the acknowledged heads of literature die and are buried and have their lives written, an attempt must be made to define their qualities and take their measure; and always, it would seem, a novelist has something to tell the world of his art, and must, after the fashion of Goethe, free his bosom of that dangerous stuff, his opinion. Mr. James writes on these occasions and from these motives. Emerson, George Eliot, and Turgenief receive judgment from his pen, in the hall of the dead; Daudet and Guy de Maupassant are noticed, as the modern phrase is; and throughout all the essays there are confidences and particular criticisms which come from the professional sanctum of the author. The collection thus is made up of occasional pieces, adapted to the ephemeral life of magazines rather than to the requirements of substantial literature. It puts forth no claim to the highest critical value, but is no more than a bundle of papers full of excellent talk about books and their makers, and deriving their interest from the quick and nimble intellectual spirits of their author.

They are most agreeable to read, and especially in those cases in which the

author is still alive is there no offense in them. The treatment of Daudet is to be described only as caressing. The language is worried for its finest phrases and softest epithets to express the delight of the critic in Daudet's personal charm, literary style, and finished stories, and the work when done is a marvel of deftness; sincerity and compliment are seldom so happily married. Toward Guy de Maupassant Mr. James's temper is different. It cannot be said that he patronizes him, but he pets him, and reminds one of nothing so much as a fatherly friend saying a good word for a particularly naughty boy. In dealing with these two, the critic is in his element. In his former volume of essays, which is certainly the more substantial of the two, he had the advantage of treating only French subjects; for a critic is apt to write best of what he most appreciates, and it is the Gallic literary spirit which most attracts Mr. James. His critical work upon French literature, as a whole, is the best accessible to the English reader; and in the additions which he makes now by his papers upon Daudet and Maupassant he does not fall behind his earlier, and perhaps more laborious, essays upon the French poets and novelists, either in penetration, frankness, or breadth of treatment. There is, however, no change in one respect. He does not give the reader immediate and full grasp of the subject, but leaves one at the end somewhat in doubt what to think. He is in a sense inconclusive, and has given the impression that he means to be. His mind is inductive, and he prefers to gather together an array of facts about the temperament and art of whomever he is discussing and adds a number of remarks of his own, often acute and always felicitous; but just as one is expecting to find this material binding itself together into a coherent and orderly judgment, he is left to draw his own conclusions. Mr. James remarks somewhere in these essays upon

the fact that French writers deal largely with surfaces, and he goes on to justify them by saying that life itself is very largely a thing of surfaces. We do not quote the statement to agree with it, but to say that it applies very well to his own criticism. It is almost entirely concerned with surfaces. It lacks anatomy; and it is in the anatomy of the body that its unity is to be sought. Mr. James gives many aspects, reflections at all angles from all lights, innumerable details, of his perceptions; but his examination stops with the surface. The difficulty is further increased by his practice of taking up one novel after another *seriatim*, often of one character after another, until the reader, even if familiar with the world of Trollope for instance, becomes confused and perplexed. This is professional criticism, technical to an annoying degree. The genius of an author is not most simply set forth by a catalogue of his creations; but this is Mr. James's confirmed method. The vigor, the pleasant wit, and the constant alertness of mind which characterize these critiques *in petto* keep the interest alive; but it follows of necessity that one receives a blurred impression. Great detail and frequent change in the point of view are so much characteristics of Mr. James's method that they cannot go unmentioned. He evidently puts value upon them, but to us it seems undeniable that they are largely responsible for the disappointment which is sometimes complained of by those who read to find plain and substantial judgments.

If we allow Mr. James the benefit of a rule which he quotes from Guy de Maupassant to the effect that a literary work is to be judged subject to its author's intentions in writing it, the case is made somewhat easier. He does not favor, apparently, what is known as final criticism; rather, if he conveys an impression, which he acknowledges to be individual and possibly transitory, made

upon him by the artistic work of another, he considers his duty done. To fall in with this amounts to accepting his essays in the main as an expression of the personal preferences of his own temperament, which may or may not be valid in the case of others; and when read with this understanding all annoyance disappears, for Mr. James as a talker about books is one of the most excellent of literary companions. His knowledge is of the fullest, his resources of allusion and comparison are endless, his demarkation of different schools of literature is exact; an unflinching ease of expression and command of an admirably free conversational style add to his powers of entertainment; and he has the one talent of good intellectual fellowship, which is, not to take things too seriously.

A better example of his tact in criticism cannot be taken than the opening essay of this volume, the paper upon Emerson. His personal attitude toward the wise moralist of Concord is one that he himself thoroughly understands; he is familiar with his subject and entirely at ease in its presence, and the result is a cheerful and appreciative, but by no means idolatrous essay. He cannot resist the temptation to play a little, in his accustomed manner, with the society about Emerson. He feels an itching in his satirical fingers to "represent life" as it was in the transcendental community, with its clerical antecedents, its meagreness of amusement, its lyceum, its aberrations, its paucity and foibles and eccentricity; and he makes bold to regret that Emerson's biographer did not relieve the pale figure of the philosopher upon this background of poor human nature in ordinary mortals. It has always seemed to us a singular felicity of Mr. Cabot's biography that it so successfully avoided the details of the time and such personality the absence of which Mr. James regrets; it is better and more fitting that the character of Emerson



should stand out single and solitary, as he essentially was in his life, instead of being confused with those about him and to a certain extent parodied by them. Their memory is a very mortal one, and we do not in this instance feel the force of Mr. James's contention that a man of genius must be known by the society he kept; indeed, Emerson cannot be said to have had fellowship with any unless it were with such shadowy figures as Plotinus and the other ghosts of the intellect whose walking places he discovered. In this one respect, at least, the solitariness of his genius, he stands, as Arnold asserted, with Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and the rest of the hermit names of literature. The humorous element the presence of which Mr. James misses is one to which he is very keenly sensitive, and he finds it in Emerson himself, though he hardly does more than betray his perception of it. Here was a critical test of what we have called his tact, and he bears it like pure gold. The reality and sincerity of his appreciation of Emerson is, under the circumstances, the most surprising thing in the essay, and vouches for the extraordinary openness and adaptability of his mind; for Mr. James, with many intellectual temptations to a more narrow admiration, has very unusual catholicity of taste. Less cannot be said for an appreciation that ranges from Stevenson to Trollope, and from George Eliot to the merry tales of Maupassant.

He keeps his best word for France. That country is intellectually his native heath. He is quite sensible of his different blood; he acknowledges that Daudet sometimes, in his confidences to his readers, writes in a way that he would not emulate if he could; but for all that it is the French who must stir his curiosity and appeal to the hospitality of his mind. The remarkably powerful reminiscences of Turgeneff, which are the gem of the volume, gain much by being set in a French ground, whose character-

istics harmonize with Mr. James's tastes and are a kind of home for them. It is, however, the twin essays upon Daudet and Maupassant, to which reference has already been made, that reveal the infatuation, if one may use so strong a word, of the author. He makes these essays, and particularly the last, an occasion not only for unwearied compliment, which the literary gifts of the two French story-tellers excuse if they do not entirely justify, but also for a skillful defense of the modern spirit in French fiction. He acknowledges plainly certain traits of Guy de Maupassant which need not be more directly alluded to, but he afterwards diminishes their disagreeableness to the Anglo-Saxon almost, if not quite, to the vanishing point; and one who does not lose his own powers of perception and decision in the maze of the sentences cannot but admire the literary finesse by which the art of Maupassant is substituted for his substance, as if there were no more morals in Paris than in Arcady or Patagonia. But this is the only essay in which the critic appears to have a case to defend; in the others he does lose the character of the observer, however friendly he may show himself and anxious to please and be pleased. In the justification of Maupassant, on the contrary, he may fairly be held to have exceeded the critic's charter and trespassed on the demesne of the partisan. It is more agreeable to turn back to the charming pages on Daudet, to see Mr. James in his best mood and spirit, using his powers of delicate perception most keenly and pleasurably, and praising without any afterthought or forethought that in which he finds an immediate and great delight. There is here, too, the double sense of mind and of culture in the writer, and a certain humaneness without any touch of satire, which gives charm to the style. Work of this sort is rare, and it is to be specially welcomed for its intellectual spirit, to the absence



of which in our current criticism we have alluded. This same spirit pervades the volume, and together with it one finds a copiousness, an art, and an amiability

which would of themselves distinguish the book and commend it, as few works of criticism ever commend themselves, to authors and readers alike.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Behind the **NOTHING** is seen until it is separated from its surroundings. A man looks at the landscape, but the tree standing in the middle of the landscape he does not see until, for the instant at least, he singles it out as the object of vision. Two men walk the same road: as far as the bystander can perceive, they have before them the same sights; but let them be questioned at the end of the journey, and it will appear that one man saw one set of objects, and his companion another; and the more diverse the intellectual training and habits of the two travelers, the greater will be the discrepancy between the two reports.

And what is true of any two men is equally true of any one man at two different times. To-day he is in a dreamy, reflective mood, — he has been reading Wordsworth, perhaps, — and when he takes his afternoon saunter he looks at the bushy hillside, or at the wayside cottage, or down into the loitering brook, and he sees in them all such pictures as they never showed him before. Or he is in a matter-of-fact mood, a kind of stock-market frame of mind; and he looks at everything through economical spectacles, — as if he had been set to appraise the acres of meadow or woodland through which he passes. At another time he may have been reading some book or magazine article written by Mr. John Burroughs; and although he knows nothing of birds, and can scarcely tell a crow from a robin (perhaps for this very reason), he is certain

to have tantalizing glimpses of some very strange and wonderful feathered specimens. They must be rarities, at least, if not absolute novelties; and likely enough, on getting home, he sits down and writes to Mr. Burroughs a letter full of gratitude and inquiry, — the gratitude very pleasant to receive, we may presume, and the inquiries quite impossible to answer.

Some men (not many, it is to be hoped) are specialists, and nothing else. They are absorbed in farming, or in shoemaking, in chemistry, or in Latin grammar, and have no thought for anything beyond or beside. Others of us, while there may be two or three subjects toward which we feel some special drawing, have nevertheless a general interest in whatever concerns humanity. We are different men on different days. There is a certain part of the year, say from April to July, when I am an ornithologist; for the time being, whenever I go out-of-doors, I have an eye for birds, and, comparatively speaking, for nothing else. Then comes a season during which my walks all take on a botanical complexion. I have had my turn at butterflies, also; for one or two summers I may be said to have seen little else but these winged blossoms of the air. I know, too, what it means to visit the seashore, and scarcely to notice the breaking waves because of the shells scattered along the beach. In short, if I see one thing, I am of necessity blind, or half-blind, to all beside. There are several men in me, and not more than one

or two of them are ever at the window at once. Formerly, my enjoyment of nature was altogether reflective, imaginative; in a passive, unproductive sense, poetical. I delighted in the woods and fields, the seashore and the lonely road, not for the birds or flowers to be found there, but for the "serene and blessed mood" into which I was put by such friendship. Later in life, it transpired, as much to my surprise as to anybody's else, that I had a bent toward natural history, as well as toward nature; an inclination to study, as well as to dream over, the beautiful world about me. I must know the birds apart, and the trees, and the flowers. A bit of country was no longer a mere landscape, a picture, but a museum as well. For a time the poet seemed to be dead within me; and happy as I found myself in my new pursuits, I had fits of bewailing my former condition. Science and fancy, it appeared, would not travel hand in hand; if a man must be a botanist, let him bid good-by to the Muse. Then I fled again to Emerson and Wordsworth, trying to read the naturalist asleep and reawaken the poet. Happy thought! The two men, the student and the lover, were still there, and there they remain to this day. Sometimes one is at the window, sometimes the other.

So it is, undoubtedly, with other people. My fellow-travelers, who hear me discoursing enthusiastically of vireos and warblers, thrushes and wrens, whilst they see never a bird, unless it be now and then an English sparrow or a robin, talk sometimes as if the difference between us were one of eyesight. They might as well lay it to the window-glass of our respective houses. It is not the eye that sees, but the man behind the eye.

As to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of such a division of interests as I have been describing, there may be room for two opinions. If distinction be all that the student hungers

for, perhaps he cannot limit himself too strictly; but for myself, I think I should soon tire of my own society if I were only one man, — a botanist or a chemist, an artist, or even a poet. I should soon tire of myself, I say; but I might have said, with equal truth, that I should soon tire of nature; for if I were only one man, I should see only one aspect of the natural world. This may explain why it is that some persons must be forever moving from place to place. If they travel the same road twice or thrice, or even to the hundredth time, they see only one set of objects. The same man is always at the window. No wonder they are restless and famished. For my own part, though I should delight to see new lands and new people, new birds and new plants, I am nevertheless pretty well contented where I am. If I take the same walks, I do not see the same things. The botanist spells the dreamer; and now and then the lover of beauty keeps the ornithologist in the background till he is thankful to come once more to the window, though it be only to look at a bluebird or a song sparrow.

How much influence has the will in determining which of these several tenants of a man's body shall have his turn at sight-seeing? It would be hard to answer definitely. As much, it may be, as a teacher has over his pupils, or a father over his children; something depends upon the strength of the governing will, and something upon the tractability of the pupil. In general, I assume to command. As I start on my ramble I give out word, as it were, which of the men shall have the front seat. But there are days when some one of them proves too much both for me and for his fellows. It is not the botanist's turn, perhaps; but he takes his seat at the window, notwithstanding, and the ornithologist and the dreamer must be content to peep at the landscape over his shoulders.

On such occasions, it may as well be

confessed, I make but a feeble remonstrance, and for the sufficient reason that I feel small confidence in my own wisdom. If the flower-lover or the poet must have the hour, then in all likelihood he ought to have it. So much I concede to the nature of things. A strong tendency is a strong argument, and of itself goes far to justify itself. I borrow no trouble on the score of such compulsions. On the contrary, my lamentations begin when nobody sues for the place of vision. Such days I have; blank days, days to be dropped from the calendar; when "those that look out of the windows be darkened." The fault is not with the world, nor with the eye. The old preacher had the right of it; it is not the windows that are darkened, but "those that look out of the windows."

Celtic Temperament. —There are certain authors from whom I always get pleasure and profit, no matter what the subject they treat of. Our own Lowell is one of these, and in his different way John Morley is another; writers who, out of the fullness of their minds, have at all times something to give worth the having, in good measure, pressed down, and running over. Matthew Arnold, too, seldom fails to furnish me with entertainment. He is a crotchety thinker, and his style, in its excellences and defects, is mannered; but his thought and his expression are his own, and he interests me even when I do not by any means agree with him. In an essay on the literature of the Celts, he comes by natural course upon the question of the Celtic temperament, and of temperament in general as a factor in the literary product of different peoples. The theme is a fascinating one, and much of what the author says seems to me both true and very happily expressed. So far as human nature can be described in the lump, one feels that Mr. Arnold does not hit off badly the characteristic excellences and defects of the Teutonic,

the Norman, and Celtic races, out of which three elements the modern English race is compounded. The larger Teutonic element, modified by the mixture of Norman and Celtic blood in the English, is still more largely modified in us Americans by other influences, climatic, political, etc. The Celtic blood in the Englishman (the proportion of which is much greater, Arnold contends, than is commonly supposed) is undoubtedly the source in him of all that is fine in perception, quick in sensibility; and yet it is the clashing of the Celtic with the Germanic temperament that produces the Englishman's painful self-consciousness and awkwardness, all that makes the Frenchman speak of him as *empêtré*, hampered, embarrassed.

To the Celtic element is to be traced some of the finest qualities of English poetry, what Mr. Arnold calls its turn for style, so foreign to the Germans, and its turn for "natural magic," or the power to render the magic, the mystery, the sentiment, as well as the visible form of nature.

While the author's characterization of the Celt is no doubt just, on the whole, it seems to me too little is allowed for the Celtic element in the French of today, and too much for the Latin civilization, which may have modified without overlaying the original basis of the French nature. The excellences of the Celtic temperament Mr. Arnold appreciates and describes admirably, a proof of what culture has done to clear the mind of an Englishman of national prejudices and antagonisms. The Celt is quick to feel impressions, and feels them strongly; his is a lively personality, keenly sensitive to joy and sorrow, its essence being to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion. "Impressionable, soon up, soon down,—the more down because it is its nature to be up,—sociable, hospitable, eloquent, expansive, eager, a genius for good and for bad, more airy and unsubstantial than the

Teutonic, and if sensuous, not gross, not attracted so much by vulgar satisfactions as by emotion and excitement." It is easy enough to see the dangers of such a temperament, with its want of balance, measure, patience, "always ready to react against the despotism of fact." Speaking of the Celt's frequent want of success in material things, Mr. Arnold refers chiefly to the Celt in Great Britain, and here, I think, he puts all down to defect of temperament, and does not take into account, as he should, the fact of long-continued English oppression in Ireland. And the Gael in Scotland has had much to contend with in the barrenness and poverty of his native soil. The Celt in France has known how to "apply means to ends," and to create, from the time of Louis XI. onward, one of the most powerful and civilized states of Europe. Why assume that the capacity for affairs, shown in a thousand small things of every-day life as well as in greater matters, is wholly attributable to the influence upon the Gaul of Roman civilization? Mr. Arnold appears to regard the Latinized Celts of France as a people practically quite diverse from the Irish Celts or the Cymri of Wales and Brittany.

The good sides of the Celtic temperament Mr. Arnold appreciates more truly than many of his readers may do. Sentiment, he says, is the best term to take to describe the Celtic nature if we are to use but one term; and to many people sentiment does not seem a particularly valuable element of character. An impressionable, ardent, expansive, sensitive temperament appears one of weakness rather than strength. Yet, if we consider, these qualities imply fullness of life, and a life of the spiritual rather than the animal part in us. It is the Celt's sensibility and generous ardor that has made him "full of reverence for genius, learning, the things of the mind," enthusiastic for ideas, capable of disinterested devotion. Prudence is the last

virtue learned by generous souls, and if it is unwise to react too strongly against the "despotism of fact," on the other hand it is often base to yield to it, to lend one's self to upholding the tyranny of the hard, bare, coarse, commonplace reality over the noble, pure, and sweet ideality in the life of man. Sensibility, as Mr. Arnold rightly says, one cannot have too much of, if one can but keep its master, not its slave. "It is one of the prime constituents of genius; it is to the soul what keen senses are to the body; and if sometimes a source of weakness, a source, too, of power and of happiness." With all of which I heartily agree.

Of Books. — Time has brought about a striking change from the ancient days, when reading was a study, to these, when it is to most people merely an elevated and favorite form of amusement. Many books, the varied character of those books, and the spread of general culture alike contribute to the change, the diversity of our modern literature most of all. For we may each of us now discover some class of books which suits our individual taste without making such demand upon our intellectual powers as to place our reading beyond the limits of amusement. The ordinary reader looks no further than this; and of these ordinary readers there are enough in the world to keep authors fairly busy. Not that I would depreciate the special function of those writings that amuse. Can one be too grateful for the art that so often brings ease from sorrow, change of thought, forgetfulness of pain? An excellent but despotic nurse I know endeavors to control the reading of at least the submissive among her patients. I remember her telling me, upon one occasion, of a shocking frivolity displayed by the friend of a sufferer from a lingering illness. "She sent round a parcel of books for the invalid's reading, and when I opened it, why, I found they were all

paper-covered novels! So I just put them aside without saying a word about them, and let the poor thing have a few good religious books of my own instead. To think of sending novels to a person on what might be her death-bed!" The patient did die, certainly; but there has always remained a lingering doubt in my mind whether the change of books might not have been somewhat to blame.

The power of books is now being very completely illustrated by those replies to the query propounded to our distinguished men, which appear under the heading of "Books that have influenced me." Perhaps there are many of us who, without being in the least distinguished, might furnish something interesting and valuable in its degree in a candid reviewal of the books that have influenced us. To the *littérateur* such inquiry seems to have a singular charm. Naturally it takes somewhat the form of personal confessions. A man must inevitably show something of his own character, betray the workings of his inner self, merely in signifying his personal choice of books; still more in making clear the effect produced upon his life by them. But this may perhaps be only a further attraction. Men like to talk about themselves, and other men, as a rule, enjoy such talk. There is scarcely a literary man who has won more of real affection from thousands of unknown readers than has Oliver Wendell Holmes; and this warm feeling for the man is born, in spite of all intervening of distance, varying receptiveness of thought, or difference of time and place and circumstance, from his capacity for pleasant, pathetic, or gossipy self-revelation. You remember how he heads one special chapter of the *Autocrat*, and adds that the sentence should have been saved for a motto on the title-page, — "Aqui está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcia." "Here lies buried the soul" might well be written on the title-page of many a book

which bears with it the conscious, or possibly unaware, utterances of soul-confession. The desk is the greatest of confessionals. There is expressed the yearning desire in the heart of man to be by others completely understood, — a vain longing, while as yet no man can attain to the fulfillment of that precept, "Know thyself;" but still he hopes, and those to whom the mighty gift of thought-expression comes still send out their messages, in trust that somewhere, even if but here and there, one solitary response from that "great unknown world of souls" may answer the spirit and understanding of these his fellow-men.

It is curious to think of the different place books occupy in the lives of different persons. To some they are a daily necessity; to others reading at all is merely an incidental embroidery upon life, pleasant in its way, but to be dispensed with quite easily if need be. However, the present movement is more and more in the direction of literary study. The sage of Erewhon advocated the extinction of machines upon the ground of their otherwise eventual supremacy over man. "How many men," he asked, "are now living in a state of bondage to machines? How many spend their lives from the cradle to the grave in tending them night and day? Is it not plain that the machines are gaining ground upon us when we reflect on the increasing number of those who are bound down to them as slaves, and of those who devote their whole souls to the advancement of the mechanical kingdom?" The sage might perhaps have feared for us the growing supremacy of books. Each year now sees a further broadening of the literary kingdom, an increase in the number of those who devote their lives to literary effort. It is to be hoped the world will never think it needful to resort to such strong measures for man's defense as those adopted at Erewhon, in the wholesale destruction of machines. Imagine the empti-

ness of life when there remained no familiar book-shelves, no libraries where the distrusted volumes might gather to conspire against the place of mankind; the woe of authors who found their occupation gone, and of devoted readers left forlorn in a world devoid of books and writers, poets, novelists, and — essayists!

*The Egotism* — Emerson says that all the world loves a lover, which

fact may be taken to account for the toleration accorded that somewhat uncomfortable individual who, in novels and poems, if not in actual life, has ridden roughshod over the average common-sense judgments of mankind. Even in these later days of realism one would hardly dare to call in question the moral sanity of so interesting a social figure, did not the cause of truth demand the sacrifice.

As yet we have not advanced beyond the mythological idea of love, which looks upon it as a spell, — a wholly unreasoning impulse, which is never to be closely examined, lest something of its delicate potency be lost, but which is always to be implicitly trusted and obeyed. The legend of a blind Cupid is sufficient authority for putting the whole matter into the hands of that beneficent Chance which is supposed to watch over the fortunes of the human heart. In any unguarded moment the young man is taught that he may be liable to one of those sudden attacks of fancy or passion which alone entitle him to think of marriage. This may come early or late, but can be neither hastened nor delayed. It is a sort of fatalism, discredited elsewhere, but here in the sphere of the affections accepted without a doubt.

Take as a concrete example the hero of George MacDonald's novel, Robert Falconer. He never marries, because in his youth he had nursed a sentiment — the feeling was not near and robust enough to merit a stronger term — for

one whom he had not known at all as it would seem necessary to know in order to love, and whom he only worshiped afar, as young men and boys in their teens worship a woman who is ten years older than themselves. A nobler figure than Falconer makes in the story cannot anywhere be found. He is manly and unselfish. And yet his notion of love and marriage is no higher than that of the average novelist, which makes it consist of a blissful dream, a perfect self-gratification or nothing. It is common enough to forget that men have a duty here, and that the higher side of the marriage relation is the opportunity it offers for serving another; but that a man like Falconer should have forgotten it seems incredible. Because a man has been disappointed in love, and no longer expects absolute felicity, does that absolve him from any further duties and obligations in the matter? Nature seems to have intended something when she gave man the larger share of strength, endurance, and practical talent. And although woman is every day demonstrating that she can in a measure supply these under pressure of necessity, she does so at a distinct loss in womanly function, which is a loss equally to herself and to the world. Nor does her partial success in this direction in the least excuse man from attempting that part which Nature evidently meant him to play. Smarting under the memory of his thwarted hopes, he may lay out a career of independence for himself, but every struggling woman is a rebuke to his selfishness. The least that he can do as a man is to see that the means of subsistence are provided for some one of these women by his coarser strength and readier contact with the world. And then if he will look at marriage, not merely as a pleasure to seek, but as a duty to perform, he will come to see that the chances of ultimate happiness are fully as great with him who deliberates and acts under an en-



lightened sense of human responsibility as with him who, in the language of the Spanish proverb touching those about to marry, closes his eyes and commits his soul to God.

Instead of bringing up a boy to dwell upon the remote possibility of his one day being startled out of his selfish indifference by some vision of feminine loveliness, he should be made to feel the partialness of old-bachelorhood, not necessarily because it is less pleasant, but because it is less manly, brave, and true. Nor would the need of love between husband and wife become any the less apparent by demonstrating to his mind that such a sentiment is as much the effect of an approximating cause as gravitation or electricity. Mere passion aside, if there is to be any dignity in the nobler word, it must mean that he who loves does so because of the discovery of actual qualities adequate to produce the feeling. The question would then be simply as to the method of the discovery, whether it should depend upon blind impulse or respectful observation and study. A man would then

be unwilling to stake his hopes of happiness upon superficial acquaintance and all that world of imaginary claims to admiration known only to the subtle workings of a young lover's brain, while thoughtful women would be first to deplore such a false, misleading basis for a possible union between the sexes.

Singularly enough, however, it is precisely here that the first obstacle to improvement is encountered. Women do object, even women otherwise sensible and intelligent, to anything like a deliberate approach to their charms, and demand that a man shall have no choice when he confesses an attachment. Women seem to be constitutionally fond of a victim, and the man who addresses himself to their understanding of what constitutes a groundwork for happy marriage does not in the least appeal to their imagination. When women welcome frankness in men, and appreciate that they can receive no greater compliment than the offer of a life based on a reverent study of their character and tendencies, then alone will there be likelihood of progress in this direction.

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### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Sociology and Political Economy.* The Ethics of Freethought, by Karl Pearson (Scribner & Welford, New York), is a volume of lectures, the most important of which concern sociology. The writer aims to square society with freethought, to reconstruct the world upon a logical basis. He begins with the postulate that Christianity is dead, and by an easy exclusion of all forces but those which seem to reside in sensationalism reaches results which appear to be very remote from experience. He impresses one as a somewhat arrogant and confused thinker. — Large Fortunes, or Christianity and the Labor Problem, by Charles Richardson. (Lippincott.) The outcome of this small book is that the teachings of Christ are aimed definitely at the accumulators of wealth, and that the personal duty of every

one who would be a Christian is to be a producer, and not merely a consumer. — The Ethics of Marriage, by H. S. Pomeroy. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A rambling, discursive attack upon the abuse of the marriage relation. Like many books on intemperance, it is all true, but what good will it do? Disease so deep is not checked by local applications; the whole system must be renewed. — Power and Liberty, by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by Huntington Smith. (Crowell.) "The object of history is to grasp and define the laws of human movement." So announces Tolstoi, and he spends his strength in asserting that as the old historians erred in making history a mere record of dynasties, so the new historians err in making it the record of a few picked leaders; he would appear to substitute the patient study



of a vast number of particulars, all to be resolved into general laws. But is he saying anything more than that all our study of humanity constantly swings between persons and laws? It is just as unphilosophical to deny the force of leaders as it is to overlook the movements of the led.—Civilization in the United States, first and last impressions of America, by Matthew Arnold. (Cupples & Hurd.) A convenient collection of Arnold's papers on Grant, A Word about America, A Word more about America, and Civilization in the United States. It is a pity the publishers did not date these essays. Now that Arnold cannot answer our criticisms, perhaps we shall take his judgments more generously and not too seriously; that is, grant his limitations, but also his clearness of sight within those limitations. A study of Arnold's words on America in their chronological order will, we think, confirm one's impression that he was a sincere man, for he had the manliness to disregard mere consistency.—The National Revenues, a collection of papers by American Economists, edited by Albert Shaw. (McClurg.) An interesting and valuable symposium, with a clear-headed man at the head of the table.—Is Protection a Benefit? A Plea for the Negative, by Edward Taylor. (McClurg.) A somewhat too rhetorical presentation of the subject, and we think the author underestimates the national argument. In any discussion of the subject, trade must be held subordinate to national well-being in every regard, and it is entirely right to take the fact of national integrity as the fundamental basis upon which some agreement must be found.—The Social Influence of Christianity, by D. J. Hill. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.) A volume of lectures, treating of contemporary problems, as labor, wealth, marriage, education, legislation. The writer makes liberal use of the comments of other writers, and draws also from his own observation in travel. The book is somewhat conventional in its treatment of the fundamental subjects involved.—The American Public Health Association (Concord, N. H.) has issued some prize essays in separate pamphlets, on Healthy Homes and Foods for the Working Classes, Disinfection and Individual Prophylaxis against infectious disease and the preventable causes of disease, injury and death in American manufactories and work-shops, and the best means and appliances for preventing and avoiding them.—Taxation in American States and Cities, by Richard T. Ely, assisted by John H. Finley. (Crowell.) Dr. Ely expresses the hope that this book may serve to bring the great subject of which it treats within the field of school work. After a general introduction, he gives a sketch of taxation as it is, and then

proceeds to develop his scheme for more equitable taxation, closing with a compact presentation of constitutional provisions and statistics. The book is a straw to show which way the wind blows. Every day the old idea of a government over the people by a set of experts fades into the distance, and an administration of affairs by agents of the people who are informed, not only of the character of their agents, but of the business which they intrust to them, rises into view.

*Text-Books and Education.* Practical Lessons in the Use of English, for Grammar Schools, by Mary F. Hyde. (Heath.) The third part of a work which we have previously commended. The author proceeds upon the inductive plan, and with apparently a clear perception of how far it can be followed in such work.—Wordsworth's Prelude, with notes, by A. J. George. (Heath.) It is pleasant to find such a book offered to schools, and Mr. George seems to have done his work with care so far as the notes are concerned. The introduction is of little value, save as it contains a cento of judgments by scholars.

*Humor and Sports.* Mark Twain's Library of Humor (Webster) is a stout octavo of over seven hundred pages, in which American humor in its varieties is fairly exhibited. It must be said that the more refined variety is less conspicuous, but there is also a commendable absence of the gross. Those who like their humor thick will find it here, and there is an astonishing amount of really funny stuff, tried by any standard. Nevertheless, humor and fun suffer more when given in bulk than any other species of literary exercise. The illustrations by E. W. Kemble make one think that most of them were good when drawn.—Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, by John Boyle O'Reilly. (Ticknor.) Mr. O'Reilly has made a book full of varied and interesting material, drawn from his own experience and observation and from history. His hearty love of manly sport makes him a good advocate, but the importance attached to rules restraining brutality in boxing leads one to think that boxers should be trained in self-respect before they study boxing; that boxing itself is not a very good training-school in morals.—Befo' de War, Echoes in Negro Dialect, by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A small volume of verse, mostly humorous, but sometimes with the obverse pathos. We are not quite sure of the use of the term "echo," but we may take it as indicating that the writers claim no originality for their themes or forms; only that they have rendered familiar themes in negro language. It strikes us that there is not very much of the negro himself in the book, but only his speech; in fact,

that we are treated to a negro minstrel quite as much as to a real plantation dandy. The test of dialect poetry is in evaporating the dialect; if when that element disappears, the poetry is left, all is well. This book hardly stands the test. — Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, told in the Vernacular, by Charles C. Jones, Jr. (Houghton.) This little book might properly stand in a division of folk-lore, but to the general reader it will be entertaining by reason of its matter. Colonel Jones has plainly taken great pains to make his recital a strict reproduction of actual stories. There is no apparatus, as in Uncle Remus, and the book thus has not the literary flavor and charm of Mr. Harris's classic; but one is all the more impressed, for this reason, with the fidelity of the transcript. A very little practice enables one to translate the soft dialect into intelligible English, and the stories have a delicious drollery. — The Laws of Euchre, as adopted by the Somerset Club of Boston, March 1, 1888, with some suggestions about the play, by H. C. Leeds and James Dwight. (Ticknor.) A little book of less than eighty pages, worthy to take rank with Field's International Code.

*Science and Art.* Hand-Book of the Lick Observatory of the University of California, by Edward S. Holden. (The Bancroft Co., San Francisco.) The fact of this book is the most interesting thing about it. Here is a great academic observatory, and the head of it actually prepares a book, with close attention to particulars, for the use and encouragement of visitors. The candor of the hospitality is remarkable. Instead of "No admittance," the motto seems to be "Walk in." The book contains a great deal of curious information, which will answer many questions likely to be put by visitors. — Ten O'Clock, by J. A. M. Whistler. (Houghton.) A sermon on art. It is singular that a preacher who has so high a conception of the serenity of art should make his sermon a succession of gasps. — Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by F. Max Müller. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) In effect an introduction to the author's larger work on the Science of Thought. An appendix contains an interesting correspondence on thought without words, held between Galton, Romanes, Argyll, and Müller, reprinted from Nature. — The fifty-eighth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is on Weather; a Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day, by Ralph Abercromby. The author aims to bring into one volume a popular account of all the principal results which have been discovered in recent years by means

of synoptic charts. — Trees and Tree Planting, by Gen. James S. Brisbin, U. S. A. (Harpers.) The somewhat florid introduction to this volume scarcely prepares one for finding it a practical detailed work, with observations on a great variety of trees and their adaptation to various soils. — Sunlight, by the author of The Interior of the Earth. (Trübner, London.) "The present school of physics and cosmic action," says the author, H. P. Malet, "is on its trial. All that is wanted is a true beginning; and in the confusion now existing there is ample room for the serious consideration of my simple suggestion, that light was the first cause of the creation of this earth, acting on a nebulous mass that held in it gases or material sensitive to, absorptive, and retentive of that light."

*Manners.* Good Form in England, by an American resident in the United Kingdom. (Appleton.) An instructive and entertaining book. Besides an abundance of compact information on the government, universities, railways, and the like, there is a great deal more about those things, ignorance of which makes a man or a woman flush. One may be indifferent to the comparative rank of Balliol, but he is covered with confusion if he mispronounces the word, and most English proper names appear to be capable of mispronunciation. The unwritten codes of society, correspondence, and language are here reduced to some sort of order, and the book becomes a vade mecum to the American, not only when about to travel in England, but when engaged in fireside travels in contemporary fictitious literature. — The Principles of the Art of Conversation, by J. P. Mahaffy (Putnams), we have already commented on in its English form. Its main value is in calling attention to the subject. — The ingenious little Don't (Appleton) has passed to its two hundred thousandth, and the writer, in bringing out a boudoir edition, adds a section for young people. It is a kind of do-do to the earlier part, with specific reference to the needs of the young animal.

*Literature and Criticism.* Richard Wagner's Poem, The Ring of the Nibelung, explained and in part translated by George Theodore Dippold. (Holt.) Dr. Dippold pays little attention to the Wagnerian music, but occupies himself with a study of the myths which have taken form in Wagner's poem, and of the poem itself. By means of parallel columns he aids the student greatly, enabling him, as he does, to see the German original side by side with the translation. It is an interesting feature of our current intellectual life that art, music, and literature combine in the construction of high imaginative forms.

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 PASSE ROSE.

## VIII.

EXCEPT the shepherds, who passed the summer nights abroad with the flocks, Friedgis, of all the abbey inmates, possessed most time to brood over his condition. The laborers returned from the fields to finish their evening tasks and seek their guerdon of sleep; the monks, whose minutely regulated day left small loop-hole for indolence, lay down without divesting themselves of hose or tunic; but Friedgis, when night came, was neither overcome with labor nor concerned with spiritual tasks. Indeed; the prior, in assigning him to the care of the hospitaler, had greatly endangered the latter's soul. For, having now a slave to assist him, this functionary committed to Friedgis all the menial share of his duties, and passed the time thus ransomed in his little garden, which he dearly loved, or in pretended offices for the guests. It is probable that the abbot, had he not fallen sick, would have perceived the temptations which thus assailed the almoner, — who, for that matter, was free of guile, liking only to sit on a bench in the sun twirling his thumbs, or to watch the savory growing in the plot without the vestibule. As for the prior, he was remarkable for seeing everything and observing nothing, a trait which endeared him to many.

Waiting the visit of Passe Rose with a sombre impatience, long before complines Friedgis had brought the materials for the morning baking of sacra-

mental bread to the small room adjoining the sacristy, and, having prepared the oil for lighting the church, when the service was over and the priests had put off their vestments, closed the sacristy and retired to his own chamber. Barring the door behind him, and hiding the lamp in the embrasure, he withdrew carefully the stone from the wall, and, lying down on the floor, listened for the cuckoo's call.

It were a curious, were it not an invariable fact, that of all the representations within the reach of memory those which afflict us are ever uppermost. The heart treasures its losses, and remembers best what it regrets. His eyes wide open, Friedgis stared into the darkness, for the light was so feeble that the walls of his room were barely visible. Without the aperture could be heard the plaintive sound of the wind; within, the flicker of the flame set gigantic shadows in motion; and imagination, roused by a subtle contagion, responded to these sense impressions, making the wind voices and moving shadows the creatures of its own invention. The walls of his narrow chamber receded altogether from the dreamer's sight. He was no longer lying on the stone floor, but under the swaying branches of lofty trees, through which the stars shone, — as when, a summer ago, defiling through the great Hercynian forest, the army of Karle, with its captives, had halted for the night at the springs of the Lippe. Northward, the slopes of the Teutoburger Wald,

whence Hermann had burst upon the legions of Varus, were studded with camp-fires; from the heights southward they flared on the distant towers of Paderborn, whither the king had gone to celebrate the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin; and in the valley between, where the bulk of the army lay encamped, thickly clustered along the river they formed a confused glare, which traversed the plain of sombre forest like the Milky Way above, ablaze with light and fringed with solitary stars.

The road, which, ascending the valley of the Alme, debouched on the plains of Sindfeld, had been thronged for days with fugitives. From the tower windows of Ehresberg, where, a score or more years before, the king had pillaged the heathen temple of Irminsul and overthrown its idol, the young Queen Liutgarde could see the bands of foot-sore exiles which, under Frankish escort, were being dispersed through Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundy, — remnants of a people whose spirit fourteen ruthless campaigns had not broken. Despairing of destroying this nationality with fire and the sword, the king wished now to dissolve it by scattering its fragments throughout the Empire. The great roads leading to the Rhine were encumbered with soldiery returning to their homes, and colonists who passed on their way those whom they dispossessed. Paderborn was given over to rejoicing. Anthems of thanksgiving succeeded the solemn masses of the spring, when the favor of Heaven had been implored upon the expedition. Those whom the clergy had then forbidden to indulge in meat or wine now feasted without restraint, and instead of paying their deniers into the treasury of the Church divided the spoils abandoned them from the share of their chiefs. The arrival of couriers from Pannonia, announcing the successful opening of the war against the Avars, contributed to the general joy; and the beloved daughters of the king, then in

the splendor of their beauty, had hastened from Mainz to welcome their victorious father.

As the night waned the noises of the camp had gradually ceased. The horseman had tethered his steed; the foot-soldier had taken off his leathern corselet and helmet of bronze; and the captive, lying down with the oxen released from the yoke, among his own flocks, dreamed of the pastures of Bardengaw he should see no more. Having wasted the land of the Saxons from Frisia to the Elbe, this vast army, encumbered with hostages and booty, like some wild animal gorged with blood and heavy with drowsiness, had stretched itself upon the ground to sleep.

Through the midst of this slumbering host moved a monk, clad in the black robe of the Benedictines. The flickering fires, leaping momentarily into life, scarce lighted his face, thin with fasting and worn by the fatigues of the march, but the flame of a tireless zeal burned in his eyes. Passing like a shadow between the tents of the guards, among the sleeping forms of the Franks, alone, he still pursued his mission of warning and comfort among those whom the king had torn from their native land to transplant to Frankish soil. For him there was no truce of peace, no night of rest. In the midst of these blood-stained warriors overcome with toils, he was the incarnation of that sleepless spirit of holy love, so strangely blended with the fury of a war which had laid a province in ashes in the name of the all-blessed Christ; and in the stillness of the night, when the clang of armor was hushed and the sword was in its sheath, it seemed as if this divine spirit walked abroad in his person on its errand of ministering grace.

In an open space, made in the thick wood by the spreading branches of an oak, a girl lay asleep. The smouldering fire, stirred at times by the wind into flame, threw its red light upon her face;

then, subsiding with the breeze, left it to the darkness. Daughter of an Angrian chief slain on the banks of the Weser, her dress, though soiled by the dust of the march, betokened her rank. A fringe of gold bordered the tunic, whose girdle was embroidered with silk and pearls. A gold collar engraved with Eastern characters, loot from the Huns of the Danube, encircled her neck, and an agraffe of enameled bronze fastened the cloak over her breast. Her yellow hair, whose braids had become loosened, fell unconfined over her shoulders, and a child lay asleep on her knees. Homeless and alone like herself, lost in the confusion of the camp, it had crept to her side at nightfall, and, touched with pity, she had wrapped it in the fold of her cloak. At a little distance, stretched at full length in the shadow, Freidgis watched the sleeper, lifting his head at every sound. So vivid now was his memory of the scene that, lying on his chamber floor, he drew his garment closer, as if the night air still chilled the wound which, then unhealed, burned under the tunic of otter-skin torn open on his breast. A soldier, stupid with wine, stumbled to the river to quench his thirst, and returned to his couch of leaves. The child opened its eyes; then, reassured by the girl's presence, fell asleep again.

Suddenly from out the shadows along the river-bank a tall form emerged into the firelight. The long hair escaping from the gorget indicated one of noble blood, and the helmet bore the crest of the king's guard. Followed by two men-at-arms, the Frank advanced into the open space, when he stopped, casting a quick look about him; then, motioning his companions to remain within call, approached softly over the turf of moss and stooped above the prostrate form of the sleeper, as if to assure himself that it was she whom he sought. The collar of gold shone as the flame leaped, but it was not its glitter which tempted the

eye of the Frank. Friedgis, unobserved, raised himself upon his hands. His arms trembled; his lips were parted; his eye, seeking eagerly some weapon, glistened. The chain which had supported his shield hung broken about his neck; all else had been lost in the fight. As the Frank, signing to his followers to approach, laid his hand upon the woman's shoulder, the monk, coming out of the gloom of the wood, confronted him. Surprised, the warrior retreated a step then, drawing himself up haughtily, waited till the monk should pass.

"Robert, Count of Tours," said the latter, "what errand of the king doest thou here?"

There was a cold irony in the monk's voice which brought the blood of shame and ill-suppressed anger to the soldier's face.

"And thou, shaven head, whose cursed race the king has banished from the camp, have a care for thy hood!" and, loosing his sword from its belt, he laid his hand on the hilt.

Undismayed, the monk stood between the captive and her assailant. Friedgis, crouching on his elbows in the shadow, watched and listened.

"Stand aside, dog of a priest! The maid is mine."

"She is God's," replied the monk calmly.

"I will send him thee in her stead," answered the count with an oath, drawing the blade from his cloak. But something of authority in the voice and mien of his opponent restrained his arm. "Who stands between me and mine?" he asked hoarsely before he struck.

"I!" said the monk, stepping forward into the light and throwing back his hood.

It was Rainal, friend and counselor of Karle.

Here in the night of the forest the two great powers of the age stood face to face. Force, insatiate and brutal, wandering over the Empire like a Fury

with the torch of destruction, — driving the laborer from his field, the patrician from his villa, the king from his throne, and pursuing its victims to the foot of the altar, — and that perilous power of the priest, whose only authority was a moral one, received from an invisible Prince, whose riches excited envy, whose censure awoke wrath, and who, alone, defenseless, on the steps of the altar wet with the blood of the feeble, represented the principles of charity and justice amid the ruins of society.

Roused by the voices from dreams of the Weser, where her kindred had fallen and her Saxon home still smoked, the girl raised her head. Her assailant, trembling with a passion foiled, but fearful of the power he had evoked, quailed before the calm gaze of the priest. The naked sword in his grasp quivered like the hound in leash, but the strength of the hand on the haft was gone, and with a look of hate promising revenge the Frankish noble slunk away.

“Daughter, thy name?” asked the priest gently in her own tongue.

“Rothilde,” she replied in a dull voice, lifting her eyes to his face.

“Rothilde,” he repeated, drawing from his robe a silver flask enriched with gems, and laying his hand on her shining hair, “I baptize thee in the name of the one God, invisible, glorious, and eternal, and of his ever-blessed Son, and of the Holy Ghost, three in one Godhead of all power and perfection, reigning the same forever.”

Immovable, her head thrown back, her eyes remained fixed upon the priest with the impassive look of the barbarian, indifferent to her captor and her fate. An expression of profound discouragement passed over Rainal’s face. How often had these words of blessed benediction fallen fruitless from his lips, lost in the night of the heathen mind as the sparks which rose from the fire in short spiral flights were lost in the darkness overhead!

“The kings of Babylon carried their captives of old to a land of false gods, but ye are the captives of the true God. Through humiliation he opens the way of repentance, and in sorrow discovers the gates of life.” Saying which, sighing, he made the sign of the cross above her head, and disappeared.

The sound of his footfall had not ceased when Friedgis, rising softly to his feet, stole to the girl’s side. The latter turned her head at his approach, and smiled. Night after night during the long march she had closed her eyes in the consciousness of protection, and his presence now seemed to excite in her no surprise. Neither understood the conversation they had heard, nor knew the speakers. Neither needed to. The language and the forms of passion and charity are known of all.

“Some water,” she whispered as he bent over her.

He went to the bank, gathered the cool water in the hollow of his hands, and offered it to her with a look of mingled solicitude and love. She drank eagerly, touching her lips to his hands. Taking the child from her lap, and laying it in a grassy hollow between the roots of the tree, he made a pillow of her cloak; and, as if soothed by his presence, unable to contend with fatigue, she laid her head upon it without a word, and closed her eyes. The smile still lingered on her face; it was a beautiful one, although the mouth was too round and small, the nose too pointed, the features too irregular; nevertheless it possessed that which charms the eye because it first gains the heart. Something of timidity, of sweetness, something of the irresponsibility and childishness with which certain natures defy time and invoke forbearance, was to be seen in her limpid but shrinking blue eye, in her fugitive smile, even in her attitudes and gestures. For a long time Friedgis sat looking into this face. The fire had gone out. The breeze had wan-

dered away. The only sounds were the slumbrous flow of the river and the low breathing of the sleeper. More softly even than he came he returned at length to his place in the shadow. He also was overcome with weariness and the heavy summer night. For days he had walked beside her cart, shielding her from insult and sharing with her his food; for many a night he had watched while she slept. . . .

Suddenly there was the blast of a horn mingled with the neighing of steeds and the cries of hoarse voices. He woke with a start. The east was flushed with red, and the morning light filled the wood. The child was crying at the foot of the tree, but the girl was gone.

With the same quick cry which had burst from his lips on the banks of the Lippe, Friedgis started from his dream. There were neither horses, nor men, nor morning sun. He stood trembling in his narrow room. The lamp burned feebly in the embrasure, and the sound of the horn was the song of the cuckoo without the abbey wall.

## IX.

For a moment Friedgis stood still, listening.

"He does not hear," thought Passe Rose, impatient, without, and again the cuckoo's late summer cry sounded plaintively, close under the wall.

Extinguishing the taper and drawing the bolt noiselessly, Friedgis crossed the inner court by the great gate through which Gui had entered, to the small door in the north wall. Pausing again to listen, but hearing no sound, he opened it cautiously the width of his body. The night was dark, and he could see nothing.

"Is it thou?" whispered Passe Rose.

"Enter," said Friedgis, drawing back.

"Nay; come thou out," replied Passe Rose decisively.

Friedgis stepped over the stone sill, closing the gate softly behind him. Not yet accustomed to the darkness, he stood peering about him.

"Here — where are thine eyes? Hush!" said Passe Rose, as a twig snapped under his foot. "Thou wilt have all the dogs in the yard a-baying. Follow me."

The dim outlines of her form moved before him down the path leading to the fish-ponds, where was a wooden bench at the edge of the water.

"They say fishes have no ears," she whispered, pulling him by the skirt to the seat beside her. "How fares the abbot? Hath the demon returned to vex him?" Unable to discern her face, Friedgis heard her laughing. "In my country," pursued she, "the little children have a pastime called 'the devil and the saints.' At a signal, one, being the devil, issues from a bush and seeks to catch the others, who run from tree to tree. These trees are the holy altars. There being more who play than there are trees, some soul is always lost. When the chase is hot and the devil runs well, it is very amusing. I have a mind to play this game yonder," nodding in the direction of the abbey. "What thinkest thou, — would they run or no, if I looked in at the dormitory door? If thou couldst but have seen the monk who set out for Immaburg this morning! He had a rare chance. The selfsame devil appeared to him by the roadside. By good luck I was there at the very instant." And Passe Rose was seized with uncontrollable laughter.

"One would say she is crazy," thought Friedgis. "Dost thou wander over the country both by day and by night?" he asked mockingly.

"By St. Martin!" rejoined Passe Rose angrily, "what is that to thee? Came I here for my pleasure? I had best minded mine own business, and left thine to thee." She rose quickly, as if going away, but Friedgis, remaining



silent, heard her soon returning. "Are there sorceresses among thy people, father bear?" she asked, sitting down again beside him. "It is strange," she pursued, as if soliloquizing, — "certainly it is strange. Thou canst not see me who am under thy nose, yet this woman, albeit blind, perceives at a distance of twenty thousand paces." A star, appearing between the clouds, glistened in the pond. *Passe Rose* went to the water's edge and leaned over the low bank. "How deep it looks!" she said; "nevertheless the bottom is but the length of my arm." And as the clouds broke away *Friedgis* saw her, in the starlight, probing the water with a branch of willow. Indicating the depth by her finger, she held up the branch that he might see. "There are many things that cannot be explained," she said, shaking her head.

"Look," she whispered, after a silence, throwing back her cloak from her throat, "the collar is gone. Canst thou see? I once knew a Greek who worked in gold. He pretended to have made earrings for the Empress *Irene*, so delicately designed" — and *Passe Rose* half closed her eyes in a manner peculiar to her — "that one could not see the hook because of doves with spread wings. In truth he worked well, though he was a boaster. His hands were like mine, and his hair was perfumed. He asserted that his nation once governed the world," she said, with a scornful laugh. "What was I saying? — ah, yes. There are many things which cannot be explained." She moved the stick to and fro, watching the ripple rock the stars.

Approaching her suddenly with an abrupt exclamation of impatience, *Friedgis* tore the branch from her hand and threw it into the water. "What hast thou to tell me?" he said threateningly.

"They that wear soft clothing dwell in kings' houses," said *Passe Rose*.

"In truth she is mad," thought he, looking down into her eyes.

"In kings' houses," repeated *Passe Rose* significantly.

"Or foolish," he said to himself, turning away.

"Sit thee down here, by me. No? Well, then, have thine own way. In a strange land one mistrusts every one. That is not just. We are like other people, — the same as thine, — some are good, some are bad." Then, seeing he was indeed going, she called aloud to him. "Thou dost not trust me; but if I told thee the maid was found" — she let fall the words slowly one by one — "at Aix — in the king's household — Ah!" she cried, as he turned, his eyes glistening, "at last!"

"At Aix?" echoed *Friedgis* doubtfully.

"Near by," said *Passe Rose*, indicating the direction with her head, "near by. "But in the king's household — ah, in the king's household, near is far, like the star in the pond. I see very well thou dost not believe me," she continued, observing his face; "nevertheless it is true. The gospels said in the king's household."

"The gospels?" he said after her, advancing a step.

"Ay, the gospels; knowest thou not what are the gospels?" said *Passe Rose* disdainfully leaning over the water and recapturing the branch. "The gospels lie on the holy altars. There are the psalms, which are quite another thing; also the gospels, — they are altogether different. It is not easy to explain. But have no fear, I speak truly; a clerk in the church of *St. Sebastian* read me the words plainly, — in kings' houses. Wait, we shall see." Observing, however, that these words made little impression upon him, she dropped another spark upon his duller sense. "Certainly it is strange. Thy collar follows thee from *Ehresberg* to the shrine of *St. Servais*, and thou wilt not seek its owner though I tell thee she is under thy hand at *Aix*. It is wonderful that

after being lost at Ehresberg, where the spoil was divided, — scattered like beads spilled upon the ground, — thy collar should be found in a great wood like that of Hesbaye. That truly is hard to understand," and Passe Rose nodded her head slowly. "Aix is so near."

While the girl was speaking Friedgis had sat down on the bench. "Why not tell me all thou knowest?" he said, searching her face wistfully.

"Dear Saxon," laughed Passe Rose, leaping to her feet and seating herself beside him, "thou hast such thirst thou wouldst empty the cup at a draught. Have patience. Do the cruets in thy country empty themselves at one turning? Wait, I will tell thee all, — for that am I come. And if I tell thee, it is because I trust thee indeed. I have a friend among the stars," she continued in a confiding tone. "Didst thou see the youth who came to inquire after the abbot's health? It is he who lost the collar in the wood, and it is he who will seek the maid among the queen's household. For me he will catch the wind in a net. He hath thy collar now, and will wear it in the eyes of all. Will not the maid recognize her own? Tell me, is she fair, — fairer than I?"

'Oh, as candles to a star,  
Others to my lady are!'

she sang, lifting her eyes and clasping her hands mockingly, after the manner of lovers. An angry frown appeared on his face, and in a twinkling her manner changed. "Tell me first truly all thou knowest, and I swear to thee that of all the maids in France I will put my finger on the one thou seekest. What happened at Ehresberg? Who took her from thee?" The confidence of the girl's manner possessed an irresistible fascination, and Friedgis began to relate what had taken place on the banks of the Lippe. So graphic were his narrative and gestures that Passe Rose, watching every word as it fell from his lips, seemed to see the actors in their places

reenacting their parts before her eyes; and when the Frank, about to lay his hand on the sleeping girl, was disturbed by the monk, "Seigneur," she cried, divining what was to follow, "it was the abbot."

"The abbot!" exclaimed Friedgis, with a gesture towards the monastery.

"Ay, he was with the king in Saxony. Sawest thou his face?"

Friedgis shook his head. "Not well; his back was turned."

"Hast thou not seen him since his return?" she asked eagerly.

"Nay, as thou knowest, he came but lately. Thou rememberest the day. I was yonder in the tower ringing the bells, and saw the slaves going out to greet him, bearing boughs and chanting, and the young girls strewing flowers. He was already ill, and hath not appeared since. Believest thou the monk of the wood was he?"

Passe Rose nodded. "And the other — the soldier?"

"Him I saw well. Moreover, the monk named him. Knowest thou one among the king's leaders called Robert of Tours?"

Passe Rose drew herself up quickly, as if not believing her ears.

"Robert of Tours?" she repeated mechanically, her eyes dilating.

"So he named him."

Clasping her hands behind her head, Passe Rose had the manner of one going over the list of her acquaintances, as if knowing every lord of the kingdom as well as she knew her ten fingers. But her heart was beating fast. "Robert of Tours," talking to herself, as it were; and then, quickly, "Well, afterwards?"

"When they were gone," continued Friedgis, "I fell asleep. My wound bled. For days I had not closed an eye — it may be that I swooned. In the morning she was gone," and he described his fruitless search in the confusion of the camp.

The organization of the army had

been dissolved in a night. The German auxiliaries had been dismissed; the king's vassals, having feasted together in Paderborn till break of day, released from service, were gathering their followers in troops, and each, with his share of booty and convoy of captives, sought his own domain. The air was filled with sounds of lowing cattle, of axles creaking under their loads; the blast of horns and hoarser shouts of command echoed through the wood, above whose tree-tops columns of dust marked the windings of the road. Friedgis told how, frenzied with excitement and apprehension, he ran from place to place, questioning those who understood him not, jeered at for a madman, cursed for refusal to obey; till at last, faint from his bleeding wound and incapable of further resistance, he was tripped by an archer, and bound, trembling as a child, to the cross-bar of a baggage wagon, amid the laughter of the soldiery. "If thou sayest truly that she is found — though it were in the king's own chamber" — A spasm of grief and anger contracted his muscles, and he walked slowly into the shadow, beyond the girl's searching gaze.

Passe Rose had been more occupied with her own thoughts than with the Saxon's tale, but hearing his retreating footsteps, and believing that he was indeed going, an exclamation of impatience escaped her, and, leaping to her feet, she ran after him. "Whither now?" she said, standing in his path. "To Aix? Truly — I believe . . . Aix, Aix" — she cried, unable to find words with which to measure his folly. "As well seek the star in the pond!" She took him by the arm and led him back to the seat. For some minutes they sat beside each other in silence. A fragmentary sentence escaped now and then the girl's lips, as if she were endeavoring to reason with her companion while her own thought was elsewhere. "Plunge thine arm in to the shoulder

— that were a child's folly! Patience." Her eyes, fixed on the star shining in the pond, shone also. "Have patience," she repeated abstractedly; and again, persuasively, "Have patience." Some deeper emotion drove her hurrying thought before it; her eyes dilated, as if fascinated by expanding horizons. With a rapid gesture she passed her hand over her forehead, brushing back her hair. "I know what thou thinkest. When I came for the collar, thou saidst, A girl who has lost her jewel, a fool seeking stars in the pond! Look at me, — I have wasted twenty summers. The Queen Hildegarde was alive then, — twenty summers lost! Hast thou seen the late seed shoot up in the harvest moon? All the summer it sleeps, and now it stirs and pushes, opening its eye in a single summer night, to see its fellows grown and the season gone. Twenty seasons the blood stirred in my veins, and I knew it not. I slept like the seed, in the moss underfoot. Suddenly I opened my eyes: it was in the wood of Hesbaye. When I told thee I found the collar there, I lied; *he* gave it me. Till then I slept, ate, slept; played, like a child, with the stars in the pond. But now!" She stood up, and stretched out her hands passionately to the sky with a short, exulting laugh. "Being awake, do they think me content to comb wool and make jelly of quince, — life being short and twenty seasons gone? By the saints! I would like to know one thing: how happens it that one star shines in the sky, and its fellow in the pond? We will see, — we will see."

"A king's captain, — that is not much," said Friedgis derisively.

She answered him with a quick glance of contempt, and turned away her head, with a scornful movement of her shoulders. Then sitting down beside him and looking up into his face, "Knowest thou not, dear porter, that were he the abbot's swineherd?" — She paused.

“Said I not there were some things hard to understand? So thou seekest thy maid Rothilde. Is it her jewels that thou covetest? Nay, nay, nay” — Her voice died away and her eyes filled with dreams. “Let him pass over this body with the wheels of his car — if he will — if he will” —

“What is that to me?” said Friedgis, observing her attentively.

“What is that to thee?” she repeated, breaking away from her thought with an effort. “Seigneur! it signifies that I wish thee well. When the heart is full, then it has the most room. Reason now a little. The king’s captain — Peste! the name escapes me,” she cried, beating her head with her hand: “it hath so long a Latin sound; yet I know it well. Surely thou knowest.”

Friedgis shook his head.

“He does not know,” thought *Passé Rose*. “Never mind,” she said aloud. “He will come again shortly, and hath promised to bring me word. Wait, and at the first chance observe the abbot. He is sure now to recover his health. I have the devil which tormented him safe in hand. Hark!” she whispered, grasping his arm.

The sound of footsteps was heard on the path near the gate. Friedgis pulled the girl into the shadow, where, shielded from view, they saw the prior emerge upon the walk bordering the pond.

“Would I were a devil indeed,” muttered *Passé Rose* under her breath. “I would plague his soul willingly.”

With a gesture of silence, Friedgis covered her mouth with his palm.

The prior stood for a moment looking at the stars reflected in the basin; then walked slowly along the bank, like one who thinks himself alone.

“Quick! get thee gone,” whispered *Passé Rose*. “He saw nothing. Farewell, but speak not to the abbot till I see thee again.” And pushing Friedgis by the shoulder, without waiting his reply, she turned in the direction the

prior had taken. He had stopped at the outlet of the pond, where a thin sheet of water flowed over a culvert of stone. His hood was thrown back, and his pale face shone in the starlight against the black background of verdure. “Here is one not easily frightened by such demons as I,” thought *Passé Rose*.

As she stole cautiously by, the cry of the cuckoo sounded down the road. “By St. Martin! the wood is full of birds,” she said to herself, sinking down behind a bush. “Never heard I a cuckoo with so clear a song in the month of winds.” Crouching behind the leaves, she distinguished footsteps on the road, and presently low voices in earnest conversation. She endeavored to part the screen of branches, but every motion resulted in such rustling that she was forced to sit still, through fear of betraying her presence. By dint of straining her ears she made out two voices besides the prior’s; and hearing at intervals a metallic clank, “One is armed,” she said. For a full hour, cramped in posture and wet with dew, *Passé Rose* fretted and chafed at being able neither to hear a word nor see a face. At last the voices ceased, steps were heard retreating down the road; then the gate was fastened, and everything was still.

“May the saints keep my bones from the ague,” she muttered, stretching her stiffened limbs and issuing from her hiding-place. The thought of her prolonged absence caused her to hasten, but as she gained the road a small parchment scroll caught her eye. She picked it up quickly, and while hurrying down the hill, her ear alert for those who preceded her, opened the roll sufficiently to perceive that its inner surface was covered with writing.

“Perhaps these are the new characters of which the clerk in the church of St. Sebastian spoke,” she said, thrusting the parchment in her bosom with the dagger and the key.

While she lay concealed, the moon had risen, — not yet so high, however, but that its beams, grazing the hill's crest, threw long shadows down the descending slope, on which the girl glided till she reached the level below. Here the plain was flooded with light, and as she hesitated on the edge of the forest the flutter of a wood-dove above her head caused her to start. "There is no woman in Maestricht, having this place to cross at night," she said to herself, setting boldly forth, "who would not thank the saints for so comforting a moon." Her eyes were abroad to scan the smallest moving thing, but nothing was astir, and her thoughts were quickly occupied by the events of the day. "So, Robert of Tours, armed, and with two followers at thy back, thy sword becomes limp as a hempen strand at the sight of the abbot's face! Had I been in the maid's stead — a monk's eye is no better than a maid's" — and hers glittered sharper than her dagger's point. Then came Gui of Tours, leading the horse on which she rode in the wood of Hesbaye, or riding at the head of the troop across the market-place, or following close behind her, through the alders beside the foaming brook, driving away all power to deal with the plans half formed in her busy brain. For, intrigued as she was by the visitors whom the prior received at midnight, and whose parchment burned in her bosom; perplexed, too, at the thought of the demon, whose evil practices were, perhaps, already recited to the king; and alarmed, above all, at what might follow upon her lover's search for the Saxon maiden, — with all these thoughts her will was as limp to cope as the Frank's sword. In truth she was eager only to gain her quiet room, to give herself over to the dreams which border sleep, content to put over for the morrow all devices and plans; for all day long she had sipped a cup which never before had touched her lips, and never had Gui of Tours

himself, after the banquet, more need of sleep to steady the pulse and clear the brain than she.

As she turned the corner into the street without the garden wall, a glimmer of light from her own window shone full in her face. Feeble though it was because of the moon, and blurred by the pane of horn, nevertheless there it twinkled, beyond dispute, like a wick-ed, winking eye, and *Passe Rose* stopped short, one hand on her beating heart, the other clasping the key. An overmastering presentiment, beyond the warrant of reason, seized her like a hand that clutches the throat and cannot be loosed. The quick defense of innocence falsely accused, the hot explanation of malign appearances, questions which tore her heart and looks which struck at pride, a sickening apprehension and rallying rush of bravery, were all pressed into the second she paused dismayed at the sight of the glimmering lamp in her chamber turret; and innocent as she declared herself to be, the key in her fingers, stolen from its peg on the kitchen wall, was heavier on her conscience than in her hand. Being free of all guile, certainly it were hard to enter the key warily in the grating lock, like a thief or a culprit that may not look up for shame. But this she had no need to do, for the gate was ajar, and within stood the boy rubbing the wonder out of his eyes, and the two maids (who loved her not overmuch), with looks fitter than words to rouse wrath, and under the kitchen eaves Jeanne herself, stupefied with the dread of harm rather than the thought of evil.

*Passe Rose* had certainly thrown her arms about Jeanne's neck and told her the whole story, even to the fay's girdle, but for the scorn on the maids' faces, which hardened her temper, and turned her bearing from gentleness to boldness and defiance. Perhaps Jeanne guessed as much, for with a gesture she bade them and the boy retire. But before a

word could be spoken Werdric came down the chamber stair, with the lamp in his hand.

For a moment the three stood silent in the full light of the moon.

It were strange indeed, were it not so common, that in one breathless second feeling can gather such headway that neither love nor reason can stay its course, though we know its end is folly, and desire nothing less than to follow its lead. The barriers which oppose its vent do but concentrate its power, and so it was that the very pleading of Jeanne's face and the challenge of innocence in *Passe Rose's* eye gathered Werdric's anger into one terrible word.

"Strumpet!" he said, not believing his own ears.

A quick cry escaped Jeanne's heart, but *Passe Rose* only shivered, — so the bare flesh recoils under the first lash of the scourge. The blood ebbed from her cheeks, but the fire leaped to her eyes, and she made a step toward Werdric that seemed to dare him to strike again.

"Strumpet!" he repeated, goaded now by madness and the defiance of her eye.

The word came like a blow full in the face, but the girl neither spoke nor stirred. She stood for a moment like one dazed; then hung the key mechanically on its peg, and went slowly up the stair.

Jeanne sprang to follow her, but Werdric, sullen and ashamed, closed the door. "Shame!" cried Jeanne, all a-tremble, and clutching his arm. Then, all strength deserting her, she sank at his feet, tears of old age running free as a child's. "Who'd a thought it," she moaned between her sobs, rocking to and fro, — "the gift of God — who'd a thought it — from thee."

The moon traveled slowly across the turret window-pane, and its light began to blend with the coming dawn, and still *Passe Rose* sat on the bed's edge. Gone were the dream spirits that hide

under maidens' pillows; a cruel word was written across the floor on the spot where her eyes were fixed, and every pulse of the blood hurled it afresh in her aching ears. Now indeed might the garden sparrows have flown fearlessly to her shoulders, so like she seemed to the statue in the church porch, whose dull eyes stare always at the same place, and whose raiment of stone never yields to the breeze.

At last she rose, and in an absent way, as it were, unwound the veil from her head and shoulders, and unfastened her dress, broidered by Jeanne's own fingers, — the dress whose close-fitting sleeves leaving bare the lower arm, and girdle clasping her waist, was her especial delight and pride. She gave no heed to its broidered hem, nor to the clasp Werdric himself had wrought for her, and going to her chest lifted its heavy lid. There at the bottom lay the robe in which Werdric had found her in the wood. The edge was frayed and the color faded, and but one lacing-cord remained in the sleeves. As she lifted it from the chest, the silver sous clicked together in the purse which fell from its folds. She put on the dress, ill-fitting now as it was; then, stooping, loosed her sandals, for shoes she had none when she came. Having closed the lid, she opened the purse, and took therefrom one copper piece, the amount she had with her when she fled from the merchants at *St. Denis's* fair, and thrust it, with the dagger about which was rolled the prior's parchment, into her bodice. All this she did quickly, without deliberation; yet will not even the young shoot let go the soil without a wrench, and so *Passe Rose*, before she turned to go, struggled with tears, and kissed the golden sun blazoned on her pillow, hiding there her head. The purse was still in her hand when she rose, and an image of *Mary the Blessed Mother* looked down upon her as she lifted her head. A spasm of anger and

pride drove the tears from her eyes, and she hurled the purse at the image in sudden scorn, as the words of the Saxon came to mind: "Of what avail the gods, since they do not hear! Henceforth they are nothing to me," and went down the kitchen stair.

It was unlucky for all that Jeanne, after sobbing the whole night through, had fallen asleep in the gray of morning, and that Werdric only was astir; for had Jeanne been there the girl had never crossed the garden unhindered. In vain had Werdric sought to justify the heat of his temper; but his pride was stubborn, and the greater one's own the less one allows for that of another. He had risen from bed to escape the presence of Jeanne, and was placing the fagots upon the hearth when *Passe Rose* came down the stair. He saw the dress she wore, and knew its import well, but the words of command he summoned failed him when he saw her face, for the spirit of the girl lorded his. She passed where he stood, paying him no more heed than the bundle of fagots in his hand, and his eyes followed her bare feet down the path and through the arch, gazing with a stupid stare at the place where she disappeared.

It was then that Jeanne, whose sleep was light, came from her room; and, although forbidden by Werdric to hold any converse with the girl, unable longer to restrain her desire, stole timidly up *Passe Rose's* stair. Before she had gained the chamber above, Werdric sprang to the gate. His heart was full of remorse, and he could not bide the issue of Jeanne's quest to that empty room. The street was vacant and still. He ran to the market-place. No one was yet abroad, save the rickety crone in the porch of the church of St. Sebastian, wondering to see a man at that hour running hither and thither, tearing his hair.

The wood of Hesbaye was still dark when *Passe Rose* left the high-road to

follow the wood-cutters' path into its friendly screen. The little birds, shaking the night dew from their feathers in the branches above, called to her as she passed, turning their heads sideways, but she paid them no heed. A hare loped down the path, paused a bow-shot beyond her, then, dropping its ears, plunged through the briers. Still *Passe Rose* went on, with only one thought in her mind: never again to pass Werdric's door, nor hear the sound of his voice. The path narrowed like a meadow rill, till, lost in the thicket, all ways seemed alike.

The day passed, the night came; still she went on. The night! Do you know what night is in the wood? Without, among the cabins on the plain, it approaches slowly, with manifold signs. The sun's edge becomes visible through the haze, touches the pine-tops on the horizon, blazes awhile between their branches, then disappears, as a beacon fire expires on the mountain. But it is not yet night. Saffron streamers shoot to the zenith; a cloud lies athwart them, like a lance dipped in blood; above, the wool-white clouds begin to glow; higher still a fleecy film of vapor throbs with rose. These are its heralds. In a moment they will float black as funeral garments upon the opal sky. And yet it is not night. A single star opens its eye; as at a signal, one by one, hundred by hundred, thousand by thousand, the hosts of heaven come forth. Now the lights twinkling in the cabins are extinguished, the tired lie down to sleep, and it is night. But in the forest there is no sun, no sky, no star. The light flees from its depths without warning, and swiftly, noiselessly, like the leap of the leopard, night is there. It enwraps the tall trees as the dead are enwrapped in their grave-clothes. High up only, the topmost leaves are free to flutter a little, so thick is the darkness. And oh, the sounds below! more ominous than the plain's silence — that stealthy



footfall in the dry moss, that snapping twig, that rustle of leaves where no wind is. Here one is observed, yet sees nothing. Nay, look! two shining lights where no light is, — for the glow-worm is afar in the ploughed field, the fire-fly is abroad among the wheat-heads. These are the wood-stars that shine in the thicket, whether of timid doe or panther ready to spring, God knows! but the heart bounds, and the ear strains to catch the breath of the nostrils. Fly — but how, in this jungle? A night-bird fans the face with his wing. Oh for the clue that he follows! Hark! far off, hurling the living apart, a dead tree crashes, pauses, and falls in thunder. Wrap thy garment about thee, *Passé Rose*; draw it tightly over thy

head and shut out this night; for to wait and watch and listen are beyond the endurance of reason. Hark again! is it the wind? — for within one cannot tell what is taking place without. It comes from afar, like a murmur of meadow waters; then nearer, a roar as of surf on the shore. The rain overhead! but below, for a long time all is still, as in the sea depths, till at last the bending branches drip, and every terrifying sound is drowned in a low, monotonous patter. Now dream, *Passé Rose*, if thou canst, while the wakeful ear is lulled to slumber. Surely this is the rain on the roof of thatch; thou art safe within the mud walls of the cabin; the night thrush sings in the bush, and the blessed stars look down upon thee.

*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

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#### A NOVEMBER CHRONICLE.

I LOOKED forward to November with peculiar interest, as it was many years since I had passed this month in the country, and now that it is over I am moved to publish its praises: partly, as I hope, out of feelings of gratitude, and partly because it is an agreeable kind of originality to commend what everybody else has been in the habit of decrying.

In the first place, then, it was a month of pleasant weather; something too much of wind and dust (the dust for only the first ten days) being almost the only drawback. To me, with my prepossessions, it was little short of marvelous how many of the thirty days were nearly, or quite, cloudless. The only snow fell on the 11th. I saw a few flakes in the afternoon, just enough to record, and there must have been another slight flurry after dark, as the grass showed white in favorable spots early the next morning. Making allowance for the shortness of the days, I

doubt whether there has been a month during the past year in which a man could comfortably spend more of his time in out-of-door exercise.

The trees were mostly bare before the end of October, but the apple and cherry trees still kept their branches green (they are foreigners, and perhaps have been used to a longer season), and the younger growth of gray birches lighted up the woodlands with pale yellow. Of course the oak-leaves were still hanging, also; and for that matter they are hanging yet, and will be for months to come, let the north wind blow as it will. I wonder whether their winter rustling sounds as cold in other ears as in mine. My own feeling is most likely the result of boyish associations. How often I waded painfully through the forest paths, my feet and hands half frozen, while these ghosts of summer shivered sympathetically on every side as they saw me pass! I wonder, too,

what can be the explanation of this unnatural oak-tree habit. The leaves are dead; why should they not obey the general law, — “ashes to ashes, dust to dust”? Is our summer too short to ripen them, and so to perfect the articulation? Whatever its cause, their singular behavior does much to beautify the landscape; particularly in such a district as mine, where the rocky hills are, so many of them, covered with young oak forests, which, especially for the first half of November, before the foliage is altogether faded, are dressed in subdued shades of maroon, beautiful at all hours, but touched into positive glory by the level rays of the afternoon sun.

I began on the very first day of the month to make a list of the plants found in bloom, and happening, a week afterward, to be in the company of two experienced botanical collectors, I asked them how many species I was likely to find. One said thirty. The other, after a little hesitation, replied, “I don’t know, but I should n’t think you could find a dozen.” Well, it is true that November is not distinctively a floral month in Massachusetts, but before November, 1887, was over I had catalogued seventy-three species, though for six of these, to be sure, I have to thank one of the collectors just now mentioned. Indeed, I found thirty-nine sorts on my first afternoon ramble; and even as late as the 27th and 28th I counted twelve. All in all, there is little doubt that at least a hundred kinds of plants were in bloom about me during the month.

Having called my record a chronicle, I should be guilty of an almost wanton disregard of scriptural models if I did not fill it up largely with names, and accordingly I do not hesitate to subjoin a full list of these my November flowers; omitting Latin titles, — somewhat unwillingly, I confess, — except where the vernacular is wanting altogether, or else is more than commonly ambiguous: creep-

ing buttercup, tall buttercup, field larkspur, celandine, pale corydalis, hedge mustard, shepherd’s purse, wild peppergrass, sea-rocket, wild radish, common blue violet, bird-foot violet, pansy, Deptford pink, common chickweed, larger mouse-ear chickweed, sand spurrey, knawel, common mallow, herb-robert, storksbill, red clover, alsyke, white clover, white sweet clover, black medick, white avens, common cinque-foil, silvery cinque-foil, witch-hazel, common evening-primrose, smaller evening-primrose, carrot, blue-stemmed golden-rod, white golden-rod (or silvery-rod), seaside golden-rod, *Solidago juncea*, *Solidago rugosa*, dusty golden-rod, early golden-rod, corymbed aster, wavy-leaved aster, heart-leaved aster, many-flowered aster, *Aster vimineus*, *Aster diffusus*, New York aster, *Aster puniceus*, narrow-leaved aster, fleabane, horse-weed, everlasting, cudweed, coneflower, mayweed, yarrow, tansy, groundsel, burdock, Canada thistle, fall dandelion, common dandelion, sow thistle, Indian tobacco, bell-flower (*Campanula rapunculoides*), fringed gentian, wild toad-flax, butter and eggs, self-heal, motherwort, jointweed, doorweed, and ladies’ tresses (*Spiranthes cernua*).

Here, then, we have seventy-three species, all but one of which (*Spiranthes cernua*) are of the class of exogens. Twenty-two orders are represented, the great autumnal family of the *Compositæ* naturally taking the lead, with thirty species (sixteen of them asters and golden-rods), while the mustard, pink, and pulse families come next, with five species each. The large and hardy heath family is wanting altogether. Out of the whole number about forty-three are indigenous. Witch-hazel is the only shrub, and, as might have been expected, there is no climbing plant.

In setting down such a list one feels it a pity that so few of the golden-rods and asters have any specific designation in English. Under this feeling, I have

presumed myself to name two of the golden-rods, *Solidago Canadensis* and *Solidago nemoralis*. With us, at all events, the former is the first of its genus to blossom, and may appropriately enough wear the title of early golden-rod, while the latter must have been noticed by everybody for its peculiar grayish, "dusty-miller" foliage. It has, moreover, an exceptional right to a vernacular name, being both one of the commonest and one of the showiest of our roadside weeds. Till something better is proposed, therefore, let us call it the dusty golden-rod.

It must in fairness be acknowledged that I did not stand upon the quality of my specimens. Many of them were nothing but accidental and not very reputable-looking laggards; but in November, especially if one is making a list, a blossom is a blossom. The greater part of the asters and golden-rods, I think, were plants that had been broken down by one means or another, and now, at this late day, had put forth a few stunted sprays. The narrow-leaved aster (*Aster linariifolius*) was represented by only two heads, but these sufficed to bring the mouth-filling name into my catalogue. Of the two species of native violets, I saw but a single blossom each. The pansy (common enough in gardens, and blooming well into December) was, of course, found by the roadside, and the larkspur likewise, but I made nothing of any but wild plants.

At this time of the year one must not expect to pick flowers anywhere and everywhere, and a majority of all my seventy-three species (perhaps as many as two thirds) were found only in one or more of three particular places. The first of these was along a newly laid-out road through a tract of woodland; the second was a sheltered wayside nook between high banks; and the third was at the seashore. At this last place, on the 8th of the month, I came unexpectedly upon a field fairly yellow with fall

dandelions and silvery cinque-foils, and affording also my only specimens of burdock, Canada thistle, cone-flower, and the smaller evening-primrose; in addition to which were the many-flowered aster, yarrow, red clover, and sow thistle. In truth, the grassy hillside was quite like a garden, although there was no apparent reason why it should be so favored. The larger evening-primrose, of which I saw two stalks, one of them bearing six or eight blossoms, was growing among the rocks just below the edge of the cliff, in company with abundance of sow thistle, all perfectly fresh; while along the gravelly edge of the bank, just above them, was the groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), looking as bright and thrifty as if it had been the first of August instead of near the middle of November.

Perhaps my most surprising bit of good luck was the finding of the Deptford pink. Of this, for some inscrutable reason, one plant still kept green and showed several rosy blossoms, while all its fellows, far and near, were long since bleached and dead. Fortune has her favorites, even among pinks. The frail-looking corydalis (we have few plants that appear less able to bear exposure) was in excellent condition up to the very end of the month, though the one patch which I then explored was destitute of flowers. These were as pretty as could be — prettier even than in May, I thought — on the 16th, and no doubt might have been found on the 30th, with careful search. The little geranium known as herb-robert is a neighbor of the corydalis, and, like it, bears the cold remarkably well. Its reddening, finely cut leaves were fresh and flourishing, but though I often looked for its flowers, I found only one during the entire month. The storks-bill, its less known cousin, does not grow within my limits, but came to me from Essex County, through the kindness of a friend, being one of the six species

contributed by her, as I have before mentioned.

The hardness of some of these late bloomers is surprising. It is now the 2d of December, and yesterday the temperature fell about thirty degrees below the freezing-point, yet I notice shepherd's-purse, peppergrass, chickweed, and knawel still bearing fresh-looking flowers. Nor are they the only plants that seem thus impervious to cold. The prostrate young St. John's-wort shoots, for instance, all uncovered and delicate as they are, appear not to know that winter with all its rigors is upon them.

It was impossible not to sympathize admiringly with some of my belated asters and golden-rods. Their perseverance was truly pathetic. They had been hindered, but they meant to finish their appointed task, nevertheless, in spite of short days and cold weather. I have especially in mind a plant of *Solidago juncea*. The species is normally one of the earliest, following hard upon *Solidago Canadensis*, but for some reason this particular specimen did not begin to flower till after the first heavy frosts. Indeed, when I first noticed it, the stem leaves were already frost-bitten; yet it kept on putting forth blossoms for at least a fortnight. Whatever may be true of the lilies of the field, this golden-rod was certainly a toiler, and of the most persistent sort.

Early in the month the large and hardy *Antiopa* butterflies were still not uncommon in the woods, and on the 3d, which was a summer-like day, I observed a single clouded-sulphur butterfly, looking none the worse for the low temperature of the night before, when the smaller ponds had frozen over for the first time.

Of course I kept account of the birds as well as of the flowers, but the number, both of individuals and of species, proved to be very small, the total list being as follows: great black-backed gull, American herring gull, ruffed

grouse, downy woodpecker, flicker, bluejay, crow, horned lark, purple finch, red crossbill, goldfinch, snow bunting, Ipswich sparrow, white-throated sparrow, tree sparrow, snowbird, song sparrow, fox sparrow, Northern shrike, myrtle warbler, brown creeper, white-breasted nuthatch, chickadee, golden-crowned kinglet, and robin. Here are only twenty-five species; a meagre catalogue, which might have been longer, it is true, but for the patriotism or prejudice (who will presume always to decide between these two feelings, one of them so given to counterfeiting the other?) which would not allow me to piece it out with the name of that all too numerous parasite, the so-called English sparrow.

My best ornithological day was the 17th, which, with a friend like-minded, I passed at Ipswich Beach. The special object of our search was the Ipswich sparrow, a bird unknown to science until 1868, when it was discovered at this very place by Mr. Maynard. Since then it has been found to be a regular fall and winter visitant along the Atlantic coast, passing at least as far south as New Jersey. It is a mystery how the creature could so long have escaped detection. One cannot help querying whether there can be another case like it. Who knows? Science, even in its flourishing modern estate, falls a trifle short of omniscience.

My comrade and I separated for a little, losing sight of each other among the sand-hills, and when we came together again he reported that he had seen the sparrow. He had happened upon it unobserved, and been favored with excellent opportunities for looking it over carefully through a glass at short range; and being familiar with its appearance through a study of cabinet specimens, he had no doubt whatever of its identity. This was within five minutes of our arrival, and naturally we anticipated no difficulty in finding

others; but for two or three hours we looked in vain. Twice, to be sure, a sparrow of some sort flew up in front of us, but in both cases it got away without our obtaining so much as a peep at it. Up and down the beach we went, exploring the basins and sliding down the smooth, steep hills. Every step was interesting, but it really looked as if I must go home without seeing *Ammodramus princeps*. But patience was destined to have its reward, and just as we were traversing the upper part of the beach for the last time, I caught a glimpse of a bird skulking in the grass before us. He had seen us first, and was already on the move, ducking behind the scattered tufts of beach-grass, crouching and running by turns; but we got satisfactory observations, nevertheless, and he proved to be, like the other, an Ipswich sparrow. He did not rise, but finally made off through the grass without uttering a sound. Then we examined his footprints, and found them to be, so far as could be made out, the same that we had been noticing all about among the hills.

Meanwhile, our perambulations had not been in vain. Flocks of snow buntings were seen here and there, and we spent a long time in watching a trio of horned larks. These were feeding amid some stranded rubbish, and apparently felt not the slightest suspicion of the two men who stood fifteen or twenty feet off, eying their motions. It was too bad they could not hear our complimentary remarks about their costumes, so tastefully trimmed with black and yellow. Our loudest exclamations, however, were called forth by a dense flock of sea-gulls at the distant end of the beach. How many hundreds there were of them I should not dare to guess, but when they rose in a body their white wings really filled the air, and with the bright sunlight upon them they made, for a landsman, a spectacle to be remembered.

Altogether it was a high day for two enthusiasts, though no doubt it would have looked foolish enough to ordinary mortals, our spending several dollars of money and a whole day of time, — in November, at that, — all for the sake of ogling a few birds, not one of which we even attempted to shoot. But what then? Tastes will differ; and as for enthusiasm, it is worth more than money and learning put together as a producer of happiness. For my own part, I mean to be enthusiastic as long as possible, knowing only too well that high spirits will not last forever.

The sand-hills themselves would have repaid all our trouble. Years ago this land just back of the beach was covered with forest, while at one end of it was a flourishing farm. Then when man, with his customary foolishness, cut off the forest, Nature revenged herself by burying his farm. We did not verify the fact, but according to the published accounts of the matter it used to be possible to walk over the top of an old orchard, and pick here and there an apple from some topmost branch still jutting out through the sand.

Among the dunes we found abundance of a little red, heath-like plant, still in full blossom. Neither of us recognized it, but it turned out to be jointweed (*Polygonum articulatum*), and made a famous addition to my November flower catalogue.

In connection with all this I ought, perhaps, to say a word about our Ipswich driver, especially as naturalists are sometimes reprehended for taking so much interest in all other creatures, and so little in their fellow-men. As we drew near the beach, which is some five miles from the town, we began to find the roads quite under water, with the sea still rising. We remarked the fact, the more as we were to return on foot, whereupon the man said that the tide was uncommonly high on account of the heavy rain of the day before! A little

afterward, when we came in sight of a flock of gulls, he gravely informed us that they were "some kind of ducks"! He had lived by the seashore all his life, I suppose, and of course felt entirely competent to instruct two innocent cockneys such as he had in his wagon.

Four days after this I made a trip to Nahant. If *Ammodramus princeps* was at Ipswich, why should it not be at other similar places? True enough, I found the birds feeding beside the road that runs along the beach. I chased them about for an hour or two in a cold high wind, and stared at them till I was satisfied. They fed much of the time upon the golden-rods, alighted freely upon the fence-posts (which is what some writers would lead us never to expect), and often made use of the regular family *tseep*. Two of them kept persistently together, as if they were mated. One staggered me by showing a blotch in the middle of the breast, a mark that none of the published descriptions mention, but which I have since found exemplified in one of the skins at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, in Cambridge.

"A day is happily spent that shows me any bird I never saw alive before." So says Dr. Coues, and he would be a poor ornithologist who could not echo the sentiment. The Ipswich sparrow was the third such bird that I had seen during the year without going out of New England, the other two being the Tennessee warbler and the Philadelphia vireo.

Of the remainder of my November list there is not much to be said. Robins were very scarce after the first week. My last glimpse of them was on the 20th, when I saw two. Tree sparrows,

snowbirds, chickadees, kinglets, crows, and jays were oftenest met with, while the shrike, myrtle warbler, purple finch, and song sparrow were represented by one individual each. My song sparrow was not seen till the 28th, after I had given him up. He did not sing (of course he scolded; the song sparrow can always do that), but the mere sight of him was enough to suggest thoughts of spring-time, especially as he happened to be in the neighborhood of some Pickering hylas, which were then in full cry for the only time during the month. Near the end of the month many wild geese flew over the town, but, thanks to a rebellious tooth (how happy are the birds in this respect!), I was shut indoors, and knew the fact only by hear say. I did, however, see a small flock on the 30th of October, an exceptionally early date. As it chanced, I was walking at the time with one of my neighbors, a man more than forty years old, and he assured me that he had never seen such a thing before.

For music, I one day heard a goldfinch warbling a few strains, and on the 21st a chickadee repeated his clear phœbe whistle two or three times. The chickadees are always musical, — there is no need to say that; but I heard them *sing* only on this one morning.

Altogether, with the cloudless, mild days, the birds, the tree-frogs, the butterflies, and the flowers, November did not seem the bleak and cheerless season it has commonly been painted. Still it was not exactly like summer. On the last day I saw some very small boys skating on the Cambridge marshes, and the next morning December showed its hand promptly, sending the mercury down to within two or three degrees of zero.

Bradford Torrey.

## THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

WHO says, Beethoven, that thy spirit fled  
 Returns not from the dead,  
 Or that a bearded lion's rage divine  
 Is any match for thine,  
 When, wrapped in silence and in slumber cloaked,  
 Thy sad soul is invoked?  
 Thee oftenest would we strictly venerate, —  
 Thee first, though others wait,  
 Who, shrined in memory and of mighty mould,  
 Can never have thy hold!  
 As figures dimly outlined in a glass,  
 So pass they and repass,  
 So rise and fall: Schubert, the Wanderer;  
 Mozart, the ponderer  
 Of flawless melody; Händel, whose themes  
 Make pale a conqueror's dreams;  
 Berlioz, who blends the skill of the musician  
 With that of the magician, —  
 A querulous shade that, called to life again,  
 Brings shadows in its train.  
 What wonder that our hearts, responsive glowing,  
 Are filled to overflowing,  
 And cannot hold what earth and air in vain  
 Are struggling to retain;  
 Or that such music, when it walks abroad,  
 Is worshiped like a god?  
 Yet, sad Beethoven, when we own thy sway,  
 We wish all else away!  
 Hark! from the underworld a rush of sound  
 So startling, so profound,  
 The brain is swimming and the heart beats faster  
 With terror of the master.  
 'Tis he! No human breast at which he knocks  
 But instantly unlocks,  
 And the round world, o'er which he loved to brood,  
 Is subject to his mood.  
 But this heart-searching, thrice-repeated strain,  
 That is not joy nor pain!  
 "Mortals," it says, as plain as words could say,  
 "Ye creatures of a day!  
 Alas, to dance with you, perchance to sup,  
 Why have ye called me up?  
 Is nothing sacred, — not the tasted wave,  
 Nor the untroubled grave?  
 Oh, from your souls remove this latest stain,  
 And let me sleep again!"



## THE AFTER-SUPPERS OF THE KING.

THE good child or the industrious youth of *bourgeois* parentage in the Paris of 1700 was rewarded by a trip to Versailles or Fontainebleau to see the Magnificent King eat his dinner in public. The proverbial appetite of the Bourbons was thus kindly tendered as a gratuitous exhibition to the monarch's faithful subjects, for it was something to see a man eat four plates of soup of different kinds, a pheasant, two slices of ham, mutton with garlic, and a quantity of salad, pastry, fruit, and sweetmeats. Nor was Monsieur, the King's brother, ever without a store of chocolate, cakes, crackers, bonbons, in his highly decorative pockets. Louis XIV. never lost the wonderful appetite and unimpeachable digestion which had made that vast recorded meal possible. On one occasion of public feasting, at a time when all Europe was holding breath to catch the passing sigh of the French King, so unaccountably and indefinitely postponed, Louis, feeling upon him the curious gaze of the English ambassador, Lord Stair, nerved himself for a last gastronomic effort, and really died from the indirect effects of surfeit. It was therefore popularly said, "Old Louis was, after all, killed by a Briton."

The pleasure to loyal citizens of Paris of that public dinner lay in the direct evidence it afforded of the habits of royalty. To royalty itself, seated at a small table in the full blaze of the public eye, the ceremonial could have been only wearying. It was not of everyday occurrence, dinner for the King being ordinarily *au petit couvert*, and supper really was the social event of the day of tiresome observances, and Louis's favorite repast. Its routine in minutest detail was settled by inflexible laws, and he, the framer of the code, exulted in the excess of form and in the conscio-

ness of being the centre of an obsequious circle. Poor Marie Antoinette, the most uneasy head that ever wore a crown, loathed the public dinner. She never learnt, alas! to hate and to keep silent, which is the epitome of court morals.

Against the wall of the *salon* at Versailles, when the hour of ten arrived, were ranged the courtiers, nobles, and ladies not permitted to sit in the royal presence. At the King's table were collected the princesses of the blood, with their suites, and the other happy dames entitled to the *tabouret*. The wars of the Fronde were to some extent waged to secure this privilege for a disappointed duchess. Whether a noble lady were sufficiently noble to sit before the lord of this earthly temple was theme for councils of state and food for the consideration of judicial minds.

It is well known how radical a change court etiquette underwent under Louis XIV., who fashioned a system based on the proper relations of other people to the great central figure. And it is known also that, as Madame Campan said of the customs surviving to her day, service, even when of a menial character, became honorable when performed for the King, and the prerogative of the courtier of highest rank. The duty of presenting the night-shirt or the bowl of water to the King must be yielded, even by a prince of the blood, should Monsieur enter the royal chamber; and he in turn resigned it to the Dauphin, should he follow him. Madame de Sévigné tells a little story about some court ladies who cut each other out in serving *la grande Mademoiselle*, to the infinite amusement of the princess and to the secret joy of the narrator, who had a little private grudge to pay off.

The royal meal made slow progress. The meat, brought in by a military guard,

was not offered kneeling, as was customary in Spain and at King Charles II. of England's court, which gave De Grammont opportunity to say to Charles, on his attention being called to the custom, "Sire, I thought they were asking your pardon for their having supplied you with such poor food."

When Louis had noted who were absent from court, had admired the appearance of the ladies, and complimented any unusual splendor of attire, he slowly rose, while the profound bows and slow reverences of the courtiers greeted him. His guests at table accompanied him into his bed-chamber, where, leaning against the bed, he addressed a few words to one and another. All shortly withdrew, — that galaxy of wit, and grace, and beauty, the best that France could show, — and Louis entered his private cabinet. Here, seated in a *fauteuil*, with his brother, the Duke of Orleans, occupying a second chair, he held brief converse with the members of his family, but soon dismissed them, and retired to the mysteries of his night toilet in his chamber. What that bed-chamber was in 1700 we may divine to-day, since its glories have risen from the spoiler's hand, and shaken off the dust of time. This room, in the centre of the palace, has been restored, and when we except the beautiful ceiling, — painted by Paul Veronese, and taken from Venice by Napoleon out of the gallery of the Council of Ten, — we look upon the very objects which daily greeted the eyes of Louis XIV. of France. The bed, in the middle of the room, is directly opposite a window which commands a view of the rising sun. It was in the taste of the day to say that "the two sovereigns awakened at the same moment, and exchanged a glance at each other." The pictures have been replaced; the bed-covering, worked at Saint-Cyr under the direction of Madame de Maintenon, was found in comparatively late years, half in Italy and

half in Germany. The lovely picture of Madame, Henrietta of England, hangs now in its former place. At least three of the great apartments of Versailles, that *favori sans mérite* of Louis of France, are restored to their former splendor.

The gay gentlemen so "studiously dressed," with wigs so finely curled that for fear of squeezing them they carried their hats in their hands instead of on their heads; the courtiers who even had masters in the art of politeness; they who held precious the privilege of presenting themselves at the King's "after-suppers," have long since followed those lovely ladies who could not live, says a traveler, without lace and ribbons, and who carried their looking-glasses in their hands into the land of oblivion. And yet, since they left behind them the careful record of their daily lives, we can summon some among them to our actual presence, in this nineteenth-century daylight. No ghost among them all would yield the *pas* to claimants of inferior pretensions, and the code of royal etiquette requires that the family circle of Louis of Bourbon should first be summoned from the shades. They appear, they gather about the King, in that stately palace of which he said, "Versailles, c'est moi." The Duchess of Orleans, who was so careful about many things relating to precedence, will not let her daughters three be misplaced in that magic circle, but will nevertheless agree that first to be reconstructed and reanimated is the King himself.

The Magnificent Louis! He was called so by his subjects, and if they who suffered the burden of that splendor can style him thus, the tongue of modern unfriendly comment may be silent. Nature made him beautiful in outward mien; the pictures of him in early youth explain to us that love of Louis, and not of the King, which La Vallière felt. The culture of courts gave him every

grace of form and manner. The world had brought its best to greet this gracious personality; statesmen, soldiers, poets, painters, surrounded him with the gifts of genius to render his reign glorious. But he was a Bourbon, and proceeded by a course of evolution to work out his own trivial nature in spite of fortune's wondrous favors. Flattered by women, fawned upon by courtiers, he discovered that the State was himself, and little by little he unfolded that complicated system which, like the planetary scheme, made the visible universe revolve about a central sun,—the King. This was the key to all that elaborate ceremonial which made court life so wearisome, regulated the degree of favor bestowed upon courtiers, and made a code whose provisions were slowly comprehended even by those most anxious to conciliate the reigning power, so astonishing, so unprecedented, was its theory. Louis XIV. believed himself easily first in everything, and yet, by means of this salient point of character, was most easily and perpetually governed.

When it was thought timely to strike a heavy blow at French heresy, it was well known in the councils of the Church to whom the task should be committed. Slow approaches, undermining, judicious hints, apparent submission,—Madame de Maintenon understood it all, and proclaimed: "The King is full of good sentiments; he recognizes his weakness and faults. He thinks seriously of the conversion of the heretics, and will soon set about it." Thus the royal hand, opening that fatal box of unnamed evils, let them out upon fair France, and, looking at his realm through his little bit of smoky glass, thanked God for the souls brought daily into the fold, and stopped his ears to his people's agony. Most skillfully his familiar used that weapon of past indulgence, making the pardon of his sin with long-forgotten Montespan the reward of the King's persecution of heresy.

But what of groans and flames while he, the Magnificent, is there, the subject of all thought, the desire of all eyes? The hat with its circle within circle of white plumes has gone with the dark, flowing locks of the youth who thought to make life a long, gay *fête*; but grace is still his, and gentlest courtesy to the humblest maid within the palace, and skill for the chase, and that power of so bestowing favor that the lightest boon comes with tenfold graciousness. The gifts in his hand were poor enough in return for so much pure incense burnt before him. Only a smile, an invitation, a notice, a concession, to ruin one's self: he gave not much more for life, and love, and woman's tenderness, and purest loyalty. Heart he had none. On the throne of life sat a supreme passion, himself, and woe to subject who refused to doff hat and do homage; a king for the stage, a pasteboard king, who gave serpents for food and stones for bread, whose pettinesses might have been treated with history's calm contempt, had they not been weighted with such tremendous consequences. To waste the public funds on favorites meant not only personal vice, but meant, alas! the tears, the blood, the daily bread, of his people; meant suffering so extreme that the subjects of Louis—miscalled "the Great"—and misery became synonymous terms.

As he lived, so shall he die, and be long a-dying, having all things in order, sufficient decorous woe, effective leave-taking, physicians of the body to dull obtrusive pangs of dissolution, and doctors for the soul to whisper assurances of spiritual certainties; outside in the streets, the citizens rejoicing noisily; within, the secret sign of the Jesuit brotherhood upon the King's breast,—a prudent provision lest other passport should fail in heavenly places. And thus, blind because he said "I see," Louis of France shall go from one dark to another. But of all this, fifteen years later, the King of 1700, sitting in his

fauteuil in the domestic circle, knows nothing.

First invested with bed-chamber privileges was the Dauphin of France, called the Grand Dauphin as a disguise, a *mot d'énigme*. Uneasy honors these, bringing him under the King's observation; and there he is never at ease, never himself, and never something better. What was called his "incredible silence" was possibly largely due to the fact that Louis was to him "always a king and seldom a father."

He was very fat. The King used to say he looked like a "comfortable little German." At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Dauphin had apparently given up attempting to solve the problem how to fill out the clothes of the ideal prince. Bossuet had labored to bring about that result, but vainly. Everybody had given up expecting anything of him, to his great personal relief. Even his good German wife had dropped him and life together, weary of his triviality, his infidelity, which was not even indulged in royal manner, but sought debased and debasing objects. It was generally admitted that he was idle and careless. He would remain whole days on a sofa, tapping his boots with a cane, not speaking. But in a furtive way he watched the doings of his terrible father, condemning, approving, rejecting, customs, acts, projects, with an eye to that day when he should not fear to look him in the face. He had plans for his own crowning and a Madame de Maintenon, — brown, fat, sharp of wit, and with fine shoulders. He may have married her; she was sufficiently haughty to have warranted the supposition. He cringed to the King, and flattered his flatterers, and, as a logical sequence, kicked those below himself.

Yet, strangely enough, in youth the Dauphin served at Philippsburg, with the celebrated Vauban to take precautions for his safety, and plenty of uniformed

common folks to be sacrificed to shield that commoner clay which was stamped in the royal mint. Madame de Sévigné says he was adored after the siege, for he gave with unheard-of liberality not only money, but commendatory words. There were even people to say, with the Chevalier de Sévigné, "What did I tell you? I am not surprised." And the soldiers, perhaps ignorant of Vauban's precautions, called him "Louis le Hardi." It was even said that Monseigneur required to be held back from the fray by the might of four men, that he did "marvels of firmness, capacity, liberality, generosity, and humanity," and wrote letters to the court which deeply moved the King, as was no doubt intended. And thus every one lent his breath to blow this poor little balloon into the empyrean, to see it tumble, all too soon, to earth again. Poor Monseigneur! His biographer says he was noble looking, of a healthy red and white complexion, and with the most beautiful legs in the world. 'Tis a pity the shell was left tenantless, for the whole is thus summed up: "As for character, he had none."

Next in rank came "Monsieur," the brother of the King, and intellectually starved to suit the *rôle* of chorus, which, when the succession is secure, is ordinarily assigned to that relation. The existing code of court etiquette found its most ardent supporter in Philip of Orleans. To behave properly, according to the regulations of the code, absorbed his entire time, and left nothing for sentiment. When arranging the marriage of his eldest daughter, the little thirteen-year-old Maria Louisa, who, for Louis's political advantage, was sent as bride to an apology for a man, — a man bow-legged, weak in mind and body, priest-ridden, yet wearing a royal crown, and called King of Spain, — Monsieur was so absorbed in marriage etiquette, insisting that the princess should be treated as a queen, that he really had no time for so

so small a matter as the bride's agony. "The Queen of Spain," it was said, "has become a fountain of tears; cries for mercy, and throws herself at everybody's feet." Meanwhile, Philip was getting himself up in the character of queen's father, and we must all admit that the result explained the labor. Behold him with "that huge black wig, curled and flowing down on either side; a long, serious face; a green silk coat, with stripes and button-holes in gold embroidery, and a waistcoat of rose-colored silk embroidered in golden flames; across his breast the blue ribbon of the Holy Ghost, supporting a sword, whose scabbard was thickly set with diamonds, and tied with a green ribbon bow; ribbons everywhere about his dress, and at his white satin shoes and his round hat with its double circle of white plumes; crosses and stars strewn over his breast; rings on his fingers, and bracelets on his arms; triple ruffles about his hands, and a cravat and a collar of almost priceless Hungarian lace."

Philip "loved only gaming, formal circles, good eating, and dress; in a word, all things that ladies love." And this Turveydrop was husband to the brilliant, sparkling Henrietta of England, and afterwards to that other princess, not fair, but good German black bread, whose chief merit in her husband's eyes was that she did not comprehend a word of French.

Although Louis's illegitimate children were always present at the "after-suppers," Madame was not admitted until after her husband's death. And yet, when Philip of Orleans was young, something better had stirred that decorated breast. Anne of Austria was a tender mother to her sons. Louis, mourning her death, never failed during his lifetime to observe that anniversary. Madame de Motteville shows us Monsieur, young then, sobbing and weeping beside that death-bed; saying of that tortured, delicate body, for whose use in life no

cambric was soft or fine enough, "Is *that* the Queen, my mother?" We will remember that he would not leave her, as she, to save him pain, would fain have ordered, but remained, reminding her that he had never before disobeyed her. When he was summoned, after Anne of Austria's death, to be present at the reading of her will, and to receive the key of her jewel-casket, he would not obey, saying that he was content with whatever the King decreed, and shut himself up with his grief.

When the eighteenth century was new, the son of the Dauphin, Louis, Duke of Burgundy, was a member of that family party, — coldly regarded by his grandfather, the King, to whose hardly won spiritual honors the native virtues of his prospective heir were a constant annoyance. In the ideal kingdom which the prince was to rule in visions only, the august ceremony of public royal disrobing was abolished. If his grandson held the silver basin or proffered the gold-fringed towel, Louis instinctively felt that he sat in judgment on the act. Calm, reserved, high-minded, intellectual, his was a strange figure in that rite of semi-worship. Monsieur and Monseigneur, had they stood on tiptoe, could never have comprehended his soul's dimensions: the former ignored him, the latter feared, and plotted against him.

His occupations were study, chiefly political and religious, with Fénelon, his instructor, who helped him to plan systems of government for that kingdom of the future which was never of this earth. Two strong affections only warmed his reserve, born of self-distrust and of the revolt of a pure nature against uncongenial surroundings. He loved his more than master, Fénelon, with an adoring humility, recognizing in him the power which out of the weakness of a wayward and evil nature had brought forth the strength of regenerating grace. Such a plant of love found alien soil in the court. The King thought to have plucked

it up when he removed Fénelon, and forbade all future meetings save in the presence of his own emissaries and spies; but it was a growth of divine planting, and deprived of Fénelon's bodily presence, his pupil leaned ever more and more upon his remembered words and unforbidden precepts, and thus they walked together in spirit. And he loved his young wife so deeply that when she was taken away, in the bloom of youth, he followed her

. . . "with all the speed  
Desire could make, or sorrows breed."

Whether the poison came to both in miasmatic form, or, if infectious, was received through that last vigil by her bedside, it was patent to all that he could not live without her, and speedily, holding their child by the hand, he followed her into the unknown.

In 1700, the other grandsons of the King would be there. Philip of Anjou went, next year, to his kingdom in Spain, and supposing the entire royal family to be present, as in duty bound, to pay their respects to majesty, it would be his sacred prerogative to serve the King, should his elder brother be excused. Philip was a youth of seventeen years, with fair complexion, unnatural solemnity of manner, active piety, small intelligence, and duly subordinate, who, had fate not kindled the smouldering ambition of his nature, would have been content to fill the second place, performing a little round of spiritual duties decorously, and perhaps in the end have died, smothered in millinery or surfeited with food, like any other second son of a Bourbon. Royalty, however, was in store for him, and struggle, and privation, lighted by one perfect love. It was rather an unlucky tip, that crown piece, for which all the boys of Europe scrambled. In recalling the perfidy of Philip of Anjou towards the Princesse des Ursins, the friend who lent him strength and courage to surmount his troubles, and whom he rewarded

with disgrace and exile, it is not displeasing to remember that fate finally handed him over to a Farnese for a second wife. Of this woman his minister, and the maker of her fortunes, later wrote:—

"The queen has the devil in her, and if she finds a man of the sword who has some mental resource, and is a pretty good general, she will make a racket in France and in Europe." Alberoni found, as did Madame des Ursins, that in sustaining Philip of Spain he had "quicken'd a corpse."

The third grandson of Louis XIV. was the little Duke of Berri. As a bourgeois, how happy might have been this hearty, healthy boy, whom his brother Philip pitied because there were no more kingdoms for him! At the beginning of the century he was only fourteen years old, and that terrible wife was still waiting for him in the future. At this period, the daughter of his cousin of Orleans was also a child. As for Charles, he never lived to grow up, although in the course of years he became the husband of Mademoiselle d'Orléans, the proudest, most debased creature that the age produced. He was a boy, loving, hating, caressing, and quarreling with his wife, and once bestowing a vigorous kick upon the duchess, in a moment of supreme exacerbation. She had terrible arrows in her shaft, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the draught she gave her husband from her hunting-flask had properties unfavorable to length of days. Of course there is always the possibility that the skeleton of royal closets, malaria, may have been the assassin, since Charles of Berri's symptoms were identical with those of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. There is a funny little scene described by Saint-Simon, where the young duke was appointed to respond to a solemn address made to him at that terrible ceremonial for the proud Louis of France, the renunciation of Spanish rights of succession, a condition of the



Treaty of Utrecht. "Monsieur," said the duke, to whom the renunciation of a kingdom came glibly enough. "Monsieur," repeated Charles of Berri. "Monsieur," he said a third time, when the chief president bowed low thanks for the speech, and the ceremonies proceeded. There was painful blushing and hardly concealed tears. On the return to Versailles, a pretty, smiling, courtesying court lady ran to meet them, thanking the duke for his fluent speech! One's heart warms towards the youth, as he afterwards let those bitter tears fall, in the room of a sympathetic grand lady, sobbing and accusing his pastors and masters. "They only thought of making me stupid, and of stifling my powers. I coped with my brother; they annihilated me, and have succeeded in making me the laughing-stock and disdain of everybody." He is described as of ordinary height, rather fat, like all the Bourbons, of a beautiful blond complexion, with a fresh, handsome face. "The best, gentlest, most compassionate, of men, and without vanity. He loved truth, justice, and reason, hated constraint, and was slow in learning that there was any difference between himself and his elder brother."

Next in order of rank would be Philip, Duke of Chartres, the future Regent, already, in 1700, married to the little Mademoiselle de Blois, daughter of Montespan and the King. The verdict of the world has made Philip conspicuous for evil, even among the Bourbons. His sole panegyrist, Saint-Simon, hunting vainly for grounds to justify his friendship, paints his portrait in deeper shades than history itself. We do not condemn Philip, Duke of Chartres, because he spent his afternoons in painting; then considered a menial occupation; nor believe him a poisoner, because he dabbled in chemistry; nor an atheist, because he tried to raise the devil. We are content to know that he could not do the latter, at least publicly. Fine tastes

he had, and great capacity; a skimmer of books, — a character not unknown to modern days, — yet he never forgot what was so hastily read, and he discoursed fluently on every topic.

His friend calls this man — accused of taking the lives of three members of his own family, nearer the throne than himself — humane and compassionate to a fault, unable to give pain to any one save his wife, an exception which did not seem to be counted a fault. Yet Saint-Simon admits that he was depraved to a degree unsurpassed in that age of easy vice; that he was so incapable of truth that a favorite subject of discussion between his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, and himself, was as to which was the cleverer in deceit. He loved to embroil people with each other, and was timid to a curious degree, most of all afraid that his fear should be found out. He was inconstant to every person and thing, and as a punishment for all his faults was constitutionally and chronically bored; yet, with Fénelon's work in the education of the Duke of Burgundy in mind, who can say what such training might not have done to root out those springing weeds in Philip of Orleans's character, and to develop those weaker shoots of excellence? God, who alone can judge of opportunity and the use his children make of it, knows what responsibility rests upon the Abbé Dubois, the governor of the Duke of Chartres, and when he became Regent of France, his minister and counselor. One does not linger over that imbruted man, the basest, most treacherous, vilest, of human beings, without, dare we say? one better human quality. We know not if in that mass of corrupt deeds, thoughts, words, as in the Eastern heaps of decaying mollusks, the pearl of one redeeming trait was found. Had Philip loved a wife more noble than himself, how changed would his destiny have been! For that he could love, if wrongly, has certainly been proved. His outer man was of "me-



dium height, not fat, his face broad and agreeable, his hair black, and his wig of the same color. He was gentle, affable, apparently open, with a pleasant voice and surprising flow of easy words."

To be seated even in the presence of the King was a privilege accorded to royal ladies, to the children of France, and also to the princesses of the blood and to the wives of the higher nobility, as has been already mentioned. Chief among the members of that royal family, and receiving the honors of her supposed position, was that strange woman — queen, yet no queen — who, stretching out her arm from the depths of obscurity and poverty, had grasped the most glittering prize on fortune's tree. She is the *ma tante* of the future Queen of France, whom she regards with indulgent fondness, keeping all her somewhat compromising secrets in her ample pocket; exposing slyly, from time to time, a little corner or end, when she would bring the gay princess to terms. Her charms are grave, matronly; it is by might of some magic spells that she holds France's beauty-loving King; she represents all the superstition, the religion, — which with him was only superstition in a mask, — the fear, the bigotry, of Louis's character, of which the illegal charmers of earlier years were the sensual and reckless exponents.

It is long since Madame de Montepan, resigning even motherhood to her rival, disappeared into obscurity, awaiting that dread hereafter from which even her weary women, reading aloud throughout the night in that brilliantly lighted chamber, cannot save her. Let us hope that the horse-hair shirt, the alms and penances of repentant years, will encamp about her in that darkness. In 1700, Louise de la Vallière, in her cloister, was still praying and fasting, torturing her delicate body for the crime of having loved that royal sinner, on whom repentance sat so lightly. Fontanges, the gay Psyche who never found

a soul, had been forced to leave the chariot and white horses, and the pleasure of looking down, fair-faced and golden-haired, upon honest folk walking the public ways. But soulless women never permanently enchained King Louis, and he has had time comfortably to forget that youthful face in the death agony, as he last saw it. Yes, they are all gone, and have left to Madamc de Maintenon the drudgery of "amusing an unamusable king."

Gayety has long since fled the scene. It was said that "in her day the pomps and ceremonies of the court were like wedding dresses upon dead corpses." She has herself recorded in her letters the weariness of her life; the countless claims upon the time and sympathy of the universal confidant; the relentless attentions of the King; and the task of entertaining Monseigneur, who "had so little to say, finding himself a bore, and running away from himself continually." She had also the duty of keeping up private grudges with Madame, the Duchess of Orleans, and others. Fénelon says she was "naturally mistrustful and addicted to jealous susceptibilities, suspicions, spites, and *woman's wits*." Then there were the heretics to be looked after, the Church to conciliate and sustain; for she received constant assurance that she filled a post assigned to her by Heaven, and did all things for the glory of Christ's Church. And the reward of so much labor? Secretly to wield the sceptre of France, to sit meekly embroidering in the privy council, supposed by the King to be merely a non-conductor, and yet to know that nothing was ordered without her consent and knowledge, and that whatever path the monarch trod was one laid out by her, and planned in minutest detail.

How does she appear, this Widow Scarron of former years? The abbé describes her thus: "Two large eyes full of malice, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, plenty of wit, and a rental

of four louis." The portrait of her at Versailles, by Mignard, shows her with "a fat face, a dark complexion, and penetrating black eyes of no very gentle expression." But she must then have been over fifty years old, and none of her portraits represent her under the age of forty. A contemporary says, "She has great remains of beauty, bright and sparkling eyes, an incomparable grace, an air of ease and yet of restraint and respect, a great deal of cleverness, with a speech that is sweet, correct, in good terms, and naturally eloquent and brief." A Huguenot writer says of her that "two things were necessary to gain her favor, real vice and feigned repentance."

She is far-sighted, but does not see that future closing scene, when all pomp, power, pleasure, shall have receded into the dim past, and in the seclusion of her apartment at Saint-Cyr the Great Peter of Russia, with the sight-seeing avidity of a tourist, shall draw back the bed-curtains with relentless hand, and let unblushing daylight in upon that wrinkled face, shrouded in hood and wadded cap. He will say, "Madame, what is your malady?" and she will reply, "A great age." You could hardly persuade King Louis that by that time he will be well forgotten, not being, when absent, regarded as a subject for canonization.

Very near the uncrowned Queen of France would be the queen apparent, who was never to be crowned, — the lovely Marie Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy. Brief days, anguish, distress: strange words these to link with the memory of that bright creature who alone redeemed the court from weariness and gloom! "The world itself makes us sick of the world," was a saying of that day whose meaning was never made clear to this princess. Gifted with exquisite tact, even from that first day of her arrival at Versailles, when, a tiny princess, she entered the salon, led by the King, who looked

as if he had taken her from his pocket, she became the joy and delight of the court. Not handsome, but possessed of most perfect grace and dignity, quick-witted, shrewd, she divined the key-note of character, and used such knowledge with no ulterior motive, save that of pleasing those about her, and of softening and lighting the dreary life of courts. Thus she swayed all hearts. Madame de Grignan gives her daughter, in 1697, a pretty, little-known sketch of this princess, then a child of fifteen years, at her toilet, which, as everybody knows, was open to the court: —

"She had the prettiest, most brilliant, most amiable little face in the world. Nothing was more agreeable than to see her dressing her own hair, when she awoke at half past twelve at noon, put on her *robe de chambre*, and ate her *pain-au-pot* while engaged in her toilet duties, frizzing and powdering and eating altogether, making a good breakfast and a charming toilet." If she was touched in fancy by any of the gay gallants of the court, her heart was still entirely in her young husband's keeping, for whose safety in battle she spent whole nights praying upon the chapel floor, to the despair of the ladies of her suite. Whether, had life been prolonged, she would have escaped the all-pervading, insidious taint of that corrupt court, who can tell? Madame des Ursins, in her correspondence, hints at her dangerous following of the fashions of the day, but, happily perhaps for her, she was soon called from a world which seemed made but for her pleasure.

There were other princes and princesses who might occasionally present themselves at the King's after-suppers, but of those who were habitually there the three illegitimate daughters of the King complete the list. Louis had married them, with ample dowries, to princes of the blood, and the two younger sisters, united by a certain *esprit de corps*, were yet known to detest each other cordi-

ally, having intimate knowledge of each other's weaknesses, and little hesitation in making them the subject of excellent jokes. The Duchess of Chartres (present in her capacity of bastard, not through her Orleans rank) was slow and tremulous of speech, and a butt for her cleverer sister, the Duchess of Bourbon, who was unscrupulous and apt at the making of epigrams, and who, in later years, became anxious to marry off her daughters well. The Duke of Maine, also wedded to a Condé, and Louis's favorite son, was unfailingly present. Madame de Sévigné says, "His *esprit* astonished, and the things that he said could not be imagined." Poor Duke of Maine was destined to see the King's paternal hand deck him gayly with all the prizes of fortune, and then to have the outraged nobles pluck away these gifts when Louis was safely lodged in Saint-Denis! Let us hope that his clever wife, Louise of Condé, consoled him.

Of all that circle of fair faces, Louis looked upon none more fondly than on the lovely one of the young widowed daughter of La Vallière, the Princess Condé. Madame de Grignan gives her daughter, Madame de Simiane, a little sketch of this princess, also at her toilet, in that perfumed chamber, "descending with the air of Venus from the skies,

surrounded with all the graces that a divinity could have in intercourse with the world. Her beauty has never been in so high degree of perfection; she is refreshed and grown plump, and with these two advantages she may well be called 'the princess of all the world.'"

And thus on the threshold of the new century, whose noon none of them were to see, we bid these royal Bourbons farewell. The world has finally rejected them, even in their last more worthy representatives of to-day. That bored race is finally dethroned, but in 1700 who could have foretold such destiny? What beauty, strength, and fortune were theirs, — length of days, and the world for a kingdom, where the human race itself had flowered to grace their lives! What feeble good accomplished! What evil engraved on things imperishable! Bourbons were to follow these in the coming years, one of them more corrupt than any who preceded, but the racial type was found in Louis the Magnificent, whose throne was raised on the broken hopes, ruined lives, and spent fortunes of his faithful lieges. It was reserved for our own clearer seeing to discover that it was only Juggernaut under whose car so much that was precious was crushed, and not a divinity descended from the skies.

*Ellen Terry Johnson.*

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## STUDIES OF FACTORY LIFE: BLACK-LISTING AT FALL RIVER.

In the winter of '81-82, I was in Fall River, and spent an afternoon and an evening going about in company with a lady friend, under the escort of Mr. R. H., who was at that time secretary of the Spinners' Union in that city. He has since been a state senator, and has become a prominent member of the Knights of Labor. I had been familiar

all my life with some portions of the town and its inhabitants, but he conducted us to other parts and among other people, wherever he thought we could learn something of the life of the men and women who work in the factories.

In most cases, he explained to no one who we were or what was our object. We were taken at one house for women

in search of employment, and were heartily recommended to try for a job at a neighboring mill. The good woman here overwhelmed us with hospitality, insisted on making tea for us, and was very kind. It gave us a rare opportunity to see the mistress of such a home when she was perfectly unconstrained and natural, and the interview left a pleasant impression. She was a vigorous, handsome, cheery creature, with plenty of children in her small quarters, yet finding room for another nursling, whose own mother had to leave him through the day, while she worked in the mill. "Sankey Sallaser" the little boy said was his name, and his hostess declared with amusement that he "could smoke a pipe like a man." She herself was exultant because one of her boys had recently got a job at a mill which paid high wages. "Plenty of money there," she said. "I shall play the lady soon." A small urchin came up to her, and she called him her baby; then sighed and explained, "We had another baby here a week ago. It died, — the only sickly child I ever had. Ah, well, I'd liefer keep 'em than bury 'em." So much was genuine maternal sentiment. Perhaps not less genuine nor less natural was the feeling which prompted her to add, "It's cheaper."

We visited several tenement-houses where the occupants were all strangers, obtaining admission by making some simple pretense that we wanted information. Once we descried the figure of a man lying on the floor of an inner room, while the woman with whom we talked tried politely to keep us at bay at the door. We respected her pitiful reserves and came away uncertain of the cause of "his" alleged sickness. In another house, a dirty bed and a heap of quilts were huddled on the floor, unwashed dishes occupied a table, the walls were smeared with grime, and a ragged, wild-eyed boy, who looked as if he had been suddenly roused from sleep,

came into the middle of the kitchen, and stood there, answering our questions, and eying us as if we had descended upon him from an unknown world. Through a dim window could be seen the mill building near by, where the boy's father worked. His sister had "gone away," he knew not whither, and there was no woman living in the den. There was something indescribably suggestive in the child's appearance, as if he were created to be a type.

Mr. H. got us admittance to the hall of the Spinners' Union. We were perhaps the only women of our class who had trodden its floors since it came into the possession of the work-people. There was, of course, no meeting in progress, and only one or two men were there. In an anteroom a small number of books were ranged on shelves. In the hall itself, what interested me most was a chalk drawing of a man's figure, roughly sketched on a big blackboard. It was incorrect and rude, but it had grotesque character and vigor in its outlines. "One of the members is always trying to draw," Mr. H. said. While we sat there, our guide told us some stories of violence offered by different parties in strikes that had lately occurred. He condemned all violence, but it seemed as though he felt, and it also seemed natural that he should feel, that it was worse for a "knobstick" to throw a stone at a "striker" than for a striker to jostle a "knobstick" off the pavement, or to commit some similar small outrage, especially if an element of rough humor mingled in the affair.

As we went about the town after dark, we saw the young factory boys and girls frolicking on the pavement. The girls were wilder and ruder than the boys, we were told. Possibly, if this be a fact, it may be because in such towns more recreations are provided for the lads than for the lasses; and the relaxation of amusement is what they both need,

after the long, close confinement of days in the mill. It is probable that it is because they have no other way to vent their pent-up spirits that these untaught young women rush into the streets to jest and jostle with such companions as they find there.

We visited several fairs which were holding at that time by various temperance societies. These societies, in their ordinary sessions, afford opportunities to their members to play games and to take exercise, but their members are all of the male sex. Women, however, were present at the fairs, and we saw some dancing. The boys usually did not uncover when on the floor, but in one hall a notice was posted up requesting "gentlemen to take off their hats while dancing." These temperance associations were both Protestant and Catholic, and numbered their members by the hundreds. One was called the Robert Emmett Society, and a nice young fellow, a weaver, showed us over its rooms. He said that he and about fifty other men formerly belonging to the Irish-American Society started this second organization, and induced a set of wild men and boys to join. "Those are the kind we want," he added. He let us look into the gymnasium, where some lads were practicing. Cards, as well as some other games, were allowed on the premises. He thought cards "rather objectionable," but, he added, "we had to let them in," though all forms of gambling were prohibited. There was something pleasing and even winning in this young man's appearance and manner, a certain naive sweetness and confidence which suggested that in such social circles as he moved he was probably a petted favorite.

Mr. H. took us to a little reading-room which had been started recently by twenty-five mill operatives. It had been a natural growth. A shoemaker had a little shop where his comrades were accustomed to meet, and talk, and

read. After he died, these men bought the shop for eighty dollars, and one of them, who had taken the land on which it stood, agreed to give the land rent for two years, although he was still in debt for the fee, which he was paying for by installments. Three men were sitting in the room, smoking, when we entered. They seemed taken aback by our sudden and unannounced advent, and we, in our turn, felt rather embarrassed; but Mr. H., who seemed to have a perfectly calm way of doing whatever he chose, in his relations with these people, motioned us to sit down, and quietly introduced us as some "lady friends." Such an introduction was generally quite sufficient wherever we went, for his leadership appeared to be accepted tacitly by all his acquaintance. Nor did we meet on this occasion with more than a temporary reserve of manner, which I thought was quite justified by our intrusion. One stout young man leaned on a table, and, supporting the back of his head on his hand, stared and smoked with an air of defiant indifference, till we began to talk with an older man, who proved to be the land-owner. He answered our questions pleasantly, and in two or three minutes both the others grew courteous, and willingly joined in the conversation. They told us all about their society with eager interest. Each member paid twenty-five cents initiation fee, and ten cents weekly afterwards. At the end of each week they sold by auction among themselves all the newspapers taken by the club. The men frequently bought them to send to friends in the "old country," and sometimes they bid each other up above the original value of the papers. That was so much more for the common good. They had a library — and were quite proud of it — containing forty-three books and various magazines which had been given them. The books, on examination, proved to be largely such as people are willing to give away, because they are of no interest to

anybody. All the members were for-  
eigners. They permitted chess, check-  
ers, and dominos to be played in the  
reading-room, but forbade cards, gam-  
bling, swearing, and drinking. At this  
period a number of the Fall River mills  
had adopted the system of weekly pay-  
ments of their help, while others still re-  
tained the custom of monthly pay-days.  
We talked this matter over with these  
men, and found that they all preferred  
to receive their wages every week, and  
one of them was able to give sensible  
reasons for his belief that it was the bet-  
ter way. I do not here repeat his argu-  
ment, as it is substantially the same as  
that set down in a former paper.

About a year before this time, the  
manufacturers of the city had retaliated  
for some "labor troubles" that had  
vexed them by "black-listing" about  
thirty men who had been employed in  
their different mills. By the terms of  
this measure, these men, once discharged,  
were prohibited from receiving work in  
any factory in the place. Various plans  
seemed to be adopted by the manufac-  
turers in carrying out their policy. At  
any rate, some of the men who after-  
wards found themselves to be "black-  
listed" were discharged after being ac-  
cused of certain definite offenses, while  
others claimed that they were dismissed  
on trivial and flimsy pretexts, or without  
any ceremony worth mentioning. Mr.  
H.'s feeling about this action of the  
manufacturers was very bitter, and it  
probably reflected as well as influenced  
the sentiments of the thoughtful as well  
as the more emotional working-people of  
Fall River.

We met at one of the fairs a young  
man named William F., who had an  
intelligent and serious face. Mr. H.  
informed us that he was a "black-list-  
ed" man. We asked him if he would  
tell us his experience, and he consented  
to do so. He talked quietly, without  
pretentiousness or any attempt to make  
capital out of what had happened to

him. He used good and generally cor-  
rect language. He said that during the  
previous winter there had been much  
trouble over bad work in the mill in  
which he was a spinner, and he was de-  
legated by the men to go to the office and  
make some complaint on their behalf.  
A few weeks later, he was chosen to  
be the spokesman of a committee who  
asked for higher wages. "Somebody  
had to do the talking," said he, "and,  
unfortunately, it happened to be me."  
Soon after this, he was discharged, and  
the reason was said to be that a bad cop  
was found in his spinning.

Of course I tell the story simply as  
he told it; not in order to vouch for its  
truth, but to show what sort of things  
were said to be true and were believed  
to be true, during the period when the  
present strife was brewing between labor  
and capital. Incidents such as this man  
related and the relation of such inci-  
dents undoubtedly had their share in that  
brewing.

Mr. H. said that before his discharge  
the young fellow had not been much in-  
terested in labor matters, and his theory  
was that the mills were each bound ac-  
cording to agreement to sacrifice to dis-  
cipline a certain number of workmen;  
and so, when nobody more offensive  
could be found, this lad was pitched  
upon to fill out the list for his establish-  
ment.

William F., when first dismissed, did  
not suppose that he had been black-listed.  
He went to another mill, and obtained  
work. In about two weeks, when in  
the course of things his name would  
naturally have been received at the  
company's office, he was discharged.  
He tried two other mills, and the same  
thing happened: each time he obtained  
work, and then in a fortnight or there-  
abouts was sent away. Finally, at the  
last place where he applied, the over-  
seer happened to leave his desk open  
while talking to the young man, and he  
saw lying there a paper with a long list



of names on it, and his own, William F., was the third from the bottom. He believed this to be a list furnished to the overseer that he might know whom he must not employ. Against a few of the names "aliases" were written. This was accounted for by the fact that some of the black-listed men had assumed false names, which they gave when they asked for work at mills where they supposed themselves unknown, hoping thus to remain untraced; but it appeared from this paper that the persons who made it out had discovered their identity, and had thus sought to provide against their obtaining employment.

After seeing his name on the overseer's paper, William F. decided that his fate was sealed, and gave up the effort to get work in any cotton-mill. He had a small sister dependent on him, and the Union helped him till he found other occupation. Some of the black-listed men left Fall River, and I was told that in other places they obtained the opportunity to earn their living and keep themselves from becoming paupers. Their whereabouts was confided to me, with an injunction to preserve a secrecy which I could hardly believe was necessary to insure them against continued persecution. The earnestness of the request, however, served to indicate the fear felt by their friends lest they should be still further molested. Some others took up that one business which never fails to tempt a starving man with the promise of prosperity: they went into rum-shops and tended bar. Perhaps the strictest moralist would not consider them wholly responsible for the increase of evil in the world thus resulting from the black-listing scheme. William F. did nothing quite so bad as to sell liquor. He became only a book-agent, and earned more money than he had gained as a spinner. Possibly, however, the experience, while in the end it led to the bettering of his fortunes, led also to his taking a livelier interest than for-

merly in the "labor question." Black-listing is, indeed, a very good method by which to educate "labor reformers."

One old Englishman, Mr. W., whom we visited, was a more intense character. Mr. H. guided us to the house, with the remark, "Now I want to show you a place where you'll see how these Englishmen surround themselves with the comforts of home." And then he added that the man had been out of work so long — about nine months then — that he had had to sell some of his things; but "still," said he, "the house looks pleasant."

It was an up-stairs tenement, and the kitchen was also the sitting-room. The walls were covered with small pictures. In the place of honor hung a deep frame containing a large doll. The table was spread with a white cloth. A neat towel, which had a lace edge, was laid over the sewing-machine. The chairs were decorated with tidies, and little wire baskets and brackets, fashioned to hold papers and ornaments, were fastened about the sides and corners of the room. The cooking-stove divided one end of the kitchen into two recesses, and in one of these Mr. W. lay on a lounge when we entered. His old wife — who had been the mother of seventeen children — occupied an easy-chair on the other side. A large wooden frame stood behind her, hung with freshly ironed clothes. A troop of children came in soon after we did, and made a joyful clatter for a moment over some candy, and then retired. We judged them to be grandchildren and the offspring of neighbors. It was a home-like place, and after our serious talk with Mr. W. we regretted that we could not linger to accept the invitation which he and his wife extended to us to remain and drink tea with them. The firewood piled high behind and beside the stove suggested good cheer, till, in the course of his story, Mr. W. pointed to it, and said that a year before he had been able,



by that time in the season, to lay in fuel enough to last him for months, and this year that heap of wood was all he had yet had money to buy.

He was a small, elderly man, with a gray mustache. He rose to a sitting posture when we came in, and after Mr. H. explained the object of our visit, he fixed his eyes on me with disconcerting intensity, and inquired what questions I would like to ask. He was quite willing to answer, and had phrases ready. Though he was really intelligent, he had reached only that stage as to language when a man catches up words that have lost savor or have acquired absurd interpretations to cultured people, and thinks them pregnant with weighty meaning. Ignorant persons are often wrongly accused of insincerely handling the English tongue, because they use expressions which have the flavor of clap-trap; but the fact is that their literary senses are not sufficiently keen for them to perceive that flavor in the words, and the thoughts they seek to utter are honest. Once in a while, however, if Mr. W. did not get beyond his own depth in the vocabulary, he got beyond mine. He began the relation of his late experiences thus: "First I will say that on this matter no word of sophistry will fall from my lips. I may commit myself, perhaps, but we all commit ourselves sometimes."

The story he told had a serious sound. One Friday in the previous April the mules he tended were stopped, under the pretext that they needed to be repaired. The following Wednesday, being pay-day, he asked if he should start them up, and was told that he was to have no more work. "It was a heavy heart I had that night," he said, "for I'm gettin' to be an old man, and my old woman there, when I told her, — well, you know what women are, — she broke down a-cryin'; an' that night — you remember, Bob," to Mr. H. — "I told you, an' you said I was black-listed."

He could not believe that this was true, so he went to another mill, to an overseer who was a friend, and applied for work. This man answered, "I'm sorry. I'd give you work if I dared, but I daresn't. It's my bread an' butter, too, that's in question." The overseer further told W. that it was admitted where he was discharged that no fault could be found with his work. "You may think it a weakness in me," said the old man, telling us of it, "but that pleased me, an' it pleased the old woman, an' made her proud to think they could n't find no fault with me." He said he had been to the office of his employers several times with other spinners, but he added, "I was quiet; never one to stir up enthusiasm or to argue for strikes." He had heard that he had been accused of being "a committee-man" in the Union. "I never was," said he, "in this country." He continued, with a touch of pride, "In the old country I've been a committee-man and a president too." Although he protested that he had been inoffensive, it was easy to see that he had a vehement spirit, and a gift at talking which might sometimes have rendered him a very uncomfortable person to deal with. He had participated in strikes, and this day he spoke with great bitterness about the outside spinners — "knobsticks," as they were then called — who had taken the places of strikers, and so had defeated the last great effort. He also told of a talk which he had once had with the superintendent of the mill where he had worked, and gave it as his opinion that that talk was the cause of his discharge. He accused this man of running the mill over time and violating the law, and said to him, "When I've seen you crowding work onto us, and stealing a minute of time here, an' creeping up minute by minute till you was running a quarter of an hour over time, I've gone home at night an' said, 'John — 'll be the death of me yet.'"

Nothing can justify a mill superintendent in stealing time, yet as regards many of the measures taken to increase the product manufactured, it must be remembered that the superintendents and overseers are themselves driven by their superiors. One of these men once said to me that a person in his situation often found it difficult to know what he ought to do. "He wants," explained he, "to do his duty by his employer, and get as much work out of the hands as possible, and yet he can't do that without pushing some laborer beyond his strength and hurting his health." A step farther in inquiry into this situation leads to the manufacturer, who says that he is so pressed by competition that he will fail unless his overseers see that "the full complement of work is turned out."

This black-listed spinner spoke as if he felt that the superintendent was personally to blame for what others might hold to be the fault of the situation. He did not seem to go back as far as the mill-owners in his thought, when he uttered bitter comments and accusations, and maintained that cruel exactions were laid upon the laborer. His ideas were perhaps wholly wrong and his feelings mistaken, but the fact that people in his class have such ideas and feelings is not the less important.

Mr. W. stated that whereas the spinning-mules formerly made three and a fraction movements a minute, they now make four full movements in about fifty-four seconds. This brings a great strain on the shoulders of the men tending the mules; and incidentally he confirmed a statement which I had heard before, that a spinner of average strength can rarely work a full month at a time. He showed us the movements which the mule-spinners were obliged to make to keep time to the motion of their machines, and said that when he had seen the superintendent stand by timing with his watch the fearful action of the ma-

chinery to see if it were going at full speed, he had cursed him in his heart for the fatigue and pain that he was suffering as he toiled. Finally he told us that, worn out with the long struggle with poverty, he had got his name taken off from the black-list. He sprang to his feet as he spoke, and cried out, "I'm humiliated,—I'm less of a man than I was! I had to sign a paper, put my name to it,"—here he made a rapid pantomime of writing with his finger on the table,— "and promise as I would never belong to the Union any more, as I would never give my opinions about these things, as I would never join in a strike, if it was voted."

Commenting on this story, Mr. H. said afterwards that in Lowell efforts were made to induce the men to sign agreements not to belong to any union, and he thought it a bad thing, especially for the younger fellows, who signed without any intention of keeping the promise, and thus were demoralized. It was a period when rumors were rife, and bitter feelings were engendered by them. The different parties in the "labor struggle" were measuring their strength with each other, and threats easily were made. It has seemed to me since that the manufacturers have grown more respectful in their tone in speaking of the operatives. At this time each readily believed evil of the other, and neither was dilatory in promising retaliation. Experiments in tyranny were undoubtedly made on both sides, to see how they would work, and this black-listing was such a tentative enterprise.

I do not propose in this place to discuss the wisdom or rightfulness of strikes, but the events I have related lead the mind inevitably to that subject, and it seems to me appropriate to say one thing. It is not unusual to hear strikes condemned as foolish efforts resulting simply in waste of money, and scorn and indignation are expressed at the stupidity which the strikers show in thus

jeopardizing their bread and butter. It is easy to see that men sometimes strike as they might catch the measles, because such is the prevalent epidemic, or as they might drink because they have formed the habit. Still all such action cannot be relegated to this category of irresponsible movement, for though some strikes may be unwise, or some leaders unprincipled, the average workman strikes because he believes that by so doing he may help his fellows and in the far future benefit his children. There is an element of the pathetic and the heroic in the most foolish strike that has ever been inaugurated. There is an element of loyalty in it; moreover, there is the deliberate preference of a future

and an ideal good to the enjoyment of present comfort. It was this faith which sustained the old English spinner when for months he refused to sign away his independence to get his name off the black list. Demagogues may deceive, honest leaders may make mistakes, but the hearts of the people are sound when they are willing to sink into still deeper poverty in order to maintain what they believe to be their rights. Judged by the standard which has no word for their action but to condemn it as stupid, what could prove more hopeless imbecility than the sacrifice made by many an ignorant farm boy for liberty and the Union in the days of the War for that Union?

*Lillie B. Chace Wyman.*

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#### THE EVE OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the 2d of July, 1775, after a journey of eleven days, General Washington arrived in Boston from Philadelphia, and on the following day, under the shade of the great elm-tree which still stands hard by Cambridge Common, he took command of the Continental army, which as yet was composed entirely of New Englanders. Of the 16,000 men engaged in the siege of Boston, Massachusetts furnished 11,500, Connecticut 2300, New Hampshire 1200, Rhode Island 1000. These contingents were arrayed under their local commanders, and under the local flags of their respective commonwealths, though Artemas Ward, of Massachusetts, had by courtesy exercised the chief command until the arrival of Washington. During the month of July, Congress gave a more Continental complexion to the army by sending a reinforcement of 3000 men from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, including the famous Daniel Morgan, with his sturdy band of sharp-

shooters, each man of whom, it was said, while marching at double-quick, could cleave with his rifle-ball a squirrel at a distance of three hundred yards. The summer of 1775 thus brought together in Cambridge many officers whose names were soon to become household words throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a moment may be fitly spent in introducing them before we proceed with the narrative of events.

Daniel Morgan, who had just arrived from Virginia with his riflemen, was a native of New Jersey, of Welsh descent. Moving to Virginia at an early age, he had won a great reputation for bravery and readiness of resource in the wild campaigns of the Seven Years' War. He was a man of gigantic stature and strength, and incredible powers of endurance. In his youth, it is said, he had received five hundred lashes by order of a tyrannical British officer, and had come away alive and defiant. On another occasion, in a fierce woodland fight with

the Indians, in which nearly all his comrades were slain, Morgan was shot through the neck by a musket-ball. Almost fainting from the wound, which he believed to be fatal, Morgan was resolved, nevertheless, not to leave his scalp in the hands of a dirty Indian; and falling forward, with his arms tightly clasped about the neck of his stalwart horse, though mists were gathering before his eyes, he spurred away through the forest paths, until his foremost Indian pursuer, unable to come up with him, hurled his tomahawk after him with a yell of baffled rage, and gave up the chase. With this unconquerable tenacity, Morgan was a man of gentle and unselfish nature; a genuine diamond, though a rough one; uneducated, but clear and strong in intelligence and faithful in every fibre. At Cambridge began his long comradeship with a very different character, Benedict Arnold, a young man of romantic and generous impulses, and for personal bravery unsurpassed, but vain and self-seeking, and lacking in moral robustness; a polished and cultivated man as contrasted with Morgan, but of a nature at once coarser and weaker. We shall see these two men associated in some of the most brilliant achievements of the war; and we shall see them persecuted and insulted by political enemies, until the weaker nature sinks and is ruined, while the stronger endures to the end.

Along with Morgan and Arnold there might have been seen on Cambridge Common a man who was destined to play no less conspicuous a part in the great campaign which was to end in the first decisive overthrow of the British. For native shrewdness, rough simplicity, and dauntless courage, John Stark was much like Morgan. What the one name was in the great woods of the Virginia frontier, that was the other among the rugged hills of northern New England, — a symbol of patriotism and a guarantee of victory. Great as was Stark's per-

sonal following in New Hampshire, he had not, however, the chief command of the troops of that colony. The commander of the New Hampshire contingent was John Sullivan, a wealthy lawyer of Durham, who had sat in the first Continental Congress. Sullivan was a gentleman of wide culture and fair ability as a statesman. As a general, he was brave, intelligent, and faithful, but in no wise brilliant. Closely associated with Sullivan for the next three years we shall find Nathanael Greene, now in command of the Rhode Island contingent. For intellectual calibre the other officers here mentioned are dwarfed at once in comparison with Greene, who comes out at the end of the war with a military reputation scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Washington. Nor was Greene less notable for the sweetness and purity of his character than for the scope of his intelligence. From lowly beginnings he had come to be, though still a young man, the most admired and respected citizen of Rhode Island. He had begun life as a blacksmith, but, inspired by an intense thirst for knowledge, he had soon become a learned blacksmith, well versed in history, philosophy, and general literature. He had that rare genius which readily assimilates all kinds of knowledge through an inborn correctness of method. Whatever he touched, it was with a master hand, and his weight of sense soon won general recognition. Such a man was not unnaturally an eager book-buyer, and in this way he had some time ago been brought into pleasant relations with the genial and intelligent Henry Knox, who from his bookstore in Boston had now come to join the army as a colonel of artillery, and soon became one of Washington's most trusty followers.

Of this group of officers, none have as yet reached very high rank in the Continental army. Sullivan and Greene stand at the end of the list of brigadier-generals; the rest are colonels. The

senior major-general, Artemas Ward, and the senior brigadiers, Pomeroy Heath, Thomas, Wooster, and Spencer, will presently pass into the background, to make way for these younger or more vigorous men. Major-General Israel Putnam, the picturesque wolf-slayer, a brave and sterling patriot, but of slender military capacity, will remain in the foreground for another year, and will then become relegated mainly to garrison duty.

With the exception of Morgan, all the officers here noticed are New England men, as is natural, since the seat of war is in Massachusetts, and an army really continental in complexion is still to be formed. The Southern colonies have as yet contributed only Morgan and the commander-in-chief. New York is represented, in the Continental army, by two of the noblest of American heroes, — Major-General Philip Schuyler and Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery; but these able men are now watching over Ticonderoga and the Indian frontier of New York. But among the group which in 1775 met for consultation on Cambridge Common, or in the noble Tory mansion now hallowed alike by memories of Washington and of Longfellow, there were yet two other generals, closely associated with each other for a time in ephemeral reputation won by false pretenses, and afterwards in lasting ignominy. It is with pleasure that one recalls the fact that these men were not Americans, though both possessed estates in Virginia; it is with regret that one is forced to own them as Englishmen. Of Horatio Gates and his career of imbecility and intrigue, we shall by and by see more than enough. At this time he was present in Cambridge as adjutant-general of the army. But his friend, Charles Lee, was for the moment a far more conspicuous personage; and this eccentric creature, whose career was for a long time one of the difficult problems in American history,

needs something more than a passing word of introduction.

Although Major-General Charles Lee happened to have acquired an estate in Virginia, he had nothing in common with the illustrious family of Virginia Lees beyond the accidental identity of name. He was born in England, and had risen in the British army to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He had served in America in the Seven Years' War, and afterward, as a soldier of fortune, he had wandered about Europe, obtaining at one time a place on the staff of the king of Poland. A restless adventurer, he had come over again to America as soon as he saw that a war was brewing here. There is nothing to show that he cared a rush for the Americans, or for the cause in which they were fighting, but he sought the opportunity of making a great name for himself. He was received with enthusiasm by the Americans. His loud, pompous manner and enormous self-confidence at first imposed upon everybody. He was tall, lank, and hollow-cheeked, with a discontented expression of face. In dress he was extremely slovenly. He was fond of dogs, and always had three or four at his heels, but toward men and women his demeanor was morose and insulting. He had a sharp, cynical wit, and was always making severe remarks in a harsh, rough voice. But disagreeable as he was, the trustful American imagination endowed him with the qualities of a great soldier. His reputation was part of the unconscious tribute which the provincial mind of our countrymen was long wont to pay to the men and things of Europe; and for some time his worst actions found a lenient interpretation as the mere eccentricities of a wayward genius. He had hoped to be made commander-in-chief of the army, and had already begun to nourish a bitter grudge against Washington, by whom he regarded himself as supplanted. In the following year we shall see him endeavoring

oring to thwart the plans of Washington at the most critical moment of the war, but for the present he showed no signs of insincerity, except perhaps in an undue readiness to parley with the British commanders. As soon as it became clear that a war was beginning, the hope of winning glory by effecting an accommodation with the enemy offered a dangerous temptation to men of weak virtue in eminent positions. In October, 1775, the American camp was thrown into great consternation by the discovery that Dr. Benjamin Church, one of the most conspicuous of the Boston leaders, had engaged in a secret correspondence with the enemy. Dr. Church was thrown into jail, but as the evidence of treasonable intent was not absolutely complete, he was set free in the following spring, and allowed to visit the West Indies for his health. The ship in which he sailed was never heard from again. This kind of temptation, to which Church succumbed at the first outbreak of the war, beset Lee with fatal effect after the Declaration of Independence, and wrought the ruin of Arnold after the conclusion of the French alliance.

To such a man as Charles Lee, destitute of faith in the loftier human virtues or in the strength of political ideas, it might easily have seemed that more was to be hoped from negotiation than from an attempt to resist Great Britain with such an army as that of which he now came to command the left wing. It was fortunate that the British generals were ignorant of the real state of things. Among the moral effects of the battle of Bunker Hill there was one which proved for the moment to be of inestimable value. It impressed upon General Howe, who now succeeded to the chief command, the feeling that the Americans were more formidable than had been supposed, and that much care and forethought would be required for a successful attack upon them. In a man of his easy-going disposition, such a

feeling was enough to prevent decisive action. It served to keep the British force idle in Boston for months, and was thus of very great service to the American cause. For in spite of the zeal and valor it had shown, this army of New England minute-men was by no means in a fit condition for carrying on such an arduous enterprise as the siege of Boston. When Washington took command of the army on Cambridge Common, he found that the first and most trying task before him was out of this excellent but very raw material to create an army upon which he could depend. The battle of Bunker Hill had just been lost, under circumstances which were calculated to cheer the Americans and make them hopeful of the future; but it would not do to risk another battle, with an untrained staff and a scant supply of powder. All the work of organizing an army was still to be done, and the circumstances were not such as to make it an easy work. It was not merely that the men, who were much better trained in the discipline of the town-meeting than in that of the camp, needed to be taught the all-important lesson of military subordination: it was at first a serious question how they were to be kept together at all. That the enthusiasm kindled on the day of Lexington should have sufficed to bring together sixteen thousand men, and to keep them for three months at their posts, was already remarkable; but no army, however patriotic and self-sacrificing, can be supported on enthusiasm alone. The army of which Washington took command was a motley crowd, clad in every variety of rustic attire, armed with trusty muskets and rifles, as their recent exploit had shown, but destitute of almost everything else that belongs to a soldier's outfit. From the Common down to the river, their rude tents were dotted about here and there, some made of sail-cloth stretched over poles, some piled up of stones and turf, some oddly wrought of



twisted green boughs; while the more fortunate ones found comparatively luxurious quarters in Massachusetts Hall, or in the little Episcopal church, or in the houses of patriotic citizens. These volunteers had enlisted for various periods, under various contracts with various town or provincial governments. Their terms of service had naturally been conceived to be short, and it was not only not altogether clear they were going to be paid, but it was not easy to see how they were going to be fed. That this army should have been already subsisted for three months, without any commissariat, was in itself an extraordinary fact. Day by day the heavy carts had rumbled into Cambridge, bringing from the highlands of Berkshire and Worcester, and from the Merrimac and Connecticut valleys, whatever could in any wise be spared of food, or clothing, or medicines, for the patriot army; and the pleasant fields of Cambridge were a busy scene of kindness and sympathy.

Such means as these, however, could not long be efficient. If war was to be successfully conducted, there must be a commissariat, there must be ammunition, and there must be money. And here Washington found himself confronted with the difficulty which never ceased to vex his noble soul and disturb his best laid schemes until the day when he swooped down upon Cornwallis at Yorktown. He had to keep making the army, with which he was too often expected to fight battles ere it was half made; and in this arduous work he could get but little systematic help from any quarter. At present the difficulty was that there was nowhere any organized government competent to support an army. On Washington's arrival, the force surrounding Boston owed allegiance, as we have seen, to four distinct commonwealths, of which two, indeed, — Connecticut and Rhode Island, — preserving their ancient charters, with

governors elected by themselves, were still in their normal condition. In New Hampshire, on the other hand, the royal governor, Wentworth, whose personal popularity was deservedly great, still kept his place, while Stark and his men had gone to Cambridge in spite of him. In Massachusetts the revolutionary Provincial Congress still survived, but with uncertain powers; even the Continental Congress which adopted the Cambridge army in the name of the United Colonies was simply an advisory body, without the power to raise taxes or to beat up recruits. From this administrative chaos, through which all the colonies, save Connecticut and Rhode Island, were forced to pass in these trying times, Massachusetts was the first to emerge, in July, 1775, by reverting to the provisions of its old charter, and forming a government in which the king's authority was virtually disallowed. A representative assembly was chosen by the people in their town-meetings, according to time-honored precedent; and this new legislature itself elected an annual council of twenty-eight members, to sit as an upper house. James Bowdoin, as president of the council, became chief executive officer of the commonwealth, and John Adams was made chief-justice. Forty thousand pounds were raised by a direct tax on polls and on real estate, and bills of credit were issued for one thousand more. The commonwealth adopted a new field, and a proclamation, issued somewhat later by Chief-Justice Adams, enjoining it upon all people to give loyal obedience to the new government, closed with the significant invocation "God save the people," instead of the customary "God save the king."

In taking this decisive step, Massachusetts was simply the first to act upon the general recommendation of the Continental Congress, that the several colonies should forthwith proceed to frame governments for themselves, based upon the suffrages of the people. From such



a recommendation as this to a formal declaration of independence, the distance to be traversed was not great. Samuel Adams urged that in declaring the colonies independent Congress would be simply recognizing a fact which in reality already existed, and that by thus looking facts squarely in the face the inevitable war might be conducted with far greater efficiency. But he was earnestly and ably opposed by Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, whose arguments for the present prevailed in the Congress. It was felt that the Congress, as a mere advisory body, had no right to take a step of such supreme importance without first receiving explicit instructions from every one of the colonies. Besides this, the thought of separation was still a painful thought to most of the delegates, and it was deemed well worth while to try the effect of one more candid statement of grievances, to be set forth in a petition to his majesty. For like reasons, the Congress did not venture to take measures to increase its own authority; and when Franklin, still thinking of union as he had been thinking for more than twenty years, now brought forward a new scheme, somewhat similar to the Articles of Confederation afterwards adopted, it was set aside as premature. The king was known to be fiercely opposed to any dealings with the colonies as a united body, and so considerate of his feelings were these honest and peace-loving delegates that, after much discussion, they signed their carefully worded petition severally, and not jointly! They signed it as individuals speaking for the people of the American colonies, not as members of an organic body representing the American people. To emphasize still further their conciliatory mood, the delivery of the petition was entrusted to Richard Penn, a descendant of the great Quaker and joint-proprietary in the government of Pennsylvania, an excellent man and an ardent loyalist. At

the same time that this was done, an issue of paper money was made, to be severally guaranteed by the thirteen colonies, and half a million dollars were sent to Cambridge to be used for the army.

Military operations, however, came for the time to a stand-still. While Washington's energies were fully occupied in organizing and drilling his troops, in providing them with powder and ball, in raising lines of fortification, in making good the troublesome vacancies due to short terms of enlistment, and above all in presenting unfailingly a bold front to the enemy; while the encampments about Boston were the daily scene of tedious work, without any immediate prospect of brilliant achievement, the Congress and the people were patiently waiting to hear the result of the last petition that was ever to be sent from these colonies to the king of Great Britain.

Penn made all possible haste, and arrived in London on the 14th of August; but when he got there the king would neither see him, nor receive the petition in any way, directly or indirectly. The Congress was an illegal assembly which had no business to send letters to him: if any one of the colonies wanted to make terms for itself separately, he might be willing to listen to it. But this idea of a united America was something unknown either to law or to reason, something that could not be too summarily frowned down. So while Penn waited about London, the king issued a proclamation; setting forth that many of his subjects in the colonies were in open and armed rebellion, and calling upon all loyal subjects of the realm to assist in bringing to condign punishment the authors and abettors of this foul treason. Having launched this thunderbolt, George sent at once to Russia to see if he could hire 20,000 men to aid in giving it effect, for the "loyal subjects of the realm" were slow in coming

forward. A war against the Americans was not yet popular in England. Lord Chatham withdrew his eldest son, Lord Pitt, from the army, lest he should be called upon to serve against the men who were defending the common liberties of Englishmen. There was, moreover, in England as well as in America, a disgust of regular armies. Recruiting was difficult, and conscription was something that the people would not endure unless England should actually be threatened with invasion. The king had already been obliged to raise a force of his Hanoverian subjects to garrison Minorca and Gibraltar, thus setting free the British defenders of these strongholds for service in America. He had no further resource except in hiring troops from abroad. But his attempt in Russia was not successful, for the Empress Catherine, with all her faults, was not disposed to sell the blood of her subjects. She improved the occasion — as sovereigns and others will sometimes do — by asking George, sarcastically, if he thought it quite compatible with his dignity to employ foreign troops against his own subjects; as for Russian soldiers, she had none to spare for such a purpose. Foiled in this quarter, the king applied to the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, the princes of Waldeck and Anhalt-Zerbst, the Margrave of Anspach-Bayreuth, and the Count of Hesse-Hanau, and succeeded in making a bargain for 20,000 of the finest infantry in Europe, with four good generals, — Riedesel of Brunswick, and Knyphausen, Von Heister, and Donop of Hesse. The hiring of these troops was bitterly condemned by Lord John Cavendish in the House of Commons, and by Lords Camden and Shelburne and the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and Chatham's indignant invectives at a somewhat later date are familiar to every one. It is proper, however, that in such an affair as this we should take care to affix our blame in the right place. The

king might well argue that in carrying on a war for what the majority of Parliament regarded as a righteous object, it was no worse for him to hire men than to buy cannon and ships. The German troops, on their part, might justly complain of Lord Camden for stigmatizing them as "mercenaries," inasmuch as they did not come to America for pay, but because there was no help for it. It was indeed with a heavy heart that these honest men took up their arms to go beyond sea and fight for a cause in which they felt no sort of interest, and great was the mourning over their departure. The persons who really deserved to bear the odium of this transaction were the mercenary princes who thus shamelessly sold their subjects into slavery. It was a striking instance of the demoralization which had been wrought among the petty courts of Germany in the last days of the old empire, and among the German people it excited profound indignation. The popular feeling was well expressed by Schiller, in his *Cabale und Liebe*. Frederick the Great, in a letter to Voltaire, declared himself beyond measure disgusted, and by way of publicly expressing his contempt for the transaction he gave orders to his custom-house officers that upon all such of these soldiers as should pass through Prussian territory a toll should be levied, as upon "cattle exported for foreign shambles."

When the American question was brought up in the autumn session of Parliament, it was treated in the manner with which the Americans had by this time become familiar. A few farsighted men still urged the reasonableness of the American claims, but there was now a great majority against them. In spite of grave warning voices, both houses decided to support the king; and in this they were upheld by the university of Oxford, which a century ago had burned the works of John Milton as "blasphemous," and which now, with

equal felicity, in a formal address to the king, described the Americans as "a people who had forfeited their lives and their fortunes to the justice of the state." At the same time the department of American affairs was taken from the amiable Lord Dartmouth, and given to the truculent Lord George Germaine. Those things were done in November, 1775, and in the preceding month they had been heralded by an act of wanton barbarity on the part of a British naval officer, albeit an unwarranted act, which the British government as promptly as possible disowned. On the 16th of October, Captain Mowatt had sailed with four small vessels into the harbor of Portland (then called Fal-mouth), and with shells and grenades set fire to the little town. St. Paul's Church, all the public buildings, and three fourths of all the dwellings were burned to the ground, and a thousand unoffending men, women, and children were thus turned out-of-doors just as the sharp Maine winter was coming on to starve and freeze them.

The news of the burning of Portland reached Philadelphia on the same day (October 31) with the news that George III. was about to send foreign mercenaries to fight against his American subjects; and now the wrath of Congress was thoroughly kindled, and the party which advised further temporizing was thrown into helpless minority.

"Well, brother rebel," said a Southern member to Samuel Ward, of Rhode Island, "we have now got a sufficient answer to our petition: I want nothing more, but am ready to declare ourselves independent." Congress now advised New Hampshire, Virginia, and South Carolina to frame for themselves new republican governments, as Massachusetts had already done; it urged South Carolina to seize the British vessels in her waters; it appointed a committee to correspond with foreign powers; and above all, it adopted unreservedly the

scheme, already partially carried out, for the expulsion of the British from Canada.

At once upon the outbreak of hostilities at Lexington, the conquest of Canada had been contemplated by the Northern patriots, who well remembered how, in days gone by, the valley of the St. Lawrence had furnished a base for attacks upon the province of New York, which was then the strategic centre of the American world. It was deemed an act of military prudence to secure this region at the outset. But so long as the least hope of conciliation remained, Congress was loath to adopt any measures save such as were purely defensive in character. As we have seen, it was only with reluctance that it had sanctioned the garrisoning of Ticonderoga by the Connecticut troops. But in the course of the summer it was learned that the governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, was about to take steps to recover Ticonderoga; and it was credibly reported that intrigues were going on with the Iroquois tribes, to induce them to harry the New England frontier and the pleasant farms on the Hudson: so that, under these circumstances, the invasion of Canada was now authorized by Congress as a measure of self-defense. An expedition down Lake Champlain, against Montreal, was at once set on foot. As Schuyler, the commander of the northern department, was disabled by ill health, the enterprise was confided to Richard Montgomery, and it could not have been put in better hands. Late in August, Montgomery started from Ticonderoga, and on the 12th of September, with a force of two thousand men, he laid siege to the fortress of St. John's, which commanded the approach to Montreal. Carleton, whose utmost exertions could bring together only some nine hundred men, made heroic but fruitless efforts to stop his progress. After a siege of fifty days, St. John's

surrendered on the 3d of November, and on the 12th Montgomery entered Montreal in triumph. The people of Canada had thus far seemed favorably disposed toward the American invaders, and Montgomery issued a proclamation urging them to lose no time in choosing delegates to attend the Continental Congress.

Meanwhile, in September, Washington had detached from the army at Cambridge one thousand New England infantry, with two companies of Pennsylvania riflemen and Morgan's famous Virginia sharpshooters, and ordered them to advance upon Quebec through the forests of Maine and by way of the rivers Kennebec and Chaudière. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Benedict Arnold, who seems to have been one of the first, if not the first, to suggest it. The enterprise was one to call for all his persistent daring and fertile resource. It was an amphibious journey, as they now rowed their boats with difficulty against the strong, swift current of the Kennebec, and now, carrying boats and oars on their shoulders, forced their way through the tangled undergrowth of the primeval forests. Often they had to wade across perilous bogs, and presently their shoes were cut to pieces by sharp stones, and their clothes torn to shreds by thorns and briars. Their food gave out, and though some small game was shot, their hunger became such that they devoured their dogs. When they reached the head of the Chaudière, after this terrible march of thirty-three days, two hundred of their number had succumbed to starvation, cold, and fatigue, while two hundred more had given out and returned to Massachusetts, carrying with them such of the sick and disabled as they could save. The descent of the Chaudière in their boats afforded some chance for rest, and presently they began to find cattle for food. At last, on the 13th of November, the next day

after Montgomery's capture of Montreal, they crossed the broad St. Lawrence, and climbed the Heights of Abraham at the very place where Wolfe had climbed to victory sixteen years ago. There was splendid bravado in Arnold's advancing to the very gates with his little, worn-out army, now reduced to seven hundred men, and summoning the garrison either to come out and fight, or to surrender the town. But the garrison very properly would neither surrender nor fight. The town had been warned in time, and Arnold had no alternative but to wait for Montgomery to join him. Six days afterward, Carleton, disguised as a farmer, and ferried down stream in a little boat, found his way into Quebec; and on the 3d of December, Montgomery made his appearance with a small force, which raised the number of the Americans to twelve hundred men. As Carleton persistently refused to come out of his defenses, it was resolved to carry the works by storm, — a chivalrous, nay, one might almost say, a foolhardy decision, had it not been so nearly justified by the event. On the last day of 1775, England came within an ace of losing Quebec. At two o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snowstorm, Montgomery and Arnold began each a furious attack, at opposite sides of the town; and aided by the surprise, each came near carrying his point. Montgomery had almost forced his way in when he fell dead, pierced by three bullets; and this so chilled the enthusiasm of his men that they flagged, until reinforcements drove them back. Arnold, on his side, was severely wounded and carried from the field; but the indomitable Morgan took his place, and his Virginia company stormed the battery opposed to them, and fought their way far into the town. Had the attack on the other side been kept up with equal vigor, as it might have been but for Montgomery's death, Quebec must have fallen. As it was, Morgan's tri-

umphant advance only served to isolate him, and presently he and his gallant company were surrounded and captured. With the failure of this desperate attack passed away the golden opportunity for taking the citadel of Canada. Arnold remained throughout the winter in the neighborhood of Quebec, and in the spring the enterprise was taken up by Wooster and Sullivan with fresh forces. But by this time many Hessians had come over, and Carleton, reinforced until his army numbered 13,000, was enabled to recapture Montreal and push back the Americans, until in June, after a hazardous retreat, well conducted by Sullivan, the remnant of their invading army found shelter at Crown Point. Such was the disastrous ending of a campaign which at the outset had promised a brilliant success, and which is deservedly famous for the heroism and skill with which it was conducted. The generalship of Montgomery received the warm approval of no less a critic than Frederick the Great; and the chivalrous bravery of Arnold, both in his march through the wilderness and in the military operations which followed, was such that if a kind fate could then and there have cut the thread of his life, he would have left behind him a sweet and shining memory. As for the attempt to bring Canada into the American union, it was one which had no hope of success save through a strong display of military force. The sixteen years which had elapsed since the victory of Wolfe had not transformed the Canadian of the old *régime* into a free-born Englishman. The question at present for him was only that of a choice of allegiance; and while at first the invaders were favorably received, it soon became apparent that between the Catholic and the Puritan there could be but little real sympathy. The Quebec Act, which legalized Catholic worship in Canada, had done much toward securing England's hold upon this part of her Ameri-

can possessions. And although, in the colorless political condition of this northern province, the capture of Quebec might well have brought it into the American union, where it would gradually have taken on a fresh life, as surely as it has done under British guidance, yet nothing short of such a military occupation could have had any effect in determining its languid preferences.

While Canada was thus freed from the presence of the Continental troops, the British army, on the other hand, was driven from Boston, and New England was cleared of the enemy. During the autumn and winter, Washington had drawn his lines as closely as possible about the town, while engaged in the work of organizing and equipping his army. The hardest task was to collect a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, and to bring together siege-guns. As the season wore on, the country grew impatient, and Washington sometimes had to listen to criticisms like those that were directed against McClellan in Virginia, at the beginning of 1862, or against Grant before Vicksburg, in the spring of 1863. President Hancock, who owned a great deal of property in Boston, urged him to set fire to the town and destroy it, if by so doing he could drive the British to their ships. But Washington had planned much more wisely. By the 1st of March a great quantity of cannon had been brought in by Henry Knox, some of them dragged on sledges all the way from Ticonderoga, and so at last Washington felt himself prepared to seize upon Dorchester Heights. This position commanded the town and harbor even more effectually than Bunker Hill, and why in all these months General Howe had not occupied it one would find it hard to say. He was bitterly attacked for his remissness by the British newspapers, as was quite natural.

Washington chose for his decisive movement the night of the 4th of March. Eight hundred men led the

way, escorting the wagons laden with spades and crowbars, hatchets, hammers, and nails; and after them followed twelve hundred men, with three hundred ox-carts, carrying timbers, and bales of hay; while the rear was brought up by the heavy siege-guns. From Somerville, East Cambridge, and Roxbury, a furious cannonade was begun soon after sunset and kept up through the night, completely absorbing the attention of the British, who kept up a lively fire in return. The roar of the cannon drowned every other sound for miles around, while all night long the two thousand Americans, having done their short march in perfect secrecy, were busily digging and building on Dorchester Heights, and dragging their siege-guns into position. Early next morning, Howe saw with astonishment what had been done, and began to realize his perilous situation. The commander of the fleet sent word that unless the Americans could be forthwith dislodged, he could not venture to keep his ships in the harbor. Most of the day was consumed in deciding what should be done, until at last, Lord Percy was told to take three thousand men and storm the works. But the slaughter of Bunker Hill had taught its lesson so well that neither Percy nor his men had any stomach for such an enterprise. A violent storm, coming up toward nightfall, persuaded them to delay the attack till next day, and by that time it had become apparent to all that the American works, continually growing, had become impregnable. Percy's orders were accordingly countermanded, and it was decided to abandon the town immediately. It was the sixth anniversary of the day on which Samuel Adams had overawed Hutchinson, and forced him to withdraw his two British regiments from Boston. The work then begun was now consummated by Washington, and from that time forth the deliverance of Massa-

chusetts was complete. Howe caused it at once to be known among the citizens that he was about to evacuate Boston, but he threatened to lay the town in ashes if his troops should be fired on. The selectmen conveyed due information of all this to Washington, who accordingly, secure in the achievement of his purpose, allowed the enemy to depart in peace. By the 17th, the eight thousand troops were all on board their ships, and, taking with them all the Tory citizens, some nine hundred in number, they sailed away for Halifax. Their means did not permit them to carry away their heavy arms, and their retreat, slow as it was, bore marks of hurry and confusion. In taking possession of the town, Washington captured more than two hundred serviceable cannon, ten times more powder and ball than his army had ever seen before, and an immense quantity of muskets, gun-carriages, and military stores of every sort. Thus was New England set free by a single brilliant stroke, with very slight injury to private property, and with a total loss of not more than twenty lives.

The time was now fairly ripe for the colonies to declare themselves independent of Great Britain. The idea of a separation from the mother country, which in the autumn had found but few supporters, grew in favor day by day through the winter and spring. The incongruousness of the present situation was well typified by the flag which Washington flung to the breeze on New Year's Day at Cambridge, which was made up of thirteen stripes, to represent the United Colonies, but which retained the cross of St. George in the corner. Thus far, said Benjamin Harrison, they had contrived to "hobble along under a fatal attachment to Great Britain," but the time had come when one must consider the welfare of one's own country first of all. As Samuel Adams said, their petitions had not



been heard, and yet had been answered by armies and fleets, and by myrmidons hired from abroad. Nothing had made a greater impression upon the American people than this hiring of German troops. It went farther than any other single cause to ripen their minds for the declaration of independence. Many now began to agree with the Massachusetts statesman; and while public opinion was in this malleable condition, there appeared a pamphlet which wrought a prodigious effect upon the people, mainly because it gave terse and vigorous expression to views which every one had already more than half formed for himself.

Thomas Paine had come over to America in December, 1774, and through the favor of Franklin had secured employment as editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. He was by nature a dissenter and a revolutionist to the marrow of his bones. Full of the generous though often blind enthusiasm of the eighteenth century for the "rights of man," he was no respecter of the established order, whether in church or state. To him the church and its doctrines meant slavish superstition, and the state meant tyranny. Of crude and undisciplined mind, and quite devoid of scholarship, yet endowed with native acuteness and sagacity, and with no mean power of expressing himself, Paine succeeded in making everybody read what he wrote, and achieved a popular reputation out of all proportion to his real merit. Among devout American families his name is still a name of horror and opprobrium, and uneducated freethinkers still build lecture-halls in honor of his memory, and celebrate the anniversary of his birthday, with speeches full of dismal platitudes. The Age of Reason, which was the cause of all this singular blessing and banning, contains, amid much crude argument, some sound and sensible criticism, such as is often far exceeded in boldness in the books and sermons of

Unitarian and Episcopalian divines of the present day; but its tone is coarse and dull, and with the improvement of popular education it is fast sinking into complete and deserved oblivion. There are times, however, when such caustic pamphleteers as Thomas Paine have their uses. There are times when they can bring about results which are not so easily achieved by men of finer mould and more subtle intelligence. It was at just such a time, in January, 1776, that Paine published his pamphlet, *Common Sense*, on the suggestion of Benjamin Rush, and with the approval of Franklin and of Samuel Adams. The pamphlet is full of scurrilous abuse of the English people, and resorts to such stupid arguments as the denial of the English origin of the Americans. Not one third of the people, *even* of Pennsylvania, are of English descent, argues Paine, as if Pennsylvania had been preëminent among the colonies for its English blood, and not, as in reality, perhaps the least English of all the thirteen save New York. But along with all this stuff there was a sensible and striking statement of the practical state of the case between England and the colonies. The reasons were shrewdly and vividly set forth for looking upon reconciliation as hopeless, and for seizing the present moment to declare to the world what the logic of events was already fast making an accomplished fact. Only thus, it was urged, could the States of America pursue a coherent and well-defined policy, and preserve their dignity in the eyes of the world.

It was difficult for the printers, with the clumsy presses of that day, to bring out copies of *Common Sense* fast enough to meet the demand for it. More than a hundred thousand copies were speedily sold, and it carried conviction wherever it went. At the same time, Parliament did its best to reinforce the argument by passing an act to close all American ports, and authorize the confiscation of



all American ships and cargoes, as well as of such neutral vessels as might dare to trade with this proscribed people. And, as if this were not quite enough, a clause was added by which British commanders on the high seas were directed to impress the crews of such American ships as they might meet, and to compel them, under penalty of death, to enter the service against their fellow-countrymen. In reply to this edict, Congress, in March, ordered the ports of America to be thrown open to all nations; it issued letters of marque, and it advised all the colonies to disarm such Tories as should refuse to contribute to the common defense. These measures, as Franklin said, were virtually a declaration of war against Great Britain. But before taking the last irrevocable step, the prudent Congress waited for instructions from every one of the colonies.

The first colony to take decisive action in behalf of independence was North Carolina, a commonwealth in which the king had supposed the outlook to be especially favorable for the loyalist party. Recovered in some measure from the extreme turbulence of its earlier days, North Carolina was fast becoming a prosperous community of small planters, and its population had increased so rapidly that it now ranked fourth among the colonies, immediately after Pennsylvania. Since the overthrow of the Pretender at Culloden there had been a great immigration of sturdy Scots from the western Highlands, in which the clans of Macdonald and Macleod were especially represented. The celebrated Flora Macdonald herself, the romantic woman who saved Charles Edward in 1746, had lately come over here and settled at Kingsborough with Allan Macdonald, her husband. These Scottish immigrants also helped to colonize the upland regions of South Carolina and Georgia, and they have powerfully affected the race composition of the Southern people, forming an ancestry

of which their descendants may well be proud. Though these Highland clansmen had taken part in the Stuart insurrection, they had become loyal enough to the government of George III., and it was now hoped that with their aid the colonies might be firmly secured, and its neighbors on either side overawed. To this end, in January, Sir Henry Clinton, taking with him 2000 troops, left Boston and sailed for the Cape Fear River, while a force of seven regiments and ten ships-of-war, under Sir Peter Parker, was ordered from Ireland to cooperate with him. At the same time, Martin, the royal governor, who for safety had retired on board a British ship, carried on negotiations with the Highlanders, until a force of 1600 men was raised, and, under command of Donald Macdonald, marched down toward the coast to welcome the arrival of Clinton. But North Carolina had its minute-men as well as Massachusetts, and no sooner was this movement perceived than Colonel Richard Caswell, with 1000 militia, took up a strong position at the bridge over Moore's Creek, which Macdonald was about to pass on his way to the coast. After a sharp fight of a half hour's duration the Scots were seized with panic, and were utterly routed. Nine hundred prisoners, 2000 stand of arms, and £15,000 in gold were the trophies of Caswell's victory. The Scottish commander and his kinsman, the husband of Flora Macdonald, were taken and lodged in jail, and thus ended the sway of George III. over North Carolina. The effect of the victory was as contagious as that of Lexington had been in New England. Within ten days 10,000 militia were ready to withstand the enemy, so that Clinton, on his arrival, decided not to land, and stayed cruising about Albermarle Sound, waiting for the fleet under Parker, which did not appear on the scene until May. A provincial congress was forthwith assembled, and instruc-

tions were sent to the North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress, empowering them "to concur with the delegates in the other colonies in declaring independency and forming foreign alliances, reserving to the colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for it."

At the same time that these things were taking place, the colony of South Carolina was framing for itself a new government, and on the 23d of March, without directly alluding to independence, it empowered its delegates to concur in any measure which might be deemed essential to the welfare of America. In Georgia the provincial congress, in choosing a new set of delegates to Philadelphia, authorized them to "join in any measure which they might think calculated for the common good." In Virginia the party in favor of independence had been in the minority, until, in November, 1775, the royal governor, Lord Dunmore, had issued a proclamation, offering freedom to all such negroes and indented white servants as might enlist for the purpose of "reducing the colony to a proper sense of its duty." This truculent measure Lord Dunmore hoped would "oblige the rebels to disperse, in order to take care of their families and property." But the object was not attained. The relations between master and slave in Virginia were so pleasant that the offer of freedom fell upon dull, uninterested ears. With light work and generous fare, the condition of the Virginia negro was a happy one. The time had not yet come when he was liable to be torn from wife and children, to die of hardship in the cotton-fields and rice-swamps of the far South. He was proud of his connection with his master's estate and family, and had nothing to gain by rebellion. As for the indented white servants, the governor's proposal to them was of about as much consequence as a proclamation of Napoleon's would have been

if, in 1805, he had offered to set free all the prisoners in Newgate on condition of their helping him to invade England. But, impotent as this measure of Lord Dunmore's was, it served to enrage the people of Virginia, setting their minds irretrievably against the king and his cause. During the month of November, hearing that a party of "rebels" were on their way from North Carolina to take possession of Norfolk, Lord Dunmore built a rude fort at the Great Bridge over Elizabeth River, which commanded the southern approach to the town. At that time, Norfolk, with about 9000 inhabitants, was the principal town in Virginia, and the commercial centre of the colony. The loyalist party, represented chiefly by Scottish merchants, was so strong there and so violent that many of the native Virginia families, finding it uncomfortable to stay in their homes, had gone away into the country. The patriots, roused to anger by Dunmore's proclamation, now resolved to capture Norfolk, and a party of sharpshooters, with whom the illustrious John Marshall served as lieutenant, occupied the bank of Elizabeth River, opposite Dunmore's fort. On the 9th of December, after a sharp fight of fifteen minutes, in which Dunmore's regulars lost sixty-one men, while not a single Virginian was slain, the fort was hastily abandoned, and the road to Norfolk was laid open for the patriots. A few days later the Virginians took possession of their town, while Dunmore sought refuge in the Liverpool, ship-of-the-line, which had just sailed into the harbor. On New Year's Day the governor vindictively set fire to the town, which he had been unable to hold against its rightful owners. The conflagration, kindled by shells from the harbor, raged for three days and nights, until the whole town was laid in ashes, and the people were driven to seek such sorry shelter as might save them from the frosts of midwinter.

This event went far toward determining the attitude of Virginia. In November the colony had not felt ready to comply with the recommendation of Congress, and frame for herself a new government. The people were not yet ready to sever the links which bound them to Great Britain. But the bombardment of their principal town was an argument of which every one could appreciate the force and the meaning. During the winter and spring the revolutionary feeling waxed in strength daily. On the 6th of May, 1776, a convention was chosen to consider the question of independence. Mason, Henry, Pendleton, and the illustrious Madison took part in the discussion, and on the 14th it was unanimously voted to instruct the Virginia delegates in Congress "to propose to that respectable body to declare the United Colonies free and independent States," and to "give the assent of the colony to measures to form foreign alliances and a confederation, provided the power of forming government for the internal regulations of each colony be left to the colonial legislatures." At the same time, it was voted that the people of Virginia should establish a new government for their commonwealth. In the evening, when these decisions had been made known to the people of Williamsburgh, their exultation knew no bounds. While the air was musical with the ringing of church-bells, guns were fired, and the British flag was hauled down at the State House, and the thirteen stripes hoisted in its place. This decisive movement of the largest of the colonies was hailed throughout the country with eager delight; and from other colonies which had not yet committed themselves responses came quickly. Rhode Island, which had never parted with its original charter, did not need to form a new government, but it had already, on the 4th of May, omitted the king's name from its public documents and sheriff's writs, and had agreed to concur with

any measures which Congress might see fit to adopt regarding the relations between England and America. In the course of the month of May town-meetings were held throughout Massachusetts and it was everywhere unanimously voted to uphold Congress in the declaration of independence which it was now expected to make.

On the 15th of May, Congress adopted a resolution recommending to all the colonies to form for themselves independent governments, and in a preamble, written by John Adams, it was declared that the American people could no longer conscientiously take oath to support any government deriving its authority from the Crown; all such governments must now be suppressed, since the king had withdrawn his protection from the inhabitants of the United Colonies. Like the famous preamble to Townshend's bill of 1767, this Adams preamble contained within itself the gist of the whole matter. To adopt it was virtually to cross the Rubicon, and it gave rise to a hot debate. Duane, of New York, admitted that if the facts stated in the preamble should turn out to be true, there would not be a single voice against independence; but he could not yet believe that the American petitions were not destined to receive a favorable answer. "Why," therefore, "all this haste? Why this urging? Why this driving?" James Wilson, a very able member from Pennsylvania, urged that Congress had not yet received sufficient authority from the people to justify it in taking so bold a step. The resolution was adopted, however, preamble and all: and now the affair came quickly to maturity. "The Gordian knot is cut at last!" exclaimed John Adams. In town-meeting the people of Boston thus instructed their delegates: "The whole United Colonies are upon the verge of a glorious revolution. We have seen the petitions to the king rejected with disdain. For

the prayer of peace he has tendered the sword; for liberty, chains; for safety, death. Loyalty to him is now treason to our country. We think it absolutely impracticable for these colonies to be ever again subject to or dependent upon Great Britain, without endangering the very existence of the state. Placing, however, unbounded confidence in the supreme council of the Congress, we are determined to wait, most patiently wait, till their wisdom shall dictate the necessity of making a declaration of independence. In case the Congress should think it necessary for the safety of the United Colonies to declare them independent of Great Britain, the inhabitants, with their lives and the remnant of their fortunes, will most cheerfully support them in the measure."

This dignified and temperate expression of public opinion was published in a Philadelphia evening paper, on the 8th of June. On the preceding day, in accordance with the instructions which had come from Virginia, the following motion had been submitted to Congress by Richard Henry Lee: —

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies, for their consideration and approbation."

In these trying times the two greatest colonies, Virginia and Massachusetts, had been wont to go hand in hand; and the motion of Richard Henry Lee was now promptly seconded by John Adams. It was resisted by Dickinson and Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and by R. R. Liv-

ingston, of New York, on the ground that public opinion in the middle colonies was not yet ripe for supporting such a measure; at the same time these cautious members freely acknowledged that the lingering hope of an amicable settlement with Great Britain had come to be quite chimerical. The prospect of securing European alliances was freely discussed. The supporters of the motion urged that a declaration of independence would be nothing more than the acknowledgment of a fact which existed already; and until this fact should be formally acknowledged, it was not to be supposed that diplomatic courtesy would allow such powers as France or Spain to treat with the Americans. On the other hand, the opponents of the motion argued that France and Spain were not likely to look with favor upon the rise of a great Protestant power in the western hemisphere, and that nothing would be easier than for these nations to make a bargain with England, whereby Canada might be restored to France and Florida to Spain, in return for military aid in putting down the rebellious colonies. The result of the whole discussion was decidedly in favor of a declaration of independence; but to avoid all appearance of undue haste, it was decided, on the motion of Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, to postpone the question for three weeks, and invite the judgment of those colonies which had not yet declared themselves.

Under these circumstances, the several colonies acted with a promptness that outstripped the expectations of Congress. Connecticut had no need of a new government, for, like Rhode Island, she had always kept the charter obtained from Lord Clarendon in 1662, she had always chosen her own governor, and had always been virtually independent of Great Britain. Nothing now was necessary but to omit the king's name from legal documents and commercial papers, and to instruct her delegates in

Congress to support Lee's motion; and these things were done by the Connecticut legislature on the 14th of June. The very next day, New Hampshire, which had formed a new government as long ago as January, joined Connecticut in declaring for independence. In New Jersey there was a sharp dispute. The royal governor, William Franklin, had a strong party in the colony; and the assembly had lately instructed its delegates to vote against independence, and had resolved to send a separate petition to the king. Against so rash and dangerous a step, Dickinson, Jay, and Wythe were sent by Congress to remonstrate; and as the result of their intercession, the assembly, which yielded, was summarily prorogued by the governor. A provincial congress was at once chosen in its stead. On the 16th of June, the governor was arrested and sent to Connecticut for safe-keeping; on the 21st, it was voted to frame a new government; and on the 22d, a new set of delegates were elected to Congress, with instructions to support the declaration of independence. In Pennsylvania there was hot discussion, for the whole strength of the proprietary government was thrown into the scale against independence, and the proprietary government was so very popular that many of the most enthusiastic advocates of independence were loath to interfere with it. Among the Quakers there was a strong disposition to avoid an armed conflict, on any terms. A little while before, they had held a convention, in which it was resolved that "the setting up and putting down kings and governments is God's peculiar prerogative, for causes best known to himself, and that it is not our business to have any hand or contrivance therein; nor to be busybodies above our station, much less to plot and contrive the ruin or overturn of any of them, but to pray for the king and safety of our nation and good of all men; that we may lead a peace-

able and quiet life in all goodness and honesty, under the government which God is pleased to set over us. May we, therefore, firmly unite in the abhorrence of all such writings and measures as evidence a desire and design to break off a happy connection we have hitherto enjoyed with the kingdom of Great Britain, and our just and necessary subordination to the king and those who are lawfully placed in authority under him." This view of the case soon met with a pithy rejoinder from Samuel Adams, who, with a quaint use of historical examples, proved that, as the rise of kings and empires is part of God's special prerogative, the time had now come, in the course of divine providence, for the setting up of an independent empire in the western hemisphere. Six months ago, the provincial assembly had instructed its delegates to oppose independence; but on the 20th of May a great meeting was held at the State House, at which more than seven thousand people were present, and it was unanimously resolved that this act of the assembly "had the dangerous tendency to withdraw this province from that happy union with the other colonies which we consider both our glory and our protection." The effect of this resolution was so great that on the 18th of June a convention was held to decide on the question of independence; and after six days of discussion, it was voted that a separation from Great Britain was desirable, provided only that, under the new federal government, each State should be left to regulate its own internal affairs. On the 14th of June, a similar action had been taken by Delaware.

In Maryland there was little reason why the people should wish for a change of government, save through their honorable sympathy with the general interests of the United Colonies. Not only was the proprietary government deeply rooted in the affections of the people, but Robert Eden, the governor holding

office at this particular time, was greatly loved and respected. Maryland had not been insulted by the presence of troops. She had not seen her citizens shot down in cold blood, like Massachusetts, or her chief city laid in ashes, like Virginia; nor had she been threatened with invasion and forced to fight in her own defense, like North Carolina. Her direct grievances were few and light, and even so late as the 21st of May she had protested against any action which might lead to the separation of the colonies from England. But when, in June, her great leaders, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, determined to "take the sense of the people," a series of county meetings were held, and it was unanimously voted that "the true interests and substantial happiness of the United Colonies in general, and this in particular, are inseparably interwoven and linked together." As soon as the colony had taken its stand upon this broad and generous principle, the governor embarked on a British man-of-war before Annapolis, bearing with him the kindly regrets and adieus of the people, and on the 28th of June the delegates in Congress were duly authorized to concur in a declaration of independence.

Peaceful Maryland was thus the twelfth colony which formally committed itself to the cause of independence, as turbulent North Carolina, under the stimulus of civil war and threatened invasion, had been the first. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the day when the motion of Richard Henry Lee was to be taken up in Congress, unanimous instructions in favor of independence had been received from every one of the colonies, except New York. In approaching this momentous question, New York was beset by peculiar difficulties. Not only was the Tory party unusually strong there, for reasons already stated, but the risks involved in a revolutionary policy were greater than anywhere else.

From its commanding military position, it was clear that the British would direct their main efforts toward the conquest of this central colony; and while on the one hand the broad, deep waters about Manhattan Island afforded an easy entrance for their resistless fleet, on the other hand the failure of the Canadian expedition had laid the whole country open to invasion from the north, and the bloodthirsty warriors of the Long House were not likely to let slip so excellent an opportunity for gathering scalps from the exposed settlements on the frontier. Not only was it probable, for these reasons, that New York would suffer more than any other colony from the worst horrors of war, but as a great commercial State with only a single seaport, the very sources of her life would be threatened should the British once gain a foothold upon Manhattan Island. The fleet of Lord Howe was daily expected in the harbor, and it was known that the army which had been ousted from Boston, now largely reinforced, was on its way from Halifax to undertake the capture of the city of New York. To guard against this expected danger, Washington had some weeks since moved his army thither from Boston; but his whole effective force did not exceed eight thousand men, and with these he was obliged to garrison points so far apart as King's Bridge, Paulus Hook, Governor's Island, and Brooklyn Heights. The position was far less secure than it had been about Boston, for British ships could here come up the Hudson and East rivers, and interpose between these isolated detachments. As for Staten Island, Washington had not troops enough to occupy it at all, so that when General Howe arrived, on the 28th of June, he was allowed to land there without opposition. It was a bitter thing for Washington to be obliged to permit this, but there was no help for it. Not only in numbers, but in equipment, Washington's force was utterly



inadequate to the important task assigned it, and Congress had done nothing to increase its efficiency beyond ordering a levy of twenty-five thousand militia from New England and the middle colonies, to serve for six months only.

Under these circumstances, the military outlook, in case the war were to go on, was certainly not encouraging, and the people of New York might well be excused for some tardiness in committing themselves irrevocably on the question of independence, especially as it was generally understood that Lord Howe was coming armed with plenary authority to negotiate with the American people. To all the other dangers of the situation there was added that of treachery in the camp. Governor Tryon, like so many of the royal governors that year, had taken refuge on shipboard, whence he schemed and plotted with his friends on shore. A plan was devised for blowing up the magazines and seizing Washington, who was either to be murdered or carried on board ship to be tried for treason, according as the occasion might suggest. The conspiracy was discovered in good time; the mayor of New York, convicted of correspondence with Tryon, was thrown into jail, and one of Washington's own guard, who had been bribed to aid the nefarious scheme, was summarily hanged in a field near the Bowery. Such a discovery as this served only to throw discredit upon the Tory party. The patriots took a bolder stand than ever, but when the 1st of July came it found the discussion still going on, and the New York delegates in Congress were still without instructions.

On the 1st of July Congress resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to "take into consideration the resolution respecting independency." As Richard Henry Lee was absent, John Adams, who had seconded the motion, was called upon to defend it, which he did in a pow-

erful speech. He was ably opposed by John Dickinson, who urged that the country ought not to be rashly committed to a position, to recede from which would be infamous, while to persist in it might entail certain ruin. A declaration of independence would not strengthen the resources of the country by a single regiment or a single cask of powder, while it would shut the door upon all hope of accommodation with Great Britain. And as to the prospect of an alliance with France and Spain, would it not be well to obtain some definite assurances from these powers before proceeding to extremities? Besides all this, argued Dickinson, the terms of confederation among the colonies were still unsettled, and any declaration of independence, to have due weight with the world, ought to be preceded by the establishment of a federal government. The boundaries of the several colonies ought first to be fixed, and their respective rights mutually guaranteed; and the public lands ought also to be solemnly appropriated for the common benefit. Then, the orator concluded, "when things shall have been thus deliberately rendered firm at home and favorable abroad, — then let America, *attollens humeris famam et fata nepotum*, bearing up her glory and the destiny of her descendants, advance with majestic steps, and assume her station among the sovereigns of the world."

That there was great weight in some of these considerations was shown only too plainly by subsequent events. But the argument as a whole was open to the fatal objection that if the American people were to wait for all these great questions to be settled before taking a decisive step, they would never be able to take a decisive step at all. The wise statesman regards half a loaf as better than no bread. Independent action on the part of all the colonies except New York had now become an accomplished fact. All were really in rebellion, and



their cause could not fail to gain in dignity and strength by announcing itself to the world in its true character. Such was now the general feeling of the committee. When the question was put to vote, the New York delegates were excused, as they had no sufficient instructions. Of the three delegates from Delaware, one was absent, one voted yea, and one nay, so that the vote of the colony was lost. Pennsylvania declared in the negative by four votes against three. South Carolina also declared in the negative, but with the intimation from Edward Rutledge that it might not unlikely reverse its vote, in deference to the majority. The other nine colonies all voted in the affirmative, and the resolution was reported as agreed to by a two-thirds vote. On the next day, when the vote was formally taken in regular session of Congress, the Delaware members were all present, and the affirmative vote of that colony was secured; Dickinson and Morris stayed away, thus reversing the vote of Pennsylvania; and the South Carolina members changed for the sake of unanimity.

Thus was the Declaration of Independence at last resolved upon, by the unanimous vote of twelve colonies, on the 2d of July, 1776; and this work having been done, Congress at once went into committee of the whole, to consider the forms of declaration which should be adopted. That no time might be lost in disposing of this important matter, a committee had already been selected three weeks before, at the time of Lee's motion, to draw up a paper which might be worthy of this great and solemn occasion. Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston were the members of the committee, and Jefferson, as representing the colony which had introduced the resolution of independence, was chosen to be the author of the Declaration. Jefferson, then but thirty-three years of age, was one of the

youngest delegates in Congress; but of all the men of that time, there was, perhaps, none of wider culture or keener political instincts. Inheriting an ample fortune, he had chosen the law as his profession, but he had always been passionately fond of study for its own sake, and to a very wide reading in history and in ancient and modern literature he added no mean proficiency in mathematics and in physical science. He was skilled in horsemanship and other manly exercises, and in the management of rural affairs; while at the same time he was very sensitively and delicately organized, playing the violin like a master, and giving other evidences of rare musical talent. His temper was exceedingly placid, and his disposition was sweet and sympathetic. He was deeply interested in all the generous theories of the eighteenth century concerning the rights of man and the perfectibility of human nature; and, like most of the contemporary philosophers whom he admired, he was not only a foe to intolerance and priestcraft, but was inclined to look upon all forms of supernatural religion with condemnation. He was in no way a profound and original thinker, like Madison or Hamilton, nor was he a grand and heroic character, like Washington or Samuel Adams, but as a political leader he was, perhaps, superior to any other man of his age; and his warm sympathies, his almost feminine tact, his mastery of the dominant political ideas of the time, and, above all, his unbounded faith in the common sense of the people and in their essential rectitude of purpose served to give him a great and commanding position in American history.

\* On the evening of the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted by twelve colonies, the delegation from New York, still remaining unable to act. But the acquiescence of that colony was so generally counted upon that there was no

drawback to the exultation of the people. All over the country the Declaration was received with bonfires, with the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and with torchlight processions. Now that the great question was settled there was a general feeling of relief. "The people," said Samuel Adams, "seem to recognize this resolution as though it were a decree promulgated from heaven." On the 9th of July it was formally adopted by New York, and the soldiers there threw down the leaden statue of George III. on the Bowling Green, and cast it into bullets.

Thus, after eleven years of irritation, and after such calm and temperate discussion as befitted a free and noble people, the Americans had at last entered upon the only course that could preserve their self-respect, and guarantee them in the great part which they had to play in the drama of civilization. For the dignity, patience, and moderation with which they had borne themselves throughout these trying times, human history had as yet scarcely afforded a parallel. So extreme had been their forbearance, so great their unwillingness to appeal to brute force while there yet remained the slightest hope of a peaceful solution, that some British historians have gone quite astray in interpreting their conduct. Because statesmen like Dickinson and communities like Maryland were slow in believing that the right moment for a declaration of independence had come, the preposterous theory has been suggested that the American Revolution was the work of an unscrupulous and desperate minority, which, through intrigue mingled with violence, succeeded in forcing the reluctant majority to sanction its measures. Such a misconception has its root in an utter failure to comprehend the peculiar character of American political life, like the kindred misconception which ascribes the rebellion of the colonies to a sordid unwillingness

to bear their due share of the expenses of the British Empire. It is like the misunderstanding which saw an angry mob in every town-meeting of the people of Boston, and characterized as a "riot" every deliberate expression of public opinion. No one who is familiar with the essential features of American political life can for a moment suppose that the Declaration of Independence was brought about by any less weighty force than the settled conviction of the people that the priceless treasure of self-government could be preserved by no other means. It was but slowly that this unwelcome conviction grew upon the people; and owing to local differences of circumstances it grew more slowly in some places than in others. Prescient leaders, too, like the Adamses and Franklin and Lee, made up their minds sooner than other people. Even those conservatives who resisted to the last, even such men as John Dickinson and Robert Morris, were fully agreed with their opponents as to the principle at issue between Great Britain and America, and nothing would have satisfied them short of the total abandonment by Great Britain of her pretensions to impose taxes and revoke charters. Upon this fundamental point there was very little difference of opinion in America. As to the related question of independence, the decision, when once reached, was everywhere alike the reasonable result of free and open discussion; and the best possible illustration of this is the fact that not even in the darkest days of the war already begun did any State deliberately propose to reconsider its action in the matter. The hand once put to the plough, there was no turning back. As Judge Drayton, of South Carolina, said from the bench, "A decree is now gone forth not to be recalled, and thus has suddenly risen in the world a new empire, styled the United States of America."

*John Fiske.*

## A LOVER'S CONSCIENCE.

SHE was urging upon him the point that life is but a dream, and that all things should be done with reference to the great hereafter. She was eighteen, and he was twenty-two. They were far out on Lake Champlain, skating. All sounds seemed to have died on the distant shore.

They paused, hand in hand, and looked around them. It was a still, February day, full of beautiful winter sunshine. Here and there, far off on the snowy floor of the wide valley, they saw black specks, which they knew to be teams, crawling like insects over the white waste. On the western side, mountains rose in precipitous grandeur, their dark, spruce-covered summits cutting a jagged line against the pale blue steel of the northern sky. On the eastern shore was Vermont; and they saw in that direction, by the brink of the lake, Burlington, the city of the valley, so diminished by distance that its wharves and houses and leafless trees could scarcely be distinguished. They saw more plainly the smoke of its chimneys staining the sky with a blur of amber. There were the homes from which they had ventured out seven miles upon the ice, regardless of cracks and air-holes. The glide had been rapid and exhilarating. The pause enabled them to realize how still it was so far away from human habitations, and how impressive the prospect.

"But we do know perfectly well, Malcolm," said Miss Warrington, resuming their conversation on the everlasting subject, "that this outward existence is merely a fleeting shadow, and has not the least real substance."

Mr. Malcolm Bruce was aware of this fact. He had supposed otherwise in his natural state, while he remained a boy at home on a stump farm in Canada; but on coming to college, at Burlington, he

had found out how it was. His interest in the matter had not been very great, however, until he made the acquaintance of Anna Warrington. It might not have been engrossing even then if he had not fallen in love with the young lady. But his ardent feeling and her spirituality and acuteness led him on. She saw clearly that life is an incident only, a mere step, a trifle in the endless march of eternity; and she made Malcolm see it also. Out there on the ice, that February day, their minds were full of these "inspirations."

Miss Warrington was not a student in the college (for this was before women were admitted to the University of Vermont), but she ought to have been; it would have saved her from grievous mistakes. As it was, she merely "investigated," and delighted in the philosophical studies as she misunderstood them. She was quite diligent in reading profound works. She was not accurate, because she was without suitable training; but she was very enthusiastic. It was her notion to carry out in practice some of those valuable abstract conclusions which in education do not seem to form the common mind. She thought it consistent even then (before the subject had been treated by novelists) to stand guard over the conjugal rights of dead people. And as matters turned out with Anna Warrington, there need be no hesitation in saying that she was sincere in her transcendental view that, with philosophical people, marriage ought to be, and is, an institution not so much for time as for eternity. It was the union of souls, the blending of kindred spirits, that she commended.

If Nature ever smiles, as frequently asserted, she probably did so on this occasion, when this highly sensitive young woman pleaded with her companion,

and actually shed tears as she pictured the grief of a wife departed looking from the realms above upon her partner's second venture in the matrimonial market.

To this situation had Miss Anna been brought by shallow learning, unbridled romance, and that kind of crisis in her experience usually called a disappointment.

Malcolm knew nothing about her sentimental misfortune. It was not known to anybody in Burlington except two excellent unmarried women, who were distant relatives of Anna's, and at whose home she was visiting. She was a stranger in the verdant little city, and her residence (except that she was from the South) was unknown. But her interest in the peculiar philosophy of the college and in poetry and metaphysics was so rank a growth that various people besides Malcolm were aware of it.

It is not the plan of this narrative to leave the pair on the ice any longer. They reached home at four o'clock in the afternoon, with good appetites, no marks on their faces, and Anna's small white handkerchief showing evidence of having been vigorously used. Malcolm Bruce must have been dimly conscious even then of the morbid phase of the situation, for he was a sensible youth, but he was just out of the Canada woods. It was a prodigious and almost incredible thing to him that a cultivated and elegant young lady could be so fond of Malcolm Bruce. He quaked with reverence and honest fear in the presence of such superior feminine attractions. It is clear that the times also were somewhat to blame. Those were the days when the last hours of weakly female children were celebrated in song throughout the Union. The farewell words and the little green grave were known to millions. It was a luxurious period, when in America everybody's muscles felt the softening influence of a century of peace. Tears were deli-

cious, and the dusty road of life was sprinkled with them then far more than it is now. Doubtless Bruce felt this general influence strongly. The peculiarities of the place also aided his infatuation. Taking into account the beautiful and peculiar philosophy taught by the college and its accompanying theory of fine art, it may safely be affirmed that the locality was extremely romantic. Solemn mountains stand in great magnificence around this lovely vale, where the sublimest truths were promulgated. The future state was made very near and palpable to the students. There might be some doubt about the absolute reality of the present world, but no Burlington student in his senses ever had any question about the certainty of the world to come.

It was not often that shallow students or sympathizers were misled to the extent apparent in Anna Warrington. The philosophic dream was more likely to be truthful, and to come to strong men. It began to show itself usually in thoughtfulness and a fondness for the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and resulted in landing the man in Andover Theological Seminary, where he would surpass his fellow-students in deep knowledge and profound thinking. Bruce saw what was to him the majesty of the great world and the dignity of unsurpassed learning in this sequestered valley, where wild-flowers were the chief ornament, and not man, but Nature, reigned supreme. It was in his freshman year that he bowed down and worshiped the bedazzled and bedazzling Anna Warrington. He was then at his weakest in his conflict with the world.

But there was a second step in this matter, which I would endeavor to account for if it were not too preposterous. As it is I shall merely state the facts, and leave the case on its merits. Anna Warrington and Malcolm Bruce, in making their little preparatory arrangements

for living and dying and the hereafter, including, of course, the slight circumstance usually known as marriage, bargained both for time and eternity! The compact contained all the particulars. Anna put them in as if per schedule A and B, and Bruce, in transports of love and enchantment, assented. It was, indeed, and aside from all levity, a very tender scene when these two, so young and sincere, pledged themselves to each other *forever*, specifically setting aside the decree of the skeleton king, whose will terminates all engagements, and especially marriage contracts, and whose power to part the nearest and dearest is verbally conceded in the wedding ceremony.

There is a natural grotto in the bluff of Red-rocks, which overhangs the lake, a mile south of Burlington. It was in this wild and hidden retreat, amid the soft airs and under hearing of the birds of June, that the lovers prayed, and vowed, and promised. The blue waves saw and clapped their hands; but there was no voice from the majestic mountains. There was probably an impression on the part of the everlasting hills that these two young persons did not know what they were talking about. But they had no uncertainty.

They were to live for each other, whether married or single. No misunderstanding that could come between them and no absence or desertion was to serve as a pretext or excuse for dissolving this union. It was to be above all the accidents of time, and in its nature absolute. If one died, the other was to wait until they should be united beyond the grave. In the mean time the deceased was to watch over the survivor, and endeavor to make his or her spiritual presence felt by the mourner. That communication under such circumstances might be impossible was conceded, yet an effort in that direction was thought advisable, and was made part of the mutual undertaking. If they were in

any way separated in this life, each was to live in singleness, looking forward to a meeting here or in the life to come.

Anna Warrington sang divinely, and one of her chosen hymns, as she rendered it, seemed to all of us to float along the very edge of the spirit world. That weird melody haunted Malcolm and bewitched him. It was always clear to me that this poor girl, with such a haunting voice and dark, hungry, and unearthly eyes, was suffering from a defeat which was eating her heart out, and I have so treated the matter in these pages. But there were those who believed differently. They could find deceit in that sad and lovely face, and deliberate design in the treatment she gave her college lover.

The day after the scene in the grotto, an event occurred without which it would not have been worth while to write this history. That event was nothing less than the sudden and unexplained disappearance of Miss Warrington from Burlington. It was not alarming because she merely "went somewhere." But it was a trying thing for Bruce to be treated in this curt way, even upon the most liberal hypothesis in regard to the unimportance of mundane affairs. If she had been coming back some time, or if he could have found out where she had gone, he might, perhaps, have borne it better; but in the absence of the least scintilla of information, the situation, as time went by, grew discouraging.

It might have been stated early in this record, had that vulgar fact been important, that Malcolm took his meals at the very house where Anna, for the time being, was on a visit. That was, indeed, the secret of their acquaintance and intimacy. Those two excellent single women, who had Anna with them and took Malcolm to board, were the best friends the student had in the place, and among the best women in Burlington. Whether they saw fit to

board a freshman for a while on Anna's account is a matter of speculation. Certain it is that they never boarded any one else, and Malcolm was politely "excused" within three months after Anna's disappearance.

The point of the matter was that Malcolm could get no response from these friends, when he hinted, by his inquiries, his desire to know something about Miss Warrington. Not a ray of light could be seen in the mystery. Miss Mary, the elder of the two sisters (for they were sisters), was a large, dashing brunette of forty, fond of art, poetry, and romance. She evidently sympathized with Malcolm, but she said nothing. Her quiet sister, Lucy, was equally silent upon the subject. The young Scotchman took to heart the treatment he received. He was surprised in his room in college, on several occasions, sitting in silent meditation, bathed in tears.

For three years (during the remainder of the course) the student from Canada continued faithfully at his post. His affair with the girl at the corner house and her mysterious disappearance were dimly known. But he was too honest and manly to be laughed at. That he was in some sense widowed was recognized, but the agreement that had snared his honest soul was not suspected at that time. His occasional melancholy and fits of moodiness were accounted for by the disappointment which so earnest a nature must have suffered in losing a sweetheart. But he seemed to recover by degrees. It was, indeed, impossible that he should fail to see, as he reached the dignity of a senior, and read for himself, in the regular course, those subjects which had bedazzled Miss Warrington, how absurd her talk had been. It were vain to deny the resistless charm there is in young womanhood though it may be topped by a silly brain, and it must be conceded that love is mighty in a

young man; but there is reason to believe that Malcolm's strong Scotch sense conquered these forces. Those fatuous tears over whom it might concern were a little too much even for the stomach of romance. I speak of it as of an ostrich. There was, however, another power which held him. He was, without reserve or mitigation, a Scotchman with a conscience! No alarm will be created by this announcement, except upon the part of those who have in some emergency encountered such an obstacle. It is the only thing, so far as ascertained, that can finally prevent the course of true love, or deny the right of way to a constructing railroad corporation. Unknown to all but themselves, this girl had bound this man down with the strong cords which his honesty and sincerity furnished. I believe that in secret he writhed on his rock of suffering. Malcolm would not look at other women, for he was a Bruce, and had made his choice in life. It was a pitiable choice, and he came to know it; but it was a transaction, and unless changed he would abide by it. Knowing him well, I have not a doubt that he schooled himself to love the memory and honor the thought of the girl whose vapid sentimentality, emptiness, and unfairness he could not help seeing. Had Malcolm's engagement been known, he might have been released in some way. Miss Mary might perhaps have managed it. But Bruce was too proud and sensitive to blurt out his private affairs to anybody; and besides that, his arrangement with Anna was not a mere engagement of marriage. He had really nothing to complain of under its terms and assumptions, for what was life, or indeed death for that matter, in such an agreement? A few years were of no account, and a separation for a century was not worth mentioning. In his anxiety to do "the right thing," he undertook to jot down some of these ridiculous postulates, and so



much of the promises he had made as he could remember; but there was a queerness about it all that puzzled him, and made him blush to think he could have been so unwise.

Mr. Bruce graduated with honors, and seemed to have overcome his depression. It was a very bright day for the Canada boy, when, as the fruit of his own industry, he found himself among the first of a college class, his education finished and paid for.

Five years after commencement, I was surprised to learn in Albany that Malcolm Bruce, my college friend, had secured a place in the city, as a clerk in one of the state departments. I had not thought him the kind of man to have an influence in politics or settle down to a clerkship. But I was glad to see him. It was by chance that we met, as he was getting off the cars down by the Hudson River. He was new to the city. I walked with him up State Street to the marble building on Capitol Hill where the officers were. He was courteously received, and his desk assigned him. Then I prevailed upon him to go to dinner with me.

Half-way down the hill, crossing State Street at right angles, was Pearl Street, at that date shaded with trees and bordered with handsome dwellings. In Pearl, north of State, a few rods from the corner, was the house of my landlady, Mrs. Tibbles. Here we dined, and here Malcolm finally settled down with me as a fellow-boarder.

There were three other boarders, or, as Mrs. Tibbles preferred to phrase it, members of the family. There was, first, Mr. Mull, with very short gray hair, a city face, and a bold, mocking laugh; then Mr. Gilman, a newspaper man, with a fresh complexion, rich brown mustache, and a breezy manner that was like the prairies from which he came; and lastly, there was pretty, girlish Miss Newby, who had just come

to Albany, and was engaged as teacher in a private school.

No sharp practice is intended by bringing in that item of inflammatory material so quietly in the last sentence. The entire matter is above board. Miss Helen Newby *was* about to influence the man Malcolm. But what is denied most unqualifiedly and emphatically is that either Helen or Malcolm suspected any such thing, or contrived it, or did anything designedly which led in that direction. It has already appeared that Malcolm was appropriated; and he had not been released from his engagement. From what I learned subsequently, I know that when he first met Miss Newby he was of the opinion that after all a single life is not the greatest misfortune in the world, and that so long as he knew nothing about Anna Warrington, the right way was to avoid all other feminine blandishments.

As to Miss Newby, she was a new-blown rose, from a country pastor's family, as frank, earnest, and simple-hearted as the youngest in her school. It was delightful to see such an one, with her colored ribbons, her blue eyes, rustic health, and charming fearlessness, in a hackneyed, dusty city boarding-house. The sweet light of home, so lost to the rest of the household, shone on her face. She blessed us by her presence. It was noticeable that all the company at the table, including Mrs. Tibbles, who despised lady-boarders in general, went down in spiritual self-abasement before this genuine bit of lovely womanhood. Mr. Mull, who was a lobbyman half the year and at work mysteriously the other half, ceased to scoff when the Vermont rose was present.

But the one she "took to" was Malcolm. It was inevitable. There was a long delay in bringing the fact out, however; for they were as shy as cat and dog all the first summer. But when winter came, there was a disposition among us to be more civilized. This



was encouraged by Mrs. Tibbles, who invited us all into the parlor, evenings, to play chess, or read aloud, or sing, or do anything that was becoming to a well-ordered family. Mull scouted the idea, and went out as usual for the evening; but the rest of us soon formed a little reading circle.

There seems to be no reason why a statement of the result should be expanded by introducing those particulars which picture the growth of a romantic attachment. It is better merely to announce that it was a serious case. The parties were probably not aware of it for some time. As their mutual shyness wore off, it was as though they, in their innocence, supposed the dangerous time had gone by. It was the reading which charmed the rest of us, in which they also appeared to be interested. Malcolm was the principal reader. His nature was responsive to the author's meaning, and he expressed feelings in his voice. While he gave us very much of Scott and Burns, he also read with great success English and American authors. His greatest triumph was on Christmas Eve, when he rendered the famous Carol by Charles Dickens. Good Mrs. Tibbles laughed and cried over the story until she was almost exhausted, and Miss Newby's face glowed with a wonderful radiance. There was apparently, and I think in reality, no immediate danger, in these readings, of a fire being kindled, if it had not been for what followed. There was an event outside which induced the parties to take an adventurous step.

The war of the Rebellion had been fought since our college days. Indeed, Malcolm went from college almost directly to the field, and he had come to Albany from the disbanding army. And now the country was turning back to the arts of peace. It was then that the news reached our little reading circle in the parlor that the author of the immortal Carol, the greatest reader of the world,

was coming to the city of Albany. It caused an excitement which took up the entire evening, and produced an exhilaration which lasted several days. When the time arrived and there was that frantic crowding for tickets, the story of which is so well known, Malcolm triumphed. He secured two excellent places, side by side, for both evenings. In the flush of his victory, he did not hesitate to offer his extra place to Miss Newby. It would have been impossible for him to do her a greater kindness. We all felt that it was a most graceful and gallant act on Malcolm's part; for to see Charles Dickens was the event of a lifetime. None of us were willing that our little rose from Vermont should miss such an opportunity; and all the household were grateful to Mr. Bruce for inviting her.

Among those who listened to the great author, when he came, with a degree of rapture which took away their ability to judge of him critically were Malcolm and Helen. All might still have been safe if the matter had ended even here. But it did not. Tweddle Hall, at the corner of Pearl and State streets, where Charles Dickens read and concerts and lectures were frequent, was near by and temptingly convenient. It was the main auditorium of the city. Every morning and evening Malcolm passed it and Helen passed it, he going to his office and she to her place in the school. It was not a dozen rods, on the broad sidewalk, from Mrs. Tibbles's front door. How could these two friends, of rustic habits and education, help passing along the walk together; and now that the ice was broken, how could they avoid sometimes attending the lecture or the concert at the hall in company? They did not avoid it, and they had not a thought, apparently, that they were noticed. Doubtless the city seemed to them a wilderness of human beings, who did not regard them as they passed by. But their liking for each

other was so frank, so manifest, so pretty as an idyllic picture, and evidently so unsuspected by themselves, that it soon provoked comment. Then followed a step on the part of these two friends which settled the question in the minds of the public. They began to walk to church together, and took seats side by side wherever they attended religious service. If they thought of it at all, as they wandered away toward some sacred edifice, they must have fancied they were like the babes in the woods, unobserved and uncared for. But the world understood things differently.

"Bruce is a lucky fellow," said Gilman in my room. "When is the wedding?"

Mull was there, but Gilman appealed to me as the college friend of Bruce. I did not reply.

"I said it was 'a go' the first time I saw them together," proclaimed Mull.

"I have heard a good deal said about it," remarked Gilman, with hesitation, glancing at Mull.

"The engagement ought to have been announced before this," declared Mull, with a trace of severity in his manner. And he added, "I am not sure but she is too good for him."

No more was said on the subject at that time, but it was not long before hints came to me from other parties, and Mrs. Tibbles also sought for an interview in regard to the pair. She said that Helen, poor child, "had no idea." Finally I spoke to Malcolm, telling him some of the things I had heard. He was at first astonished, then indignant; and then, as I pressed him with the facts and explained the views and requirements of city society, he became alarmed, and was stricken with the fear that he had injured his dearest friend. Really, he had done so, and I could not deny it. The friends of Helen at the school were chief among those who had spoken with anxiety of her remarkable acquaintance with the department clerk.

"If she is not married soon, we shall not know what to think," had been the comment of one of them.

Malcolm's eager inquiries drew out from me the whole story, which reduced him to a condition of grief and consternation. Then I pointed out that bright and happy way by which all could be made right. Assuring him that Helen would accept him (if indeed she had not done so), I urged the importance of announcing the engagement immediately, or fixing the wedding day.

My friend's countenance fell. We were in his room. He sat down upon a chair, rested his elbows on his knees, braced up his chin with his hands, and gazed long and abstractedly at a figure on the carpet between the toes of his boots.

As the result of this meditation, he confessed to me that an engagement made in our college days was the only thing that prevented him from seeking the hand of Helen in marriage. I knew the affair he referred to, and expressed surprise. We had not supposed at the time that it was more than a passing romance between him and Anna Warrington. But he now assured me, with a perplexed face, that he had made a solemn promise which rested upon his conscience, and which, if he disregarded it, would make him a guilty wretch in this world and a poor lost soul in the world to come. This last despairing conclusion was uttered in a nervous, crying tone, like that of a child in abject fear. Yet I could see that it was genuine. It occurred to me that he must have learned the form and intonation from his mother.

I sat down beside him, and drew out the facts of his acquaintance with Miss Warrington. It was my impression that a contract of the kind he described, made so long ago, and not entered upon in any way, could not be of any binding force in the court of conscience or honor. I urged him to consider how absurd it

was to suppose that he could bargain for the next world. He conceded the point, but claimed that the bargain for this life could not be invalidated by any such specious considerations. He thought it was an agreement which held both parties to celibacy, marriage with each other, or widowhood. When I pointed out that he could not trade away the highest uses of life in a manner which thus destroyed them, he said that monks and nuns did it, and he and Anna Warrington had a right to. When I suggested that as a transaction in the eye of the law the entire contract must be taken, and that when so taken it was too ridiculous to stand for a moment, he thought that no excuse.

It was when I appealed to him in behalf of Helen Newby that he first felt my words. Then he shrank as if I had struck him. I pitied the man as I left him, bewailing his sorrows in a fashion I had seen in him once or twice in college, his hands over his face, scarcely concealing his tears. But one concession had been granted by him: he was willing that I should explain his good intentions to others, and the peculiar circumstances of his previous engagement, as his excuse for the course now pursued. It was a poor apology, but there was no other.

Matters progressed rapidly. I tried to say very little, but Mrs. Tibbles had a talk with Malcolm, and in various ways the truth became known. The Vermont temper was quick and active. The rose would not be talked about, quietly. It was a word and a flash, apparently. There was the rumble of getting a trunk through the hall, and then a hack came to the door in the evening, and she had gone home for her vacation, a week before the school term ended. Now there was no good-by.

Next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Tibbles tried to allude to the departure popularly, as if it had not been abrupt; but Carol, though was constraint about the talk.

The tide turned very strongly against Malcolm.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Bruce," asked Gilman, when we were grouped in my room, "that it is the right thing to step out of this, because of some nonsense nine years ago with another girl?"

"But, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Gilman, it was a sacred promise," protested Malcolm.

"Do you mean to say," blazed Gilman, lifting his six feet to an accusing attitude, and shaking his index finger at the Scotchman, "that you have a right to treat Miss Newby in this way on such a plea as that? If you do, you are not the man I took you for."

"But it was a sacred promise forever," insisted Malcolm.

"Gander-headed fool!" drawled Mull, gazing at Bruce scornfully.

For a moment I thought the Scotchman would seize him, but he did not. He rose, whether cowed or in a rage I could hardly tell, and left the room. I felt somewhat responsible for my college friend, and tried to explain that his romance at the university had been quite serious.

"His what?" questioned Mull.

"His romance, — romance," I replied, doubling the word to make it clear.

"Yes, yes, — certainly," commented Mull dryly and with a dubious air, as if the word were rather new to him. "I say, Gilman, such a man ought to be punished. I am willing to help, if you say so." But Gilman counseled moderation, remarking that Malcolm meant well.

"That is no excuse," said Mull. "There is no counting on a man who means well. That is the most dangerous element we have to deal with."

The incident of Miss Newby's departure drifted on toward forgetfulness, in the rush of city life; but it remained as a mark against Malcolm. He was no longer popular in the house. A

kind and degree of condemnation rested upon him that grieved him greatly. He suffered also, acutely, from the loss of his friend Miss Newby. When others began to forget, I could see that he did not. The fact that she did not return to resume her place in the school, when the new term commenced, brought to Malcolm an anguish of spirit. He had counted on some sort of explanation and reconciliation. The entire matter, so trifling in the lives and thought of others, was of vast moment to him. When months passed, and others had become indifferent to the transaction, Malcolm was still brooding over the wrong he had done, and the hurt to his friend and his own integrity. He confided the idea to me that it might still be possible to get some word of Anna Warrington, and have such communication with her as would honorably release him, so that he could visit Helen and seek her in marriage. That Anna, if discovered, might not consent was among his fears. Yet he thought correspondence with the two relatives in Burlington worth trying. It might be possible, he hoped, to gain information from them in regard to the whereabouts of Anna Warrington. With my approval he opened such a correspondence. His inquiries were carefully worded; no special reason for desiring the information was given.

The answer was cautious in the extreme. No hint of the intelligence desired was conveyed. It was apparent to me that there was a something in the case which they were guarding. I saw that entire frankness on our part would be required, if any light was to be obtained. But there was an excellent reason why such a method should not be resorted to. It would be an acknowledgment of an obligation where in truth none existed. Such a concession in writing, with its risk of entanglement, would not be prudent. If Malcolm could meet Miss Warrington alone, and

free his conscience (or even talk with Miss Mary), I saw no objection to it. But it seemed dangerous, in the darkness surrounding the affair, to put anything on paper. I suggested that he might employ a detective, but he did not.

Thus the matter rested until a year had passed away. Malcolm was in the mean time bearing his loneliness and self-accusation as thousands bear similar burdens along the crowded streets. He was becoming thin, and acquiring that alert, worn, and anxious look which characterizes the stereotyped city face.

Early in March, an event occurred which threw a vivid ray across the path of my college friend. In my round of circuits, I was on duty in a curious case in the city of Hudson, thirty miles below Albany. A woman had deceived an entire community. Coming to a little village in Columbia County, she had, though a stranger, obtained money and goods, and lived in a style of unusual magnificence. She was the leader of society, and foremost in all benevolent enterprises. It was merely the confidence game extended so as to include many victims. The woman was without a penny of her own, but borrowed quite large amounts. When after eight months the town awoke, and each loser confessed how he had been manipulated, an uprising of the people took place, and this "operator" was, after preliminary formalities, brought to trial.

As the woman was brought from the jail into the court-room, I felt a slight shock of recognition flash through me. It was but a minor event in the midst of more serious matters. Yet it was important, for if I could trust my senses the woman was Anna Warrington. But for a while I suspected that this was merely an instance of similarity in appearance.

The trial began near evening. I had time, after the adjournment, to run up to Albany by a late train, and the next

morning I got Malcolm to return with me to Hudson. He was much excited when he learned of my discovery. I placed him in a convenient seat, and we had to wait but a few moments before the defendant came in with the officers. The trial had attracted a crowd. Many stood up to get a view of the woman's face, and among these was Malcolm. I watched him. Suddenly, as she appeared, he became pale, and sat down. Then the court reproved the people for rising, and all sank abashed into their seats. Malcolm could now see her clearly, and I noticed that a red tide surged over his features. There was no difficulty about the identity. The maiden name of the defendant was ascertained for me by an attorney. It was Anna Warrington. She was tried as Mrs. Anna Patterson, having been married four years, though now a widow.

While I was busy with the trial, Malcolm left the court-room and returned to Albany. But before going he wrote on a scrap of paper the words, "She is the devil's own," and sent it to me by a court officer.

His judgment was, perhaps, hasty. The woman was finally acquitted, on proof given by friends from her home in New Jersey to the effect that she was unbalanced in mind, and actually believed the statements (concerning her own great wealth and other matters) by which she had so strangely won the confidence of others. Medical experts confirmed this singular view. Some of the spectators did not agree with the verdict of acquittal; but events in the life of the defendant, and especially her exploits in New York city (made known upon the trial), tended to confirm the theory of the experts and relatives.

At the close of the proceedings, I noticed Miss Mary among those who came forward and gathered around the woman just acquitted. It was plain enough now why Anna had disappeared so suddenly, and why her Burlington

friends had been so reticent. Miss Warrington had been no end of trouble from the time of her first disappointment. With strange inconstancy she would win confidences only to forget them.

"She will melt your very heart and soul with love, pity, and tenderness," was the testimony of a poor milliner, who had loaned Anna all her savings.

Possibly the doctors were in error, but their theory was plausible. They claimed that Anna's brilliancy, pathos, and power of persuasion were the outcome of a slightly disordered intellect and a wounded heart. Having gained the love she craved of one, she would, with the inconstancy of a mind diseased, turn elsewhere and repeat the achievement.

On returning to Albany, I found Malcolm on a high horse. He announced that he had been misled, and repeated that the girl was "the devil's own." He consented to the appropriate modifications, however, when I suggested expressions more in accordance with the verdict. It was a great pleasure to see how he held up his head again. His youth came back remarkably in a few days.

"What is he going to do about it?" asked Mull, with a good deal of interest, in my room.

"I understand he is going to Vermont," suggested Gilman. "Mrs. Tibbles says that Miss Newby is at home, and I saw Bruce ordering some new clothes."

"What does he want of clothes?" queried Mull. "He ought to get down in the dust and black her shoes."

Malcolm's joy was of short duration. A sorrow came before he was quite ready to go to Vermont. Its step was quiet, but its power irresistible. There was a tap at the window of the basement dining-room, where Mrs. Tibbles and I were eating breakfast. I never did like that way of taking in letters from the postman, directly off the sidewalk, but it was the custom of the house. The waitress unbolted the sash

and slid it down an inch, and in came the white envelope, landing on the floor. The letter was picked up, and the postman, whose legs only were visible to our basement view, passed on. The missive proved to be for Mrs. Tibbles, and she opened it. Out came the neat little engraved cards, tied with white satin ribbon, the wedding-reception invitation and all the requirements; and we knew that our Vermont Helen was disposed of to a stranger.

It was a shock to both of us. I was glad that only Mrs. Tibbles and I were present. The little woman began to tremble as she held the smooth, creamy stationery, and thought of what it all meant, and before I knew it she was softly and silently shedding tears. I had not given her credit for so much feeling.

"After all," said Mrs. Tibbles, swallowing her emotion, "Helen could not wait forever. It is thirteen months since she left Albany."

"Thirteen?" I questioned, not knowing what to say.

"Yes; it will be thirteen months day after to-morrow," she replied, with the accuracy of a housekeeper who gets her pay. "But I did not think Helen could ever marry anybody but Malcolm. It will be a terrible blow to him."

I did not wish to see how Malcolm would receive the intelligence; I knew the depth of his feeling and his impulsive nature: therefore I left the breakfast-table rather hastily before he came down, feeling that Mrs. Tibbles was the proper person to do what could be done. That she made it known to him in some way in the course of the day I came to understand before the next morning. Those sounds which came from Malcolm's room were not to be mistaken. His stern, set face, already blue and haggard, startled me when I saw him the second day. He had avoided all of us since the cards came, and he avoided me now. I yearned to speak to him, but I

knew his pride, and he plainly eluded my footsteps. Mrs. Tibbles came to my room for an interview, and tearfully besought me to do something for Malcolm. She said he would die, that he was dying, and that he might shoot himself, citing several cases just then reported in the New York dailies. I was not alarmed, but I promised to do what I could.

In the afternoon of the third day Mull came back from New York, and, dropping into my room, asked casually, "How is everything?" He had been gone during the trouble. "Anything about Bruce?" he continued. "I saw him out here by the corner, and he looked as if he had just got up from a fit of sickness."

I told Mull the circumstances. His face showed concern, and he made some inquiries. I stepped down-stairs to Mrs. Tibbles, and got the envelope and cards to show to him. He looked at them for a moment; his face began to wrinkle, and he burst into laughter.

I was, naturally, abashed and indignant.

"When did these come?" asked Mull, leering at me.

I told him the day and hour of the arrival.

"Well, they were *mailed* on the 1st," he said, "although it took them until the next morning to get here."

"Mailed on the 1st?" I questioned, not seeing the point.

"Yes, the 1st of April," he replied. "It was fair game. It was All Fools' Day."

For a moment I was struck dumb. Could this be true? Then I clutched eagerly at the chance of reprieve for Malcolm which Mull's words offered.

"Do you know anything about this?" I demanded.

"I wrote *that*," he replied, turning the envelope over and pointing to the address, which seemed to be in a fine feminine hand.

Mull was "square business" according to his code. I knew his word could be taken in such a matter.

"I had better call Mrs. Tibbles," I suggested.

"Yes, if you wish to," he responded, as if the affair were of no importance.

I stepped down the stairs and called her, and she came to my room. As she entered, I said: "Mr. Mull knows something about these cards."

I saw by the quick flush which spread over her face how sensitive she was upon the subject.

"Mrs. Tibbles," explained the lobbyist, with an air of nonchalance, "I sent these cards, or got them sent, on the 1st of April, and it was just a little joke on Malcolm. He deserved it. The boys fixed them for me down at the printing-office, where they print so many. I sent the letter to be mailed in Vermont by a conductor on the railroad. You can see, if you look close, that the postmark is Rutland. It has not been within fifty miles of Helen, so far as I know."

The landlady turned pale as she stood staring at Mr. Mull. For a moment I thought she would fall, and I put out a hand to save her; but the next moment she burst into a fit of uncontrollable weeping, while she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Mull, Mr. Mull!" and turned and left the room.

A few minutes later Gilman came in, and we discussed the situation.

"It is not *newspaper*, you understand," explained Mull.

"Certainly, I will not mention it," said Gilman; and he added, after a long, expressive, whistling "Whew!" the question, "Won't there be a time when Malcolm hears of this!"

There was no opportunity to answer the question, for just then the front door was slammed, and we knew Malcolm had come in for the evening. His heavy footstep did not come up the stairs. There was a little talking in the hall, and

then the voices passed into the parlor. In a few moments we heard him raging, and all of us went down. The parlor door was ajar, and I pushed it open. There stood Malcolm, with the light from a window full upon his face.

"I wull, I wull go this very day, Mrs. Tibbles!" he shouted, with the strong Scotch accent which overtook him in his emotional moments. As little Mrs. Tibbles danced around him, wiping her eyes with her apron, and putting her hands on his arm from time to time, trying to persuade him to wait, he waxed more and more earnest and furious. "I ha' been a poltroon, a sneaking villain, Mrs. Tibbles," he stormed, "and I canna' sleep intil I make reeparation!"

The strong lashings around his mouth were drawn in furrows, his eyes flashed through tears, his chin trembled, and his whole frame quivered, as he made these charges against himself. Neither he nor the landlady seemed to care anything about the rest of us.

"That is right, Bruce; you talk up like a man, now," said Mull; but no one appeared to hear him.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Gilman, "we have no business here;" and thereupon we withdrew considerably, closing the parlor door behind us and going up-stairs to our rooms.

"Mull, that was pretty rough," said Gilman.

"Yes, he needed it," answered the other.

The next morning when we sat down to breakfast, Mr. Mull inquired, "Has Mr. Bruce gone yet?"

The mere mention of the subject melted good Mrs. Tibbles. She ceased pouring the coffee, and began to wipe her eyes.

"He went last night by the eleven o'clock run," volunteered Gilman.

"I never could help liking the young man," conceded Mr. Mull in a conciliatory manner, glancing at the landlady,



"although I cannot say I respect his understanding."

"He has an excellent mind, Mr. Mull, and a good, true, noble heart," protested Mrs. Tibbles with almost a sob.

"Good, true what?" asked Mr. Mull, with that obstinate inability to understand which was one of his customary weapons.

"Heart, — *heart!* Did you ever hear of such a thing?" explained Gilman in an irritated tone.

Here the conversation ended.

As it turned out, Malcolm Bruce did not appear again among us. He found quarters at another place, on the same street but farther north, whither he went when he came back from Vermont. His trunk and books were sent to him. I was glad indeed to learn by an explanation from Mrs. Tibbles that Malcolm's bull of excommunication did not extend to her or to me.

"I think it is Mr. Mull," said the landlady, with a distressed face.

Anxious to see my friend and learn of his journey, I called on him at once, in his new abode. He had chosen well; and as he took me to his room, I could not but congratulate him on his pleasant surroundings and the change he had made. I saw in a moment that his errand had been successful. He was brimming over with good feeling; I had never seen that toss of the head and grip of the lips which characterized him in moments of success so observable as now. He intimated, with an air of triumph, that Mr. Mull had better not be too free with his jokes.

I learned afterward, from other sources, the entire history of Malcolm's journey and the full secret of his elation. It appeared that the scenes in Vermont had been as dramatic as those in Albany. He made his first application to the Rev. Mr. Newby, Helen's father. The old gentleman was overwhelmed, when called into his parlor, at meeting a pow-

erful young man in what was almost a convulsion of feeling, and with a wildness of manner that was startling in the extreme. But Malcolm managed to explain himself, and almost literally went down on his knees in penitence and humiliation, as he told the minister his story. He could not have done a better thing for himself in the way of gaining the approbation of the father of his beloved.

Strange to say, the old gentleman sided with Malcolm's original scruples, upon hearing the facts, and honored him for his long waiting and conscientious forbearance. As the matter was talked over between them and more fully explored, the Reverend Newby became proud of the young man, and was glad to know that amid the reeking corruption of New York politics there had still been one saving element, one righteous man, in our capital city, — which municipality, by the way, the Reverend Newby had the grace to allude to frequently in his conversation as Gomorrah on the Hudson. I think he got the verbal notion from Bingen on the Rhine, which Helen used to sing to him.

It need hardly be said that Helen very naturally took the same view as her father, and exalted to a place among the stars the hero who had escaped the snares we had so wickedly laid for his conscience, — on her account. The first hint I had of this Newbian view, so to speak, came from Malcolm himself. He said to me: —

"After all, I am so glad I knew about it before I ventured to act. Perhaps it would have been no wrong against any man or woman if I had gone forward before; but it was all done from the beginning with prayers and promises to the Almighty, mind ye, and would it not have been a lie to him, though it were no wrong to any, think ye?"

He asked this with such a look of awe upon his face, and so much feeling, that

I thought it better not to discuss the question. But I remember that after being thus reproved, as it were, I soon bade him good-day, and walked away with the thought in my mind that though one should bray Malcolm in a mortar with a pestle, his peculiar notions would not depart from him.

In talking with Mull about him that evening, I mentioned the question Malcolm had raised. The third-house man seemed irritated by what I told him. He said: "Bruce is a dangerous man. There is no knowing what he may do. It is not safe to have him in the department. I know who got him in as clerk, and I know how to get him out."

Mull was not a man to talk at random, and I knew his power. But as it turned out there was no reason for apprehension. Within three weeks of the time when the conversation I have given was held, Malcolm hinted to me triumphantly that he had better business in view than being clerk in Albany. It was when I encountered him, one morning, in the green suburbs, out for his early walk.

"Just think of it," he exclaimed with startling energy, after he had told of his better chance and that he had secretly determined on going, "the ras-

cals here tax a man's salary for election expenses!"

"And you will not submit to it?" I ventured.

"Not while my name is Bruce," he responded.

I felt that he was right this time, and shook him warmly by the hand while I commended his resolution.

"This is not a place for an honest man, sir; Albany is no place at all," he continued, soaring above me in a spiritual sense, as if he were giving me guidance and instruction. It may have been a faint tinge of resentment on my part at his air of superiority that led me to think I detected an attempt at statesmanship in his speech. Perhaps it was an unconscious imitation, but I certainly seemed to hear an echo of that ding-dong oratory with which I was painfully familiar.

We stood it as well as we could when Malcolm shook off the dust of his feet against the city. He gained a better position in New England than he had in Albany. It must be confessed that a blight, slight but perceptible, came upon the house of Tibbles, when it was known that Malcolm and the Vermont rose would visit us no more.

*P. Deming.*

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## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### V.

DUTCH, ENGLISH, AMERICAN, ITALIAN,  
AND GERMAN WORKS IN THE MU-  
SEUM OF FINE ARTS.

It was a great piece of good fortune for Boston that Mr. Stanton Blake should have had the happy idea of buying ten Dutch paintings at the sale, which took place in 1880, at the palace of San Donato, when the art collections

of the spendthrift Prince Demidoff were dispersed, and that he should have made the Museum of Fine Arts the home of these valuable works. The examples of Teniers and Metsu are of the very first order, and the canvases by Ruysdael and Cuyp, though not equal in importance to many of the landscapes by these masters to be seen in European galleries, are still what may be called representative works, and convey to the vision of the untraveled spectator an accurate

idea of the style and scope of their respective authors. Altogether this group of ten pictures<sup>1</sup> is of incalculable worth to a community so needy as this in respect to good art, and it would be hard to exaggerate if one were pressing the need of cherishing these precious old works. The Interior of a Butcher's Shop, by the younger Teniers, is a good specimen of the exquisite art of this delightful master of *genre*; there are few finer Teniers anywhere, certainly none even remotely approaching it in this country. Imagine a brown interior, where the huge carcass of a just-butchered ox hangs by its hind-legs in the foreground. All the red and yellow hues of the meat, all the inside structure of the creature, are exposed; the carcass is held open by a horizontal stick, over which hangs a clean white towel. To say that this is superlatively well done is but little; it makes one realize that an ox's skinned and dressed carcass is a beautiful object in color. There really is nothing, or next to nothing, which cannot be made to seem beautiful in one way or another, when seen aright, — that is, in an artistic way. Where else shall you find such red and pale yellow tones, so various, fresh, rich, and deep? There is absolutely no suggestion of paint in it. The meat is wholly meat, with its appropriate form, textures, and hues. The entrails have been removed, but the suet remains. The hide and horns lie on the floor at the left. The head, *sans* skin except at the muzzle, is on a bench, above which hangs the tongue on a nail. A dog is drinking blood from a shallow brown dish on the floor, which catches the drip from the carcass. At the right, a clumsily built blonde wench (called "a young and pretty girl" in the San Donato

catalogue), in a costume of gray, white, and blue, bends over a block, where she is engaged in cleaning the ox's lungs and liver. Beyond her, a man is seen just going out of a door. Still farther back on the same side is a wide chimney-place, where a fire burns briskly. In front of it stands a second man, who holds a glass of liquor in one hand and a pipe in the other, and turns to speak to a homely and stupid-looking woman servant in a dark green gown and black jacket, holding a brown earthen jug in her right hand. There are various minor objects — a wild duck, a cabbage leaf, household utensils, etc. — scattered about the spacious room, which is lighted from the front and the right. The tones of warm brown in the smooth and shining walls are of an exquisite quality, and masterly is the way in which the whole composition is united by the vivid yet delicate chiaroscuro, bringing all the elements of the scene into perfect harmony. Nothing is neglected, no difficulties are evaded; everything has its right value, its legitimate importance in relation to the whole, its characteristic expression; each detail is quite completed without loss of breadth in the *ensemble*, and no more trace of labor appears in all this than if it had been a vision breathed upon the panel. It is impossible to contemplate such a mature work of art without doing homage to the author of it, remembering with gratitude the generosity of the American gentleman to whose patriotism its presence here is due, and wishing heartily that there were more students sufficiently endowed with a genuine taste for the art to appreciate it and benefit by it.

But let us now pass on to an even greater man than Teniers, and glance at The Usurer of Gabriel Metsu. This

<sup>1</sup> The Interior of a Butcher's Shop, by David Teniers; Fruit and Vegetables, by Willem Kalf; Vase of Flowers, by Jan van Huysum; The Usurer, by Gabriel Metsu; Skirt of the Forest, by Jacob van Ruysdael; The Ruined

Cottage, by Jacob van Ruysdael (the figures by Philip Wouwermans); Dordrecht, by Aelbert Cuyp; Soap Bubbles, by Gaspard Netscher; The Jealous Husband, by Nicholas Maas; Still-Life, by Simon Verelst.

is an interior with two figures; dimensions twenty-six by thirty inches. The figures are about fifteen inches high. In the centre sits the usurer, an old man, with gray, almost white hair and beard, and a weather-beaten, brown, and wrinkled face. He wears a red cap, a chocolate-brown coat, partly covered by a dull brown cloak which falls from his left shoulder, and a white neckerchief. He holds in his rough but skillful right hand a pair of scales, while with the left he lifts a gold coin which he is about to weigh. He looks up with a hard expression at a visitor who has just entered, and who stands at his left, — a disconsolate widow, who weeps as she holds up to his gaze a parchment with seals attached. She wears a blue skirt, brown waist and overskirt, and white cap with black trimmings. Upon one arm she carries a covered basket, and with her right hand she dries her tears with a handkerchief. In front of the old money-lender is a table covered by a cloth of red, with stripes of varying shades of brown. On this table are heaps of gold and silver coin, a piece of white paper, some chamois cloth, an iron-bound leather coffer, and beyond, a silver dish. The light comes from an unseen window at the left, and falls directly on the table, above which hangs a dark green curtain with a gold fringe. At the left of the background is a cabinet, on which are account-books, papers, etc.; further to the right is a painting of Bacchus, in a black frame; and at the extreme right is an arched doorway, dimly seen in the shadow. The walls are of a cool brown, verging upon a dark olive tone. The interest centres naturally upon the usurer's face and figure and the objects on his table. The lighting is beyond all praise. The textures, as for example of the coin, the strong-box, the table-cloth, are marvelously felt. The color is of an indescribable depth and brilliancy; and it is particularly well worth while to call at-

tention to the old man's head, the character and expression of which are likely to impress themselves strongly upon the memory. Is it any wonder that Fromentin calls the art of these Dutch genre painters a model art; that he refers to Metsu with Terburg and De Hoogh as the best and the most learned draughtsmen of their school; or that he, the most searching and severe of critics, should say of this trio's works that "the color, the chiaroscuro, the modeling of the well-filled surfaces, the play of the surrounding air, finally the workmanship, — that is to say the operations of the hand, — all are perfection and mystery"? Perfection and mystery! — yes, that is true of every great work of art, because it reflects truthfully the greater perfection and mystery of nature. This beautiful picture of Metsu's has been reproduced in an engraving by Flameng. It is, without contradiction, the bright, particular star of the group.

The landscape called *The Skirt of the Forest*, by Jacob Ruysdael, represents a lonesome spot, where a narrow stream winds through the country by the edge of a wood of beeches, oaks, and alders which closes in the left of the composition. On the dark surface of the water three ducks swim and some weeds and snags float. At the right is a mossy bank, with trees here and there, and the solitary figure of a fisherman. The foliage, it is almost needless to remark, is drawn with the minute precision of the old schools. The sky is of a fine, tender quality of blue, with gray cumuli, the tops and right sides of which are illuminated by a mellow, warm light. This note is very happy, but the total impression of the work is sombre. In the drawing of the trees, in the well-calculated contrasts of light and dark, in the grave but rich browns and grays, and above all in the profound feeling of melancholy and retirement, no one can fail to recognize the characteristics of

the greatest Dutch landscapist. The Ruined Cottage would be of great interest without the figures painted in by Wouwermans, yet it is incontestable that the figures, small as they are, and well subordinated, aid the composition, by becoming, as it were, a part of the landscape. They look, as Millet said, not as if brought together by accident, for the moment, but as if they had among themselves an innate and necessary connection. The landscape fills the eye, and no one cares to notice what the figures are doing, — a fortunate circumstance, since their occupations are as far as possible from romantic, whereas the picture as a whole is full of romantic feeling. You must fancy a thoroughly ruined old farmhouse, the roof three quarters gone, a wing reduced to a heap of *débris*, and a good, substantial, inhabited modern farmhouse just beyond it at the right. A traveler has halted and dismounted near the abandoned house, and stands with his back towards us, while a boy holds his gray horse, and a valet sits hard by, watching over his master's personal effects. Towards the left, two figures are dimly seen in a meadow in the middle distance, and the landscape retires to a blue line, broken by intervening trees. The sky is somewhat like that in the other Ruysdael, but better, the lights very keen and bright, the clouds moving, the tones of bluish-gray extremely choice and delicate, the feeling of changeable weather very marked; the whole life of the picture, in a word, is in this breezy and cloud-filled sky. The play of light and shade in the foreground, where a stray gleam of sunshine strikes upon the cloaked cavalier and his horse, leaving the rest of the objects in comparative obscurity, is highly effective; there is an alluring mystery in this delusive half light among the ruins of the cottage and among the trees; and how superbly the great artist has placed side by side these grave and sonorous tones of brown and gray which

alternate and support each other throughout this beautiful work! — now, alas not in so perfect a condition as might be wished, owing to a provoking bloom of the varnish on its surface.

As to the Cuyp, it is universally admired; there is no gainsaying its beauty, or the tender and mellow charm of its amber atmosphere; yet — shall I dare to own it? — though it was the first to please me, it was also the first of which I began to tire. Cuyp was certainly great in his line, and this is a fair example of his art. “In a meadow near the Meuse,” says the San Donato catalogue in its delightfully precise description, “a brown cow with a white head is smelling of some thistles.” And so forth, and so on, — the yellow cow, the black cow with white marks, the red cow, and the rest, all arranged as pictorially as possible; in point of fact, do not the English cattle-painters to this day follow Cuyp's grouping more or less closely? Then comes the quiet river, and, in the distance, the town of Dordrecht, in silhouette against a sky filled with the soft golden light that Cuyp knew so well how to bring down like a thin veil upon his landscapes.

Maas's picture of *The Jealous Husband* depicts that historical personage in the act of sneaking down one of those quaint and shadowy spiral stairways (so effectively introduced by Maas's master, Rembrandt, in his picture of *The Philosopher in Meditation*, in the Louvre), bound to interrupt an interesting chat between his wife and a young man. The old man, however, seems to belie the title of the picture by the expression of pleasure on his wrinkled and not too prepossessing countenance. The work is upright in form, dark, and rather soft in handling, far inferior to the work of Teniers and Metsu in every respect.

Netscher's picture represents two plump children blowing soap bubbles from an open window, which is decorated with two allegorical caryatides of

Freedom and Servitude, and with a low relief representing Cupids at play. Netscher probably repeated this subject, with slight variations, more than once, for there is a similar painting by him in the National Gallery, London. He appears to have been very fond of painting statuary and reliefs, and met with better success in that particular than in the treatment of living forms.

Of the masterly still-life pictures by Kalf, Van Huysum, and Verelst, it would be hard to say which is the best. Van Huysum is assuredly the most admired, but his preëminence may be disputed. In the judgment of some intelligent observers, Kalf's quinces, gourds, melons, asparagus, peaches, plums, grapes, figs, etc., are painted with more affection, and consequently more art, than Van Huysum's faultily faultless flowers, from whose petals innumerable visitors have tried in vain to wipe away the painted drops of dew.

Aside from the San Donato group a dozen other works of the Dutch and Flemish school claim our attention. A small but undoubtedly genuine painting by Rubens is the Bacchus with Attendant Fawn and Satyr, which gives an excellent idea of its author's style, color, and execution. Already overcome by wine, the fat young god, crowned with the grape-leaf wreath, lolls in the arms of his favorite comrades, one on either side, as naked as himself. He is the epitome of flesh, with the proportions of a prize pig, a sodden face marked with the signs of a thousand debauches, and a wandering, weak, and watery gaze. At the left of the trio lurks a tiger. The landscape, which from the darkest shadows at the right of the composition grows lighter towards the left, is full of rarely beautiful browns and greens. The painting of the figure of Bacchus is fluent, fat, magical in its flesh tones. Nothing could be more perfect in the way of workmanship, and Rubens's mastery is here exhibited on a small scale

as conclusively as in his greatest canvases. Van der Helst was one of those worthy and admirable Dutch painters who applied all the science of an incomparable school to the simplest and most satisfactory sort of portraiture. His portrait of a burgomaster, a dark, sober, reserved work, almost wholly without other colors than black, white, and brown, is sound, dignified, and complete. This is the face of a hard-headed, practical, healthy, well-to-do gentleman, with all the enviable serenity of his race, but without a trace of stupidity or of vulgarity. A black, soft hat and a black cloak, with a white ruffled collar, set off the brown flesh of the weather-beaten and dignified face and of the competent hands. The *Head of a Girl*, by Grimani, is delightfully quaint and pretty. It has an exaggerated Rembrandtesque effect of light and dark which pleasantly stirs the imagination. The head, seen in profile, is all in shadow save a plump rosy cheek, a delicate ear, a lovely neck, and a mass of golden hair drawn into a cunning knot. Cuypp's portrait of his daughter, on the contrary, introduces to us a positively ugly person, whose rich dress only emphasizes her lack of beauty. Her costume consists of a silk gown of pale rose color, with a wide lace collar and a pearl necklace, further ornamented by roses on her bosom and in her hair. She holds a basket of fruit in her lap. The background is a landscape; the figure is life-size and half-length; and the color is not especially good. The oddly named *Venus and Mars*, from the Sumner collection, is ascribed to Terburg, not without some reasonable doubt. It is a Dutch cabinet picture of a stout and stupid officer and a coquettish woman who aims a killing side-glance at him. A hag, a Cupid, and a hound complete the group, which is as ill composed as possible, and almost as void of meaning. Parts of the work are finely executed, but the theory that it is by Terburg needs the support of strong

external testimony. Metsu's *Woman in Confinement* appears to be a masterpiece of painting, but is constantly hung so high, presumably from motives of delicacy, that it is impossible to pronounce on its merits with any positiveness. There are a few things that might well be left unpainted, and doubtless this subject is one of them. There is nothing to be said of Adam Pynacker's *Landscape*, with its golden sky, brown cliffs, romantic design, and high finish, except that it is an inferior example of a superior school. David Vinckenboons's *A Fight with Death* is a curious and horrible scene. The *Destroyer*, represented by a skeleton, and armed with a bow and arrows, approaches a crowd of gayly dressed people, who have been making merry, and now are panic-stricken at his coming. Some of them turn to seek safety in flight or in hiding, while others offer a futile resistance. Death aims his shaft, and several victims are already falling to the earth. Side by side with this grisly apparition *Father Time* advances, laying low with his irresistible scythe all who come in his way. In the distance, a frightened herd of brutes in full flight try to escape the common doom. The mediæval spirit of this parable is impressive in its earnestness. Jacob van Artois's large *Landscape with Figures* possesses some marked merits of foreground, but is spoiled by a weak and conventional sky. A mass of dark trees rises at the right, and some peasants and goats are dimly seen on a road which is shaded by the wood. At the left, a lake, a church spire, and blue hills lead the sight away to a disappointing horizon. If the *Sea Piece* attributed in the catalogue to Adrian van der Velde be by any member of that family, it must be by Willem van der Velde; but he was a painter of so much ability that it would be more respectful to conclude that this very commonplace marine, pale, colorless, uninspired, and uninteresting, was in fact not the handiwork

of any Van der Velde. Van Huysum's *Fruit and Flowers* is another respectable specimen of mechanical art, which age has covered with a uniform veil of saffron. Grapes, peaches, plums, oranges, chestnuts, a glass of wine, a butterfly, a knife, etc., all are mimicked artfully, but without the gusto that is needed to make them beautiful. Kierinx's *The Ferry*, a large landscape with figures; Boël's *Flower Piece*, a big, dark composition in the style of Snyder's; Van Eeckhout's *Guard Room*, a third-rate genre with five small figures of soldiers; and finally Simon de Vlieger's *Marine*, describing an absurd fleet on an impossible sea, conclude my list of Dutch and Flemish pictures, in the enumeration of which no effort at chronological order has been made: because, first, I wished to consider the *San Donato* group by itself; and secondly, for the reason that the greatest of the Netherlanders appeared almost simultaneously, made their exits in the same way, and, taking all the secrets of their art with them, left the world to wonder evermore at their genius.

The English school, which was famous once, and may be so again, begins here with Sir Peter Lely, who, like Van Dyck and many other ornaments of the school, was an adopted, not a native, Englishman. Sir Peter knew how to please the belles of Charles II.'s time better than any one else. His portrait of the *Duchess of Cleveland* presents to our notice an amusing person, who holds an arrow, and is feeling of its point, evidently borrowing all the arts and weapons of Love, while she levels a murderous glance at her intended victim, and smiles with an indescribable air of experienced coquetry. She is plentifully besprinkled with powder, displays a neck and breast of rotund proportions, and her hair is arranged crisply in little curls all over her head. She wears white, of course, and a neat breadth of light-green drapery floats



about her form in a way which indicates two things, — a breeze and Sir Peter's consciousness of his ability in the treatment of such accessories. His Portrait of Sir Charles Hobby is chiefly noticeable on account of a big wig and the wearer's air of mingled dignity and stupidity.

The greatest of English portrait-painters and the whilom head of the British school is represented by a Portrait of Miss Louisa Pyne, a plain little girl, who sits with her hands crossed in her lap, and casts a demure side-glance at somebody. The costume is of a yellow hue, which matches her hair, and of bronze colored stuff, with a bead necklace. In the arrangement, the lighting, the expression of personality, the accomplished limner makes his art evident. The mellow golden tone, the softness of lines, and the sympathetic character of the work, all call to mind the lamented George Fuller. Sir Joshua's study for *The Banished Lord*, in which a keen personal quality is felt, and in the dramatic manner of its lighting suggests a souvenir of Rembrandt, is another valuable example of the famous Englishman. The portrait of Charles James Fox ascribed to Gainsborough represents that statesman arrayed in a scarlet coat, and with a most amiable expression, but innocent of the least suspicion of intelligence. The portrait of Benjamin West by Lawrence, which describes a mild, gentle old man in a morning robe, is not well enough painted to demand more than a passing notice, and in no sense represents the distinguished painter.

Not far away hang two canvases from the hand of the founder of the modern landscape school, John Constable, who, as the connecting link between the great Dutchmen, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Cuyp, and their contemporaries, and the Frenchmen of 1830, Rousseau, Dupré, Troyon, sheds an eternal lustre upon English art. As each country has a nature

peculiar to itself, so it raises up sons who are able lovingly to paint its skies, woods, fields, hills, valleys, rivers, and sea-coasts even as they are, to filial eyes unlike the landscape of any other part of the earth. What Ruysdael did for Holland, Constable did for England and Corot for France. "Old John" was the first man to represent those effects of "umbrella weather" which make England so beautiful, — dark clouds laden with rain moving over the verdant face of the country, with the sun bursting forth, or about to burst forth, in an opening; in a word, those transient aspects which are the life of landscape art, because they suggest the infinite variety of nature. Constable's straightforward, simple, and manly method is an unmistakable sign of the genuineness of these two small works, *His Native Village* and *Rochester Castle*. The former is a strong sketch of a dark-green meadow, rising in a gentle slope to a wood which crowns a ridge in the shadow of gray clouds. There is a glimpse of the farmhouses of East Bergholt, a winding road, groups of fine trees, etc., in the distance. The sky is gray and white, with an area of tender blue; it has a look of changeableness, of a fleeting phase, which is equivalent to Constable's autograph on the canvas. *Rochester Castle*, also a sketch, is rich in grays and dull greens. It is a picturesque subject, blocked in rudely, but with a master's eye for values.

Three works of the British school remain to be considered, the best of which is William Etty's *Woman Reclining*, a small nude figure, thinly painted, of a pink tone, set off by white and red draperies and a foreground of brown earth. The pose is not without grace. The face is hid by the arms. It is a study of more than mediocre value. The landscape is like one of those that the old Italian masters painted, with a blue mountain in the distance. The color is full and frank. Bonington's

slight but spirited sketch of a Scene from *Gil Blas* affords not more than the vaguest idea of his powers as a painter. He was educated in France, and is highly appreciated there now, being one of the mere handful of British painters represented in the Louvre. Solitude is the appropriate name of a large landscape by Robert Barrett Browning, the son of the poet. A mountain lake lies at the foot of a range of dark cliffs, which are reflected in its placid waters. In the blue sky hangs a new moon. By the tarn's edge slender willows, rank grass, weeds, and wild flowers grow. The work is dull, sombre, and heavy, the composition disagreeable. There is a singular absence of "quality" in this painting.

There are a few American paintings to which no reference has been made in the preceding remarks about Boston painters, but not so many as there should be, not so many as there will be when we are sufficiently educated to be sensible of the merit which owes its birth to the conditions of American life, and now seems likely to be recognized first abroad, and last at home. W. L. Picknell's landscape, *The Ipswich Coast*, which came into the possession of the Museum in 1885, after having been exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1884, is the most important American landscape in the collection. It is a strong example of the modern out-door school, painted evidently in a very glaring light. It has all the sharpness, chill, aridity, clarity, and tenuity of the American atmosphere, with the sparkle and freshness of a bright day on the sea-shore. The modeling of the ground is very vigorous, and nothing is wanting but a touch of poetry, which age may give to the picture. Mr. Picknell's prose is very fine and logical, but one admires without loving it. In the foreground is a tract of white, dry sand, just above high-water mark. The coarse and spindling grass which grows on the margin

of the waste has withered here and there, forming patches of red and yellow, and elsewhere lifts its slim spears in tufts of green. The hummocks crowned by this rank grass cast bluish shadows across the sand. At the left is a small rocky elevation; at the right, a rough road winding away towards a distant bay, on the further shores of which rises the "utmost purple rim" of the hills. The sky is of a palpitating, cool blue, in which float vague clouds, silvery gray and shining where the sunlight rests upon their tops.

*A Rough Day, Harbor of Honfleur, France*, by Frank M. Boggs, is a lively marine, and well represents a province of the art in which Americans have won many laurels. The water, upon which the observer seems to look down from some high pier-head or jetty, is chopping, seething, and of a dirty cream color. The stormy sky is of a heavy slate-gray hue. A small pilot-boat sloop is bounding towards us under full sail; her hull is painted blue, and her canvas is very dark brown. Only one man, clad in a blue blouse and sou'wester, is visible on her deck. In the distance, the end of a pier is seen at the right. A small steamer tosses and tugs restlessly at her hawsers on the waves near it. At the left is a bell beacon. Gulls flying in the wind, and the smoke eddying from the steamer's funnel, emphasize the general aspect of action, briskness, breeziness. The buoyancy of the sloop, the liquid quality of the water, and the coloring generally are excellences which must promptly be recognized. The contrast between the heavy, dark sky and the luminous water is one of those abrupt effects which appear exaggerated and unnatural in a picture, but, even if a closer semblance of truth might be desirable, we are obliged to take the painter's word for the facts, knowing how well trained and artistic are Mr. Boggs's eyes. It is also worthy of remark that all he does is thoroughly his own.

Elihu Vedder's *Lair of the Sea Serpent* is not intrinsically a remarkable painting, but it was talked into celebrity when it was first exhibited, and a vast deal of fine writing was done about it. "At last," exclaimed the critics, in ecstasy, "the myth of the sea has found an interpreter." In the studios there were sarcastic allusions to the stuffed eel which had served as a model for the unknown survivor of the saurians. On the other hand, there were people sufficiently imaginative to see a pathetic yearning in the creature's gaze. The scene is a sandy waste by the sea, where reddish tufts of grass maintain a precarious existence among the dunes. It is calm and sunny weather, and the blue sea slumbers under a soft blue sky. On the sands lies coiled a colossal lead-hued snake, his head resting on a dune as he looks out over the waters. The tone of the painting is not particularly pleasant, being chiefly a combination of soft greenish blues and foxy reds. Vedder has painted many better canvases which have not been so much debated. His resources, also, are better illustrated in other works than in the *Sea Serpent*, which wants the element of mystery, and, considering the boundless capacities of the subject, displays but little invention.

A considerable number of this artist's small pictures are in the private collections of Boston, where his abilities always have been appreciated. Perhaps there is nothing better in color among his productions than the vaguely named *Two Figures*, owned by Mr. Henry Sayles. Vedder never reached his highest level of imaginative creation until he undertook the illustration of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyam*. He has painted some very bad as well as some very good pictures, in his time; but in a certain weird vein of fancy he is unequalled among American artists.

Mrs. S. T. Darrah's picture of *Glass Head* is a gray and melancholy sea-

coast scene, in a manner inspired by Daubigny. The glimpse of water, with sailing craft, and of a cape beyond, has a striking verisimilitude. The work is sincere, broad, and almost masculine.

The earliest product of the pictorial art of Italy is an altar-piece of the Sieneese school of the fourteenth century, representing the entombment and assumption of the Virgin. It is a valuable and interesting specimen of the primitive art of the Renaissance. The *Pietà*, with paintings of saints on panels, by Bartoloméo Vivarini, who made the first oil-painting exhibited in Venice, is signed and dated 1485. It was first carved in wood in high relief, and then painted. The face of the Virgin, who supports the lifeless body of her Son on her lap, is full of a touching expression of grief. The whole altar-piece is about six feet square, richly ornamented and gilded, and in a good state of preservation. The small sketch of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Tintoret, which was bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. T. G. Appleton, is about thirty inches high by eighteen wide, with a rounded top. The picture, in the Jesuits' church, Venice, has been engraved by Kilian, and is eloquently described in Taine's *Italy*. Mr. Appleton had good reasons for believing that this sketch was actually the work of the fiery Venetian master, and there is nothing in the work to contradict this supposition. Carlo Maratti's *Christ and the Woman of Samaria* is an example of a second-rate old master who belonged to an epoch of decadence. It is effeminate in manner, and as to color recalls a poor specimen of Murillo. Luca Giordano, who belonged to the same era, was, however, more of a man than Maratti, and the three paintings signed by him, which have been relegated to the West room, deserve better positions. The largest composition — *The Golden Age* — contains full twenty life-size nude figures,

excellently drawn, and arranged in a large, free fashion in two main groups, one towards either extremity of the canvas. It is a pagan idyl of innocence, in which youths, maids, and jocund cherubs sport in the pleasant country. Several of the figures are full of grace, and nothing is wanting but a purer scale of color, since there is little or no evidence of that hasty execution which gained for the artist the sobriquet of *Fa Priesto*. The Eucharist is another large work, showing twelve half-length and life-size male figures grouped about the Lord, who is giving the sacramental bread to one of his disciples, kneeling with clasped hands to receive it. Some of the heads have much intelligence. The Flaying of Marsyas, which, I believe, is a replica or a variation of one of Giordano's paintings in the Naples museum, is of a bricky tone, and may be dismissed as an imitation of Ribera, whose subjects, however revolting, were painted with far greater art. Giovanni Paolo Pannini, an eighteenth-century artist who was renowned for his skill in the treatment of architectural compositions, is represented by two large paintings of interiors which are more curious than beautiful. The Roman Picture Gallery is a comprehensive souvenir of the Eternal City, a lofty hall full of arid paintings representing precisely the many historic monuments of the capital, — its pagan remains and its Christian temples, its fountains, villas, statues, castles, parks, bridges, and streets. It is almost better than an album of photographic views such as tourists bring home with them. The Interior of St. Peter's illustrates a little man's way of looking at a great subject. It is a literal, correct, painstaking, and mightily disappointing description of the vast edifice, with many little puppets, meant for people, walking about and standing in groups here and there upon the pavement. These bloodless drawings (for they can hardly be called paintings) remind

one of the apostle's words concerning the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life. Rome, if we may believe the countless men and women who have felt her peculiar charm, is no such insignificant locality as Pannini, with his "microscopic eye," would have us believe.

Only three pictures illustrate the German school. Cranach's Deposition from the Cross is a strong and brutal realization of a painful scene, which has been treated by countless painters without a touch of tenderness, but never with a more uncompromising literalism. The body of Jesus, an afflicting spectacle, with the bleeding spear-wound conspicuously brought to view, is surrounded by a group of eight figures. There is good work in some of these heads. The claims made by the Museum catalogue in behalf of the little picture attributed to the younger Holbein — A Donor and his two patron saints, St. Peter with the keys, St. Paul with a sword — are ingenious, and, I might add, plausible, if the author of the notes had not committed the error of characterizing the head of St. Paul as "intellectual and refined." There is nothing in the history of the work that is inconsistent with the Berlin expert's theory that it is an original Holbein, nor is there anything in the work itself, except the disproportion in respect to the size of the heads which is noticed by the catalogue editor, and occasions some doubt in his mind, to controvert the presumption of its authenticity. It is "highly finished" indeed, and "the hands . . . are so literally rendered that their truth to life can only be appreciated by looking at them with a magnifying-glass." It is also hard, severe, and angular; has absolutely no merit of expression, and none of feeling beyond its entire sincerity. Most of these qualities are not wholly incompatible with the German expert's notion. The Landscape with Figures and Goats, by Rosa di Tivoli, is a dark and chaotic picture.

Rosa di Tivoli was a German artist named Roos, who went to live at Tivoli, near Rome; hence the euphonic improvement in his name. The catalogue of the

Louvre says that he "vécut dans la débauche, et mourut dans la misère," and this painting seems to confirm the first part of the statement.

*William Howe Downes.*

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## THE MAKERS OF NEW ITALY.

THE revolution of 1848 was followed by a reaction; for a while liberalism seemed to have gained nothing. In France, a tyrannical Empire succeeded the unsteady Republic. In Austria, in Germany, the old order was restored, and its rulers thought to guard against further outbursts by a more stringent policy of repression. In Italy, the expelled princes returned to their thrones, eager to punish the subjects who had driven them out. In Piedmont alone was there a change. The young king, Victor Emmanuel, had pledged himself to uphold parliamentary government; the Piedmontese constitution was the leaven of New Italy. Still more important was the appearance of a new actor on the scene, a mighty personality, the greatest of modern Italians. As always happens at the advent of an original man, circumstances hitherto chaotic and intractable began to take on order and fluency. This new leader was Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. He was born in 1810, of an old Piedmontese family, his mother being Swiss. He shared very early the patriotic aspirations of his countrymen, but he quickly perceived that Italy could never be liberated by conspirators and spasmodic agitation. So he held himself aloof from secret societies, regretting, but without surprise, the pathetic failure of one insurrection after another. He studied the constitutions of modern states; went to the root of the doctrines of political economists; traveled

in France and England; watched the operation of their laws; had a personal acquaintance with their foremost public men; measured, in brief, the social and political forces of the time. Returning to Piedmont, he devoted himself to the care of his estate, introducing the improved methods he had learned elsewhere, and mastering by actual experience the problem of agriculture, and the relations of the workers of the soil to the industrial and moneyed classes. To a superficial observer during the fourth decade of this century, Cavour would probably have appeared no more than a shrewd, practical gentleman-farmer, with a propensity for trying new tools and methods, and with English views on constitutional government and commerce. But while apparently absorbed with his tenants and his crops, he was watching the slow uncoiling of events, and with patience abiding his time. In 1847, he joined in the establishment of the *Risorgimento*, a Turin newspaper with liberal principles, and in that he began to publish political articles. He recognized the immense power which a journalist can direct, if he be sensible of his high mission and responsibility; and he afterwards declared that, next to his study of mathematics, for which he had natural aptitude, his experience in journalism had been the best preparation for his work as a statesman. That work may fitly be dated from January 7, 1848, when he closed an address before a deputation come from

Genoa to exploit their grievances, as follows: "I propose that we beg of the sovereign the inestimable benefit of a public discussion before the country, — a discussion in which may be represented all the opinions, all the interests, all the needs, of the nation. *I propose that we demand a constitution.*" To those who heard that proposal, Cavour's temerity seemed amazing; yet within two months Charles Albert granted the constitution, and pledged the house of Savoy to maintain a liberal government. Cavour strenuously urged the prosecution of the war against Austria, and even the disaster of Novara did not discourage him. From that cruel experience he learned the terms on which the hope of Italy might finally be realized. He was soon so conspicuous in the new Parliament that when a vacancy occurred in the cabinet by the death of Santa Rosa, some of the ministers suggested Cavour's name to Victor Emmanuel. "Take care what you wish to do!" exclaimed the king, who, though young, was already remarkable for his perspicuity in reading men. "Cavour will soon dominate all of you; he will send you about your business, and will be Prime Minister himself." On October 11, 1850, Cavour entered the cabinet as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. The king's prediction was quickly fulfilled, and for more than ten years Cavour was the Pericles of the Italians.

His policy was twofold: it aimed at the moulding of Piedmont into a strong, compact, constitutional state, which might be a model in Italy; and it aimed at interesting the foreign Powers in the Italian cause, by showing them that the Italians were capable and worthy of governing themselves. From his youth up, he had calmly measured the obstacles to be surmounted before his country could become independent. He saw that foreign assistance would be absolutely necessary, and that it would not

avail unless the Italians themselves did their full part in the work of emancipation. They could not use freedom which came to them as a gift; it must be earned. Neither did he deceive himself as to the means to be employed. Nothing could be accomplished by deploring the poor weapons within reach, and moping because better were not furnished; he set to work resolutely with what he had. To cry aloud for justice moved not the oppressors, nor reached the heavens. Patriotism on the lip would be impotent unless the hand held a musket. Three hundred thousand bayonets and the indifference or prejudices of Europe stood between the Italians and their independence; steel was insensible to sentiment, as, alas! so many brave, ineffectual martyrs had learned. Cavour fought his enemies with their own arms: if their choice was diplomacy, he would beat them at diplomacy; if war, he would contrive to marshal the most regiments and the heaviest guns.

He began his work by undertaking reforms at home: public schools and railroads were established, the pernicious influence of the Jesuits was curtailed, the monasteries were closed, civil marriage and a free press were introduced, the courts of justice were re-modeled, and, above all and a corollary of all, the people were trained to use and respect parliamentary methods. Nor were the bettering of the army and of the commercial conditions neglected. Within a few years Europe beheld a wonderful improvement in Piedmont, a veritable regeneration, achieved by prudent, practical men who had nothing in common with the dreamers and conspirators who had before that been identified with the Italian movement. When the Crimean war broke out, involving France and England in a conflict with Russia, Cavour conceived what was perhaps the most remarkable modern instance of imagination and forethought in statesmanship, — an alliance of Pied-

mont with the Western Powers, in accordance with which he dispatched a contingent of 15,000 men to Sebastopol. That master stroke raised Piedmont to a place among the nations of Europe, and gave her a voice when their plenipotentiaries assembled at Paris to arrange the terms of peace. At the Council, on April 8, 1856, — a date not to be forgotten, — Cavour spoke; but instead of discussing the Eastern Question, he made a bold statement of the condition of Italy, declaring the oppression of the Bourbons and Austrians to be intolerable, and warning Europe that she could enjoy no tranquillity until she interfered to give justice and independence to the Italians. That speech, falling like a bomb in the midst of the conference, was the first official presentation of the Italian question to the world. Louis Napoleon, over whom Cavour's genius had great influence, vaguely hinted that something should be done. The good-will of England was secured, but the English could not be persuaded to promise armed assistance. At last, in the summer of 1858, Napoleon secretly assured Cavour that the French would coöperate in driving the Austrians out of Lombardy and Venetia, and that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

At the beginning of the next year, it was evident that the compact would soon be carried out. The armies were made ready in France and Piedmont; diplomatic relations with Austria became so strained that they needed but a slight jar to snap altogether; and as usual before an outbreak, feverish symptoms appeared in all parts of the Italian peninsula. Garibaldi was on the alert. Being summoned to Turin, he had an interview with Victor Emmanuel, who revealed to him the plan of the campaign, and suggested that he should organize a corps of volunteers. Garibaldi's republicanism had not abated. His favorite maxim was, *L' Italia si*

*farà da sè*, — Italy will work out her own salvation. He deprecated foreign assistance, and despised the compromises and expedients of statecraft. Nevertheless, now, as in 1848, he consented to serve in the ranks of a king who embodied the cause of Italian freedom. He consented; but the terms were hard, for he felt that the prestige of his name was used to attract popular support, while himself was slighted. Indeed, Cavour had a very difficult task to perform, in uniting Garibaldi and Napoleon in the same enterprise. The former detested the French Emperor, who, on his side, had no taste for revolutionary allies whom he could not overawe.

Garibaldi grumbled and was suspicious; it could not be otherwise. He censured the military enrollment, by which the best recruits — from eighteen to twenty-six years of age — were assigned to the regular army, and those younger and older to the volunteer corps. He complained that the war department and high officers tried to hamper him, although he was allowed to select most of the officers for his own troops from among his friends. In spite of his recriminations and suspicions, however, he found himself in command of a fairly equipped force of several thousand men, when the war began. His Hunters of the Alps, as the volunteer corps was named, engaged in a desultory but not ineffective warfare near Lakes Maggiore and Como, and moved eastward along the mountainous frontier, but not so rapidly as the main divisions of the allied armies, which worsted the Austrians at Montebello (May 20) and Magenta (June 4), and redeemed Lombardy in a brief campaign. On June 24 there was a general engagement at Solferino, and at nightfall the allies were victorious. It seemed now that Venice was within reach of freedom, that the object of the war would be attained. What, then, was the surprise of Europe, what were the indignation



and chagrin of the Italians, when Napoleon announced, shortly after this victory, that he would fight no more! A strange performance, indeed, that of a conqueror who, after a six weeks' campaign of triumphs, proposed an armistice to his beaten foe, and quickly arranged the terms of peace without consulting his ally! Napoleon's motives? Perplexed historians are still in dispute over them. Some surmise that Napoleon was alarmed lest his unexpected success should provoke a declaration of war from Prussia and Russia, who had been lowering and jealous. Some say that his heart was wrung by the sight of the 16,000 dead and wounded French and Piedmontese soldiers on the field of Solferino; but this theory does not accord with his previous and subsequent indifference to human suffering. Others pretend that the stubborn resistance of the Austrians warned him that the war would be long and costly, as the Quadrilateral could not easily be won. If, argue these, he had been fired by a desire to convince Europe that he was a great general, worthy of his uncle, what fitter time to desist than in the moment of glory? To continue would be to involve the risk of reverses, and the impression left by a protracted conflict would not be so brilliant. Then, too, an influential party in France had opposed the expedition from the first. "Why," they asked, "should thousands of French lives and millions of French francs be spent in fighting disinterestedly for a people too weak to fight for themselves?" If Napoleon persisted, the losses must increase, although success were purchased by them in the end. Finally, some hint that he beheld with misgiving the possibility that central and southern Italy would throw off their yoke, and combine with Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia to form a united nation of more than twenty million inhabitants: might not such a nation be an inconvenient neighbor to France?

Whatever his motive, the fact is indisputable: he made peace with the Austrian Emperor at Villafranca; Lombardy was ceded to Piedmont, but Venetia remained in bondage. By the Italians, this action was resented as treachery; and Napoleon, for his insincerity, or cunning, or weakness, whichever was the real cause, got neither the prestige nor the gratitude for which he had worked.

The peace of Villafranca cut short the war in the north; but the duchies and Tuscany were in full revolt. They had expelled their rulers, set up provisional governments, and were hurrying towards fusion with Piedmont. From Turin, Cavour had dispatched trusty emissaries to Modena, Bologna, and Florence, — where Farini, Cipriani, and Ricasoli were ably directing the revolution, — to counteract any Mazzinian designs. Napoleon entertained a chimerical scheme of establishing a confederation of these provinces, under their former governors and the honorary presidency of the Pope! But the people themselves had no liking for this arrangement, and still looked to Piedmont for guidance. Garibaldi and his Hunters, deprived of occupation in the north, turned towards Tuscany, where he expected the command of the army to be given him. The crisis was unfortunately not one where he could aid. It demanded negotiations, not arms. While he insisted that with a hundred thousand volunteers, who could easily be raised, it would be practicable to march on Rome, or to dislodge the Austrians from Venetia, Ricasoli and his colleagues saw that this rashness would ruin everything, and that only by diplomatic methods, sober, firm, and most delicate, could their aim be accomplished. Garibaldi was annoyed and suspicious. He doubted the courage of those who directed the military policy; he doubted the honesty of the political transactions. Objections to his scheme,

though presented most forcibly, could not move him. Yet it was patent that, should Austria resume the offensive, the Italians could not, single-handed, overcome her; and they would vainly ask for support from Napoleon, who was so averse from the proposed annexation that he consented to it only after long persuasion. Garibaldi, wearied at last by his failure, and smarting from the supposition that it was due to jealousy of himself, threw up his office, and withdrew to his eyrie at Caprera. In March, 1860, Tuscany, the Romagna, Parma, and Modena were peaceably annexed to Piedmont, and the new state, counting about eleven million souls, took the title of Kingdom of Italy.

Cavour had resigned the premiership when Napoleon broke faith at Villafranca.<sup>1</sup> For several months, a ministry presided over by Rattazzi strove to disentangle the perplexities of the crisis; then Cavour was recalled. Almost immediately a repugnant duty confronted him. Napoleon, the public learned now, had not engaged in the Italian war out of pure magnanimity, nor for glory only: he had exacted as a price, first, the marriage of his cousin, Prince Napoleon (known commonly as Plon-Plon), to Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel; and, second, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. The marriage took place in January, 1859; now the Shylock of the Tuileries called for the fulfillment of the second part of the bond. He, to be sure, had performed only half of his pledge, but he had no compunctions against demanding payment for the whole. He wished to convince his subjects that he was no enthusiast, who might involve them in enterprises of which the sole reward would be the consciousness of acting nobly. His bargain would show them that, even from a business standard, aiding oppressed

peoples was a shrewd speculation; and the French faction which had blamed him for encouraging the expansion of Piedmont into the Kingdom of Italy would be appeased by the acquisition of coveted territory. To the Italians this transaction was very painful. It would have been hard for them at any time to give up one of their provinces to a foreigner; after the backsliding of the French Emperor, it was tenfold harder. Cavour, however, recognized that it must be done, and he was unshaken by popular indignation. Garibaldi declared that the cession of Nice, his birthplace, made him a foreigner in his own country, and he arraigned the loyalty of the government. He now treated Cavour, whose political methods he had hitherto disapproved, as a personal enemy, and as a secret instrument of Napoleon's ambition.

Within a few weeks, public attention luckily was diverted from this galling subject. When the Italians of the north and centre had won their independence, the Italians of Naples and Sicily felt that their opportunity was at hand. Even the Neapolitan king took warning from the ominous signs, and bethought himself that by cementing an alliance with Victor Emmanuel he might stave off a revolution. Cavour listened to the proposition, but delayed giving a reply, because he was aware that a larger success might be achieved by other means. Word had come from Palermo that "something might be done." Garibaldi had flown, eagle-like, from Caprera to Genoa, and was collecting volunteers for an expedition which the Italian government did not dare to abet officially, and so discreetly ignored it. Garibaldi, not appreciating Cavour's delicate position, complains that he withheld arms and ammunition, and hindered the project at every point;

ter before the terms of the peace had been settled upon.

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon, whether from shame, or from fear lest he should be persuaded out of his project by Cavour, had refused to see the lat-

the fact is, however, that Cavour's agents supplied arms, and that the Genoese authorities were instructed to close their eyes to the preparations that were making. Had Cavour acted otherwise, he might have excited France and Austria to interfere; and if he had been personally hostile, as Garibaldi charges, a couple of regiments would have sufficed to arrest all the Garibaldians. But, like Nelson at Copenhagen, he refused to see what it was not politic to see, and the expedition was made ready with all possible dispatch and secrecy. On the night of May 5, 1860, when the two steamers, the *Piemonte* and the *Lombardo*, glided out of Genoa, the whole town, except the government officials, who were wonderfully busy in attending to some other matter, knew about the departure. The next morning the official world expressed proper surprise at learning that the vessels had disappeared.

Garibaldi and his *Thousand*<sup>1</sup> vanished into the night, bound on a crusade the like of which had not been seen since the days of Godfrey and *Cœur-de-Lion*. A thousand men setting forth to redeem a kingdom! "What can they do?" a spectator might have asked. "What can they *not* do?" was asked four months later. In the composition of that force was to be read an epitome of the history and aspirations of the time. It was made up of volunteers of the recently liberated provinces, of Venetians and Romans and Neapolitans; and not of Italians only, but of recruits from the oppressed peoples of central Europe, Poles, Germans, and Magyars, together with a sprinkling of men impelled by a love of adventure or by a Byronic devotion to liberty.

For a week Europe waited anxiously

for tidings of the expedition, uncertain whether the Papal States or Sicily was its object. Then the telegraph reported the arrival of both vessels at Marsala; they had touched for fuel at Talamon, on the Tuscan coast, and then, steering to the southwest, steamed into Marsala at one o'clock in the afternoon of May 11. Bourbon cruisers which had quitted that port a few hours earlier, upon discovering the suspicious craft turned about, and entered the harbor in time to open fire on the *Lombardo*, from which the Garibaldians were still disembarking. Nevertheless, the "filibusters," as the Bourbon government at first dubbed the *Thousand*, landed without loss. By the populace they were cordially welcomed; the magnates and authorities, on the contrary, preserved a cold neutrality, being unwilling to compromise their future until they should see which side fortune would favor. Garibaldi, believing that in popular crises one man ought to rule, accepted the dictatorship, and on the next day the company set out on their march towards Palermo. Along the route they were joined from time to time by Sicilian volunteers. They fought their first battle at Calatafimi (May 15): again and again they seemed on the verge of a defeat, which would have ruined the expedition, but at last they drove back the Bourbons, who spread marvelous reports of the prodigies of the victors.<sup>2</sup> Garibaldi lost no time in advancing to the heights overlooking Palermo, eluded two columns sent to intercept him, and on May 27 stormed and carried the Termini gate, and entered the city. Barricades were thrown up, the populace, even to the women and children, assisting their deliverers; and within two days General Letizia, who com-

<sup>1</sup> The exact number was 1067.

<sup>2</sup> "There were those among them," says Garibaldi, "who had seen the bullets from their carbines bound back from the breasts of the soldiers of liberty as if they had struck

a plate of bronze!" Prosper Mérimée declares that one of the commands given to the Bourbon army at the drill was, "Prepare to look fierce — look fierce!"

manded the Bourbon garrison, found himself besieged in the royal palace, in distress for provisions. He asked for a day's armistice, which resulted in his withdrawal to the Mole, and subsequently in his evacuation of Palermo. The liberators unlocked the prisons, crowded with political offenders, and organized a provisional government. Thus the Thousand, less than a month after leaving Genoa, had freed the western part of Sicily, and possessed themselves of its capital.<sup>1</sup> Every day their numbers were increased by Sicilian volunteers and recruits from Italy. Garibaldi distributed his force into three divisions, and prosecuted the campaign as follows: the first division, under Bixio, marched along the southern coast; the second, under Tùrr, penetrated the centre of the island; the third, under Medici, skirted the northern shore. All were to reunite at the Strait of Messina. Garibaldi himself embarked with nearly 2000 troops, just arrived under Colonel Corte, and was joined by Medici, who had been reinforced by a column commanded by Cosenz. On July 20, they won a decisive victory over the Bourbons at Milazzo, thereby becoming masters of Sicily (except the fortresses of Messina, Agosta, and Syracuse, on the eastern coast). Medici entered the town of Messina without resistance; the other divisions, under Bixio and Eber (who had replaced Tùrr), soon arrived, and Garibaldi, elated by his success and encouraged by the enthusiasm of his troops, determined to carry out his larger scheme of crossing to the mainland and expelling the Bourbons from Naples.

Europe had watched with astonishment the progress of this chivalrous exploit. The partisans of democracy everywhere hailed it as the prelude to a cosmopolitan revolution by which down-trodden and divided nationalities should

<sup>1</sup> Palermo had then over 200,000 inhabitants.

recover their rights. The liberation of Italy was to be but the first act in a European drama; for Poles dreamt of a united Poland, Magyars talked of an independent Hungary, and the republicans of France and Germany, who had been deceived and crushed in 1849, began to cherish fresh hopes. Extremists, brandishers of red and black flags, doctrinaires, adventurers, the entire brood of buzzards which find their quarry in the dissolution of governments, began to flap their wings and whet their beaks. The achievements of the Thousand called forth discussions concerning the superiority of volunteers over trained regiments, and predictions that standing armies would thenceforth be powerless against the vehemence of a popular soldiery. The people need but exert their might, and the organism of tyranny would tumble to pieces.

Cavour was probably not less surprised than other Italians at the suddenness and completeness of Garibaldi's success. No one could have foreseen that the Bourbons were so rotten and cowardly that they would allow Sicily to slip from them without a more desperate resistance. Victor Emmanuel's government occupied a difficult position. Napoleon scolded, obliging Cavour to intimate that the cession of Nice and Savoy could hardly be effected unless the Garibaldians were humored. Russia and Prussia chid Italy for winking at an expedition by Italian subjects against a peaceable neighbor. Austria, though indisposed to make war, denounced this act of "brigandage." The King of Naples himself, by urging his offer of an alliance with Victor Emmanuel, justified the charge of insincerity against Cavour's policy of delaying to give an answer. In this game of cunning, it was plain that Cavour had stale-mated his adversary. The conquest of Sicily once a fact, arrangements must be made for turning it to the benefit of Italy. Cavour did not choose that fur-

ther complications should be added by Garibaldi's projected campaign on the mainland, where reverses in battle would jeopardize the advantage already secured. The people of Sicily and Naples, so long debased by Bourbon rulers, were far behind northern Italians in civilization; their union with the Kingdom of Italy — supposing the European Powers acquiesced in it — would entail heavy burdens, and much time must elapse before they could be educated to the national level. It would be wiser to annex Sicily, and work out her regeneration, before dealing with Naples. For many reasons, therefore, Cavour desired that Garibaldi should be satisfied at present with his Sicilian triumph.

But Garibaldi thought otherwise, and, having dodged the Bourbon and Italian cruisers which were lying in wait to prevent his passage, he crossed from Taormina to the village of Melito, and shortly afterward captured Reggio. Then was repeated the Sicilian experience: the Bourbon army retired, almost without firing a shot, before the smaller force of Garibaldians. Garibaldi outsped his troops, and on September 7, escorted by a few officers only, entered Naples, amid the acclamation of the populace and the indifference of the Bourbon regiments. The king had fled on the previous evening to Capua, leaving a large force behind him. One volley from a single platoon would have destroyed the little party of red-shirted adventurers; but the officers and their men were infected with the taint of Bourbonism, and Naples cost not a drop of blood in the winning.

A dictatorship was proclaimed, with Garibaldi at its head, and in brief space the flock of revolutionary buzzards had swooped upon the city. Mazzini was there, and his republican coadjutors, busily shaping the revolution to their pet theories. Garibaldi himself confesses that he had no talents for organization; he was a soldier, and as we have

witnessed in the case of other soldiers who were thrust into high civil offices on account of their military ability, the qualities which made him great on the battle-field weakened him in the council. "Adventurers, fanatics, and black sheep of all kinds established themselves in authority at Naples under the prestige of Garibaldi's name. Misrule, corruption, and incompetence were rife under the dictatorship. Conspirators from every quarter of the globe made Naples their trysting-place. Scenes were enacted there which could only be paralleled by the extravagances of the Paris Commune. Naples had had long and rich experience of all kinds of maladministration, but in the whole of her troubled annals the capital of the Two Sicilies was never worse administered than under the rule of Garibaldi." This is the testimony of an English eye-witness.<sup>1</sup>

Cavour measured the danger, and prepared to quell it. He represented to Napoleon that, unless the Italian government were permitted to send an army into the Neapolitan territory, the republican schemers, dangerous and incompetent, would control the disordered state, and perhaps succeed in kindling a tumult in Rome. It was indispensable, besides, for the future harmony of Italy, that the liberation of Naples should not be due to the energy of the Garibaldians alone; Victor Emmanuel's government must, by taking an active share in the campaign, earn the right to a share of the glory. Napoleon's objections being thus smoothed, and assurances being given that the States of the Church would not be molested, an Italian army, commanded by the king, marched along the Adriatic coast, and entered the kingdom of Naples at a critical moment, when the Garibaldian army was preparing for a decisive engagement with the Bourbons, along the Volturmo, and when the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Victor Emmanuel*, by Edward Dicey, New York, 1882.

Mazzinian extremists were forcing their doctrines upon Naples.

This crisis illustrates the sharp contrasts in the characters of the four chief protagonists for Italian independence, — Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini. So widely did they differ in their methods that most men have hitherto been unable to do justice to all; but it is necessary to cast away partisanship, and to determine equitably the part played by each. Most significant is it that the leaders of a great national movement should have held opinions mutually contradictory, in spite of which each contributed to the final success of that movement. Their individual forces were applied in different directions, but the resultant of their forces — to borrow a simile from physics — drove the ship of state to its goal.

Victor Emmanuel was the standard-bearer, the incarnate symbol, of the Italian cause. Around him the majority of soldiers, statesmen, and citizens rallied. Their traditions and habits were still monarchical, and he was a monarch of the best type. Personally brave, devoted to his country even more than to his dynasty, downright and sincere, familiar but dignified, shrewd in selecting able advisers, but not servile in following their advice when it conflicted with his own judgment, he early won the respect and affection of his countrymen, and kept it to the end. They called him *Re Galantuomo* — King Honest-Fellow, — and no epithet describes him better. Cavour was the statesman; he laid out the course on the chart, and steered the ship by it, let storms rage as they might. It has been said that no great question can be settled by ignorance: Cavour embodied the wisdom and common-sense without which the Italian question could never have been settled. Garibaldi, on the other hand, was the hero, the representative of those popular emotions and sentiments which need but a proper channel in order to

make their power irresistible. He has been compared to the mediæval knight-errant, eager to do battle for liberty at all times and in behalf of all distressed peoples, but above all for Italy, whose tricolor device he blazoned upon his shield. Garibaldi was the heart, Cavour the head; and as often happens, the impulses of the heart sometimes clashed with the judgments of the head, and needed to be checked and resisted.

Different from any of these three was Giuseppe Mazzini, the philosopher-apostle. Feeble in body, strong in intellect, indomitable in will, his endowments fitted him for high achievements in literature, and under other circumstances he might have spent his life tranquilly among his books. But his principles would not let him rest, and the frail, nervous scholar became the arch-conspirator of the century, the terror of every sovereign in Europe. He saw that the old religion was losing its hold upon mankind; had sunk, indeed, for the most part, into conventionalities and mummeries, from which the serious-minded men turned in disgust, and the ignorant imbibed superstition. He saw that the monarchical system of government was likewise nearly worn out. History revealed to him the progress of the human race from the lowest level, where absolutism and selfishness prevail, to the higher plane of representative government and national unselfishness. As he believed that the French Revolution marked the end of baser, feudal conditions, so he declared that the epoch had dawned when a nobler system should supersede the existing order. In this coming epoch, nations will not only be free to govern themselves, but the ancient hatreds and wars, instigated by personal greed and dynastic ambition, will cease; for all nations will come to recognize themselves as members of the great body of collective humanity, in which each must perform the work to which it is best adapted, and in which the oppres-



sion or disease of one member is a detriment to all. Religion based upon superstition, government based upon privilege, commerce based upon selfishness, are equally condemned in this sublime scheme. Neither the visions of communists nor the sophistries of socialists led Mazzini astray: he probed each, to discover egotism, concealed under plausible formulas, as its motive. French republicanism has failed, as he perceived, because it has insisted upon the rights of man, and ignored the duties of man. But insistence upon rights can lead only to individualism, to selfishness; we must recognize and perform our duties to our neighbors, in order to attain the end of human existence, — that unselfishness and love which the example and teaching of all noble souls make us to desire and urge us to emulate.

Had Mazzini contented himself with speculation, European royalty and aristocracy would have bothered themselves no more about his theories than if he had been a philologist or an antiquary. But he had the terrible earnestness of the reformer: belief in the truth of his principles imposed upon him the duty of making that truth victorious over falsehood. At the age of twenty-five he entered upon his apostolate, and throughout forty years he never faltered in it. St. Paul was not more indefatigable; Machiavelli was not more cunning. He was banished in turn from Piedmont, from France, from Switzerland. Every continental monarchy was on the alert to crush him; every police officer, every detective, had orders to arrest him: yet he outwitted them all. From his retreat in London he sowed his doctrines broadcast. He was the centre to which all conspiracies, from Lisbon to Moscow, ran back. He had emissaries everywhere; his spies kept him informed of the secrets of cabinets and kings. He organized secret societies, and, when necessary, appeared at the

conclaves of his disciples, to encourage or to direct them. He glided so stealthily from country to country that men said he had "a cat-like footfall." His pursuers were aware of his visit only after he had vanished. There was no day between 1830 and 1870 when European autocrats would not have made high festival at the news of Mazzini's death; gladly would they have purchased it at the cost of many regiments. But he was the more dreaded because intangible; a demon of pestilence which passed invisible among throngs, and marked its victims noiselessly, pitilessly. The most hideous monster which rulers in their terror could conjure up they called "Mazzini." They knew that he was surely undermining their power, but they could not catch him at his work, nor discover how far it had extended. Their uncertainty and ignorance gave their terror a grislier visage. If their forebodings were lulled for a time, suddenly, in their very banquet-room, appeared the fatal writing on the wall, and they knew that Mazzini's hand had placed it there, that he did not slumber. During the many years of reaction, Metternich and Mazzini were the poles of European politics. Counterparts and antagonists, how different were their purposes, their methods, their apparent power! While Metternich, in his palace at Vienna, propped by the traditions of feudalism, by the strongest of hierarchies, and by standing armies, was weaving fresh bonds of servitude, Mazzini, in his cheap lodging in London, was secretly whetting knives and distributing them in every capital to cut those bonds asunder. When Metternich fell, and Napoleon took up the trade of weaver, against him Mazzini sharpened his weapons. Had a stranger asked to see this terrible personage, he would have beheld a slim, scholarly gentleman, with broad, high forehead, large, dreamy eyes, which time made sadder and more piercing, cheeks thinned by care and



study, and a short, neatly trimmed beard, grown gray early. "A poet," you would have said in 1830; "a philosopher," in 1860, but for a certain unphilosophic restlessness, and an expression denoting, not the death of hope, but impatience at its deferred fulfillment.

In Italy, Mazzini began his career by joining the Carbonari. Dissatisfied with their narrow views, he founded the secret society of Young Italy, and preached that the regeneration of his countrymen must be moral as well as political.<sup>1</sup> The interests of the individual, he taught, must be subordinated to those of the community; and since he believed that self-government is the first step, in the education of both individuals and communities, towards unselfishness, he tolerated no political system but the republican. Garibaldi, as we have seen, was equally republican in theory; but he, regarding the emancipation of Italy from foreign oppressors as the first indispensable object, had served with the Piedmontese kings, who had espoused the Italian cause as their own. But now, during the dictatorship at Naples, Garibaldi and Mazzini were drawing nearer to each other in practice as well as in theory. The republicans seem almost to have won Garibaldi to their thinking; for, in reply to messages from Victor Emmanuel, he insisted that the dictatorship should be maintained for at least two years, — or until Garibaldi could salute Victor Emmanuel as king of Italy from the Roman Capitol, — and that Cavour should be summarily dismissed from the ministry. The king arrived at the Volturno in the nick of time, as I have said: his presence counteracted Mazzinian influence. Garibaldi loyally acknowledged him as sovereign, and they rode side by side into Naples in triumph. The soldier's good sense and patriotism prevailed over the instigations of the doctrinaires; had he

obeyed them, he might have brought on a civil war. His self-restraint and abnegation were a worthy conclusion to the romantic Sicilian expedition, which, after we make allowance for the unexpected collapse of the Bourbons and for Cavour's tacit but very effectual support, must be admired as one of the most brilliant and disinterested military achievements in history. Garibaldi refused to accept honors or a national gift of money, and a few days after the arrival of the king he retired to Caprera.

In the spring of 1861 he was at Turin, where a hot debate had been stirred up on the question of enrolling the Garibaldian volunteers in the regular army. Garibaldi insisted that the men who had fought with him should receive regular commissions. The government demurred; not only because by so doing volunteers who had served but a few months would be promoted over those who had served several years, but also because this would create a dangerous precedent, on which every successful free-lance might in future base similar demands. There must be a strict order of advancement, without which the discipline of the army could not be maintained. Moreover, Garibaldi had a habit of conferring colonelcies and captaincies upon persons of doubtful character. During the discussion (April 18) his devotion to his comrades hurried him into a passion. He accused the government of ingratitude towards men who had added nine million Italians to the kingdom, while the royal troops were holding aloof in their barracks. In his wrath, he attacked Cavour as the author of this outrage, the systematic thwarter of patriotic designs, the traitor who had ceded Nice and Savoy to France, the would-be provoker of a fratricidal war. At this onslaught, the excitement in the Chamber of Deputies was tremendous. Some cried for order, but the president could not enforce it. Cavour, with vehemence, exclaimed:

<sup>1</sup> The Mazzinian banner had the motto, *Dio e Popolo*, — God and the People.

"It is not permitted to insult us in this fashion! We protest! We have never had these intentions! Mr. President, compel the government and the representatives of the nation to be respected. Order is demanded." But the president was unheeded. Garibaldi reiterated his charge. The uproar increased, and the president, covering his head, declared the sitting to be suspended.<sup>1</sup> The friends of both leaders realized the peril of the situation,<sup>2</sup> and arranged an interview. Cavour, the momentary outburst of resentment past, never allowed his personal feelings to interfere with his public duties. "In politics I always practice forgiveness of injuries," was his rule. He consented to meet Garibaldi. The interview took place in one of the rooms of the royal palace.

"It was courteous," he wrote to Vimercati (April 27, 1861), "without being affectionate. We both held ourselves reserved. I made known to him, however, the line of conduct which the government intends to follow as well towards Austria as towards France, declaring to him that on these points no transaction was possible. He declared that he accepted that programme, and was ready to pledge himself not to antagonize the proceedings of the government. He limited himself to asking that something should be done for the Army of the South. I gave him no promise, but I declared that I would busy myself in seeking a means of assuring more completely the welfare of his officers. We parted, if not friends, at least without any irritation."

Garibaldi must have come from that interview fully aware that his popularity could not bend Cavour's inflexible pur-

pose. The Prime Minister desired the coöperation of the Garibaldians; but he would not shrink from fighting even them, as he had fought the other enemies of his constitutional policy, should their anger plunge them into a course dangerous to Italy. Garibaldi made no public acknowledgment of having been in the wrong; nevertheless, in a private letter to Cavour (first printed in 1886) he spoke in humble and deferential tones. Six weeks after this painful episode, on June 6, 1861, a brief illness snatched Cavour from the world, at the very moment when his wisdom was most needed by his country. We may presume that, had his life been spared a few years, he would have completed the unification of Italy in a manner more satisfactory than that of his less competent successors. If we measure statesmanship by the power of foreseeing and shaping events; of using all materials, however refractory, to achieve a great end; of making enemies involuntarily work for that end; of overcoming every obstacle, going round those which cannot be beaten down, — if these be our criteria of statesmanship, Cavour deserves to rank first among the statesmen of this century. Bismarck will naturally be compared with him; but Bismarck had more favorable conditions at the start, and met fewer difficulties along the way. Germany had not to be freed from foreign despots; she had not that most slippery and embarrassing of enemies, the Papacy, in her very heart. Prussia had already won a place among the great states of Europe. Bismarck succeeded in unifying Germany under the despotism of Prussia; Cavour united Italy by liberal methods, and did not rob her of her liberty.

*William Roscoe Thayer.*

<sup>1</sup> See the official report, *Discorsi Parlamentari del Conte C. di Cavour*, vol. x. p. 371-3.

<sup>2</sup> Let the reader imagine how the North would have been pained and alarmed, had

General Grant, in 1864, accused President Lincoln of treachery, and he will appreciate the sensation produced by Garibaldi's attack upon Cavour.

## DANTE AND BEATRICE.

“AND art thou well assured,” the Presence said,  
 “Thy spirit can outlive the fell assault  
 Of all the fierce, unsleeping, raving powers of ill?  
 Bethink thee of the perils of that voyage  
 Into the dark, beneath the starless cope  
 Of the eternal blackness; o’er the waves  
 Of sunless oceans, rolling to no moon,  
 No parent orb, their slug and stagnant floods.  
 And worse thou’lt meet upon the Stygian land:  
 Fierce dragons lurking in the ruptured cliff,  
 The lion couching at the rocky spring,  
 Wild deserts show’red upon with fiery rain,  
 The baleful upas dropping from above  
 Its milky venom; adders at thy heels,  
 And terrors at thy side, above, beneath,  
 Till thine own shadow is a thing imbued  
 With woe and horror. And within, meanwhile,  
 Is wilder storm: for at the scent and heat  
 Of their own lusts, the devils in thy soul,  
 Now sleeping, will arise erect and strong;  
 Will hurl pale Conscience trembling from its seat,  
 Put out the eyes of Truth, strike Reason down,  
 And drive thee, like a feather on the blast,  
 Into the abyss of eternal pain.”

Then Alighieri answered, slow and grave:

“Yea, thou dear being, I would enter there  
 Were that dark land and sea a thousand times  
 More dark and drear, more seared with nether fire,  
 More thickly bristling with un pitying fiends,  
 For in thy love I trust, who art my guide  
 And my protector. Woman though thou wert  
 In this grub life, envestured though thou wert  
 With wormy earth, as I that speak still am,  
 Yet thou art stronger in thy risen worth  
 Than the earth-shaking armies of a king;  
 Art greater, naked, in thy sphere of flame,  
 To bind or loose than ever tonsured pope,  
 His girdle heavy with the keys of doom.  
 When night is starless, do thou be my star;  
 When Truth is blinded, Conscience stricken down,  
 And I am sieged without and racked within  
 By banded fiends, do thou my Conscience be,  
 My Truth, my Reason, light unto my feet,  
 To my heart courage, to my threatened head

A brassy buckler, to my trembling hand  
 A sword of sheafèd flame. Such power resides  
 In thee, bright love beam from the face of God.  
 And when my being's core is wrung with pain,  
 And the thick must'ring cloud of demon wings  
 Blots out all light, all hope, within my mind,  
 Do thou but hold this hand and smooth this brow,  
 Blood-beaded with the anguish of the soul,  
 And I'll not cry till that dark hour be past.  
 Yea, I will enter ; for the only good  
 This life can yield us is the rounded gem  
 Of perfect Wisdom, though it still exude  
 From tortured souls, as oysters weep the pearl,  
 Being gnawed upon the heartstrings by the worm.  
 Yea, I will even walk the floor of Hell,  
 While thou engirdest me with thy sinless wing.  
 One smile from thee empowers my naked hands  
 To rive this gnarled life-tree of the world,  
 And rend its horrid entrails. Yea, now, see,  
 I kneel, great angel : bless me ere I go."

*Walter Kelly.*

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### ECONOMY IN COLLEGE WORK.

To view a man as a machine is considered materialistic by many persons ; but there are sufficient analogies between a man and an engine to warrant us in drawing certain conclusions in regard to the output from a definite amount of material furnished to the human organization. We are justified, I believe, from physical analogies, in considering the human brain as a receptacle of impressions which it can give forth when it is properly stimulated. Now a certain work must be done in order to make an impression upon a more or less yielding material. A dint in a rock will follow only upon the recurrence of more or less similar blows. Work must be continuously done, if a sensible impression is to be made. How can one make a German dint in his brain if he rushes from a recitation in French to a recitation in German, and then flies to a lecture in Greek, and finishes with

two hours in a physical laboratory? We see composite photographs of the faces of our college seniors and of the girls in female colleges ; but who will present us with an adequate representation of the interior of the heads of students who have upon their cards for the week Latin, Greek, mathematics, modern languages, and science? The dim and confused photographs of the physiognomy of the composite student would be definite indeed compared with the representation of such an intellectual interior.

Some years ago a one-study college was established west of the Mississippi. Its cardinal principle consisted in taking one subject at a time, and in finishing it before taking up another. We are tempted, living in the shade of an old university, to laugh at this experiment in education, and to point to the experience of many hundred years in universi-

ties older than ours as a reason for not following in the track of the one-study college. There is a germ of truth, however, in this educational experiment; for the actual results of the system now prevalent in our high schools and colleges do not inspire confidence in it.

It is rare to find a college student who can read a German work on physical science, although he may have taken several German electives during his college course. If the same student had been three months in a German town, he would have been able to make himself understood, to understand others, and to read a German newspaper. It is true that in the latter case he is in a German country, and conditions are favorable for his getting a command of the language; but he will tell you that his success comes from breathing and eating in a German atmosphere. There is not a moment in the day in which he is not reminded of a German verb. He has become an intense specialist in German; moreover, he cannot depend upon the atmosphere alone of his environment, but he must supplement it by assiduous study with a competent teacher. Now if the same man had taken up his residence in a frontier town where German is spoken on one side of a river and French on the other, and had undertaken to gain a working knowledge of both languages at the same time in three months or even in a year, we all know how lamentable his failure would have been. It may be said that a university does not propose to give a man a working knowledge of any subject: it merely opens the book of knowledge and shows what there is in it, and how delightful it would be to gain at some future time a sound knowledge of the various subjects there presented.

I hear some one exclaim, "Would you take away the mental freshness which a student gets in turning from subject to subject, and confine him to one subject until he becomes a dull spe-

cialist?" Many remember the intense relish with which they turned, while in college, from Greek to fine arts, or from mathematics to the classics, and are tempted to argue that this relish led to a better assimilation than if they had been kept on one diet for a prolonged period. The truth is that most of us sentimentalize in regard to our early education, and are apt to think that all should take a course which may have awakened intellectual curiosity for the first time in our special case. Thus the classical man would have all men study Greek, because he, having studied it assiduously, has obtained the grip which it should be one of the primary objects of education to acquire. If he had studied physical science, which offers an ample field for intellectual effort, with as much persistence as he had Greek, the classical man might have become an advocate of science instead of the classics. We often meet men who have received great pabulum from certain books which do not strike us as affording an extraordinary amount of stimulus.

I have referred to the blurred impressions which the mind of a student must receive who turns the sensitive plate of his brain to many points of view during the day. No one image has made a distinct impression. Besides the want of a material impression, which will be apparent when the student is required to apply his knowledge, there is a want of moral fibre, — a want of what may be called a second breath. Very little can be accomplished in the world without persistence and a certain bull-dog grip upon a subject. It is this grip which gives a man of one idea such strength. It seems, therefore, that a physical truth in education can be thus formulated: An enduring mental impression requires forcible and repeated blows, and also the element of time. Generally speaking, startling ideas are of uncommon occurrence. We must depend upon

slowly made changes in the brain cells. Nor is it reasonable from physical analogies that any process of mental crystallization can go on if the medium repeatedly is disturbed by changes of treatment and by addition of different reagents. It may be objected that mental crystallization not inaptly describes a pernicious set into which the mind of a dull man may fall by long contemplation of one subject. We have all of us often wished to sever the button from our coat, and leave the button-holder to discourse to empty space, while we fled to some Admirable Crichton, whose mind, rendered flexible by turning from subject to subject, could make the weary hours trip to a delightful diversified measure. The work of life, however, requires in the main steady-going engines, and to perfect these is one of the greatest objects of human endeavor.

A long residence in a university town is apt to make one distrustful of one's educational theories. The theorist is confronted immediately with a tabular view, and is asked to make his theories conform to the view. My theory, in short, is this: A student should study two subjects for at least three months, and two subjects alone. One of these should be a hard subject, giving plenty of opportunity for application, — like Greek, or German, or mathematics, — while the other may be a comparatively light subject, which can serve as a mental rest through the change which it affords. At the end of three months another hard subject may be taken up, and the first one relinquished for a time. A student of Harvard University, to whom I propounded this plan, remarked that many students practically carried out this idea, in the arrangement of their electives. One will take a hard subject, intending to devote his principal effort to it, while he gives very little time or attention to the other electives. This practice leads to a certain demoralizing effect upon both student and professor,

for the whole mind should be given to a subject under consideration, whether it is important or unimportant. Nothing is more deadening and disheartening to a teacher than the presence of a half-hearted student in the lecture-room.

I have examined the tabular view of Harvard University — for it is only in a college where the elective system prevails that the plan I advocate can be carried out — and that of the Institute of Technology in Boston, in order to see how many subjects are now offered to students. Every Sophomore, Junior, and Senior in Harvard University is required to take four elective courses. These courses are in addition to a slight amount of prescribed work in English and physics. The subjects offered are, in the rough, as follows: —

Latin,	Spanish,
English,	Philosophy,
German,	History,
French,	Physics,
Political economy,	Semitics,
Chemistry,	Sanskrit,
Natural history,	Fine arts,
Greek,	Music,
Mathematics,	Roman law,

Romance philology.

A student can mass his work so that all his studies may be in two departments, or even in one department, for the year. It is not usual for him to do so. Most men have at least three electives a week in subjects not generically connected. There are certain studies which are so nearly related that intellectual effort in one immediately aids one in another. Thus Latin and Greek may be studied with profit, even in alternate hours. Philosophy and history, or political economy and history, should go together. But few students can get a command of German and French by pursuing them together, or of laboratory physics or chemistry, or physics in immediate combination with any philosophical or philological subject. In examining the nineteen or twenty subjects

which form in the main the elective curriculum of Harvard University, — the actual number of elective studies offered being far greater, — I find that the division of subjects can be reduced to twelve, by grouping together the subjects which aid each other. Thus Latin and Greek can be studied together with philological profit. French can be studied with French history; German with German history; political economy with history; chemistry alone, or in conjunction with English; Spanish with Spanish history; philosophy with history; physics alone; Semitics with ancient history; fine arts and music with English, or fine arts and music as a let-up with any of the severer studies; mathematics with English; Romance philology with its suitable language. Thus having twelve subjects, three of these could be pursued in the nine months of each college year, and in four years the whole twelve could be accomplished, — if a student wished to take all the subjects enumerated. At the Institute of Technology, I find that a student who takes the engineering course has each week of the first year mathematics, chemistry, history of the English language, English composition, French or German, mechanical and free-hand drawing, — six subjects, three of which are not related to each other. During the second year he has each week surveying, mathematics, physics, political economy, German, with several options, — five subjects, three of which are not related. During the third year he has railroad engineering, mathematics, physics, geology, German, with several options, — five subjects, three not related to each other. In the fourth year he pursues engineering, metallurgy of iron, — two subjects which bear upon each other, but which are not connected in intellectual effort. A large part of the severe strain upon students in our technical schools results from the strain put upon the intellectual machine

in changing the points of application of mental force too often. While seeking information upon this subject, I asked a professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point how many subjects were pursued there during the week, and he replied, “Three, — mathematics, mathematics, mathematics.” No one who has met a graduate of West Point can deny that he has a grip on the subject of the calculus which few college men obtain.

The instructors in science in American colleges would certainly agree to the proposition that it is useless to attempt to obtain original scientific work from undergraduates. I do not mean by the word “original” anything more than respectable research in a limited field of scientific inquiry, in which valuable results might be secured even by a Senior. This inability to achieve logical intellectual effort is due not so much to immaturity in the student as to the multiplicity of studies which most students carry on at the same time. The mind cannot rest sufficiently long upon one subject to become creative in it. The work that is done by students of science in laboratories is accomplished by college graduates, or by men who have concentrated their minds for a considerable period upon one subject. This concentration has not in general been taught them by the course of education laid down by their instructors, but is the result of an intellectual discovery made by the students themselves. The discovery is quickly made in the subject of athletics. A college oarsman, in preparing for a race, does not spend an hour at tennis, an hour in putting the shot, or an hour in swimming. The base-ball player, before an important match, concentrates his attention upon those exercises which will perfect him in base ball. Thus the student, when brought face to face with the practical problem of winning a victory, pursues an opposite course to that which characterizes his intellectual ca-



reer. Can there be two true solutions to the dynamical problem of running the human engine so as to produce the most telling effect?

If the college year is blocked out into periods of three months, during which a student pursues only one subject, the odium of specializing too early in education is escaped. During these terms or periods of three months, I would have the student become thoroughly imbued with his subject. If it be German, he should get his news through a daily German newspaper; he should attend a German *seminar*, where German subjects are discussed in German; he should read German novels, play German games, puzzle out jokes in the *Fliegende Blätter*; in short, should surround himself with as perfect a German atmosphere as is possible. If he is studying physics, he should give his days to the laboratory, his nights to the theory of the subject; he should look up a physical subject in a library; he should attend a physical seminar, where physical subjects are discussed.

During the past thirty years a remarkable group of young mathematicians have grown up in the English universities. This group of men, who in English parlance have a grip upon the subject of mathematics and mathematical physics, have obtained this grip by assiduously devoting themselves to doing riders or problems. This work admits of no rival occupation. The questions set require the exertion of the entire intellectual man for a long period; and it was largely by this prolonged and specialized exertion that the English mathematician won such mastery. A most interesting account of this feature of intellectual development can be found in the *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*. The world has known periods of intense de-

votion to one idea, and the outcome has always been remarkable. Perugino and Raphael could paint pictures that seemed inspired because they were permeated with the atmosphere of the time. There was but one subject before them, and that was devotional art. The Puritan founded a state and built a city whose rise and intellectual and commercial influence upon the United States have been as remarkable as that of Venice, and left a fibre which is felt even now in the far West. The strength of the Puritan came not from his narrowness, but from the quality of his training. The truth that it is not so much what we do as how we do it dawns upon us all very slowly. We are all spendthrifts of physical and intellectual exertion.

The subject can be considered also from the point of view of strengthening the memory. It is difficult to separate the faculty of memory from that of adaptation for any special work, for the mental and tactual memory are closely combined. Merely gathering up the reins brings back the art of driving a four-in-hand. The faculty of memory can only be cultivated by dwelling upon one idea at a time. In the art of photography the best pictures are produced by slow plates; that is, by sensitive plates which require a comparatively long exposure to the elaborating action of the rays of light. Quick plates, it is true, catch the fleeting images; but they are apt to produce thin negatives, from which only poor and indistinct prints can be obtained. Something similar can be said of the action of the brain in regard to storing up impressions which constitute memory. With strong images in the brain, and with a method of excitation to which constant and prolonged use has accustomed us, we are not far from the plane of genius.

*John Trowbridge.*

## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

## XXII.

WHILE hardly a tuft of the broomsedge stirred on the red clay slopes of the hill, the fitful gusts were rioting in the valley, and Teck Jepson, standing in the midst of the tawny growth, absently watched the cloud of dust approaching in the air, and the dead leaves all set a-whirling in devious routes along the brown ground. He heard in the voice of the wind the first bated threatenings of the storm, and though but a murmur, full of latent strength, and with a steadily increasing volume that bespoke the prescient elation of the liberated element, free to come and go as it listed. There were occasionally black boughs — dead, doubtless, brittle, and easily wrenched from the tree, for the wind had not yet stretched its muscle — to be seen thrashing along clumsily for a little way, then falling to the earth, harried up again presently by the boisterous blast, and set a-going anew in their simulated flight.

Suddenly the broomsedge bowed down to the ground; he heard the forest quake; the clouds were closing in, and, with an abrupt realization that the storm was upon them, he caught the small Bob up on his shoulder and ran for home. It was a swift, short dash over the broken ground against the buffeting wind, so uncertain of mood, now rollicking, now fierce. The little mountaineer's gay laughter and shrieks of exhilaration from his lofty perch mingled with its sounds, as he clutched tight Jepson's collar and looked back at the wild rout behind them: the clouds seeming to roll on the ground, and tossed by the turbulent wind; the erratic flight of leaves and sticks; the disheveled woods, all their boughs turning from the blast as if holding out deprecating, quivering

arms in plea for mercy. Even after they had reached the haven of the porch, they heard once and again a wild aerial hilarity echoing along the deep chasm, in which the river was locked as in the isolation of a lake, and anon a low, menacing roar. But the storm was definitely angry when it fairly burst, and they were housed none too soon. The thunder's peal was augmented into even alien ferocity by the reverberations in the rocky abysses, above the deeply sunken channel of the river; the lightning flashed, tracing sinister characters across the black clouds, fading out before one might read this terrible script; the slopes below and the crags above had disappeared in the multiplicity of the interposing lines of rain; the garden, sere and faded, save for a forlorn prince's feather here and there clinging to the stalk, was gradually effaced from the world, and presently the mists were in the porch, and beginning to sift in at the open door. Jepson rose from before the fire which he had kindled, and shut them out, to stand shivering there, or to press pallid and white against the door, like some forlorn spectral outcasts, forbidden to haunt the place which that human love, which even death cannot kill, makes them fain to tread once more.

The white flames of the pine knots leaped with a glad alacrity, almost sentient, up the chimney; the shadows in the dark corners shifted continuously with the glancing shafts of light. The little house had many tokens of its previous occupants: a spinning-wheel, where now only the spiders drew out long, shining threads, stood in the corner; sundry gowns, all of rich, gay colors, despite their homely material, garnet, or orange, or dark blue, hung on the wall, as if Jepson's mother had but

just placed them there. Her yarn, in dusty hanks, swung from the rafters, and the quilts she had "pieced," folded somewhat eccentrically, were piled high on the "corner-shelf" which they had burdened of yore. Against the jamb of the chimney, on a slight out-jutting of the clay and sticks, serving as shelf, was even her primitive "catch-all," a great brown gourd, half filled with bright-tinted scraps, and buttons, and the bulbs of plants that would never bloom now, but should lie idle and fall to dust, with all the further possibilities of life unfulfilled. In a splint basket at one side of the fire lay a boy's rough jacket, worn and torn: her needle had rusted in the patch; the coarse waxed thread would never be drawn through and her last stitch completed.

It was for these vagaries, the preservation of the tokens of old home-life, that Mrs. Bowles esteemed Teck Jepson somewhat "teched in the head." Could she have had the privilege of remarking the dust which plentifully covered them all, the sentiment which she contemned would have impressed her as but a distraught trifle in comparison to the rank madness which she would have deemed his system of housekeeping. Bob, however, gazed about with undisturbed serenity, as he stood sturdily on his fat legs in the middle of the floor. Only when he turned about in search of a seat did his countenance fall.

"This air the bes' ez I kin do fur ye, bubby," Jepson remarked, tendering him a full-grown chair. "I hev got no leetle cheers hyar."

But when Bob's plump bulk had scaled the heights of the chair, the soles of his feet reaching but little beyond its verge, and his aspect presenting a singular study of foreshortening as he sat and gazed at the fire, content descended upon him as before, and occasionally he glanced at Jepson with a lively little grin, all his snagged teeth on parade,

confident of sympathy in his satisfaction and unafrighted freedom. But Jepson could not unreservedly share this placidity. As he sat opposite, smoking his pipe, his reflective face lighted by the fire, he observed: "Ye're cornsider'ble of a puzzle, Bob. I dunno what I oughter do with ye. I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, I oughter take ye up the mounting ter yer mam. Likely ez not they air sarchin' fur ye now."

"No-o," returned Bob, with a resolute rising inflection. "I be a-goin' ter live in de Cove! Right hyar!" And he looked about him with a pleased, adoptive gaze. He had heard Mrs. Bowles bemoan her sad fate in being wrested away from the Cove, but the naturally high opinion of the locality which this fostered was hardly adequate to the reality, in his estimation, as for the first time in his memory he was within its charmed limits, resting in the security of Jepson's coveted companionship.

The big man would not argue so unpleasing a subject with the little man; he still meditatively smoked, heedless of the discursive, juvenile babble, and answering only at random when a direct appeal was made to him. Presently these queries grew fewer; intervals of absolute silence ensued; a drowsy mutter, and Bob succumbed finally to the influences of warmth and quiet, and the fatigue of his long jaunt down the mountain before he had met Jepson in the road. He sat, or rather lay, in the arm-chair, his flushed round face with its happiness still upon it, as if the sweetness of security, of kindness, of the sense of being held of value, had pervaded his dreams. It would have been long, long, before the faces of Sim and A'minty could have learned those serene curves. But Bob's adaptability had stood him in good stead hitherto, and one need hardly have wished him more retentively sensitive that his little life might have been still more dismal than it was.

The rain fell with a dull, monotonous iteration; only at long intervals a sudden acceleration betokened a down-pour in sheets, and the increased volume of the torrents washed with a heavy splashing from the eaves. The sound was melancholy, full of intimations of the waning year, of the killing frosts to come. Even the thunder, ceasing to roll, left an unwelcome void, having been as an incident to the dreary sameness of sounds and suggestion. The lightnings were quenched. The world was given over to the sobbing wind and the sad-voiced rain. Jepson had no cheerful thoughts to beguile the idle hour. His heart was heavy, and the further perspectives of the days gloomed full of shadows. He did not upbraid himself; he was spared that keenest edge of regret, so complete was his proud sense of rectitude, his unswerving faith in himself and his own motives. Nor did he resent Marcella's anger. He admitted with a deep sigh its justification. He accepted it as a retribution, in some sort, not for his own sins, but for his unintentional contributive share, as he construed it, in the untoward circumstances that had resulted in Eli Strobe's injuries. He rebelled against his fate, this shipwreck of his love, more, indeed, than he was definitely conscious of doing, for he often boasted to himself, in the illusions of his piety, that he meekly submitted to the Lord's will, according to the example of the saints; then he would walk the floor all night in mental anguish, or wander forth in the dark, autumnal woods till dawn, in all the throes of despair. Of late, there had often come into his mind a bitterness with the thought of her which it had seldom before known. The image of the young stranger at the forge was continually associated with hers. His jealous eyes had been quick to note the changing expressions on her face, full of fear for Rathburn's sake, when his strange absence had been mentioned. Oddly

enough, Jepson was sensible of the glow of anger that the man she loved, if indeed she loved him, should fail in aught of homage; he took no satisfaction in the thought that it was a possibility — nay, a probability — that Rathburn did not love her. He deprecated the pangs she might feel, and still he sighed for his own.

So absorbed was he in these sombre meditations, as he sat, his elbow on the arm of the chair, his chin in his hand, his full, contemplative eyes upon the fire, that he took no heed of a step on the porch without, although he might have heard it, even through the long-drawn sighing of the wind and the fresh outburst of the tumultuous rain, for no caution restrained its demonstrations. The heavy stamping was obviously designed to free first one boot and then the other from the persistent clinging of the red clay mire. Only when the door was unceremoniously flung open from without did Jepson rouse himself with a start, and lift his head, seeing at first merely the white mist with the lines of rain all aslant across it, and imposed upon it the figure of a man at the threshold, the wind tossing the loose ends of his garments, and the water streaming from his bent old hat. For a moment his face was invisible, for the dull gray light of the beclouded landscape was behind him; but the draught from the opening door rekindled the coals of the dying fire, and sent the ashes scattering about the hearth, and as the flames flared up they revealed the familiar features of Jake Baintree. Jepson, rising slowly from his chair, experienced the odd doubting sensation that sometimes besets one in a dream, when the nocturnal vagaries so transcend the probabilities as to rouse a skeptical application of verisimilitude to these airy fantasies. The next moment a definite appreciation of the reality of his visitor asserted itself. Jake Baintree had evidently been drinking heavily. But for that,

what he said in response to Jepson's query might have seemed stranger than it did.

"What did ye kem hyar fur?" sternly demanded the master of the house.

His manner evidently affected Baintree, who did not bear himself with the swaggering freedom with which he had flung open the door. He had looked threatening. He was cowed in an instant, — cowed, but very crafty.

"A-beggin'," he said, with a sudden light in his eyes. "I want a hunk o' bread."

Jepson stood uncertain, reluctant, a frown knitting his brow, fairly coerced for once in his life. It was the only plea that could have restrained him from taking the intruder by the shoulders and turning him out of the door, — the only plea, and Baintree knew it. He could not accord his hospitality as ungraciously, perhaps, as he might have desired, and thus he was forced into more of a suave insincerity than had ever before been able to adjust itself to his face and manner. He turned toward a pine table, pushed aside in one corner, and indicated certain dishes beneath an inverted wooden bowl.

"Thar's all in the house. He'p yerself, he'p yerself." For his life he could not have hindered the heartiness of the intonation, or the unreserve of the invitation. The habits of a lifetime, the traditions of kith and kin and all the country-side, constrained him. He did not credit for an instant the sincerity of Baintree's demand, but none could ask bread or shelter of him in vain. It was the first time that the unruly and absolute temper had been thus helplessly in the control of circumstances, and he was irked by a sense of feigning, as he turned about and threw a pile of pine knots on the fire, — for had he care for his guest's cheer or warmth?

Baintree had possessed himself of a corn-dodger, and as he sat down before the fire, the rain still trickling from his

garments, Jepson read in his thin, clear-cut face the elation because of the success of his clever ruse. He had not come with the intention to ask for bread, — his manner at first had betokened a far more formidable errand; and as he sat there munching, with a mimetic show of hunger, Jepson was moved to marvel anew what had brought him into the house of a man whom he held his enemy, and who certainly was no friend.

"The fodder gins out wunst in a while up on the mounting," Baintree observed presently, the whiskey that he had drunk imparting to him, despite his reticent habit, its characteristic loquacious glow. He cast a glance of thinly veiled antagonism upon his entertainer. Then he said, with a low chuckle of derision, in which he would hardly have ventured to indulge at a calmer moment, "I s'pose things never git ter sech a pass as that in this house. Ye mus' hev a bar'l o' meal constant ez never gits empty, no matter how high ye feed, an' a can o' coal-ile ez hain't got no bottom ez ye kin reach. Surely the Lord faviors a man ez views sech visions o' yourn ez much ez he done 'Lijah." He hesitated for a moment, staring with blood-shot eyes into the fire, then snapped his fingers. "'T warn't 'Lijah!" he exclaimed, with an air of discovery, — "'t warn't 'Lijah! 'T war the widdier woman ez hed that mighty desirable brand o' meal an' ile. Now, Teck," with mock persuasiveness, "ye ain't goin' ter tell me that, survigrous ez ye be, plumb captain o' all Brumsaidge Cove, ye hev let that thar widdier woman git ahead o' ye? Whar's yer everlastin' meal an' yer eternal coal-ile?"

He turned about, and affected to anxiously survey the culinary stores, scanty enough, arrayed on a hanging shelf suspended from the rafters, and, thus isolated, protected from the rats and the mice.

He enjoyed the immunity from retort

or retaliation which men accord to the drunken, and which is incomprehensible to the more intolerant temperament of women. Jepson steadfastly regarded him in silence, and as Baintree turned again to the fire he seemed, in shifting his position, to have forgotten his jeer and the prospective joy with which he had thought to pursue it. A realization of the situation came upon him anew, and he made haste to gnaw at his corn-dodger with an affectation of great hunger.

"I'm mighty glad ter git it," he mumbled.

Jepson had resumed his seat, and, with the white glow of the blazing pine knots irradiating his serious face, he demanded, "Whar's the man ez war bidin' with ye? That corn-dodger ez ye air eatin' ain't goin' ter help him."

"He'll make out. He ain't one o' the lackin' kind," Baintree responded cavalierly.

The heat of the fire perhaps aided the heady effect of his potations, for he was presently more definitely intoxicated than before. Few people had ever seen him thus affected; for though he drank deeply at times, the quantity that would set another man reeling hardly disturbed his equilibrium. The fiery courage distilled from the corn was in his veins now, and showed with a sturdy bravado.

"I'm leavin' the kentry, Teck," he exclaimed suddenly. "I'm leavin' this hyar twisted an' turmoiled eend o' the world ye call the mountings. I hope never ter see a mound o' groun' agin higher 'n this hat. I fund out what pore shakes the mountings air jes' through goin' ter — ter" — his voice faltered; his eyes were fixed intently on the empty space before them, as if he beheld something there invisible to others; he made a detour around the word "jail," and went on with an air of triumphant inspiration in this obvious device — "through *visitin'* a sure-enough

town. An' I never want ter see a mound o' groun' more 'n two inches high agin — 'thout it air yer grave."

He paused abruptly, turning his blood-shot eyes instantly upon Jepson to observe the effect of his words.

The acrid tone, the bitter hatred in his face, made a strong impression upon the man who had inspired them, now that he was constrained to be still and observe the demonstrations, which, for sheer humanity's sake, he could not resent. He looked down meditatively into the fire. It was odd to him to think of his grave, — some scant measure of earth surely waiting for him somewhere, on which the weeds had grown apace this summer, and even now the autumn rains beat unrelenting, as the herbage would thrive and the torrents fall when he should lie unheeding below, — strange to think of these things, with the robust pulses a-throb in his blood, the light so clear in his eyes.

"When ye see it," he said, with the steady courage and calm strength which seemed to him, half consciously measuring their power, an expression of piety and spiritual grace and Christian resignation, "ef ever ye do, remember the man it kivers war mighty willin' ter lie down thar whenst summoned."

Baintree winced. Even when intoxicated he had not the faith in himself to vie with this hardihood. He resorted to recrimination, for still the whiskey made him bold.

"Ye ain't goin' ter be so powerful comfortable thar. Ye ain't goin' ter rest so easy in yer grave. The devil ain't goin' ter let ye alone. Ye'll hev ter answer in the nex' worl' fur all ye hev done ter me in this. Ye'll answer, — ye mark my words."

Tears of maudlin grief stood in his eyes. Despite their source, Jepson melted to them in some sort.

"I'm willin'. I hain't shirked none in this worl'. I reckon I ain't goin' ter ketch the complaint of shirkin' in the

nex'. I'll answer. What ye want me ter answer fur?"

"Fur my soul," said Baintree solemnly. "I'd hev saved my soul alive ef — ef ye hed n't kem a-interferin' 'twixt me an' pa'son, an' kep' me from washin' my sins away."

Jepson seemed to take meditative account of the charge.

"I done accordin' ter my conscience, ez the voice o' the Lord 'peared ter lead. Ye hed no right in the fold, an' arter I fund Sam'l Keale's hat an' coat I could not hold my peace. Jestice hed overlooked ye, but I spoke the word; not in malice, ef I know myse'f, — not in malice. But ef I hev done wrong," he went on, knitting his brows and gazing into the fire, his arms folded across his breast, "I pray the Lord will visit it on me. I pray he'll do sech unto me, an' mo'."

Baintree was stricken mute for a moment, vaguely impressed by his companion's look and manner. Then his attention was concentrated anew upon his own grievance.

"That ain't goin' ter do *me* no good" — he began.

"An' no harm," said Jepson. "Nuthin' kin hurt ye 'ceptin' what ye do yerse'f."

Baintree looked with dark suspicion over his shoulder.

"What ails ye ter say that?" he demanded surlily.

Jepson did not reply directly.

"Ef a man air persecuted, an' air inmercent o' crime, his persecutors air jes' harryin' tharselves ter hell. An' that's the long an' the short o' it. Ef ye hev done no crime, sech steps ez I tuk agin ye hev hurt me, not you-uns, an' I'll hev ter take 'em back'ards in hell."

There was no arguing with a faith so very complete, so strongly grounded, as this.

Baintree said nothing for a time. Then he suddenly broke out as if the

words were wrenched from him by some physical anguish which he could not resist:—

"I never hed no han' in Keale's takin'-off, but I mought ez well, — oh, my Lord, I mought ez well!"

He clasped his hands and wrung them hard, the poor subterfuge of the corn-dodger falling unheeded on the floor.

The shrill tones did not rouse the plump Bob, still asleep in the chair at one side of the fire, but he was vaguely conscious of them, and stirred uneasily, and again relapsed into motionless slumber.

"Look hyar!" exclaimed Jepson, agitated and excited. "Don't kem hyar an' tell me yer crimes over my own h'a'thstone an' a-eatin' of my bread, fur I'll use 'em agin ye. I'll turn the sword on ye. I ain't yer frien', man. I never war."

"Ye war the t'other night at the forge." Baintree had hastily recovered himself. He spoke in his natural voice, a trifle more unctuous, perhaps, with its coaxing intonation. He even stooped down and picked up the bit of bread, carefully dusting the ashes from it as he turned it from side to side. "Ye war the t'other night, whenst — whenst my partner seen ye at the forge. Ye kep' them men off'n us."

"An' ye 'low I done sech ez that fur you-uns, or him either, ye fool?" Jepson had risen. He had thrust his hand into his belt, and was looking down upon Baintree with scornful irritation. "I done it fur right an' jestice! I see no harm in yer sarchin' fur silver; an' though't warn't right ter work on the sly in the forge, it air a leetle matter, not wuth harmin' a man for. 'T war kase I fund no harm — no harm 'cordin' ter my light — in them actions. These Brum-saidge critters" — he broke off abruptly, addressing himself instead of Baintree, and speaking of Broomsedge as if he had a wide experience of men and life



elsewhere, when he knew scarcely any creature beyond its limits — “these Brumsaidge critters can’t sense right an’ jestic, nor nuthin’ done fur jestic’s sake. That’s jes’ what them men at the barn ’lowed, — frien’s ter the two, the stranger an’ Baintree! But I tell ye,” — he turned suddenly upon the man sitting by the hearth, — “I ain’t yer frien’, nor,” he added, with stronger emphasis, “*his* frien’, nuther.”

Baintree’s face had lightened; his eyes glittered. It was a forlorn thing that a man should have cause to rejoice at his enemy’s misfortune in being suspected of becoming his friend.

Jepson had not resumed his chair. He still stood on the hearth, one hand in his leather belt, which supported his hunting-knife, of which he had not yet divested himself, the other on the high mantelpiece. He looked down with scowling impatience at Baintree, evidently eager to be rid of him, and presently he addressed himself to accomplish this end without too flagrant a breach of the hospitality which he held dear.

He had offered him something else to eat, and when this had been declined he demanded suddenly, “What ailed ye, ter kem hyar this evenin’? Ye know ye warn’t in no wise hongry.”

“I war drunk. That air the only reason I know,” said Baintree gloomily. He was becoming in some sort sober now, and was strangely quiet, with a deep despondency of manner.

“Air ye leavin’ the kentry fur true?” queried Jepson.

Baintree looked up craftily.

“Naw!” he exclaimed contemptuously, as if the suggestion had been broached by another than himself. “Whar would I go — an’ who would I go to — an’ what would I do thar? Naw! I’m goin’ ter stay hyar ter be treated like a dog, ez I always war. I hed a man ter kem nigh ter chokin’ me, not long ago” — he bared his throat to show

his bruises — “look-a-hyar, — an’ he ’d hev ’lowed ez I war crazy ef I hed lifted a hand agin *him*.”

Jepson was silent, still meditating the feasibility of ridding himself of his unwelcome guest without violence to the canons of hospitality.

He had hardly noticed when the rain ceased its tumultuous beat on the roof; a fresh relay of winds was speeding down and down the valley; he heard, but absently, the snorting and champing of these aerial chargers as they swept by at a tremendous pace; the clouds were fain to race with them, for presently he saw upon the wet floor of the room, where the rain had splashed in under the door, the reflection of the yellow glare of the unveiled sky throwing its light upon the brown walls, and, albeit faintly, even to the dusky rafters. Jepson strode to the door and flung it open. As he stood with his back toward Baintree, he had one of those sudden premonitions, so conclusive, yet so illogical, that fall upon us sometimes with the cogent force of truth and an unaccountable extension of merely human mental vision. He turned abruptly and looked back, seeing its confirmation in the lowering look of hatred that Baintree had bent upon him. As if in some sort conscious of self-betrayal, Baintree rose with a casual air and an incidental, empty glance, and followed to the door, where he lounged upon the porch, his hands in his pockets, looking aimlessly about the landscape. Yet Jepson knew now, as well as if Baintree had confessed it, that he had come there, with the courage of the “corn-juice” inflaming his blood, with some wild drunken scheme of violence and vengeance, which the presence or the words of his intended victim had somehow cowed and crushed. They were silent as they contemplated the great flaring west, all a splendid burnished golden glow, above the darkly purple mountain opposite, its summit imposed with a definite detail,

in which every tufted, plummy pine top was distinct upon the vivid yellow blaze. About its slopes white mists were slowly creeping, and down in the chasm the waters of the river, with all the graces of reflection, ran in molten golden currents. Clouds were yet in the sky, but now and again the colors of the iris flashed out, with a swift elasticity as of a bow that is bent, and hovered above the valleys. The drops still fell slowly from the eaves of the house, and the flooring of the porch was sodden and sleek with the rain; in the hollow of a warped plank the water stood still as in a bowl, reflecting the clapboards above, and an empty nest in a niche between the roof and the post of the porch. All the colors of wood and hill were clarified and heightened; the sere grasses, beaten down though they were, wore their brown and straw and amber tints more jauntily; the boles of the trees were black, and somehow the distances seemed clear and brought near. Jepson had not thought he could have seen so definitely, so far away, the figure of a man slowly strolling along the red clay road, — of a richer and deeper color it was, sodden with the rain. The presence of the figure intimated that the storm had subsided less recently than he had thought; the weight of the down-pour had beaten the ground hard, and had added but little to the mud here and there in deep, tough masses in the centre of the road.

He made no move to turn back into the house, yet Baintree lingered, as if his mission were but half accomplished. It is difficult to conceive of a more indelible expression of gloom than had fixed upon his face. It indicated a misery and hopelessness past all human help, past all human endurance. Jepson spoke suddenly, upon an impulse which he hardly understood.

“Enny time ye feel ez ef the devil war arter ye, Jake, ef ye’ll kem hyar ter me, I’ll help stave him off,” he said.

He hesitated for a moment, for Baintree’s bright, rat-like, furtive eye was glancing up at him, informed by a spirit so alien to that which animated his words that it almost silenced them. “I hev been agin ye,” he went on presently; “ye know I hev. I always b’lieved mos’ faithful ez ye killed Sam’l Keale. But the jury say ye did n’t, an’ the kentry hev abided by the verdie’. An’ ef ye order yer walk aright an’ do no mo’ harm, I’ll stan’ by ye an’ won’t see ye persecuted, — though I ain’t yer frien’, an’ I never will be.”

Baintree’s expression had shifted more than once during this speech: it had softened, become wistful, pathetic, and it hardened suddenly, as the last words fell on the air.

“An’ who air ter be the jedge o’ what’s harm, an’ what ain’t?” he asked, with a sneer.

“I am,” said Jepson, with his unswerving faith in his own methods. “I dunno no way ter jedge o’ right an’ wrong ’cept by the light ez kems from within.”

“An’ ye air the only one it’s shed on, eh?” demanded Baintree, still bitterly sneering.

“Ye hev got good reason ter think so. The light lately shed on other folks, ’bout’n you-uns an’ yer pardner, would be a mighty scorchin’ light, sartin,” Jepson retorted significantly.

Baintree understood him to allude to the wrangling differences with the vigilantes in the barn. A prudential afterthought roused his suavity.

“Waal,” he observed, after a pause, “I never ’lowed ye war my frien’. I’ll say one thing fur ye, — thar ain’t no room fur mistakes ez ter whar ye stand. But I be toler’ble glad ez ye hev a mind ter keep them painters an’ wild wolves off’n my track. Will ye gimme yer han’ on it?”

He held out his own, bent on confirming the promise, as far as he might.

Once more a pang of pity stirred

Jepson's heart, albeit he looked down with a certain repulsion upon the long, trembling fingers awaiting his own. " 'Cordin' ter the conditions, — ef ye do no mo' harm in my jedgmint." And his strong, warm clasp closed upon Baintree's cold, nerveless hand for an instant, in sanction of the promise.

The touch of that cold, nerveless hand remained strangely within Jepson's palm after the two had separated, for Baintree's perverse reluctance to be off had evaporated, somehow, in the open air, and he had slouched out of the inclosure, taking his way, strangely enough, Jepson thought, down to the banks of the river, instead of up the mountain to his lair there, which he could hardly hope to reach, as it was, before the night should unfold him. Jepson stood aimlessly watching him, feeling the touch of his hand still cold and clammy within his own. Even after the rock and the laurel of the steep mountain slope had interposed, and he saw him no more, he still motionlessly gazed at the spot where he had disappeared, a sense of discontent with himself to which he was a stranger, an irritated, angry regret for he hardly knew what in the interview, pervading all his consciousness.

"I lack the sperit," he said suddenly. "I need ter be made strong. I gits sorry fur that wuthless trash, ez be held tergether ter look like a man, a-purpose, I reckon, for the devil ter beguile me. I gits ter feelin' sorry an' pitiful ter him. Now, David would n't hev done that, — jes' think o' David shakin' han's with his enemies! He hed thar heads cut off, — though it always pestered me some ez he tuk 'em up so all-fired sharp; but that's kase I'm human yit, I reckon. An' I knowed that man would hev stabbed me ef he could 'thout harmin' hisse'f, — I knowed it whenst I turned my back, — an' stiddier speakin' out what war revealed ter me, an' taxin' him with the crime he would hev done, I gin him bread, an' promised

ter purtee' him, an' shuk han's on it, ef he would walk right afore the law hyarafter. What ails *me* ter keer? I need strengthenin', — strengthenin' from above."

Despite his absorption he was moved to note, presently, with a pervasive sense of pleasure, how fresh, how soft, the air was. As he looked about, he noticed again the man whom he had observed some time ago walking along the red clay road. A slow pedestrian, certainly; it was almost inconceivable that he had been walking at all, since his progress had carried him but so short a distance. Jepson gazed at him with curiosity. He might have recognized him, the light was so clear, had not the man at that moment drawn his broad hat far down over his brow, and then he turned about and began to retrace his way.

Before he was out of sight the incident had passed from Jepson's mind. The freshness of the air was alluring, revivifying. He hesitated as he glanced over his shoulder at the recumbent Bob, asleep in the chair before the smouldering fire; then, without his hat, he strolled down the path, leaving the door open behind him.

He paused in the midst of the weed-tangled garden, and looked casually about at the bent and beaten growths, forlorn for the desertion of the summer, and the sport of the ruder season. Then he went slowly down to the fence, and, standing with his elbow on the topmost rail, looked meditatively at the golden glammers of the rock-bound river. He had not intended to go further, but as he turned he came to a sudden halt, and gazed with keen, narrowing eyes up the slope of the hill.

The man whom he had seen walking along the red clay road was long ago gone, — a tall man and slight, as he remembered the figure, all unlike the one which he now saw threading his way slowly among the bowlders on the

steep incline above the cabin. As the pedestrian emerged presently upon a comparatively open space, Jepson noted a certain burly dignity in his carriage, which even at the distance served to identify him.

Jepson started forward; then paused. He had not spoken to Eli Strobe since the day of the election, when they had conferred together in the interests of the constable's candidacy, and his heart had beat with an intense partisan anxiety for Marcella's sake. He began to appreciate definitely how much he had felt since then of love, and hope, and despair; how hard they had all gone with him. He was ill-suited to relinquishment. His domineering, intolerant spirit had been scantily acquainted with denial. "I'm goin' ter die powerful hard," he said in gloomy forecast. It seemed to him that he had felt already prescient pangs. As his eyes followed Strobe's progress, he protested inwardly against a sort of humiliation to realize that he scarcely cared to accost him, and hear from him the reproaches so bitter on his daughter's lips. Jepson had not a keen self-discernment, but he knew that imperious entity too well to believe himself capable of receiving them from others with a like patience and acquiescence. That the injury to Eli Strobe was an accident, through no fault of his, was instantly worded in his consciousness with the vividness of a retort, as his imagination forecast the constable's upbraidings. Still, as he gazed, he hesitated. Suddenly, with his swift, long stride, he started up the slope to meet him. He had hardly credited hitherto the report of Eli Strobe's insanity, and he knew nothing of the character of his delusion. It was, perhaps, some fantastic vagary, however, he thought, that was luring him on amidst the bowlders, and the crags, and the mists of the dusk. Jepson had it in his mind to do a service. He suspected that Strobe had escaped from the careful guards of the fireside circle. As

he approached, climbing among the crags, he wondered that he had not yet been observed, yet he forbore to hail his old friend. With the knowledge of the failure of his mental faculties was the vague, unreasoning impression of the impairment of the senses. He felt as if Eli Strobe might not hear his ringing halloo.

Thus it was that, as the earth grew darker and yet more shadowy, though still that sky flared above, albeit dulling from its burning golden hue to a deep copper tint with horizontal bars of red, while the river ran blood, Eli Strobe, turning a curve in the road about the base of a cliff, came abruptly upon Jepson standing in an open space, motionless, expectant, silent, bareheaded. The lurid flare of the skies flung its unnatural light upon Jepson's face. He winced as he had never thought to do, for the doughty constable turned suddenly half round, and held up a quivering arm before his eyes, as if to shut out the sight or to ward off a blow.

Jepson spoke instantly, hurt and angry:—

"Ye hev got no call ter treat me that-a-way, Eli. Ye hev never hed no call ter be afeard o' me."

The constable had forgotten his threat of serving papers on "a harnt." He trembled violently. He could hardly stand. He tottered to a bowlder near by, and sat down. As he hesitatingly looked up at Jepson and cast his eyes down once more, there was visible in his expression a surprise that his old friend should still be standing there.

"I hev always wished ye well," Jepson declared, with a swelling heart.

"Thanky, sir, thanky kindly," said Eli Strobe, with a faltering tongue and uncharacteristic humility.

Jepson apprehended a tone which he did not understand. He cast a sharp glance at his interlocutor as he demanded, "Don't ye know me?" fearing that Strobe's mental derangement included a

failure of recognition of familiar things and faces.

"Oh, mighty well, mighty well indeed," the constable hastened to assure him.

There was a momentary silence. Jepson hardly comprehended the restraint which irked him. Whatever of pain he had anticipated in the interview, he had never expected aught like this. He divined the thought in Strobe's mind, as he cast his eyes down the long winding curves of the red clay road, stretching so far under the metallic lustre of that darkly yellow sky. The constable was too heavy a man to attempt flight, too far spent by the agitation that rent his breath and heaved in his broad chest. His judgment was still very excellent, and he adjusted himself anew on the boulder.

"Ef I ain't wanted," said Jepson, with a flare of his wonted arrogant spirit, "say the word, an' I'll jes' make myse'f sca'ce. I jes' 'lowed, though, ez mebber ye mought hev a mind fur a few frien'ly words, bein' ez ye an' me war always frien'ly tergether. But I ain't one ter want ter bide whar I hev no place."

Eli Strobe's face could hardly have expressed more definitely than it did his relief at this intimation that the termination of the interview was subject to his wishes. He was, however, bent on insuring this if civility might suffice. In all his political experience he had never shown more suavity than now, when he said, with tremulous haste, —

"I'm obligated by yer comp'ny, sir." Then he added, in a more natural tone, "I hev been wonderin' a heap 'bout'n ye lately, — I hev been studyin' 'bout'n ye mighty nigh all the time."

"Nobody hev tole me that," said Jepson, wondering to find him so friendly, and still struggling with that vague, undiscriminated restraint that hampered the conversation.

"I reckon nobody else hev viewed

ye," Eli Strobe said quickly, not without a certain anxiety. Ambition was an elastic passion in his breast. He was already piquing himself upon his unique opportunity, forgetting Rathburn's experience.

Jepson keenly felt the fact that Marcella never mentioned him at home. But it was only another pang, and he said doggedly to himself that he knew so many pangs, another might hardly matter. He did not answer directly. He said presently, —

"What war ye a-wonderin' 'bout?"

"Ef — ef" — said Eli Strobe, a keen curiosity glancing out from under the brim of his hat, contending with a fear of giving offense — "ef ye ever 'sociate now with them folks ye useter be so tuk up with, G'liath, an' David, an' Sol'mon, an' them."

Jepson hesitated.

"I would n't call it 'sociatin'" — he paused — "not edzac'ly."

"They be sorter stuck up, eh?" said Eli Strobe, with a grin of relish. "I never did b'lieve ez worldly pride dies out 'fore ye git ter the nex' worl'. It's the main part o' some folks. It's all the soul they hev got, thar pride, — the rest is body."

Jepson, dazed somewhat by the queer turn the conversation had taken, stood silent, till he was suddenly interrogated anew.

"Do ye set ez much store on Sol'mon ez ye useter?"

"I hev hed no call ter change my mind," Jepson replied wonderingly, for the eagerness of Strobe's interest in gossiping of these antique worthies was very fresh and immediate.

"Smart man?" Strobe nodded his own head as he asked the question, willing to be convinced.

"That ain't the word fur it," said Jepson, the fascination of the subject reasserting itself even in this stress of anxiety. "I hev been studyin' a heap lately 'bout the house he built" —

"Thar, now, what did I tell ye 'bout pride?" Eli Strobe broke in. "I'll be bound Sol'mon kerried the mem'ry o' that thar house o' his'n plumb ter the house not built with hands; an' he ain't the fust ez clings ter worldly deeds, an' I'll be bound he won't be the las'." He paused, with a sudden look of consciousness on his face. The parallel was too patent to escape the notice of so clever a man, ignorant though he was. He was realizing that the important pride incident to the office of constable of Broomsedge Cove was hardly meet equipment to bear to the golden shores. But he was sturdily hopeful. "I'll cure myself o' that 'fore I land on the further side o' Jordan," he muttered to himself with a chuckle, for the humorous suggestions of the prospect did not altogether escape him. "I ain't goin' ter cut no comical figger 'mongst the saints through pride o' bein' constable o' Brumsaidge. Naw, sir! Pa'son an' me hev got ter winnow me o' that, sure."

The parson might have esteemed it a more difficult task, but Eli Strobe, with a cheerfulness predicated on the possibility of securing a spiritual mind in good season for spiritual needs, began to expand into more personal curiosity; for Goliath and Solomon were, after all, far-away subjects to his contemplation. Politics, perhaps, had rendered him suspicious, and he had become inured to doubting on principle a man's claims for himself. He cast his old distrustful sidelong glance at Jepson, freighted with a wish to say more than he dared, — to elicit protestations by insinuating that he had not been in case to know whether Solomon was as "smart" as he had been proclaimed to be, or to associate in any sense with the best of the Biblical worthies.

"Do ye like yer new abidin' place ez well ez yer old?" Strobe demanded.

"A hunderd times better," declared Jepson. "I 'lowed at fust I could n't

bide thar" — Strobe pricked up his gossip-loving ears — "through so many old thoughts o' old times. But I be useter 'em agin now, an' they don't hinder me none."

There was a momentary silence. A star was shining in the yellow west beside a flake of purple cloud. Mists shivered about the crags. High amongst them a screech-owl shrilled, and was silent.

"I wisht ye'd kem an' spen' the night" — Jepson began; he paused abruptly, for Eli Strobe had sprung to his feet, with a white face, in which fear and resolution were oddly blended. He was wrestling with a frightful old superstition of the lures of a ghost to lead to hell; if he should follow the spectre for a step, he fancied himself lost — "or," added Jepson, "bide ter supper."

"Naw, naw!" Eli Strobe declined promptly. Then remembering his sedulous civility, he continued: "They'll be waitin' fur me at home, — an' mam an' Marcellly air powerful partic'lar. I'll meet up with ye agin somewhar, I reckon. Good-night."

Jepson stood watching him in puzzled doubt, as the constable took his way with athletic swiftness down the homeward path. More than once Strobe looked backward, to see the motionless figure standing bareheaded amongst the crags and the shifting mists, and turned instantly and walked on more swiftly than before.

He was out of breath, and pale and chilly, when he reached home. Marcella and Isabel were awaiting him in the passage between the two rooms, and while the younger daughter ran in to announce his return to Mrs. Strobe, Marcella came down the steps to meet him.

"Whar hev ye been, dad, so late?" she asked.

"Marcellly," he said in a mysterious, low tone, as they stood together on the porch, beneath the skeleton vines that

flapped drearily in the wind, "I dunno what got inter me this evenin'. I tuk ter misdoubtin' ef — ef Teck Jepson ever war kilt" — her heart gave a great joyous bound — "ef he ever war dead. An' I started out ter go ter that leetle graveyard o' his folks whar ye tole me he war buried," — she convulsively clutched his arm, — "ter see fur myse'f ef thar war enny new grave thar."

"An' — an' — what did ye find?" she cried, elated.

He stared down at her in the closing dusk, bewildered by her voice and manner. His tones were more huskily mysterious still. "I never got thar — fur I met his harnt" — She gave a sharp exclamation, and then caught one hand to her lips, as if to restrain the scream that might otherwise escape.

"Tell on," she said.

"Waal, I hed some words with the harnt; an' 't war comical how much 't war like Teck, a-settin' up ter 'sociate with Sol'mon an' them, whenst from some words he let drap I know he war in the t'other place. I know Teck. He could hev been mighty interestin' this evenin', ef he would. He tried ter git me ter foller him, but I war too smart fur him, — tellin' me how proud Sol'mon air o' the house he built."

"Dad," the girl gasped, mindful of the impending inquisition of lunacy, "I ain't axed ye fur nuthin' fur a good while. Promise me one thing."

"Waal, Marcellly," he replied expectantly, but cautious.

"Promise me ye won't tell nobody 'bout yer seein' the harnt."

His countenance fell. It was a sensation to retail, to make him the joyful cynosure of all the gossips, when he should be once more able to join his cronies at the forge or the store. But her pleading eyes were on his face; his paternal heart stirred, and his affection could compass even such self-denial.

"Waal, Marcellly, I promise — though" —

She would not wait for argument. "An', dad, ef ennybody axes ye how ye know Teck Jepson air dead, say yer darter Marcellly tole ye whar he war buried."

"Yes," he interrupted, with his burly bass chuckle, "an' I'll say I 'lowed they would n't hev buried him 'thout he war dead."

The white light of the newly kindled tallow dip within the room streamed out amongst the dusky brown shadows, and he went cheerfully in to his supper.

### XXIII.

The roistering blades who had been wont to congregate at the forge had latterly resumed that cheerful habit, for the more recent excitements touching the discovery of the identity of the mysterious smith, who busied himself about the anvil in the dead hour of the night, had quite crowded out all recollection of the previous sensation of the parson's visions. Few, perhaps none but he himself, thought of the apparition that, accoutred with hoofs and equipped with wings "bat-wise," had sat upon the anvil, while the ghastly simulacrum of one of the jolly group had held the shutter ajar to look in upon his unconscious rollicking mortal self; although often enough the sound of the uncouth hilarity, the scraping of the old fiddle, or the wild, barbaric choruses rang out in the solemn silence of the stricken wintry woods, and acquainted the Settlement with the fact that the "boys were caperin' like all possessed down thar at the forge." The parson sighed, for all the ascetic convictions of his nature were wounded by the unthinking jocosity and revelry, the very laughter of which he, in his portentous gravity of creed, esteemed a sin. But even parsons can learn, and the good old man beheld no more visions thenceforward to the day of his death.



Allegory and metaphor had departed, with all their attendant graces of rhetoric, from his discourse, and thereafter he urged upon his congregation the necessity of truth and the insidiousness of lying, until the subject seemed to grow personal, and each member ransacked the possibilities for the means whereby the pastor could have become acquainted with sundry individual feats of athletically drawing the long-bow.

The fluctuating shafts of red light, now flung across the landscape without, now suddenly withdrawn, as the breath of the bellows rose and fell, imparted a genial element to the gaunt and sere autumnal scene this afternoon, as Bassett approached the little low building under the beetling crags. The dusk had already fallen, the metallic lustre had tarnished in the sky, and only here and there a dimly-burnished gleam gave evidences of how the sunset but now had flared. Those traces of the rain which its brilliancy had served to obliterate were reasserted under the drear influences of the closing night. Drops were ever and anon fitfully falling in the woods from their lodgment in the sere curled leaves still clinging to the trees, as the wind stirred them. Far away the shrill tones of an owl jarred the silence, and were still again. The mountains, dark and sinister, closed about the Cove, its spaces all narrowing in the hovering obscurity, only indicated, indeed, by the pallid stretches of crabgrass in the place of the harvested crops, and the tawny growth of the broomsedge, the curse of the abandoned land; for the last glimmers of the day revealed these lighter tones in the dull neutrality of the blending darkness. The dank breath of their sodden fibres came to him as he walked; the river called aloud in a tumult of elation, as it dashed bold and wild over the rocks, reinforced by its tributaries from the ranges; exhalations were rising from the ground, loitering in low places, and as

the light flared out all red from the forge now and again, it cleft them in twain. The echoes waked still, despite the somnolent, night-shrouded aspect of mountain and valley, and were full of mirth, with snatches of lilting song, to repeat and con anew, till languorously, and syllable by syllable, they dropped to silence, or were overpowered by fresh outbursts of boisterous fun. It might have seemed even to these accurate mimics all as it was in the old days when the familiar group gathered here, before Rathburn had ever come to the Great Smoky to search in chasm and gorge and cave for its silver, — before they had been roused in the mystic midnight hour to keep a tally with the strokes of his hammer on the anvil, and murmur with bated breath his low-toned words, — all as it was. It did not seem thus to Bassett, coming nearer still. A preoccupation, a lack of zest in the jocularity, in the rallying sallies, he could detect in the very tones, too distant to be articulate; and yet they were as bluffly loud as ever. Nevertheless, as he came in view of the interior, the figures of the young mountaineers, now distinct in the glow of the forge fire, now dull and almost indistinguishable in the shadow of the dusky brown walls, intimated but small thought save of the mirth of the moment. The violin's tones were facetious under the bowing of so jovial a hand as Jube, the parson's son, made shift to wield. The severe ascetic lines of his father's profile were queerly imposed upon the rich red tint of the instrument, convulsed by a grin of a magnitude justified only by the phenomenal capers of the dancer, and distorted presently in sympathy with some very intricate harmonics, the production of which were somewhat beyond the performer's capacity. The dancer was Andy Longwood, and his lithe conformation and light weight and latent agility were manifested to an extent which one would hardly have suspected from his habitual

slow, slouching gait. He held either hand upon his hips; his chin was uplifted; he looked not at his feet, surprising as were their deft gyrations to the circle of men who, with their pipes in their mouths, stood about and gazed at him with an expression of slow and lenient amusement, but at the dark and cobwebbed rafters of the high-peaked roof. The white light flared out from the fire for one moment upon his face, with his long fair hair shaken back and tossing with his movements; and as the dull red glow succeeded it, the surrounding spectators fell back laughing, their applause of an intricate double shuffle, with which he had concluded, audible to Bassett as he approached. When he reached the door and stood leaning against it, their comments had not yet shifted from the subject.

"Git yer feet tangled up, Andy, fust thing ye know, so ez ye'll never git 'em loose no mo'," observed Moses Hull, at whom Bassett glanced in surprise, for it was Hull's ambition to do many things in the nature of feats of agility pre-eminently well, and commendation from him, therefore, usually was slack and scanty. "Shucks!" He made one or two teetering movements forward on the tips of his toes, then desisted with a debonair wave of his hand. "*I can't, — gin it up.*"

"Gin Andy su'thin' ter drink; 'bleeged ter be dry arter all that hoppin' an' commotion," said Dake, in a tone the essence of suavity. "Hey, Clem?" He appealed to the hospitalities of the blacksmith, who sat upon the anvil, all un-mindful of the devil, and smoked his pipe, as he overlooked a game of cards which two young fellows were playing upon the head of a barrel.

"Let him gin hisse'f suthin' ter drink," Clem said cavalierly, emitting a blue wreath of smoke from his lips. He had not forgiven the youthful rival his unintentionally misleading statement as to Marcella's preference, and was

nevertheless gruffly and illogically jealous. "I reckon Andy hev got sense enough ter know the outside o' a jug whenst he see it; ef not, let him go dry."

He inserted his pipe once more between his lips, and bent his attention upon the game, solemnly and warily played by the light of the forge fire, the bellows accommodatingly worked by a youth who fancied he had a bent toward the smith's vocation, and was happy to be allowed to meddle in any capacity with the paraphernalia of the forge.

"I won't die o' thirst, I reckon, yit awhile," panted Andy, who, still out of breath, was walking himself about after the manner in which a horse is exercised after running. He took his way behind the elevated hearth of the forge, for in the dusky retirement of this nook stood a modestly disposed brown jug, with a corn-cob stopper. Its presence here was well known, and the affectation of secrecy sprang, doubtless, from some mere sentiment of appropriateness, since the liquor was illegally distilled, and came few knew whence.

Bassett watched the dumb show, very dim in the corner, of the shadow of a man drinking from the shadow of a jug; he was of an outspoken temperament, of which, however, censoriousness was more an element than candor.

"What ails ye, Gid, ter be a-coddlin' Andy so special?" He did not desist because of a significant glance from Dake, standing in the rear of the anvil. "An' what's Andy a-doin' of over hyar, so fur from home, ennyhows? His folks will 'low he be los', — his mam will be out'n her head," he sneered.

The bibulous shadow paused, with the jug at his lips. The pantomime was very expressive of scornful retort, as Longwood wagged his head silently, but with the fiery fluid in his throat he could not speak for a moment. "I'll knock ye inter Kingdom Come, Joe

Bassett, ef ye fool along o' me. Talkin' ez ef I war about five year old! I ain't axin' you-uns 'bout sech ez I do, nohow." And once more he applied his lips to the jug.

"Old or young, Andy hev been mighty important ter Brumsaidge," said Hull seductively. "Some things we-uns would never hev knowed ef 't warn't fur him."

Bassett started in surprise; then gave a short, scornful laugh. "Waal, I feel powerful sorry fur Brumsaidge ef Andy kin tell 'em ennything!" he flouted.

The young fellow had come from behind the elevated hearth of the forge, wiping his lips on the back of his hand. He had suddenly grown conscious, and looked a trifle crestfallen. "Waal, I dunno ez I oughter hev tole what I done, — I hev been sorry fur it sence. It jes' sorter slipped out'n my mouth 'fore I knowed it. I hed drunk cornsider'ble apple-jack," — he made this admission with a callow pride in being thus overtaken, — "an' I sca'cely knowed what I said. I war sorry arterward."

"'Bout what?" demanded Bassett, choosing to disregard the telegraphic glances of Hull and Dake.

"Shucks!" said Hull, answering for Longwood, "jes' 'bout tellin' ez Eli Strobe hed gone deranged."

Bassett said nothing, and Longwood, standing with his hands in his pockets, his head bare, — for he had not replaced his hat after dancing, and it now lay among the spokes of a broken wagon-wheel at one side of the shop, — gazed absently down at the game, seeing nothing before his eyes, and raising them whenever the others spoke.

"I dunno why ye air sorry ye tole," said Hull craftily; and it occurred suddenly to Bassett that he was a half-brother of the defeated candidate for constable, and that Longwood was in the process of being cleverly manipulated. "Brumsaidge would hev been

obleeged ter find it out, sooner or later. I s'pose," he added, after a pause, "ye war feared they would try ter take his office 'way from him?"

"Edzac'ly!" said Longwood, lifting his large, wide eyes, "an' I did n't want ter hev no part nor passel in sech."

"Waal, ye won't!" exclaimed Hull reassuringly. He was a dark-browed fellow, of a wooden-like countenance; it seemed specially devoid of expression as he chewed hard upon his quid of tobacco, and he had a casual manner as he continued: "Folks would hev been bound ter hear it n'ised abroad 'fore long, an' then, ef he air crazy, Brumsaidge can't keep him constable. This air a mighty big deestric', an' arter ye wunst gits out'n the Settlemint houses air few fur true, an' fur apart, an' woods air thick. A crazy constable ain't no constable at all."

"Yes, sir!" Dake broke in; "an' folks out thar hev got ter hev some sort'n purtection besides a gyard-dog, — got ter sorter depend on the law, now'days. We-uns ain't got grit enough ter take keer o' ourselves, like we useter do."

But this last sentiment boded a digression. Hull hastily interposed, still incidentally: "'T ain't yer fault, Andy, ef he did lose his office, — ye did n't make him go deranged; an' it stands ter reason ez the law can't be administered by a off'cer teched in the head. Naw, sir! But then he mought not be crazy. What did he say, Andy, ter make ye 'low he hed gone deranged?"

The question was asked, and Hull gazed intently at the young fellow, fearing that at this significant moment some word, some movement, of the others might rob him of what he so zealously sought, — a clue for the guidance of those who were scheming to secure the inquisition of lunacy; for so close had been the race for constable that in the event of the office becoming vacant, and a consequent special election, Joshua

Nevins could hardly fail to have a walk-over, as against any other candidate than the disabled incumbent. Nevertheless, although Hull's face had grown conscious, his manner carefully dissembled his interest, and Longwood's glance discovered naught to inflame his anger or rouse his caution. It was only because of the twinge of his own conscience that he declared irritably, lifting his voice, "I dunno what he said, — leastwise I hev no call ter tell, an' I ain't a-goin' ter." A sudden doubt, even suspicion, stirred within him. "Somebody else war axin' me that question jes' ter-day."

Hull, fresh at politics, lost his self-possession. "'T warn't me!" he protested, as if repudiating an accusation.

"Did I say 't war?" demanded Longwood, with a snarling accent. The whiskey which he had drunk and that goading sense of wrong-doing had blended in angry discomfort, which he was more disposed to wreak on others, if he might with impunity, than to suffer in silence.

"Don't quar'l, boys," eagerly objected Jube. His habit was not that of a peacemaker, but the prospect of a wrangle threatened to despoil the pleasure he experienced in twanging the old violin, for the loud voices overbore the vibrations of the strings as he experimented with some delicate flecking touches of the bow. "Don't quar'l, boys."

"I ain't quar'lin!" Longwood defended himself with still a louder tone. "Axin' me — an' I won't stan' it — ez ter what Eli Strobe said an' did n't say, ter make me 'low he hed gone deranged!"

His voice lifted to so high a pitch caused Clem Sanders to look up with scowling disfavor from the game of which he had been an absorbed spectator. His frown grew blacker as the final words fell upon the air. "Gone deranged!" he sneered. "Air you-uns a-spreadin' that gossip yit, kase the man hed a fe-

ver, an' war a leetle out'n his head? I do declar', ye make me laff." His face seemed far from laughing, so indignant and flushed it was.

"A man can't stay out'n his head jes' with fever from August — election day air fust Thursday in August — plumb till the middle o' October, an' past. That's when Andy hearn Eli Strobe a-maunderin'," Hull excitedly argued.

"I never said he maundered," Longwood protested vehemently. "I ain't a-goin' ter tell what he said."

Clem Sanders had worn a startled, troubled face as he hearkened to Hull's exposition of these dates. He seemed overpowered, convinced against his will. Then his anxious hope for Marcella's sake making him ingeniously sanguine, he turned fiercely toward Longwood.

"An' what sort'n jedge be you-uns? Gone deranged! Nobody hev gone haf-fen ez fur deranged ez you-uns. Ye ain't got two atoms o' brains ter keep one another comp'ny in that thar great big lonesome head o' yourn."

Longwood winced palpably before this vigorous scorn. The consideration with which he had been treated earlier in the evening had served to foster his self-esteem. The blacksmith was a man of mark in the community and enjoyed great popularity, and Longwood deprecated a "backing down" from this source. He was prone to strut and swagger, and Hull's pretended deference had made him adopt a still more assuming pose.

He forgot his pangs of conscience, Marcella, the consequence to Eli Strobe, — all, — in the tumult of his self-importance and the desire to assert himself.

"Jedge o' goin' deranged! I say a jedge! Even you-uns, I reckon, would hev hed gumption enough ter sense what war the matter ef ye hed hearn him declarin' — like I done — ez he hed killed Teck Jepson, bruk his neck, an' kep' axin' whar Teck war buried, an' who preached the fun'al sermon, an'

ef his harnt hed sot out ter walk! I reckon ye'd hev 'lowed he war de-ranged, ef ye hed hearn all that!"

He hurled forth these words upon Clem Sanders, who sat as one petrified, a stony dismay on his face, and seeming scarcely to breathe. Hull was excited, laughing a little, half in triumph, half in ridicule of the aggressive adolescence thus foolishly revealing the secret that had been so carefully withheld from the inquiries hardly yet silent upon the air. The inconsequent Longwood, in the flush of his triumph over the blacksmith, did not even dimly appreciate what he had done, till, turning, he saw Hull's face, wooden no longer, and the satirically laughing Dake. He wilted a trifle then; with an effort to regain his manly port, he demanded in an offended tone, "What be ye fellers a-laffin' at?"

Hull showed some aptitude for the affairs in which he intermeddled merely for reasons of consanguinity. "So funny," he replied evasively, — "so durned funny, the idee o' Teck Jepson bein' dead! I wish he war!"

"That would n't do we-uns no good," said Dake. "We-uns can't find whar Jake Baintree an' his pardner air hidin' in the mountings enny better ef Teck war dead than livin'."

Jube Donnard ceased to scrape the old violin; the other men gathered close about; the game of cards paused midway; the very name of Baintree and his confederate seemed to supersede all other interests. Only Andy Longwood held apart, realizing with a sinking heart that he had given the clue — the subject of insanity — upon which the investigations would be pushed; otherwise, so sane was Strobe on every other point, he might have escaped, even though the inquiry were prompted and prosecuted by his political enemies.

He sat down upon the shoeing-stool, leaning his head against the chimney, and tried to reflect on what he had

done and what it might precipitate. Perhaps it was the heat of the fire, perhaps the effects of the whiskey he had drunk: his head drooped more and more, and presently he was asleep, all oblivious of the absorbed group and the topic that so engrossed them.

Even the enthusiast at the bellows had deserted the scene of his ambition, and joined the others. The tone of the conversation intimated that the subject was a recurrent one, and each speaker had the air of producing his remark rather from a long train of previous reflection than upon the impulse of the moment.

"I dunno what ter think o' Teck Jepson," pursued Dake. "Some o' the boys 'lowed ez Baintree an' that man ez purtends ter be a-sarchin' fur silver hed been warned, else Rathburn never would hev kem down ter the forge so early in the night with sech a plain, harmless tale."

"Who would go a-hidin' sech ez tryin' ter git holt of a silver mine, enny-how?" demanded Jube logically. "I'll gin my cornsent ter his findin' all the silver mines in the kentry. So would other folks, an' he be 'bleeged ter know it."

"Teck never denied they war warned, whenst faced with the fac'," said one of the card-players, the superseded pack in his hand.

"An' Teck 'lowed," said the other, "ez he knowed who warned 'em. He hed ter 'low that whenst I taxed him with it. He said he would n't lie."

"But he would n't tell who done it," interpolated Jube, the violin lying idle and silent on his knee.

"Naw, sir!" exclaimed Dake. "I jes' argufied with him fur a good hour an' better, tryin' ter pint out his jewty ter the benighted critter, fairly sodden in the pride o' his religion. I tole him 't war his jewty ter his kentry. An' he jes' 'lowed ez he hed seen the face o' jewty too often not ter know it, an' that

all the legions o' hell an' all the hosts o' heaven could not make him reveal that name ter mortal ears."

The blacksmith, his ponderous arms folded, his head bent as he sat on the anvil and listened, rose suddenly, with a deep sigh, and walked once or twice the length of the little shop. He had refrained from speaking, fearing his lawless tongue might betray his intimate knowledge of the mystery that so baffled them. His silence had not been noted, but his movement brought him to the minds of the others, and one of the card-players demanded:—

"Did you-uns onderstan', Clem, this hyar Rathburn ter say ez him an' Jake war a-campin' on the range ter the west o' Brumsaidge? Whenst we-uns went up on the mounting, las' week, I do declar' I b'lieve we sarched every squar' mile fur ten mile, a-bushwhackin' fur 'em."

"That air what I onderstood him ter say," replied the blacksmith cautiously, coming to a halt in the middle of the floor. "On the mounting ter the west. But I never paid no partic'lar 'tention ter him. I war a-mendin' of his tool, an' Jepson done the talkin'. I 'lowed ye'd be satisf'ied with whatever Jepson done."

"But he never done nothin'!" cried Dake angrily. "Swaller a big tale 'bout'n sarchin' fur silver ez easy ez skim milk, an' then let the evil-doer slip through his fingers like pickin' up water!"

"'Thout even findin' out whar ter git him agin ef we-uns wanted him!" exclaimed Jube Donnard.

There was a silence. Each was conscious of a thought that he shared in the minds of the others, but as yet none had put it into words. The dull red glow of the coals slowly smouldering under the sooty hood suffused the dusky place, and but dimly revealed the great slouching figures of the mountaineers, as they lounged about on the few seats

that the shop afforded, or stood with their hands in their pockets and deliberated. Outside of the great widely opened doors the night gloomed. All was indistinguishable in the deep obscurity save that along the western horizon a dull copper hue glowed, and against it were visible the gnarled limbs of the old tree just without the forge, each bough and twig black and distinct as it moved slightly in the wind. Now and again drops fell in quick, convulsive pattering from the growth of evergreen laurel on the slope of the hill, and sometimes the eaves added a few monotonous drippings to the rivulets in the gullies below, running fast and loud in the silence.

"Thar hev been a traitor 'mongst we-uns," said Dake presently.

"Ye say that ez ef it war news," sneered Bassett, still standing in the door.

"I reckon all o' the boys hev sorter sensed who 't war," observed Dake.

"Ye 'member how keen Teck Jepson war fur appealin' ter Judge Lynch, ez he called it, whenst Baintree war fust let off from the court fur a-killin' o' Sam'l Keale, an' whenst enny fool mought hev knowed the kentry would do nuthin' agin the jury's say-so?" Bassett remarked discursively.

The others stared at him through the red dusk, surprised by this reminiscent turn to the conversation.

"Of course," assented Jube, by way of giving him an impetus.

"That war a blind. He never wanted nuthin' done ter Baintree, — oh, ye need n't tell me!" For there was an incredulous laugh here and there in his audience.

"Shucks, Joe!" exclaimed Jube, turning aside and making as if he would once more lift the violin, then pausing and looking over his shoulder as Bassett resumed.

"An' t'other night, up at Clem's barn, he war dead agin hangin' or ennythin'

'thout them men war diskivered in mo' wrong-doin' sence killin' Sam'l Keale, — ez ef they 'd up an' tell 'bout thar wrong-doin's with the vigilantes in a hunderd yards of 'em, an' they hevin' been warned, an' Teck Jepson knowin' who warned 'em!"

"I'd like ter know who warned 'em. That busybody would be done with warnin's," declared one of the card-players. "I'd strangle that tattle-tale with a mighty good will, ef I hed the chance!"

"Hesh up! I'll lay ye low with that thar sledge o' mine!" cried Clem peremptorily, the image of Marcella in his mind.

"Laws-a-massy, Clem," protested the card-player pacifically, surprised at his vehemence.

"Then," pursued Bassett, all unheeding, a logical end in contemplation, "we-uns hev let Teck Jepson git the upper hand o' us, so ez he felt full bold ter let that Rathburn go, an' stayed argufyin' with we-uns in the barn jes' ter purvent us from goin' arter him an' capturin' him, so ez him an' Baintree would git off scot-free."

"We-uns knowed all that afore," said Hull placidly.

"Waal," drawled Bassett, but his eyes gleamed with excitement and his pulse quickened, "mebbe ye don't know ez I viewed Jepson a-standin' in his door this very evenin', a-shakin' hands with this very Baintree ez he always purtended ter despise so, an' ez we-uns can't find high or low, — shakin' hands, sir, shakin' hands frien'ly an' perlite, ez ef Baintree war the pa'son!"

There were two or three sharp, inarticulate exclamations, and dead silence ensued.

"We-uns hev been powerful deceived in this man ez hev fairly ruled over Brumsidge Cove!" said one of the mountaineers, smarting with the sense of being overreached.

"His rule air over!" cried Bassett,

"else he hev stamped out every mite o' pluck 'mongst us in his rule, ez ye call it."

"Why, now, look-a-hyar, Joe, how air ye a-countin' fur his bein' frien'ly with Baintree? He ain't a fool like this hyar Rathburn, hankerin' arter silver ez Jake kin find," urged Duke, dazed by the revelation, and seeking some adequate motive that might explain it.

Bassett had come forward into their midst. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his face grave but with suppressed excitement in every line of it, and now and then glancing over his shoulder at the broad open door, where a mist lurked shifting and shimmering, vaguely perceived in the dull red glow.

"Why, what kin it mean, boys," he said, "'ceptin' we-uns hev been fooled from the beginnin'?" Teck would n't act so ef Baintree did n't hev a hank over him somehows, — could put him inter mighty heap o' trouble ef he did otherwise. Ez long ez Baintree hev been kep' under our watch Teck hev b'friend-ed him; afore that he 'peared ez much agin him ez ennybody, jes' ez a blind ter keep folks from s'picionin' them."

"But what kin Teck hev done ez Baintree be in an' knows about? Thar ain't no crime been c'mitted in these parts," ruminated Duke, his mind rummaging the possibilities, "'ceptin' — 'ceptin'" — he drawled on; then he suddenly glanced up, his eyes alight — "'ceptin' the mysterious takin'-off o' Sam'l Keale, five year ago an' better."

He had guessed Bassett's suspicion; he saw this in his crony's eyes, and the strength of his own suggestion was increased by its duplication. The others stirred uneasily, but the crime was a mystery never solved, and what could be more inexplicable than the fact that Jepson was seen shaking hands with the man whom he had denounced and threatened again and again, a contemptible wretch, and the outcast of the mountains?



"Ye 'low," said Dake, "ez Jepson hed some hand in that business what ain't never been brought ter light?"

"Elsewise what ails him ter purtect Baintree an' his comical doctor-man, an' ter swear he won't tell who warned 'em, an' ter be seen, when he thunk he war safe from view, a-shakin' hands mighty frien'ly with the man he hev purtended ter run down?"

Bassett suddenly leaned forward, caught Dake's hand, and went through the dumb show of a friendly parting, while the others looked on through the red glow of the fire. Then he flung himself back against the wall, laughing aloud, — a fleering falsetto laugh, that jarred the solemn silence beneath the bare trees, and echoed far along the road through the Settlement.

#### XXIV.

It is one of the incongruities of sentiment that the grief of an unworthy subject for a puny cause should have the poignant force and dignity of pain, and demonstrate that universality of human susceptibility to mental suffering with which the species is endowed. Mrs. Bowles might have seemed of altogether too flimsy a moral constitution to experience so adequately the surprise, the anger, the anguish, that consecutively possessed her upon the discovery of the little mountaineer's disappearance. Bob's own mother could hardly have shed more tears. As she forecast the gossip of the Cove, it might have appeared that only the repute heretofore of phenomenal graces of disposition could warrant the quivering shrinking she felt in coming at a disadvantage before the popular censor. All the conscientious rectitude of a martyr was in her throbbing heart, as she realized how completely she was a victim of circumstantial evidence.

"Folks will 'low ez how I hed treated

him mean, — though ef he war my own child an' hed runned away, they'd 'low he war a mean brat, an' would turn out a evil man. But bein' I'm a step-mother, I'll git the blame. An' ter think how I hev slaved fur him, — patched an' let out seams, an' him a-growin' out'n every gyarmint ez ef he'd grow out'n the roof; an' kep' him clean ez soap an' water knowed how! I'll be bound he's tore his petticoats haffen off'n him in tatters, an' got muddy an' scratched with briers, afore he shows hisself — a mis'able mean shoat! — in the Cove, a object o' pity, an' everybody a-tattlin' how M'ria Price, ez married a Bowles, like a fool, treats her step-chil'n, till they runs away from her, an' dares the wild beast an' the mountings ter be shet of her."

And once more she burst into tears. She had her good qualities, which were chiefly housewifely, and she had not premitted her labors in washing the dishes and scouring the cooking utensils in order to indulge her grief. Perhaps it was the more effective as she held the plate aside to lean sobbing against the chimney jamb; then she wiped her eyes perfunctorily upon her apron, and went on with her work, while the tears streamed anew.

Her husband stood helplessly looking on, a pale, ashen hue upon his lank, indefinite countenance, a startled anxiety in his mild blue eyes, that seemed distended with abnormal faculties, as if they beheld a frightful possibility not within the actual field of vision. He had searched the immediate vicinity as thoroughly as might be for the infantile fugitive, and his heart sank within him as he reflected upon the measureless mountain wilds encompassing the little home on every hand, the hideous chasms and steeps, the lurking beasts of prey. He could not look upon the trundle-bed, the covering thrown off, and a deep indentation on the further side, where the fat little body had been

cosily intrenched all night, with nobody knows what dreams in his head, or wakefully devising his callow schemes.

With the alert paternal despair, he felt that he would never again see there the rotund little fellow who was almost visible even now, so definitely present Bob was to his imagination. He had not his wife's capacity for self-centred sorrow, and it was impossible for him to regard the incident personally except with keen and subtle spasms of remorse, his ingenuity fertile in devising more reasons for repentance than the bountiful reality afforded.

"M'ria — M'ria," he said tremulously, "I feel obligated ter go down an' roust up all the men in the Cove ter sarch. A b'ar or a painter mought — mought" — He could not go on.

"Shucks!" retorted his wife contemptuously. "Ef he's eat, he's eat, an' the men in the Cove can't hender."

She slapped the dishes down upon the table as she successively wiped each piece, and there was temper very prominently apparent even in her tears.

"They mought hev dragged him ter thar den, — I hev hearn o' sech doin's," the luckless Bowles urged desperately.

"I know what den he's in: he's in the den o' that painter or wolf ye call Teck Jepson, — that's who hev 'ticed him off."

She was sorry she had spoken when she noted how Bowles's face cleared, how he clutched at this hope; for it was one of the prime essentials of her grief that it should be shared, and if sympathy did not prompt her companions to make it their own, she presently gave them ample occasion to sorrow for their own sake. This bloodless elucidation of Bob's disappearance had early occurred to her. He was trying to make his way to his uncle, and by reason of the dense undergrowth it would be difficult for him to do aught but follow the path which would certainly lead him to the Cove, where he would probably

meet and electrify every important personage of Mrs. Bowles's world before encountering the object of his search.

"That's a fac'!" cried Bowles joyfully. "I'll go straight down yander ter Teck's an' see." A cloud overcast his face. "It's a long way, — he'll never git thar. He'll set down an' go ter sleep on the side o' the road — an' su'thin' wild mought ketch him thar. I'll go — I'll go, straight."

"Naw, I'll go myse'f," said Mrs. Bowles, with another gush of tears. "I ain't goin' ter hev ye, an' Teck Jepson, an' Bob — yer great fine Bob! — a-showin' off yer mis'ries down in the Cove, an' a-makin' out ez I be tur'ble enough ter harry ye all out'n house an' home. Naw, sir, I'm goin' myse'f, an' ye'll bide hyar an' take keer o' them t'other two chil'n, an' purvent them from runnin' away."

Sim and A'minty had already been given reason to mourn on their own behalf, Mrs. Bowles fancying that she detected in their sullen little faces a relish of her lachrymose outbursts and protests against this untoward fate that had somehow got the upper hand of her. But despite the channels of tears drying on their cheeks, that spark of triumph still shone in their eyes, and she could not quench it. She saw it anew as they looked up on being mentioned, and she was once more moved to accuse them of complicity in Bob's flight, which had been the pretext of the previous trouncings.

"Ye A'minty, ye better tell me which way Bob went, an' what he 'lowed he war goin' ter do," she said, stopping in her domestic duties, and standing with arms akimbo, gazing down at the touselled red head and tallowy freckled face of the little girl.

A'minty looked old and very cautious as she spoke; she held the yellow cat, with the green eyes, close up under her chin and against her neck, — what a comfort the soft, furry, purring thing was!

"I dunno!" she declared. "Bob don't talk none sca'cely, — 'ceptin' 'bout'n vittles."

"I'll be bound he talks 'bout vittles, — vittles what I cook fur him!" cried Mrs. Bowles, with a new cadence of despair. "Ter think I lef' my good home an' a plenty o' marryin' chances down in the Cove, ter kem up hyar an' weave an' sew an' spin an' cook an' slave from mornin' till night, an' fetch up another 'oman's chil'n, an' *yit* git n'ised about all round the Cove ez bein' mean, an' no-count, an' neglec'ful. I jes' know how dirty Bob will be afore he gits ter the Cove, dirty an' tore up, an' got on the wust dress he hev got ter save his life, — an' folks will be 'lowin' ez I hev repented o' my bargain a-marryin', an' hev made a mighty pore match. The Lord knows I did, but I don't want Peter Bryce a-swaggerin' round, tickled ter death, an' 'lowin' I hed better hev tuk him whenst I could git him."

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria, Peter Bryce knows ye would n't gin him two thoughts ter save his life," said Bowles. "Heaps o' folks's chil'n air fractious an' gin 'em trouble, whether they air step-chil'n or no." The temporizer's art had become singularly facile and effective in the continuous exercise which had been given it. Mrs. Bowles's countenance cleared for a moment; then — perhaps it was a definite perception of the truth, which was so palpable that she could not permit herself to believe that it would be less apparent to others than to herself — it was clouded anew, and she broke forth angrily: —

"Naw! I jes' know what a name will be gin me by Peter Bryce, an' Teck Jepson, an' them sanctified women folks in the Cove, 'lowin' ez I be cruel, an' cut an' slash the chil'n, I reckon. They'll take no notice o' how fat Bob be! Teck Jepson sot the chil'n all agin me whenst he fust kem hyar ter live. Hain't ye hearn Bob talk a heap

'bout his uncle Teck? — tell me now, Sim."

Sim twisted one bare foot over the other, as if intricacy in the intertwining of these members might attest alacrity of spirit to oblige. He had grown slow in being so doubtful of what might please, or rather least displease. He continued silent, with his look of stupid cogitation, until she observed threateningly, "Now sulk, ef ye air so minded," when he broke forth precipitately: —

"Bob say uncle Teck air big an' high, an' hev kilt a heap o' painters an' b'ars — an' — an'," he faltered, "ef ennybody tuk arter him, uncle Teck war a-goin' ter settle 'em; all he hed ter do war ter let uncle Teck know."

Mrs. Bowles whirled round in triumph.

"Thar, now!" she exclaimed to her husband. "What did I tell ye? I hearn Teck say them very words ter that thar chile the las' night he war hyar. He's gone ter Teck Jepson! Teck Jepson hev enticed him away! Teck Jepson air yer painter an' yer wolf!"

Once more she burst into stormy tears. It is a hard thing to say of her, but the catastrophe that threatened the child lost in the savage wilderness seemed less terrible to her than the mental picture of Bob at large in the Cove, revealing to the gossips the secrets of the domestic administration at the cabin in the notch of the mountain.

She made her preparations somewhat swiftly after that, although she did not neglect to prepare and set aside a goodly amount of wholesome food for the consumption of the family during her absence, animated by the intention of allowing Bob as little time as possible to ventilate, consciously or unconsciously, the family discords. Curiously enough, it was not so much an evil conscience which made her sensitive to remark as the fear that all she had done and all that she had sacrificed, in the sense in

which she chose to construe the word, for another woman's children would not be adequately and justly considered. She wished very heartily, as she mounted the horse which Jepson had lent them, that she was leaving the door never to enter it again; but as she looked about the little cabin, with the solemn purple mountains clustering in the background, and took note of the silence and solitude that possessed the world, save within those paltry inclosures where the pigs and the poultry fed, and the house with the sullen, browbeaten children in the porch, she reflected that she was likely to grow gray here, and she sighed deeply as she took up the reins. There is no sorrow nor sympathy so sincere as that which we feel for ourselves. She could not even be sure of Ben Bowles's grief for her anxieties, indefinite and docile as he was. He stood, to be sure, with a long face and a hand shielding his much-grooved brow and his eyes from the glare rather than the sun, — for it lurked behind the clouds, and only from tenuous areas of vapor it sent forth this occasional tempered white suffusion, — and dutifully watched her out of sight; but one might well fancy that it was a day of more quiet and peace within doors than the cabin had known since the bride came home; and even she, with all her personal arrogations, was aware that he relished it.

The day was gray. The heights wore a deep purple with a vague blue and blurring effect, as if some invisible, impalpable veil of mist had interposed a short distance from the wooded slopes. There was rain in the clouds, but they loitered; no downfall was threatened for some hours yet: nevertheless, mindful of the freshness of a crisp pink calico gown and bonnet, Mrs. Bowles doubted the reliability of her own resources as a weather-prophet. She drew up the horse where the road forked, and hesitated. It was not such weather as she would have chosen for a jaunt into

the Cove, and she winced from the idea of presenting herself, all forlorn and be-draggled by the rain, among her old acquaintances. She needed all her fortitude and all the prestige of fresh and immaculate attire. She wished that she had let Bowles undertake the expedition in her stead, as he had proposed. She was on the point of turning back, when another of those white suffusions through the translucent clouds gave cheer to the landscape, lifted suddenly into definite color and hopeful augury for the rest of the day. "An' I'll take the short cut," she muttered, as she turned the horse aside into the less traveled and weed-grown way. But for the thinning of the leaves on the bushes that grew close on either hand, and the sere, dried, wisp-like estate of the grasses and weeds in its midst, it might have appeared more like a groove amongst the foliage than a path; but here and there it emerged in rocky spaces, where it wound with definite curves, and she wondered that it should present this trodden and well-worn aspect. "Cows take along it, I reckon," she hazarded.

There was no moisture on the leaves nor on the withered grasses, and there seemed an incongruity in this, with the lowering, lead-tinted sky full of rain, and the dank smell of moisture in the air, for there had been "falling weather" somewhere in the vicinity. She heard a rain-crow raucously call out in the silence, and then all was still, so still! The summer songs of weed and twig were hushed; the air was void, — no whirl of birds, no whisking gossamer cicada; the stir of the crisp dry grass under her horse's hoofs and the creak of the saddle as it swayed slightly were loud and assertive in default of other sound. Now and again she observed how the mountains changed their aspect, viewed from a different point; but however the contour varied, that sombre purple tint filled the landscape, save when the distance dulled it to gray. A drear day, shut

in by clouds and strangely without moral perspectives as well; all the outlook seemed limited by that gray, silent presence, that had an aspect of perpetuity like a doom, as if it would lift no more. She had been an hour or more in the saddle, and the valley appeared but little nearer than at the outset. She began to doubt if the little mountaineer could have reached the Cove. "It's a good piece, — a good piece," she said meditatively. "But then Bob mus' walk a hunderd mile a day, I reckon, playin' round like he do, an' he be plumb sur-vigrous."

She had neared a depression in the range, through which was visible a section of the Carolina mountains. She turned her eyes mechanically toward them, hardly noting a little cabin that she had known to be deserted for many a year, and that stood on the slope of a great dome which towered far above. The distant ranges were still and gray as those nearer at hand; nowhere in the world was a brighter spot visible than the dull encompassing monotony. No movement, not even the slow shifting of the mountain mist, till suddenly a handsome gray mare trotted out from the rear of the cabin, where she now perceived was a flimsy shanty of a barn. A heap of ashes lay at one side of the yard. Her approach had frightened away a weasel that had been feeding on some broken bits of food by the doorstep, and now, made bold by her motionless silence, ventured to return. The cabin was evidently tenanted.

"Waal, sir!" she soliloquized. "I never knowed ez ennybody hed moved up ter this old house, ez be fairly fallin' ter pieces," she added, her critical eye taking note of the dilapidated doorsteps, the rotten rail fence, broken down to the ground in many places, the strange lack of garden or field, all of which, in the first thrill of startled surprise, had escaped her attention. So lonely was her life on the mountain, so uncongenial

the companionship to which she had doomed herself, that she had at first experienced a glow of gratulation to discover neighbors, even so distant as this; now it was tempered by the fear that inmates so shiftless and uncaring as the external evidences would intimate could hardly prove a valuable acquisition. She had drawn rein, and sat motionless in the saddle, silently contemplating the scene, each new item of neglect or decay that presented itself to her observation adding to the reprobation expressed in the primly disapproving compression of the flexible lips and the quick glances of her bead-like eyes from under the brim of her pink sun-bonnet. Her code of morals, her stringent requisites for the government of other people, were very complete, and her record as a diligent and exacting censor had few instances of relaxation or clemency. She was on the point of turning away, taking a certain satisfaction in the thought that she would make no overtures to people with a doorstep like that, when it suddenly occurred to her that the vagrant Bob might have earlier discovered the dwellers in this secluded nook, and have established himself upon the footing of an occasional visitor. Her face changed. "He mought be in that house this minit," she reflected hopefully. "Likely ez not he hain't gone down to the Cove at all."

There was no sign of the usual guard-dogs about the house, and as she slipped down from the saddle upon the ground her curiosity was all freshly aquiver, since it could be gratified at no cost of personal dignity; for she came not to offer her acquaintance, but upon her own important errand, the search for her step-child. There are few people who can feel so exclusive a joy in trimness and freshness as did Mrs. Bowles, for it was her belief that there had never been so crisp a pink calico since the Great Smoky Mountains were built; and indeed, a stranger who had no previous

acquaintance with Mrs. Bowles and her methods could not have failed to consider the color of her attire singularly clear and fresh in the dark, gray day, and the glimpse of the smooth olive complexion and glancing dark eyes and shadowy dark hair eminently prepossessing. As she stood on the contemned doorstep and tapped lightly upon the door, she smoothed down a fold with a calm pleasure in anticipating the effect of her appearance on the inmates, and the depths of envy into which it would plunge them. Some moments were beguiled with these reflections before she became impatient because of no response. When she knocked again, the ensuing silence was so marked that her attention was diverted from the personal considerations that had absorbed her, and she began to look about with a keener curiosity, hampered, nevertheless, by a thrill of vague fear. She sent a glance that had all the incentive of prying toward the batten shutter, in which she had noted, with disparaging eyes, a long rift: it was not so high from the ground; she might have peered through had she dared. She did not dare; she only

knocked again, and began to doubt whether any one were within. But for the ashes and the broken bits of food — and once more she heard the hoof-beats of the mare trotting back to her stall, satisfied by her sally for investigation — the place would have seemed as lonely, as deserted, as she had always known it hitherto. Perhaps it was the sense of solitude that emboldened her; perhaps the phenomenal opportunity of observing the domestic methods and rummaging the belongings of the absent dwellers that enticed her. The door, not well closed, had moved under her hand, as she knocked upon it; it was evidently unlatched. She pressed it a trifle further ajar. Then she was still for a moment, the dark red color mounting and suffusing her cheek, responsive to an imaginary rebuke to so unmannerly an intruder. But no word broke the silence. The door shifted a trifle, so ill-hung it was, and Mrs. Bowles advanced her foot on the threshold. The next moment she drew back with a sharp cry. A man was stretched at length on the floor, with a pallid, pinched face, — a face like death.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

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## THEOLOGY IN FICTION.

TIME was when a strict religionist regarded fiction as under a ban; perhaps we are entering on a period when the timid novel-reader will ask, as he takes up the latest piece of fiction, You are quite sure this will do me no good? At any rate, it is a little singular that the two novels just now most talked about in England and America have for their *motifs* the effect of theological speculation upon character, and that in each the old theme of the novel, a man and woman in love with each other, is inextricably involved with doctrinal con-

tention. The old dilemmas raised by Miss Yonge and her school, when disbelief in baptismal regeneration and the like was held to forbid the bans, shrink into mere pin-points beside the fierce horns which impale humanity in Mrs. Humphry Ward's and Mrs. Deland's delineations of life. Even the critic, compelled by his vocation to a cool observation of the struggle for life which goes on among the paper dolls of literature, has an uneasy feeling, as he witnesses the mortal agony of Robert Elsmere and John Ward, that he must

regard the books which record these experiences as contributions to theology, and not merely as works of art.

Nevertheless he returns to his senses, and remembers that every work of art must be judged by the laws of art; and if the appeal from his criticism is to another court, the terms of defense must also be changed. *Laocoön* is not first to be considered as a study in superstition, and a modern novel which aims to reflect the action and interaction of human beings in a microcosm cannot be excused for imperfection on the ground that the author was more interested in the effect of her novel upon certain minds than she was in producing a perfect work of art.

Say what we will about the novel as an engine of thought or an instrument of torture, its primary end is as a creation on which its maker may look and say with satisfaction that it is good, even if he begin again immediately to make a better. Permanence is one of the attributes of a work of literary art; and though the test of time is essential to an assurance of this condition, it is quite possible, in reading a novel of the times, to say if it has not the promise of endurance. When an author deliberately uses fiction to accomplish certain results, it is clear that when the occasion passes the use of the book has departed. It may have been a good missile, but abandoned missiles serve only the uses of the collector and historian. Homer's shield is as beautiful to-day as it was when it left the workshop of Hephaistos.

These principles are somewhat elementary, but it is worth while to recur to them now and then when literature is in question, since a forgetfulness of them is apt to lead us into a confusion of thought respecting the claims upon our interest of some new book which has all the form of good literature, yet serves other ends than are served by good literature. It would be mere pedantry to say that

Robert Elsmere<sup>1</sup> is not a novel, because the author employs the novel-form to press certain views which she has appropriated; but it would be quite as far from good criticism to praise an author for ingenuity in bringing great and profound subjects to the attention of readers by involving them in the fortunes of imaginary men and women, and dexterously hinting that the men and women are more real than imaginary. Real in the sense of being persons of the author's acquaintance under disguised names and conditions they may be, but real in the sense of being thoroughly conceived in the imagination and brought forth in words they are not. The whole book has a singularly refined air of remoteness from real life. To be sure, it is removed only by one degree, but that degree is fatal. In other words, the characters have all passed through the literary phase before they have reached Mrs. Ward. We do not mean that she has drawn her figures from copies which she has found in books, but that her attitude toward her work is determined by the literary habit, not the habit of observation of life. It is amusing to see what a part books play in this story. All the main characters either have written, are writing, or are likely to write. The hero is always passing through crises, and the crises are brought on by some book or article which he has just read. The character which impresses the reader as closest to life, Catherine, the wife of the hero, does not read at all, and the women in the book generally are not greatly troubled with their educated minds; but the womankind of the novel is mainly within the field of a society which finds its highest life in intellectual stir. In brief, the book is a product of literature, and appeals mainly, if not exclusively, to religious Athenians. It illustrates the scope of the current literary interest

<sup>1</sup> *Robert Elsmere*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.



which takes in science and religion, and it illustrates also, though not intentionally, the futility of the patronage of science and religion by literature.

Robert Elsmere appears first in the story as a bright, docile, popular, keen English schoolboy. "Very early in his school career the literary instincts, which had always been present in him, and which his mother had largely helped to develop by her own restless, imaginative ways of approaching life and the world, made themselves felt with considerable force. Some time before his cousin's letter arrived, he had been taken with a craze for English poetry, and but for the corrective influence of a favorite tutor would probably have thrown himself into it with the same exclusive passion as he had shown for subject after subject in his eager, ebullient childhood." Mrs. Ward pleases herself with treating her hero's career in a semi-biographical fashion, and has the air of vitalizing the character by this means. She is more or less successful in persuading her readers as well as herself, but since her power is largely in the analysis of spiritual forces, her most effective hits in these biographic passages are the clever phrases with which she criticises her own creations. Thus she offers the reader a capital catchword with which to keep a hold upon her hero through all his after-turnings, when she says that "he had been taken with a craze." The development of Elsmere's nature is through a succession of crazes.

At the university he comes under the influence of two men, one of whom, Mr. Grey, is by the author's confession a transparently veiled simulacrum of the late T. H. Green, whose writings appear to have supplied Mrs. Ward with the substance of such religious philosophy as constitutes her standing-ground. The other is a very skillfully constructed character, Mr. Langham, who, whether copied or not from some don, is the most

effective and original figure in the book. Indeed, the reader, when he has finished Robert Elsmere, is likely to recur to Langham as carrying the most complete logical conclusion of the author's theory of religion, for her gospel of criticism offers no more perfect example of its central principle than this mental suicide. Under the advice of these two men, Elsmere remains awhile at Oxford after winning a fellowship. "Stay here for a year or two," Grey said bluntly; "you are at the beginning of your best learning time, and you are not one of the natures who can do without books."

At the end of three years, the young man, in an hour of depression resulting from overwork, accepts an offer which he had before refused somewhat scornfully, and becomes the rector of a country parish. He had had his vision of work in the jungle of a great city, among the wild beasts of poverty, brutality, ignorance, and despair, and it was with a sense of defeat that he permitted himself to put up with what seemed a less heroic condition of living. Before entering upon his work he takes a six weeks' holiday with relatives in Westmoreland, and there meets the heroine of the tale, Catherine Leyburn, the eldest of three sisters who are living with their widowed mother in the seclusion of a mountain home.

The first book of the tale is occupied with introducing the hero and heroine to each other and to the reader, and many will find in this single section, the first quarter of the whole volume, a complete and satisfying idyl. We think a defect of Mrs. Ward's art is in the elaborateness with which she has performed the simple function of introduction. It was necessary to her purpose to set forth the spiritual relation of her hero to his surroundings, and of the heroine to hers, and of both to each other; but by the time this is done the reader is tolerably satisfied, and he sees in the marriage of Robert and Cather-

ine a graceful conclusion to a spiritual drama. Not so Mrs. Ward, who has only just begun her task. She misreads the canon *ars longa, vita brevis*, as if it were intended to intimate that the object of art was to be as long as possible in detailing the events of a short life. In nothing is the subjection of her artistic to her literary sense more clearly shown than in the necessity she is under to follow the ramifications of character, and to find completeness not in a strong, well-knit web of incident and speech, but in an endless chain of circumstance. She is at the mercy of her characters; she is never quite sure but she has omitted some explanatory passage, and her really critical situations lose their significance by the care not only with which they are approached, but with which they are left behind. She has, moreover, the unfortunate trick of intimating to the reader from time to time that this or that character is now undergoing a crisis, and will look back upon the moment as an epoch in his or her life. She is, in short, so interested in the problems she is working out that she covers her paper with all the processes, and forgets that the result is after all the main thing.

The lack of proportion, which is the great defect of the book, is rendered more apparent by the means which Mrs. Ward has taken to correct the defect. Catherine is presented as possessed with a sense of her sacred responsibility to her mother and sisters, but chiefly to the brilliant and erratic Rose, who rebels against this calm assumption of sisterly government. In drawing the character of Catherine the author has availed herself of the foil offered by Rose, but, having elaborated this second figure, she finds it necessary to give her, throughout the book, a position which is barely secondary. Consequently the reader is bidden concern himself to so great an extent with the fortunes of Rose and her successive lovers that his interest in the

book is dissipated; and when he is called upon to witness the intensity of Robert Elsmere's passion, he finds that his mind has been withdrawn, not with a relief which permits a greater rebound, but with a new interest which has absorbed and fatigued. In vain Mrs. Ward calls on us to sympathize with her hero in his rapid succession of spiritual travails; she has jaded us with other passions, and exhausted our power of sympathy. It is not enough to assert the intensity of a hero's struggle; there must be a corresponding swiftness of movement in the tale, else the reader will refuse to respond to the situation when the author bids him take note of it.

In the little village where Robert and Catherine Elsmere begin their married life the second act of the drama is enacted. Elsmere might be defined as a liberal Churchman, with his ardor equally divided in the pursuit of a reformation of the world about him on sanitary principles, and a readjustment of theology to the demands of critical scholarship. Catherine is impregably entrenched in an evangelical faith, inherited from her father, and held with the devotion of a loyal, high-minded woman. The squire of the village is a certain Roger Wendover, known in literature as an uncompromising critic of Christianity; a humanist, it may be, but, above all, a scholar who has rid his mind of all taint of supernaturalism. The intellectual companionship which springs up between the squire and the rector results finally in the undermining of the rector's theological position, though Mrs. Ward wishes us to understand that every movement in Elsmere's development springs primarily from his own thought, and is only accelerated by his connection with other men. We confess frankly to an uncertainty as to how far she means to represent her hero's mind as his own, and how far the sport of stronger minds. It is true that in the end she makes Elsmere

the head and centre of a constructive scheme, but that seems necessary in order to justify her faith in the philosophy which he embodies. If it were not for this close, Elsmere would be, throughout the book, a consistent character, and one painfully typical of a phase of current thought; a character, that is, which in its religious life occupies an old fortified position, but through its very openness and hospitality exposes itself to attack from without and within, until finally it suffers melancholy defeat.

The tragedy of this portion of the story is not, however, in the struggle which goes on within Elsmere's own breast, but in the strain which falls upon the relation of husband to wife. A deep, reverential love subsists between them; but while Elsmere is parting with the beliefs which they both held outwardly in common, though with divergent minds, Catherine holds to the simple lines of her undoubted faith with firmer grasp. Her creed is summed up in love to her God and love to her husband; but the former is translated into loyalty to the forms in which she was bred; it is not the result of any philosophical adjustment, and is not in danger from any assault from without, because there is no treacherous thought within to aid in the breach. She is finely drawn in this regard, and the dignity with which she moves through the story compels the respect of the reader even when he is most ready to think her immovable Puritanism of mind an evidence of intellectual aridity. It was impossible that the relation between the husband and wife, under these conditions, should be other than painful to the last degree; and Mrs. Ward, with her fine sense of the play of spiritual forces, has done her most effective work in portraying the course of their true love in the period of religious estrangement. Her intellectual sympathy is plainly with the husband, but her woman's nature goes out to the

suffering Catherine; and she is far more close to nature and to art in performing this part of her task than when disclosing the growth of Robert Elsmere's mind.

The crisis of parting with the Church is followed, as we have intimated, by the final act of the drama, in which we are invited to witness the materialization of Robert Elsmere's new faith; for a new faith he has, or rather, as his biographer would insist, a return to certain indestructible foundations, from which a crumbling superstructure had been swept away. In this part of her work Mrs. Ward shows her own convictions with a certain eagerness that emphasizes our assertion that she is less an artist than a student of literature and religion, who employs the vehicle of fiction for carrying her views. Such a sentence as this—"At a time when a religion which can no longer be believed clashes with a skepticism full of danger to conduct, every such witness as Grey to the power of a new and coming truth holds a special place in the hearts of men who can neither accept fairy-tales nor reconcile themselves to a world without faith"—provokes the reader to a degree of antagonism which far more radical utterances, dramatically expressed, fail to awaken. The breaking through of Mrs. Ward's personal belief, so far from lending earnestness to the finale of the novel, serves to confuse the issue, and to make one begin to question the logical conclusion to Robert Elsmere's personal struggle of faith.

Nor do the illustrations of Elsmere's latest ministry wholly satisfy the reader who has been induced by Mrs. Ward's earnestness to take a look into the religion of the future. In spite of assertions to the contrary, it is not a renaissance of Christianity which is offered, a new, hopeful, living organism, but the note of criticism prevails. Elsmere has eliminated the supernatural from his creed, and thereby appears to have come

into sympathy with the working class, which had already rejected not merely the supernatural, but the historical. He aims to build a new faith upon an historical basis, but what is to prevent his criticism, when he has passed through his present phase of faith, from undermining also his apparently secure foundations? May not even his faith in God give way? He is seen at the outset of his new career fusing the various elements about him into a new constructive design, and then he is taken away by death. If he had died at any earlier stage in his career, the reader might have felt a similar doubt as to the stability of his position. The nature of the man was essentially a shifting one, and by so creating it Mrs. Ward has unconsciously betrayed the weakness of her whole position as a theological novelist. If any religious moral is to be drawn from the book, it surely is to be found in the endurance of Catherine rather than in the restlessness of Elsmere. The novelist who aims to present the working of the element of religion in human life must remember that both historically and philosophically that element means the connection of human life with the origin of all life, and therefore presupposes changelessness in essence, however the form may vary. If, in depicting human character under the stress and strain of conflict arising from a revolution in religious thought, such a novelist chooses to convey the notion of stability in the person who is not moved from her rock of inherited and practiced faith, and the notion of uncertainty in the person who strays farthest from his original moorings, no fine-spun web of dream stuff, no airy reconstruction of religious forms into an æsthetic scheme, will avail to convince the reader that what is eternal in faith abides so surely in the drifting figure as in the more immovable one. New faiths require martyrs, but when the old shows such a martyr as Catherine one may be

pardoned a little skepticism regarding the ripeness of the age for new faiths. The reader is more likely to see in Robert the victim of a too exclusively intellectual and speculative study of Christianity than to find in Catherine the pitiable sign of a defunct religion.

Mrs. Ward's novel appeals strongly to that large class of modern readers which corresponds in nature with the restless horde of plutocrats that wander over the face of the earth seeking new sensations. There are multitudes of women and men who are gifted with intellectual and religious sensibilities, and are extremely impressionable. They have well-stocked minds, and, having no engrossing pursuits, think they can afford to indulge in the luxury of journeys in new fields of thought. They may not go very far, but they get new impressions, and their intellectual and emotional life is made up of a succession of new impressions. To read Robert Elsmere is for them to travel, by a comfortable conveyance, into a somewhat forbidding region, and as they look out of the window to draw back with a thrill of ecstasy at sight of the deep cañons over which their slim trestle-work permits them to cross in safety. It is to a somewhat simpler-minded public that the story of John Ward, Preacher,<sup>1</sup> appeals. Here the theologic *motif* is not so subtle and complex as in Robert Elsmere; there is no such wealth of thought, no such finesse in the handling of characters; but we are bound to say that the American novelist has obeyed the canons of her art better than her English sister. To be sure, she has not set herself such a tremendous task, but then part of the success of a novelist lies in the fore-measurement of power and materials.

The core of this story is quickly reached. A young preacher, not only

<sup>1</sup> *John Ward, Preacher.* By MARGARET DELAND. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

brought up in the strictest form of Calvinism, but voluntarily and heartily in accord with the creed, marries a girl whose religious training has been at the hands of an easy-going Episcopal rector, her uncle. The husband, strong in his love for his wife, and equally confident in the exclusive truthfulness of his creed, cannot doubt that his logic will prevail against her indifference, and that she will see the truth as he sees it. The test is made on the question of belief in the everlasting punishment of the wicked, — to put it more exactly, perhaps, in the everlasting punishment of those who do not believe in everlasting punishment. The skeptical reader who has not read John Ward will scout at this statement as too grotesque for belief. Let him read the book, and, though the grotesquerie will recur to his mind now and then, he will admit that the novelist has lived into her chief characters so effectively that there is nothing so very unreasonable in the story. Given the earlier history of John Ward and the very make of his mind, and it is easy to see how a single dogma may come to him to be the key-stone of the arch of religion, and that with its dislodgment not only the arch would fall, but in the ruin would be involved the destruction of all that is dear in life. Mrs. Deland aimed at a very difficult feat to make such a character humanly possible, and to make it respected by the reader and loved by the strong woman whom she has depicted in Helen Jeffrey. To be sure, she has had to sacrifice some probabilities in the premises, for it is reasonable to suppose that so severe a dialectician as the Rev. Mr. Ward would have satisfied himself, before he had gone too far, upon the subject of Helen's religious faith, and would not have postponed such fundamental inquiries till after marriage. But granting the blindness of his premarital love, there can be no doubt that he is very true to himself after his eyes are opened,

and that the agony of his experience is very real.

Surely the passion of love in conflict with a sense of duty to a divine Master is no trifling theme, and Mrs. Deland, in taking it for the *motif* of her story, lays siege to an interest which can always be counted on. Here is tragedy indeed, and if the reader, in the comfort of his own reasonable doubt, looks askance at a religious belief which can cause such a mighty tumult in a strong man's heart, let him consider if there be not more things in heaven and earth than he has dreamt of in his philosophy. The character of John Ward as here drawn bears internal evidence of truthfulness, and does not need that the reader should be able to confirm it from the range of his acquaintance. In making it the central figure of her story, Mrs. Deland has achieved what may be regarded as the greatest success a novelist can attain: she has portrayed a type, and yet invested it with all the real properties of a person.

In taking note of her use of a religious *motif*, we must give Mrs. Deland a credit which we withheld from Mrs. Ward: she regards the element of religion solely in its relation to character. The doctrine in question is never attacked *ab extra*. The book is not an argument against a belief in the doctrine, except as this is involved in the very presentation of the characters. Indeed, we surmise that there will be found many who will pronounce it a defense of the doctrine, since its champion becomes a martyr to his faith; and many doubtless will feel regret that the only opposition to John's logical tenet is in Helen's agnosticism. We think these last are mistaken, and that Mrs. Deland had in her thought the opposition made not with intellectual weapons, but with the light of a love which is equally steadfast, equally loyal to truth, and as insuperable as light always is.

In order to relieve the intensity of

the central action of the tale, Mrs. Deland has introduced a subordinate love-trial which is a little languid, and has sketched more effectively a little comedy of spinsters and bachelor tremulously aflame. The dubitation of Mr. Denner is carried perhaps a trifle too far, but the general handling of the minor characters in the book is capital. Indeed, the most successful scene in the book by all odds is the encounter of the rector with Mr. Denner at the death-

bed of the latter. Mrs. Deland shows herself possessed of a real gift for the delineation of Cranford-like characters and scenes, but such a gift is of less consequence than the imagination which is willing to occupy itself with the main plot of this tale. We can only hope that when she tries her hand again at fiction she will not think it necessary to use as the religious element a theme so obnoxious to art as the doctrine of everlasting punishment.

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### FURNESS'S MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE literature of *The Merchant of Venice*, which is reviewed and summarized in this new volume of Mr. Furness's invaluable edition,<sup>1</sup> is less in amount than has gathered about the former plays of the series; but in some respects the questions which it starts are among the most interesting of Shakespeare study. The ordinary topics — the textual commentary, the date and sources of the play, its stage history, and the literary and philosophical commentary — are treated with the fullness and precision to which the editor has accustomed us, and in a spirit of caution and tolerance; he himself contributes but rarely to the discussion, and there is little need that he should, for the play is comparatively free from great difficulties. He adopts the Folio text, and agrees with the opinion that places the composition of the drama shortly before 1598, and regards it as founded upon a previous work, now lost, with possible obligations to the Italian novel *Il Pecorone* and to *Silvayn's Orator*. He discusses especially the time-durability of the play with reference to the theory of Shakespeare's double-time,

and seeks by an ingenious comparison with the method of Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* to show that the two great masters of drama used the same means of making time illusory instead of real. There is little else in detail that calls for particular mention.

The interest of this comprehensive survey of one of the most popular and most beautiful of the works of Shakespeare's early manhood lies in its broad features. Its one leading topic is the mediæval race-type. It is a striking Jew; not Shylock in particular, but the quality in the immortality of this play that it has survived a change in the public mind in its attitude toward the Jewish people. To the Elizabethans, and Shakespeare among them, the Jew was hateful. It may well be questioned to what extent Shakespeare himself, with all the tolerance that his understanding of the springs of human nature gave him, felt the pity in the dramatic situation of Shylock that a modern audience must feel. Booth's conception of Shakespeare's creation is too direct and natural not to justify itself to the student,

<sup>1</sup> *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.* Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph. D., LL. D., L. H. D. Vol. VII. *The Merchant*

*of Venice.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1888.



— “ ‘an inhuman wretch, incapable of pity, void and empty from any dram of mercy.’ It has been said that he was an affectionate father and a faithful friend. When, where, and how does he manifest the least claim to such commendation? Tell me that, and unyoke! ’T was the money value of Leah’s ring that he grieved over, not its association with her, else he would have shown some affection for her daughter, which he did not, or she would not have called her home ‘a hell,’ robbed and left him. Shakespeare makes her do these un-Hebrew things to intensify the baseness of Shylock’s nature. If we side with him in his self-defense, ’t is because we have charity, which he had not; if we pity him under the burden of his merited punishment, ’t is because we are human, which he is not, except in shape, and even that, I think, should indicate the crookedness of his nature.” Booth goes on to justify this traditional conception by an easy argument against the notion of “the heroic Hebrew,” the type of the vengeance of a persecuted race, whose wrongs justify its acts. He refers to the “dangerous ‘bit of business’” when Shylock whets his knife. “Would the heroic Hebrew have stooped to such a paltry action? No, never, in the very white-heat of his pursuit of vengeance! But vengeance is foreign to Shylock’s thought; ’t is revenge he seeks, and he gets just what all who seek it get, — ‘sooner or later,’ as the saying is.”

This characterization is not too vigorous, nor does it go too far. We may find it not only in Shylock as Shakespeare drew him, but reflected also from Antonio. It is in Antonio personally that the attitude of the mediæval Christian toward the Jew is found. The unexplained melancholy of Antonio, his fidelity in high-minded friendship, and the dignity of his bearing under the cruelty to which he is exposed have obscured to us the other side of his character as the Rialto merchant. We see more of

Bassanio’s Antonio than of Shylock’s: the man who had interfered with the usurer in every way and personally maltreated him, and was as like to do the same again; the proud, hard-hearted, and insulting magnifico whom Shylock hated for himself. Antonio is every whit as heartless to the Jew in the hour of his triumph as Shylock was to him when the balance leaned the other way. His cruelty is lacking only in the physical element; it is not bloody, but it goes to the bone and marrow of Shylock’s nature none the less. There is no sign that Shakespeare saw any wrong in all this. It was thus that the Christians looked upon the Jews, and they thought such treatment right. Shakespeare differed from others — from Marlowe, for example, in his delineation of the Jew of Malta — in one point only: he was able to take Shylock’s point of view, to understand his motives, to assign the reasons with which revenge justified its own motions; in a word, to represent Shylock’s humanity. The speeches he puts into the Jew’s mouth are intense and eloquent expressions of the rationale of that “lodged hate” in his bosom; they are true to fact and to nature; on our ears they come with overwhelming force, and it is impossible to our thoughts that Shakespeare could have written them without sympathy for the wrongs that they set forth with such fiery heat. But when from this it is argued that Shakespeare, in writing this play, made a deliberate plea for toleration, and carried it as far as the necessities of his plot and the temper of his times permitted, then it is needful to remind ourselves of what Booth calls “the baseness of Shylock’s nature.” Shakespeare did represent him as base, with avarice, cunning, and revenge for the constituent elements of his character; he did not hesitate to let the exhibition of these low qualities approach the farcical, as he would never have done had he thought of the Jew as in any sense heroic. Shylock had suffered



insult and wrong, but there was nothing in him individually to excite commiseration. From beginning to end he shows no noble quality. Modern sympathy with him, apart from the pity that tragedy necessarily stirs, is social sympathy, not personal; it is because he is an outcast and belongs to an outcast race, because every man's hand is against him and against all his people, that the audience of this century perceives an injustice inherent in his position itself, antecedent to, and independent of, any of his acts; and this injustice is ignored in the play. The feeling which Shylock as a person excites, and should excite, is nearer that which Lady Martin describes as her experience: "I have always felt in the acting that my desire to find extenuations for Shylock's race and for himself leaves me, and my heart grows almost as stony as his own. I see his fiendish nature fully revealed. I have seen the knife sharpened to cut quickly through the flesh, the scales brought forward to weigh it; have watched the cruel, eager eyes, all strained and yearning to see the gushing blood welling from the side 'nearest the heart,' and gloating over the fancied agonies and death-pangs of his bitter foe. This man-monster, this pitiless, savage nature, is beyond the pale of humanity; it must be made powerless to hurt. I have felt that with him the wrongs of his race are really as nothing compared with his own remorseless hate. He is no longer the wronged and suffering man; and I longed to pour down on his head the 'justice' he has clamored for, and will exact without pity."

There has been very much discussion of this subject as to the extent to which Shakespeare was in advance of his times in his attitude toward the Jews, and therefore we have given space to it. There can be no better words to close the argument than those of Spedding, which seem to us so conclusive as to admit of no reply. "The best contri-

bution," he says, "which I can offer to this discussion is the expression of an old man's difficulty in accepting these new discoveries of profound moral and political designs underlying Shakespeare's choice and treatment of his subjects. I believe he was a man of business, — that his principal business was to produce plays which would draw. . . . But if, instead of looking about for a story to 'please' the Globe audience, he had been in search of a subject under cover of which he might steal into their minds 'a more tolerant feeling toward the Hebrew race,' I cannot think he would have selected for his hero a rich Jewish merchant plotting the murder of a Christian rival by means of a fraudulent contract, which made death the penalty of non-payment at the day, and insisting on the exaction of it. In a modern Christian audience it seems to be possible for a skillful actor to work on the feelings of an audience so far as to make a man engaged in such a business an object of respectful sympathy. But can anybody believe that in times when this would have been much more difficult, Shakespeare would have *chosen* such a case as a favorable one to suggest toleration to a public prejudiced against Jews?" Incidentally in this discussion it is interesting to observe the various comments made by Jewish critics on the character and treatment of Shylock, which vary from defense to repudiation, through many shades of patriotic and moral feeling.

A second leading topic is that of the law of the case, a subject not without interest to those who would fain believe that Shakespeare had some legal knowledge, perhaps derived, as Malone suggested, from an early apprenticeship in an office. Lord Campbell, as is well known, made an examination of the plays with reference to this very point, and gave his opinion that while there was much to sustain this view, there was nothing against it. It has naturally

been thought, also, that the law presented in the Merchant of Venice had some pertinency to the subject of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. This theory, however, derives little support from this drama. The omnipresent devil's advocate has several times come to Shylock's defense. Those who could find something to urge in extenuation of Judas Iscariot had an easy task in showing that the Jew of Venice was more sinned against than sinning. The decisions of the young doctor who came armed with the recommendation of the learned Bellario have been overruled in every court of appeal. The bond itself is declared invalid, inasmuch as it contained an immoral proviso in the article that sought Antonio's death; the attempt to defeat it, its validity having once been granted, by denying the right to draw blood and requiring the exact amount of a pound of flesh to be cut out, is characterized as a wretched quibble, and set aside on the ground that a right once allowed carries with it the minor rights to make it effectual; the denial of the original debt for the reason that it had been tendered and refused in open court is declared a gross error, such tender having no other result than to destroy any claim for interest subsequently. But to mention all the grave reasons alleged to break down the reputation of the Court of Venice and show the illegality of its judgments would require more space than is at our disposal. It is made clear that on legal grounds the case was very badly managed, and in the event the Jew met with no better fortune than was the lot of his race before an unscrupulous and hostile tribunal everywhere. Nevertheless, the disputants upon the other side, who allege the substantial justice of the decisions rendered, do well to remove the discussion out of the plane of legality. There is much that is weighty in their argument. Shylock must be regarded as standing, after the nature of Juda-

ism, for the law as a thing of the letter; this is the justice which he demands, not real, but literal; and if, by a still more strict interpretation of the letter of the bond than he had thought of, his claim was defeated, the audience will acknowledge the relevancy of the new point that is made, and will enjoy the spectacle of the Biter Bit, in which there is always an element of comic justice. As to the quibble involved, that belongs to the nature of literal interpretation always. Thus the matter is not without defense even in this level. But what really pleases the audience is not the method, but the fact, of the Jew's defeat; and in the fact, however brought about, lies the ethical element, the victory of real over illusory justice, of equity over legality, of the right over the pretense of right. We would not go with the philosophers too far, as we are convinced that Shakespeare was not expressly philosophical; but there is little straining of the facts of the case in the view that in the discomfiture of that "law" which the Jew invoked, in the signal defeat inflicted on the letter of the bond, there is a suggestion of the conflict between Judaism and Christianity, the literal and the spiritual, the law and that justice with its elements of mercy into which the law develops, which is one of the great phases of historical civilization. Whether Shakespeare put it there is immaterial; but that a modern audience finds it there, and that it was at least dimly present to an Elizabethan audience, is hardly to be questioned. The idea is a simple and ancient one; and in it is to be found whatever ethical meaning the play may have. An interesting incident in this discussion is a dramatic fragment by Richard Hengist Horne, in which he embodies what the Jew might have urged against the quibbles of Portia in the form of a passage to be inserted in the scene. It is too long to quote, but Mr. Furness gives it in full, for the first time, as we gather, and it

will take its place with those curiosities of literature, such as *The Death of Marlowe*, in which the genius of Horne was fertile.

A third interesting matter that is here brought to the surface is the attractive subject of Shakespeare's hypothetical travels. The Italian coloring in this play is exquisite, and there are such indications of acquaintance with the locality as readily to suggest that Shakespeare had unusual knowledge of the country. Karl Elze has worked out the topic with as much ingenuity as an entire lack of positive proof permits. He would identify Bellario with the distinguished Paduan doctor, Discalzio; and by many other touches he seeks to make out a possibility for a more direct familiarity with Italy than books could give to Shakespeare. He is at pains to contrast Ben Jonson's coloring in *Volpone* with that of *The Merchant of Venice*, and the parallel is artistically instructive. Ben Jonson's local color is laid on in patches, as if he should say, "I have read it all;" it exhibits the method of one who "had the languages," but it produces no such illusion as does Shakespeare's, in whose art the tones are diffused through all the scenes and characters until the work seems veritably Italian. Elze, however, does not go further than to offer a possibility; and he notices, by the way, one source of knowledge open to Shakespeare which is worth mention. Padua was a university frequented by all nations, and among others many English youth resorted there; between 1591 and 1594 twenty-five of that nation were matriculated in it, and it is not impossible that Shakespeare's seemingly close knowledge of the country between the Brenta and Venice was derived from some such source by word of mouth. The likelihood, however, that the magic of the master, employing a few bits of fact, is more to be credited with the illusion he creates than is any amount of direct

observation by himself remains undisturbed by anything which has yet been brought forward.

The stage history of this play is of quite special interest. We pass over the curious version by Lansdowne, here amply illustrated by extracts, which held the boards for forty years, to the discredit of English taste; but the revival of the original by Macklin, and the impersonation by Kean when he first played to a London audience, and rose from penury to fame in a night, are great incidents in our theatrical history. Fortunately there are complete accounts of both performances, and that which tells us of Kean's contains also such pictures of his condition at the time, such details of the whole eventful evening, until he went home to his wife through the snow, as rarely get into biographies. "He told her of his proud achievement, and, in a burst of exultation, exclaimed, 'Mary, you shall ride in your carriage; and Charley, my boy,' taking the child from the cradle and kissing him, 'you shall go to Eton; and'— A sad remembrance crossed his mind, his joy was overshadowed, and he murmured in broken accents, 'Oh, that Howard had lived to see it! But he is better where he is.'" There are other fine associations besides these with this favorite play, which well deserves the good fortune it has had in gathering them about itself.

There is no necessity to examine in any detail the other matters, abundant and various, which Mr. Furness's new volume recalls to the student of Shakespeare, or informs him of, in connection with this drama, justly regarded as one of the jewels of the English tongue. It is a great pleasure to find that the editor has been able to add this to the list of the greater plays. Commendation of his work is superfluous. We will take space further only to quote what he pleasantly says upon the live topic of the Baconian authorship of the plays,

principally because he says it. The mention of Gobbo's "dish of doves," which has been brought into the Baconian argument in connection with Lady Anne Bacon's sending to her son Anthony "xii pigeons, my last flight, and one ring dove beside," etc., furnishes occasion for his remarks:—

"One is sometimes inclined to say to those who dispute the authorship of these plays, as the Cockney did to the eels, 'Down, wantons, down!' but a little calm reflection reveals to us that this attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, so far from being treason or *lèse majesté*, is, in fact, most devout and respectful homage to him. In our salad days, when first we begin to study Shakespeare, who does not remember his bewildering efforts to attribute to mortal hand these immortal plays? Then follows the fruitless attempt to discern in that Stratford youth the emperor, by the grace of God, of all literature. In our despair of marrying, as Emerson says, the man to the verse, we wed the verse to the greatest

known intellect of that age. Can homage be more profound? But, as I have said, this we do when we are young in judgment. The older we grow in this study, and the more we advance in it, the clearer becomes our vision that if the royal robes do not fit Shakespeare, they certainly do not and cannot fit any one else. Wherefore I conceive we have here a not altogether inaccurate gauge of the depth, or duration, or persistence of Shakespeare's study; and, measuring by a scale of maturity or growth in this study, I have come to look upon all attempts to prove that Bacon wrote these dramas merely as indications of youth, possibly of extreme youth, and that they find their comforting parallels in the transitory ailments incident to childhood, like the chicken-pox or the measles. The attack is pretty sure to come, but we know that it is neither dangerous nor chronic, that time will effect a cure, and that when once well over it there is no likelihood whatever of its recurrence."

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#### DAUDET'S L'IMMORTEL.

WHEN Tourguénef signalized M. Daudet's charm as his most distinctive quality, he indicated the true source of a rapid and brilliant success, and laid a caressing touch on the richest quarter of a talent which even in its first freshness had already a handled and cheaper side. It was not alone the sub-title *Mœurs Parisiennes* affixed to each yellow-covered volume, the introduction of known names and catch-words, the notice taken of the latest fashionable fad in the newest society dialect; it was not only the gift of narration, possessed by M. Daudet in a high degree, which gave Parisian and world-wide vogue to his novels: it was above all

their charm, the movement of a vivid and picturesque pen, that graceful, tender delineation which made the existence of an improbable queen in an unsavory Paris read like an idyl, and gave distinction and piquancy to such a hard, vulgar figure as the *petite Chèbe*. Like Doré, who gained and lost a popularity not wholly dissimilar, M. Daudet had, to begin with, the artist's hand, great facility of drawing and characterization, the power of invoking scenes and figures abundantly and saliently, and an irony leaning toward caricature. He had, moreover (his work in its brilliant surface effects constantly suggests comparison with the pictorial arts), an eye for

color and value no less keen than his sense of form. His street scenes, with the rain washing over the pavements, the reflections, the figures passing and repassing, or the bouquets of color, the artificial stir and life of fashionable Paris under a dazzling sky and a veil of spring foliage, are like so many clever aquarelles. But with all this fertility of talent, M. Daudet, like Doré, struck a false note in art from the beginning. He had his perception of beauty and he had his ideals, but they were imagined, not perceived. He had his prepossessions, warm and captivating, but not always logical: a passion for forced contrasts and exaggerated lights, a sentimentality of tone, which, combined with his caricaturing tendency, brought upon him an immediate charge of having imitated Dickens. Although that charge was silenced in rounds of applause, forgotten in the fascination of his gifts and his personality, there is today, in French criticism, a certain depreciatory tone regarding his work which was not there yesterday, — a tendency to speak of his methods as no longer new, or to go back affectionately to the Daudet of *Tartarin* and the *Lettres de mon Moulin*, to the purely fantastic and idyllic Daudet, and to regard the *Mœurs Parisiennes* with less ardor of admiration; and this, though the sale of his books still counts by tens of thousands.

Readers of M. Daudet's new book<sup>1</sup> will search its pages in vain for the charm they have been wont to find in his work. It is not to be found in the characters, with a possible half exception in favor of the sculptor Védérine, a slight, vaguely picturesque personage, who, carelessly and defiantly erect amid a crumbling world, may be taken as a suggestion of the vitality of art in that capital whose novelists are always so fondly revealing its decay in all other respects. It is certainly not in the

situations, which are, to put it mildly, not less than usually revolting, nor in the existence depicted, for the description of which the word "feverish," so often encountered here and in similar books, is altogether too healthful and hopeful an adjective. It can hardly be discerned in the style, which, clever as heretofore, and graced with the normal accretion of new words and phrases, native or imported (the latest bit of English is "struggle-for-lifeur," shortened, for convenience, to "strugfor-lifeur"), is suggestive of a kind of talking between the teeth, pushing the words out, and firing or hissing the epigrams. M. Daudet has retrenched in the matter of sentiment; the waters have abated in a marked degree since *Jack*; but his exaggerations and his love of contrast are as inveterate as ever. His progress is not only in accord, but identical, with that of the age; it demands and supplies more implements and accessories rather than more thought or skill. There is something more — or less, according to the point of view — than the spirit of the time reproduced in his pages: the inventions are let in bodily, so to speak; the electric light has been introduced, and his shadows are projected by its improved and unnatural glare, strong and uncompromising, slices from the very heart of darkness.

A novel is the comment of art upon life as well as a work of art *per se*. Of the life exhibited in *L'Immortel* perhaps the less said the better. If the interpretations of the author have no cleansing effect upon it, the milder labors of a reviewer will go for naught, and the reader entering its Augean precincts will do so at his own risk and peril. Moreover, it is the picture of a society from which the primal and human element is so thoroughly eliminated that there is little left to stimulate literary interest and discussion. The grouping of the book is excellent, the construction

<sup>1</sup> *L'Immortel: Mœurs Parisiennes*. By A. DAUDET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1888.

passably clever, the types so familiar even to our American eyes that we feel sure we must have encountered them in the daily papers. There is the Academy with its forty members, checked off into three orders, *ducs*, *Petdeloup*, *cabotins*. The first includes the aristocracy, the second the professorial class, the third the larger and more heterogeneous tribe of lawyers, theatrical men, journalists, and novelists. Around the Academy, as about a church door, are grouped the women who "run" the institution, entertaining its members and aspirants, and lobbying on behalf of their husbands, lovers, relatives, and friends; and lastly there is the *remorque* of haggard candidates, who follow in the wake of the great association, haunting it as Stevenson's band of Londoners haunted the suicide club, and watching the sick-list of its members with an interest which rises to frenzy at the prospect of a fatal termination in any quarter. Coming to individuals, we find a society nomenclature in which real names are shuffled in with names that are more than probable, and notabilities not only cross the scene in their habit as they lived, but lend of their traits or vestments to the leading characters; tempting us to say with the deaf old Academy *doyen*, Jean Réhu, winding up his anecdote of a bygone day, "J'ai vu ça, moi." The Immortal who bestows his title on the book, Astier-Réhu, is adroitly introduced by an article on him from the "Dictionnaire des Célébrités Contemporaines, édition de 1880;" if the extract had been omitted, we should almost have been beguiled into looking for it in some such publication. "Astier, dit Astier-Réhu (Pierre-Alexandre Léonard) de l'Académie Française, né en 1816," endowed, according to the dictionary, with a rare aptitude for history, and cited by Mommsen in a note as *ineptissimus*, has gathered all the traditional dust and mould of the schools about his head. Long-eared, short-sighted, dogged, nar-

row, and important, he is a figure for a burlesque. He devotes himself to the accumulation of autographs, and to the publication of historical memoirs based upon these rather brief, not to say doubtful, materials. He has a son who despises him, and directs his energy with full nineteenth-century concentration to the getting of money. He has a wife, granddaughter of Jean Réhu, who has got him into the Academy, and relegates him on sweeping and reception days to the garret; who steals his most valued autographs, and sells them to raise money for the son, and is thus the cause of the discovery that the entire collection is a forgery, — a discovery which creates a panic in the Academy where they had been indorsed, and which, combined with domestic unpleasantnesses, drives the Immortal to take refuge in the Seine, from which his mortal remains are dragged out before the veteran who intimates by the cock of his venerable head that he has "*vu ça, moi*."

Among the unofficial — they cannot be called tender or romantic — incidents of the book is an episode of rivalry between a living lover and a dead husband, the details of which are brutal enough, but the situation is one in which a cynical point of view has the advantage of a sentimental one in wholesomeness. Of sentiment, indeed, the book is thoroughly denuded. The alternate shower and sunshine of the afternoon passed by Paul Astier and Colette de Rosen in visiting her husband's tomb at Père-Lachaise is an out-door effect in M. Daudet's happier manner, but it lends no factitious grace to the absurdity and unpleasantness of the scene. A great deal of clever by-play is furnished by some of the lesser Academicians: by Lavaux, the journalist, friend of princes and duchesses, *au fait* of the latest scandal, who serves unquotable anecdotes and *mots* for Danjou to volley back; Danjou, the handsome dramatist, at work on a new play called



Les Apparences, sulking at the duchess's table because his wife is not asked, and in his element without her when the invitation has been extended to both. The conversation is full of allusions, newspaper horrors, *on dits*, of shrugs and glances, indicating in every paragraph that the author is one who knows his Paris.

It is a knowledge which those who read *L'Immortel* will be glad, and those who do not may well rest content, to leave him. The seal of the Academy could add nothing to the dreariness or the monotony of the book. If it is a trifle more homogeneous than some of its author's former productions, the point is gained by a more uniform and intensified tone of bitterness, and by the fact that the high lights are fewer, not that they are in any way softened or blended. M. Daudet has always had a fancy for sorting his characters beforehand, dividing the sheep from the goats — let us say rather the lambs from the wolves — behind the curtain, and driving them before the public already branded and ticketed. That the whiter band should become less numerous in each successive volume is a phenomenon in accordance with the Darwinian or any other theory of the universe; in fact, the survival of such of its number as remain extant can be satisfactorily accounted for only by supposing a motive of economy or a singular absence of mind on the part of the prevailing species. M. Daudet has given us a gallery of figures which are attractive and sympathetic in spite of their heightened innocence and too evident destination to the purposes of sacrifice, — the little grandmother in *Le Nabob*, Elysée, Frédérique. Among the “strugforlifeurs” who fight the Darwinian battle under the dome of the Academy in the present volume, there is one unmistakable lamb, endowed with the qualities and defects of his kind, — Abel de Freydet, a provincial poet with a “*jolie note à la Brizeux*,” who rests

his claims to a seat among the Forty upon a poem entitled *Dieu dans la Nature*, and is deterred from publishing a second book, *Pensées d'un Rustique*, by the representations of Lavauz that it would be much better for his chances to let it be supposed that he has given up writing altogether. “*Moins on a d'œuvres, plus on a de titres.*” His innocence is astounding, or would be if it were not accompanied by other traits equally associated with mutton. That notwithstanding this blamelessness and his abstinence from production he does not obtain the desired honor is of course a foregone conclusion. For the portrayal of lupine characteristics M. Daudet has a sharper pencil, and his sketches show no lack of individuality. But it is life from the standpoint of the *Petit Journal Pour Rire*, a series of satirical paragraphs in which the disgust of a genuine feeling, talent, and force descends to the weapons and methods of a petty spite. It may be the picture of a society from within; it is a view of life from the outside.

How far this satire is animated by personal motives, how far the French Academy and the Parisian world are deserving in detail of the scorn heaped upon them by the Provençal romancer, are matters on which it would be presumptuous for a critic on this side of the ocean to venture an opinion. But without being informed as to the origin of a quarrel, we may examine into the nature of such missiles as chance to fall at our feet. And *L'Immortel* is a weapon of pretty questionable taste, though there can be no doubt as to its “telling” quality. There are some keen remarks on the lack of observation in fashionable people absorbed in their several rôles and toilets, — their blindness not only to the whole spectacle of Nature and the entire mass of their fellow-beings, but to innumerable points within their own narrow range of interest. There is the following portrait



— for the identification of which one is almost tempted to turn to the Dictionnaire des Célébrités — of the Prince d'Athis, Samy for short and to be in the English fashion, a diplomatic figure-head, "qui méprisait comme personne. Il méprisait de l'œil, ce fameux œil dont Bismarck n'avait pu soutenir l'éclat; il méprisait de son grand nez chevalin, de sa bouche aux coins tombants, il méprisait sans savoir pourquoi, sans parler, sans écouter, sans rien lire ni comprendre, et sa fortune diplomatique, ses succès féminins et mondains, étaient faits de ce mépris répandu."

But the keenness of the paragraphist is not the insight required for the creation of a work of art, nor are *on dits* the best sort of material for a novelist. Contempt, effective as it may be found socially in the hands of a Prince d'Athis, is not an all-potent factor in literature, and M. Daudet relies upon it a little too strongly. His book has a tone which reminds us of the Notes sur Paris, of M. Graindorge scornfully watching his ant-hill; the assumption that ants are necessarily objects of contempt being M. Graindorge's own. The fact is that there is a larger current of conventionality in French literature than can be bounded by the walls of the Academy. Apart from the learned and classical

and social conventions, there is the monstrous convention of the French novel, cast and worshiped by novelists, to which the greatest and strongest talents have in some measure succumbed, — the convention of looking through the eyes of other novelists into a world created by the fraternity. M. Daudet, with all his alertness of mind and defiant attitude towards classical traditions, has subscribed to the convention, and written from the note-book instead of from the heart. Gifted with an impressionist talent, artistic in its aptitudes, but drawn by its very success in depicting the evanescent and the actual into hasty and mannered conclusions; with a charming fancy and a something in tone and spirit that was un-Parisian, happy, and captivating, he gave up his ideal tendencies, which required only to be strengthened by an alliance with the real, and adopted in their stead a ready-made realism. It has not made him a great writer, and he has ceased, for the moment at least, to be an agreeable one. It will be a fortunate day for art, and for the novel in particular, when the French shall have finished their exhaustive labors in the sewer, and reached the level of the pavements. Their present industry and mining activity encourage us to hope that the day will come.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Warning Note. AMERICA, next to Italy, is now acknowledged to possess the most favorable atmosphere for the production of good voices, and American singers are beginning to take precedence of all others in the great musical centres of the world. As yet, most of these successful songsters receive their training in Europe; but it will not be long before every facility for the ac-

quirement of the art of singing will be attainable at home. Even now there are scores of well-established Conservatories within our borders, and hundreds of vocal teachers are scattered over the length and breadth of our great country. Most of these teachers either have been educated abroad, or have studied with the pupils of celebrated foreign masters, so that the merits and faults of European

vocal culture may be considered as fairly represented in the systems pursued in schools and private lessons in America.

It is not too much to say that these systems are for the most part false and hurtful. Jenny Lind was accustomed to declare, "There are no singers, nowadays:" and this sweeping criticism was not inspired by professional jealousy; it was the condensed expression of her sorrowful conviction that the art of singing has become almost a lost art. Adelina Patti and a few other examples of the old school of training still remain, and there is now and then a teacher, not necessarily well appreciated or widely known, who is faithful to the traditions of the Old Italian method, which was, and is, and ever must be the only good method for the cultivation of the voice; but the vast majority of the persons who dare to attempt the development of the very delicate vocal organ are incompetent for the task, and the result of their instruction is not merely negative failure, but positive disaster.

Almost every teacher of singing professes to use the Italian method, though some are honest enough to admit that the old system is in their case qualified by or supplemented with the supposed improvements of the Franco-German school; the truth being that very few teachers understand the main principles of the Old Italian method, and break its most important rules at every step of their progress. The trouble is that the earliest masters of the perfected art did not write down and publish their manner of teaching, which was therefore only handed down by tradition, and exemplified in the glorious career of exceptionally gifted pupils. With the progress of time, the successors of these great teachers have become fewer and fewer, while the majority of the famous singers of each generation have yielded to surrounding influences, and departed more or less from the good old way.

The Wagner school of music has proved itself the arch enemy of the human voice, and of all rational modes for its development. The unnatural demands made upon the vocal organs through Wagner's total ignorance of the art of singing, and the abnormal development of the orchestra through the impatient yearnings of his unquiet soul, have banished for the time all chance of melody in music; and as Wagner's utterances are the outcome of an age of noise and hurry, of ruined faiths and tragedies of passion, his genius must have its day, and work its full measure of harm upon the voices chosen for the inhuman task of personating his superhuman creations.

But the time will come when the present mad havoc with the lungs and throats of singers shall cease. Just as men begin to see that war must be abolished, because the weapons of war have reached too high a power of destructiveness, so the thunders of drum and trumpet in the modern orchestra must subside, if that sweetest music, the tones of the human voice, is to be preserved to the race. The reaction must come. When the orchestration is made so magnificent and so suggestive that the voice is an unwelcome interruption, and when the instruments are so noisy that nothing of the voice can be heard beyond a screech or a howl, it is time for the two departments of expression to be separated; the orchestra should be left to itself, and recitatives should be delivered over to the spoken drama. There is no denying the genius of Wagner. His power of converting musical instruments into echoes of human passion has never been equaled, and will probably never be surpassed; *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Der Fliegende Holländer* will live forever in poetry and in song; but all the same, Wagner is to be feared and shunned by singers as the Great Destroyer of the human voice.

There is no better proof that his de-

mands upon the vocal organs are unnatural and injurious than the fact that with his music has arisen a special school of teaching, supposed to be able to create the volume of tone and strength of chest required for the execution of his operas. It is needless to say that all the faults and vices of the modern methods are intensified and exaggerated in this forcing school of screaming and shouting. No more soft sounding of the tones until the whole voice is equalized; no more slow practice of the scale until the tones are separately rounded; no more patient study of single notes and grouped notes until the voice can run up and down, and hither and yon, at will; no more careful use of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* until the voice can hold a tone strong and pure and steady to the full limit of the breath; no more uniform poising of the voice, so that in its whole compass there is no change of register, and, consequently, no change of quality in the tone. Nothing of this; but instead of it the hurried acquirement of loud tones, by means of pressing the voice to the utmost through its whole compass, and especially in the lower tones.

Here we touch the great secret of past success and of present failure, the principal point of separation between the ancient and the modern school, the chief ground of dissension between the few existing teachers of the Old Italian method and the many rising teachers of the recent mixed methods.

The Old Italian method treats the voice as though it consisted of only one register; that is, it does not allow of any change in the position of the throat, nor of any difference in the quality of the tone, from the highest note to the lowest. Instead of allowing the voice to sink into guttural tones in the middle range, and to press down more and more the farther it descends, it requires that the voice be held higher and higher the deeper the tones go

down, so that less force and less breath will be expended upon the notes below the staff than upon those above it, while at the same time those lightly uttered, softly breathed deep tones will possess resonance and firmness, and "*carry*" farther than a forced guttural will ever do. A voice trained in this way has no break in the registers, to be bridged over with more or less skill, and consequently there is no danger of the voice cracking, as is invariably the case with singers taught after the new method. One of the greatest charms of Jenny Lind's singing was the perfect evenness of her tones. An intelligent lover of music, though not a musically educated man, recently said of her, "What pleased me most was that her voice was the same voice all through. No one tone seemed better than another, but all seemed perfect."

When Mierzwinski awakens his crowded audiences to wild enthusiasm, musical critics are wont to say, "It is astonishing to hear him take his highest tones with the chest voice!" Such a criticism is a lamentable proof of the ignorance which prevails to-day concerning the human voice and what is required for its proper training. Mierzwinski never uses what is called the chest voice. His tones all come from his chest, as indeed they must do, and he lightens his voice when he goes down, and pours it out in full measure when he goes up, and softens it for the extremely high notes just as he does for extremely low notes, and thus preserves unbroken unity in the quality of his whole range.

It is the easiest thing in the world to sing in the right way when one knows how, and Mierzwinski is a bright and shining example of the pleasure which a true artist can experience himself, as well as bestow upon his hearers, through the exercise of his delightful gift. In listening to him, one feels that even his greatest effects are achieved without

painful exertion,—the work seems like play: and this is not because the singer is a large, strong man; it is simply because he holds his voice in the right way. Adelina Patti is the greatest living example of the true method as applied to a soprano voice, and as long as she can sing at all she will continue to sing in the same full, sweet tones which have so long entranced the world.

The objections to the modern way of holding the voice are many and rational. In the first place, it is an unnatural way, and therefore it must be wrong. Only a perverted taste can really admire the sudden change of register which grates upon the ear so often nowadays. People cry out, "How grand! how magnificent! how splendidly she goes down!" when the tones are really so horrible that the audience ought to hiss the misguided performer off the stage. The pernicious habit of chan-

ging the register in the lower tones is said to have been introduced by Malibran; and certain it is that the oldest and best books of instruction upon the cultivation of the voice contain very strict warnings against allowing any such tendency to develop into use. Malibran possessed an exceptionally deep and powerful voice, and it is possible that her manner of producing heavy tones was not so flagrant a violation of the principles of the Old Italian school as a vain attempt to imitate her has induced in her less gifted followers.

But this false taste is only a transient fashion. It must pass; indeed, the signs of a wholesome reaction are already multiplying, in spite of the increasing popularity of Wagner's music, perhaps in consequence of a wider perception of the mischief which that music is sure to work.

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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Literature and Criticism.* Ignorant Essays, by Richard Dowling. (Appleton.) Eight lively essays by a writer who feigns ignorance and professes general carelessness. None the less, work has gone into his book; else it would not be so good as it is. There is little more than the idle chat of a good-natured loungeur, but the assumption indicated in the title is sufficient to carry the book along without inviting very severe criticism.—Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art, by Robert Burn, LL. D. (Macmillan & Co.), is a collection of essays showing that Roman art and literature sprang from the same national tendencies.—Thomas Carlyle's Counsels to a Literary Aspirant, a hitherto unpublished letter of 1842, and what came of them [the counsels, we suppose, in this Scotch-English], with a brief estimate of the man, by James Hutchinson Stirling. (James Thin, Edinburgh.) Dr. Stirling is now a man of note in philosophical circles; it is not unlikely that this admirable, restless letter did something to make him such. His own comments on

Carlyle's character are very interesting, because they are based on a wide knowledge of Scottish social life.—The Early Life of Samuel Rogers, by P. W. Clayden. (Roberts.) Interesting not so much for its account of Rogers, who was unimportant by himself, as for its lively representation of the world in which Rogers moved. This volume ends with the first years of this century, and is to be followed by one which ought to be even more entertaining.—Macmillan & Co. have issued a new edition of Walter Pater's *The Renaissance, Studies in Art and Poetry*, originally published in 1873. Mr. Pater has revised and somewhat enlarged the work. The fact that this book has been fifteen years in reaching a third edition is not flattering to English taste. The *Letters of Charles Lamb*, newly arranged, with additions. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Alfred Ainger. In two volumes. (Armstrong.) The disorderly materials in Talfourd and other writers are here brought into excellent arrangement. The notes are brief and scholarly, and serve their purpose ad-

mirably. The text itself is simply delightful. Lamb grows mellow with age. — Messrs. Roberts Brothers have added to their neat edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations a volume containing *The Pentameron*, *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare*, *Minor Prose Pieces*, and *Criticisms*. The first two divisions are in effect an extension of Imaginary Conversations. Landor's criticism is always interesting, but rather from its vagaries than from its obedience to any well-considered canon. — *Romances, Lyrics, and Sonnets from the Poetic Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. (Houghton.) The smallness of this volume forbids the introduction of all of those longer romances which showed Mrs. Browning in her most sustained flights; but the book is a selection, not a collection, and whatever may be missed, we are quite sure that here is nothing superfluous.

*Books for Young People.* A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings, being models of parliamentary practice for young and old, by George T. Fish. (Harpers.) A sort of dramatized Cushing's Manual. Like books of conversation in foreign languages, one cannot be quite sure that all emergencies are provided for, or that the thorough mastery of a few general rules would not be a better introduction to practice than such a multiplicity of examples. — *Kelp*, a story of the Isles of Shoals, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Lothrop.) A story of camping-out life enjoyed by some boys and girls and their elders. Mr. Allen throws a good deal of naturalism into his story, but it is the easy-going naturalism of familiar phrases, not the artistic naturalism which is the result of fine choice of phrase and manner. — *Little Helpers*, by Margaret Vandegrift. (Ticknor.) A bright story, with its moral interwoven in a kindly spirit. The author makes her children behave with a good deal of naturalness without finding it necessary to make them either slangy or babyish. — *The Recollections of a Drummer Boy*, by Harry M. Kiefer. (Ticknor.) A new edition of a book which has already taken its place as a graphic picture of war scenes. — *Christmas with Grandma Elsie*, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) One of a series. It is an odd mixture of adventure, primness, religion, naturalness, and conventionality. The spice makes it palatable. — *Abraham Lincoln*, a biography for young people, by Noah Brooks. (Putnams.) Mr. Brooks has two qualifications for his task: he was at one time Lincoln's private secretary, we believe, and he writes an agreeable, unpretentious style. The book will set the great President in a familiar light, and help, not to humanize him, for that he does not need, but to show his native strength. We cannot forgive

publishers or author for allowing the misleading print from St. Gaudens's noble statue to disfigure the book. — *Queer People with Paws and Claws*, and their *Kweer Kapers*, by Palmer Cox. (Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia.) The pictures have more drollery than the doggerel rhymes, but even the pictures have a good deal of the kind of wit which lies in such distortions as "Kweer Kapers." — *Raymond Kershaw*, by Maria McIntosh Cox. (Roberts.) A pleasant little book of self-help among orphans. There is a gravity about these young people who set up milk-routes and sell embroideries, which is due, perhaps, to the seriousness with which writers of such stories are apt to be impressed by their work. — *The Dead Doll and Other Verses*, by Margaret Vandegrift. (Ticknor.) Bright, playful poems, for the most part, a little stiff in the joints occasionally, and with the fun sometimes rather forced, but with a breezy good nature about them which would atone for worse faults.

*Folk-Lore and Fun.* Popular Tales from the Norse, by Sir George Webbe Dasent (Putnams), is a third edition of a book which is deservedly popular, both from the original charm of the tales and from the delightful English dress which they wear. Dasent writes as a lover of this folk-lore, and not as a mere archæologist, but he is none the less a most careful student. — *Nonsense Books*, by Edmund Lear, with all the original illustrations. (Roberts.) If this age is forbidden to produce any new folk-lore, it is giving us a substitute for it. Nothing is more genuinely modern than Lear's nonsense books, but they are already classical, and when the next century takes account of stock of this, we greatly mistake if Lear will not show precedence of many a poet and artist who outrank him now. — *A Sea Change, or Love's Stowaway*, a lyricated farce, by W. D. Howells. (Ticknor.) A delicious bit of nonsense. If Mr. Howells had emphasized more the very clever hits at the obedience of parents to daughters, he might have raised his little play into a genuine satire. Of course the piece is a libretto and needs the musical complement, but as pure fun it is more delicate and delightfully humorous than the librettos of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, with which one naturally compares it. The farce as it stands is adapted to a small audience and a vast stage.

*Fine Arts and Holiday Books.* Longfellow's *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (Houghton) appears in a generous quarto, with large type, free engravings in the text, and very pleasing photogravures for full-page illustrations. The book is treated with special respect, for it has an introduction giving a history of the poem, and illustrated notes which furnish the reader

with an opportunity of tracing the historical foundation of the verses. The work becomes thus something more than a gift-book; it is a handsome edition of an American classic. — The Rainbow Calendar for 1889, compiled by Kate Sanborn. (Ticknor.) Miss Sanborn in her lively preface can find no better reason for making this calendar from a variety of sources than that a great many persons have liked A Year of Sunshine, which she had previously published, and we do not see what better reason there could be, unless she used up her best material in her first compilation. — The Musical Year-Book of the United States, published and compiled by G. H. Wilson (152 Tremont St., Boston), is a compact record of the public concerts for the season 1887-1888, arranged alphabetically by places. It is in its fifth year. — International Copyright in Works of Art, a Letter to the American People, by Thomas Humphry Ward. Mr. Ward, an Englishman, calls attention to one phase of the copyright question which has been little regarded, the injustice done to artists by the reproduction of their works through the means of cheap processes. The case is not quite the same as it is with books; for while many English books would be sold here if protected by copyright, it is by no means certain that the high-cost engravings would ever find a market where heliotypes and process engravings prevail. We are not arguing for the present sorry state of things. We believe that the artist should be as carefully guarded by us whether he works in London or in New York.

*History and Biography.* The seventh volume of the Narrative and Critical History of America, edited by Justin Winsor (Houghton), is occupied with the second part of the United States history. The period embraced is that between 1775 and 1850, excluding the war for independence, which was treated in the previous volume. The contributors, besides the editor, are E. J. Lowell, John Jay, George E. Ellis, George Ticknor Curtis, Alexander Johnston, James Russell Soley, James B. Angell, and Edward Channing, all writers of distinct ability, and more than one an authority in his department. The topical method followed permits each author to make his chapter a comprehensive study, and the full apparatus of bibliography and notes affords an opportunity for the student to work at the details of the subjects presented. The maps, as before,

are an important feature, but the reproductions of portraits are rarely very satisfactory. — Two new volumes have been added to the series The Story of the Nations (Putnams): Turkey, by Stanley Lane Poole, aided by E. J. W. Gibb and Arthur Gilman, and Media, Babylon, and Persia, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. The former has special claims upon respect as the work of accomplished scholars, and great skill has been shown in subordinating minor details so as to give the reader a quick grasp of the whole subject. Madame Ragozin is a brilliant writer, and her book shows evident signs of familiarity with her subject; but one may be pardoned for questioning if she has not had it in mind first and last to write an interesting book, whatever befalls her facts. — History of Tennessee, the Making of a State, by James Phelan. (Houghton.) The early part of this history is exceptionally well done, and the whole book indicates great industry and historical ardor on the part of the author, but we think the concluding chapters, with their lack of perspective, emphasize the difficulty of writing the history of one of our States after its life has become thoroughly merged in the general life of the republic. For Tennesseans, we do not doubt, all the crowd of names and the details of political contests will have a charm, but for the general reader the struggle of the State to obtain a birth will have the greater interest. — The Federalist, reprinted from the original text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison, edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. (Putnams.) A reissue, apparently, of the same volume in Lodge's edition of Hamilton. It is a convenient hand-book, and contains a careful inquiry into the authorship of the disputed numbers. — A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution from Early Times to the Dissolution of the Empire, by Samuel Epes Turner. (Putnams.) A monograph of a dry, critical order, of little use to the general student, but of service to the scholar. It has the air of having been a thesis for a degree. — A new series under the title International Statesmen series has been started, under the editorship of Lloyd C. Sanders. (Lippincotts.) Two volumes have thus far appeared: one on Palmerston by the editor, and one on Beaconsfield by T. E. Keibel. They are brief, to the point, and reasonably impartial, but the authors so far content themselves with sketching their subjects, and do not attempt much in the way of analysis or generalization.



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THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRY COLLEGE.

THE university is a new factor in American education. By university is meant, not a college with a euphonious but inappropriate title, nor yet faculties of law, medicine, and theology associated under the same government with the academic faculty, but an institution where all the leading lines of liberal learning are taught in their broad relations, studied in their minute details, and carried forward by original investigation. That the rapid rise of universities in the United States is destined to work great changes in our system of higher education is obvious.

The university cannot supersede the college. The attempt to rear the university on the basis of the academy alone would be as absurd as to put the roof of a house directly on the foundation, with no intervening stories. The university brings with it a new kind of college. Hitherto we have had large colleges and small colleges, both having essentially the same curriculum and spirit. Now we have the college connected with the university, and the college which stands by itself. The college connected with the university has the advantages of location in a centre of culture, and has abundant wealth. Its university connection gives it fame and prestige, and the attraction of intellectual gravitation enables it to secure the choice scholars of the land for its professors. How is it with the college which stands by itself; in a word, with the country college? The answer may

be suggested by a plain statement of the comprehensive work of higher education. That work is threefold, intellectual, moral, and religious. In each of these three spheres there are three stages. Corresponding to these stages are three institutions, the academy, the college, and the university.

The first stage of intellectual work is drill. This is the province of the classical academy. The classical academy withdraws its pupil from studies of immediate utility. It selects Latin, Greek, and mathematics: partly because these studies lie logically at the foundation of all the literature and science which the pupil will study in the college and the university, and partly because they afford a superior field for drill in the thorough masters of the fundamental principles of thought and expression. The chief value of a classical course lies not in what its students know when they graduate, but in what it enables them to learn afterward. Hence the course in a classical academy is comparatively unprofitable for one who intends to go no farther. The classical academy is strictly a fitting-school. Its aim is to form right mental habits. It insists on accuracy, thoroughness, and form. It does not aim to attract the mind by the inherent interest of the subjects taught. On the contrary, it forces it to unwelcome tasks. It brings the mind into subjection to the will. There is inevitably an artificial and more or less pedantic atmosphere about it.



The college presupposes in its students the drill of the academy. Yet, to make sure of it, the college keeps up this drill during the Freshman year. For without this drill as a foundation no successful work in the latter part of the course is possible. Yet even from the first the aim of the college is radically different from that of the academy. Not drill for its own sake, with its irksomeness, its monotony, its slavery to a text-book, but knowledge in the most attractive, stimulating, and practically valuable aspect, is the ideal which the college holds up before its students. It invites the student to bring his will into subjection to his mind, instead of simply compelling him to subject his mind to his will.

Since the aims of the two institutions are so different, it is generally recognized that, when possible, it is best for both academy and college that they be kept separate.

It is the province of the university to take men who have the drill of the academy and the breadth of view which the college gives, and help them to carry forward self-chosen lines of special study to the limits of the world's attained knowledge, and on into regions yet unexplored. Not the teaching how to walk, nor yet the easy and rapid journeying along the beaten paths of knowledge, but the exploration of fields remote from the main lines of ordinary travel, and the surveying of new territory, is the function of the university.

The function of the university is thus as distinct from that of the college as is that of the college from the function of the academy. The same reason which has made it desirable to separate the academy from the college will in due time render desirable a separation of the college from the university. Where colleges are new, as in the West to-day, college and academy are united. But where colleges are old and well established, college and academy are separate.

Universities are new throughout this country, and have grown up for the most part in connection with colleges. But when universities become more definitely organized, the radical difference between the university and the college will become increasingly apparent. Even now a list of the principal universities having colleges connected with them would probably indicate that the more thorough and extensive the university work in any one of them, the less is there left of the college ideal; and *vice versa*, the more faithfully the college aim is adhered to, the less is the university ideal realized.

The two aims, breadth and specialization, the acquisition of knowledge for the student's sake and devotion to learning for learning's sake, are two distinct stages of intellectual development. Though the latter is unquestionably the higher, yet the former has its rightful time and place. The two aims cannot coexist side by side, each in supremacy over its rightful field, and as the college ideal is the lower and weaker in itself, it will inevitably yield to the university spirit. That broadening of the mind by an apprenticeship to the idea that there are many things which the student must learn before he can begin to be a scholar, which it is the province of the college to foster, will be neglected, and we shall have the sorry sight of immature youths affecting to be scholars before they have learned to be students.

Thus it is not the country college, but the university college, which has most to fear from the growth of the universities. The country college will continue to fit nine tenths of her graduates for professional and business life, as she has done. The other tenth she will prepare for the universities; and the college which in these days fails to send from five to ten per cent. of its graduates on into university work is false to its students and false to the cause of education. The best use in furtherance of higher education in New England to which two

hundred and fifty thousand dollars could be put to-day would be the establishment of twenty-five fellowships in the country colleges of New England, enabling one or two in each college class to enter upon university studies. The stimulus to the colleges and the support to the universities arising from such a system of fellowships would be invaluable; and it would impress students with the true and real relation of the college to the university as no amount of mere explanation and exhortation can impress them.

Intellectually the future of the college is assured, because it represents a distinct and essential stage of intellectual development, which none but the exceptionally endowed student can skip without serious and permanent injury; and the future of the country college is assured just because the more separate college and university are kept, the more helpful can they be to each other. They are members of an organic system of education; and they must be individually two before they can be organically one.

The moral reasons for the separation of academy, college, and university are no less strong. When a boy enters the academy, his morals are the product of heredity, home influence, and early associations. He has not formed principles of his own, and, as a rule, is not capable of forming them independently. Consequently the academy must enforce right conduct by sheer authority. It must watch the boys day and night, in school and on the street. Its rules must be rigid and arbitrary. Its punishment must be swift and sure. It can enter into no argument with pupil or parent. The parent who wrote to a large fitting-school, demanding an explanation of his son's unexpected return home, received all the satisfaction the academy could afford to give in the laconic reply, "Dear Sir, — Your letter is received. Your son is a loafer. Yours truly." The strengthening of right habits in

those who have them by the authoritative enforcement of rules, and the stern repression of evil tendencies by arbitrary penalties, is the moral *régime* suited to boys in the academic stage.

In the college this method should be entirely abandoned. There should be no spying of students nor prying into their secrets. There should be no list of things forbidden, with penalties attached. There should be nothing arbitrary and no avoidable severity. At the same time, the college officers should take the deepest personal interest in the moral welfare of their students. When a college is organized properly, its officers, while not inquiring too minutely into specific acts, will know the principles of each student. They will know whether the student is reliable or deceitful, diligent or lazy, temperate or dissolute, pure or licentious, sound or corrupt. They will not hesitate to point out to the immoral student with utmost frankness and friendliness the shame and ruin of his evil ways. Making no charges of specific acts calling for external proof, they will hold up the mirror to the moral nature in the clear light of an indisputable conscience. In the vast majority of cases, this discipline, if faithfully and persistently followed, does its work. In case it fails, the student is requested to withdraw, not as a specific penalty for a specific act, but for the common good of himself and of the college. Of course a discipline thus friendly and confidential will run the risk that friendship and confidence always must run, of being occasionally imposed upon and betrayed. This is, however, the true and Christian method of moral discipline for men of sufficient maturity to appreciate it. Furthermore, it must be complete and unreserved. It is impossible to mix it with what I have called the academic system.

If it be asked whether such a system will actually work, I can only write from a very limited experience. In

Bowdoin College, over which I preside, there have not been, during the past three years, half a dozen cases in which students have been called to account for specific acts of disorder or immorality. During these three years there has been but a single case in which any penalty beyond a verbal admonition has been inflicted. During the past year there was not a single case calling for even verbal admonition; and all familiar with the facts agree that the moral tone of the college was never higher. This is undoubtedly due in a very great degree to the high character of the young men with whom the college has been favored during the period. Yet had these same students been subjected to an irritating *espionage*, and threats and penalties held up before them, the result would have been far less satisfactory. Personal influence is the abundantly adequate as well as the only appropriate moral incentive for men in the college stage.

The university relies for its moral dynamic on the force of abstract ideas. Indeed, it presupposes in its post-graduate students a degree of maturity and self-possession which would render any other sort of moral influence superfluous. An independent intellectual life fosters a moral independence which resents personal as well as legal interference. It is inevitable that a university should foster this attitude of moral self-sufficiency; and for its post-graduate students this is undoubtedly the healthy and normal attitude.

When, however, college and university are united in the same institution, these two types of moral attitude cannot permanently coexist. The university type is inherently the stronger. It is, however, not adapted to the average under-graduate; yet it is sure to dominate both graduate and under-graduate departments. Professors accustomed to deal largely with post-graduate students, and naturally having their chief interest in the men nearest to their own level,

are almost certain to ignore the personal moral needs of the students furthest removed from themselves, and leave them to work out their moral character as best they can.

Those students who succeed in working their way out to this independent moral basis during their college course undoubtedly acquire a rugged stoic strength which is lacking in men who have had more personal help along the way. But multitudes are utterly wrecked and ruined as the result of being left to themselves before they have reached an independent moral self-consciousness. This personal help and inspiration in the formation of moral character is a most important factor in the rounded education of the total man; and it is its superior opportunity for doing this which constitutes one of the greatest advantages which the college which stands alone will always have over the college which is dominated and overshadowed by university ideals and influences.

The religious attitudes of the three institutions toward their students are likewise distinct. The boy comes to the academy with a religion which is merely formal and habitual, or else with no religion whatever. The academy can do little more than to sustain and strengthen such religious habits as it finds, and impose the outward forms of devotion upon all. If it undertakes to teach religion, it must be dogmatic; avoiding the discussion of vexed questions, for which its pupils are not ripe.

The religious function of the college is entirely different. It maintains formal worship; but it must breathe the breath of a rational spiritual life into these religious forms, or they will do more harm than good. It must constantly point out the connection between religion and the common duties and relations of everyday life. It must make it manifest that all its dealings with its students are the necessary and consistent outcome of the Christian spirit which it is the aim of its

devotional exercises to cultivate. In so far as the college teaches religion, it must do so with the utmost candor. It must give full weight to every objection, fairly discuss every difficulty, and be content to leave in the minds of its students many questions unanswered until they settle themselves. And yet, while scrupulously maintaining this intellectual fairness, the college professor should take every opportunity, in public and in private, in season and out of season, by precept, example, and entreaty, to "commend to every man's conscience in the sight of God" the superiority of the spiritual over the natural life. Respecting the reason and conscience of the student, the college professor should never try to force religious convictions upon him; but he should not hesitate to throw all the weight of his personal influence on the side of an earnest and reasonable religion.

The university approaches religion not in a dogmatic, nor yet in a persuasive, but in a critical spirit. For mature men this is well. The cause of reasonable religion has much to expect from the purifying influence of our universities, in breaking down prejudice, cutting off excrescences, and laying bare the rational foundations of religious faith, when once they fairly get at work upon the problem. Yet this attitude is a dangerous one for the immature and unformed mind; but where college and university are blended, this is sure to be the attitude of both graduate and undergraduate: the one seriously inquiring into the claims of religion upon the intellect; the other flippantly proclaiming that "religion is an elective," which he hopes to find time to take later in his course. The result is that the undergraduate is occupied with second-hand criticism before he has sufficient personal experience to make any criticism, intelligent, earnest, and fruitful. Consequently he goes out with no definite religious convictions, and with little pros-

pect of ever acquiring any. He has taken the university attitude, which insists that nothing shall be accepted until it is seen to be both historically real and philosophically true; whereas a comprehensive grasp of the results of historical criticism and of the basis of philosophical certitude is impossible for the average student in the college stage of development. If the college student is to accept religion at all, the example of those in whom he has confidence, and the influence of those who have a personal interest in him, in a word the power of the Spirit, must have considerable weight with him. This personal influence is strongest in the country colleges, where generations of young men have been attracted to the Christian life by the blameless character, the friendly interest, the loving appeals, of such men as President Hopkins and Professor Packard; while it is the inevitable tendency of university life to throw such influences into the background.

For the sake of clearness, the differences between these three stages of higher education have been somewhat sharply drawn. There must be something academic about the Freshman year in college. There ought to be a good deal of the university spirit and method about the Senior year. There are men of exceptional character, talents, and home-training for whom the immediate transition from the atmosphere of the academy to that of the university is intellectually profitable, morally safe, and religiously wholesome. Many more, for whom such a transition is not safe, will continue to run the rick which it involves. The university college has a sphere of its own, in which it will meet a certain class of needs which the country college cannot satisfy as well. But it can never take the place of the country college. As long as in things intellectual, moral, and spiritual the law holds good, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,"

so long will there remain in our system of higher education an honorable place and useful work for those little groups of scholars and students who, according to the original meaning of the term col-

lege, live together in mutual good-will, in friendly helpfulness, in earnest study, amid the broad green fields and under the clear blue skies of our quiet country towns.

*William DeWitt Hyde.*

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## PASSE ROSE.

### X.

BURIED from sight among the wooded spurs which prolonged the vast forest of Ardennes nearly to the Rhine, the castle of Inmaburg seemed almost deserted; for the king, with the royal household, had set out for Aix, to await there the arrival of his son Pepin from Pannonia. So magnificent were the preparations made to receive the victorious young king of Italy, and so great was the curiosity to witness the triumphant entry of the army with its barbarian captives and hostages, that many of the permanent inmates of the villa had obtained permission to follow the court; only such servants as were necessary for the care of the kennels and stables, the orchards and gardens, remaining. A single company of guards was also left to act as escort for certain damsels of the princesses' household, who, while chatting over their needlework in the pleasance without the inclosure, were impatiently anticipating the morrow's ride to Aix and the festivities of the capital. Gui of Tours himself, the chief of the company, after yawning away a half hour under the gallery of the *préau*, strolled discontentedly across the silent court-yard through the gateway, where a few soldiers loitered, playing at dice or sleeping on the wooden benches in the shadow of the wall. A subdued sound of laughter from the terrace greeted the captain's appearance, for the company of women was well known to be his last resource.

But the captain paid no more heed to the laughter than he had to the dice which the soldiers concealed at his approach, and disappeared among the out-buildings where were lodged the dogs and horses.

Shortly after, he was seen again on the road beyond the pleasance, gazing moodily over the cabins of the serfs, clustered about the paddocks and sheepfolds, towards the green wood which stretched unbroken to the horizon. It were no wonder if the women deemed the captain was searching for some flutter of the king's banner in the screen of leaves below, and the pout on the small lips of Agnes of Solier, as her eyes glanced from the valance spread over her knees to the distant figure of the soldier, betrayed the chagrin which his indifference caused her. So dense was the green curtain that the hare beneath was safe from the kite above; neither flash of spear nor gleam of flames on the king's standard rewarded the captain's gaze, and he wandered back to the court-yard gate like a restless hound left behind from the chase.

"Were I in thy stead," whispered young Heluiz of Hesbaye, bending to Agnes' ear, "I would ask the captain to replenish my reel. The silk is almost gone, and he chafes with nothing to do."

"If the captain chafes, he is best away," replied the girl, striving in vain to conceal the blush which rose to her cheek.

"Truly, I believe he is afraid of thy tongue's point, — it is sharper than thy needle," laughed her tormentor maliciously.

"What art thou saying, Heluiz?" asked an elderly dame, who, in the centre of the group, directed the work of the young girls.

"I was relating to Agnes of Solier, Mistress Chlodine, how Attila, king of the Huns, was slain by his wife with a golden needle on their marriage night."

"They say the Huns have the faces of apes," said a fair-haired girl, looking up from her embroidery; "like that which the Emir of Barcelona sent the king."

A sally of laughter greeted this statement, and the speaker, Gesualda, daughter of Leidulphe, Count of Arnay, bent her head over her work in confusion.

"What thou sayest is true, little dear," said Mistress Chlodine. "These people are pagans and sorcerers, fearing neither God nor man. Is it not so, Rothilde?" she asked, turning to the maiden nearest her.

The question was rude, for the girl was a barbarian, of that Saxon race whose perfidy had cost the kingdom such blood and treasure, and all knew that Mistress Chlodine bore with ill grace her presence among the princesses' women. Saxon and Hun were all one to Mistress Chlodine; she made no distinction between their abodes, putting them all together in the zone of heathendom, which girdled the land like the sea in the maps which the School of the Palace had made for the king.

Two limpid blue eyes looked up from the vignette border of the tapestry, and a faint blush overspread the girl's neck. At a passing glance, one would say she was the least beautiful of all present; yet there was that in the small face so attractive that he who looked into its quick-falling eyes waited till they should lift again, so trustful was their gaze, so timid their fall, so fraught with mute

inquiry their slow return, — like a hand put confidingly into one's own. There was not a maid in the pleasance but deemed her sly and full of wiles, and not a man in the kingdom but would have scouted such talk for jealous slander, so gentle was her bearing. That the heart of Robert of Tours had become as wax in her presence was common gossip. It was said that he had seen her first among the captives at Ehresberg, and would have had her, willing or unwilling, for himself but for the Abbot Rainal, who had brought her to the queen's notice. Every one knew that it had been the abbot's design to send her back to her own land to win her people to the service of the true God, but whether the king had twice refused her to Robert of Tours because he favored the abbot's design, or because he was wroth that a great *leude* of the kingdom should wed a Saxon rebel, was matter of dispute. Certain it was, however, that after the king's refusal Robert of Tours went with Pepin to Hungary, to vent his spleen on the Avars, and that Rothilde was sent from among the queen's women to the school of the novices in the convent of Eicka. If she remained at Eicka but a single month, that was because of the favor of the young queen, to whom, it was said, the king could refuse nothing. Be that as it may, she was back again among the queen's women; and one would have sworn she was born in a palace, so apt was she to learn, excelling the rest in all she did. Indeed, luxury suited her well, and she filled her station as easily as water fills a jar.

As for the suit of Robert of Tours, if you would know how it fared with the girl, in spite of the king, ask Gesualda of Arnay. She would bid you observe the fillet of black pearls — the same which the count's wife wore when she was alive — which Rothilde never loosed from her hair. Not that Gesualda was wiser than the others, — for the

Saxon held her tongue, — but was more friendly to the girl than they; if not from affection, then from the love of contrariety, which was so natural to her that it often set her right hand against her left.

“We shall soon see for ourselves,” she said, parrying Chlodine’s question for her friend. “That the Huns resemble the Saracen’s ape I am sure. Ask the captain; he was with Theudoric on the Danube.”

“He might as well be there now,” replied Heluiz of Hesbaye, with a side-long glance at Agnes.

“*Jessé*,” said Agnes, calling to the page on the terrace steps, “go say to the captain, Gui of Tours, that Heluiz of Hesbaye is dying to put to him a question about the monkeys of Barcelona.”

A burst of laughter followed this retort, at which Mistress Chlodine, not understanding its import, frowned, and the fingers plied again between the silken floss and pearls in silence.

Agnes of Solier had long been betrothed to Gui of Tours. Both her mother and her father were dead, — unless, indeed, there were truth in the rumor that the blood of Karle ran in her veins. Certain it was that the king loved and honored her next to his own daughters; and it were strange that Robert of Tours should so set his heart on this betrothal if the girl were only an orphan dependent on the royal bounty. Certain also was it that on her mother’s death the king had sent her to the abbey of Chelles, whereof his sister Gisèle was abbess, but neither his commands nor the abbess’s entreaties had been able to dry her tears or stem her protest; so that after the lapse of a year the girl had her way, and exchanged the modest dress of the cloister for court attire. It were no new thing, surely, for a girl to brave the will of a king, but that the king should take the rebel into his favor lent strength to current rumors; for so he did, and even the Queen Fas-

trade had received her without jealousy in her household, exercising her mind by various devices and her fingers in every skillful work. If there were little in her voice and features which resembled Karle, she possessed his courageous spirit. It leaped to her eye in anger, it burned like a coal beneath her silence, to flash forth again between her parted lips and white teeth in the merry laugh which gladdened the king’s heart. Not one in the company would dare to provoke her as had Heluiz, who withal teased without malice and loved without envy. What from her lips was only a sallying breeze from a rose thicket, from another would have been a biting, worrying wind that stings the blood like a wild nettle. If she teased, it was from curiosity to know what she could not otherwise discover; for at times her friend matched Gui’s indifference with scant words, and again the black lashes quivered over swimming eyes, — whether for love, or pride, or anger, Heluiz of Hesbaye was sore in doubt, not yet dreaming with what sorry company love will sometimes abide. Waiting for the captain’s coming, she stole a glance now and then at Agnes’ face, and seeing the fine lines of pride quiver said to herself, “So the covert of leaves stirs when the fawn within trembles.”

A slope of broad steps led up from the roadside to the terrace. Elsewhere the latter was circled by an open balustrade, and so pressed about by the wood that at high noon its marble floor was dark with the leaf shadows. The frown had scarce left Mistress Chlodine’s face when Gesualda, sighing that she should be at work when butterflies were abroad, chanced to follow one with her eyes in its flight over the balusters, and gave a quick cry.

“Mother of God!” she said, her hand on her swelling bosom, “I thought it was a wood spirit.”

The occasion of this exclamation was a young girl, who, emerging suddenly



from the copse surrounding the pleasure, and surprised at the scene before her, hesitated whether to advance or retreat, fixing her large eyes in succession upon the faces turned towards her. She stood holding the branch which had barred her passage, her uplifted arm bare to the view, for the lacing-cord of the sleeve was gone and the braided wrist unfastened. A border of silver lace, tarnished and frayed, encircled the low neck of her dress, and, continuing down between the spiral pleats of the bosom, terminated in a broad band, which accentuated her slender form, and from which hung innumerable tiny trinkets and bells. Worn and dusty as was this dress, it served only to enhance the wearer's vigorous beauty, which burst through her outgrown garment as the ripe fruit bursts its sheath.

Judging from her attire and appearance that she was some wandering dancer, who, separated from her companions, had become lost in the forest, Mistress Chlodine addressed her kindly, bidding her approach and rest on the terrace steps. Releasing the branch, the girl advanced slowly to the opening, where she stood scrutinizing the rich apparel of those about her.

"What is thy name?" asked Agnes of Solier, on whose amice of seed pearls and ermine kirtle the stranger's gaze was riveted.

The girl lifted her eyes, without replying, to Agnes' face, where they rested with so frank an admiration that the latter forgave their beauty and daring.

"Either she is dumb or does not understand!" exclaimed Gesualda, whose earnest lisping voice was always the signal for laughter.

"Nay," said Heluiz of Hesbaye gently, offering her a small tray on which were bean cakes and almond pasties; "she is tired and hungry."

The girl took the tray, and, sitting down on the step, began to eat without ceremony.

"Any one can understand that language," lisped Gesualda.

Lifting her large eyes to the speaker's face, the stranger smiled; whereupon all laughed aloud, even Mistress Chlodine. "It is good, pretty dear," said the latter, condescendingly.

"The captain, the captain!" cried Gesualda, clapping her hands. "Have ready thy question, Heluiz."

The girl, from whom attention was momentarily diverted, looked up from her tray. Down the path came Gui of Tours, twirling the empty strap of his baldric and followed by the page. His head was uncovered, and the sun shone on the metal band confining the brown hair above his forehead. As he drew near, his eyes sought Agnes' face, where was clearly to be seen pride at his manly grace, mingled with a nervous apprehension as to how he might bear himself towards her.

"Captain" — said Heluiz of Hesbaye.

But in turning his eyes from Agnes to Heluiz, they got no farther than midway from one to the other, for there between them on the step sat *Passe Rose*.

*Passe Rose* it undoubtedly was, but in such guise that the captain's cap fell from his hand for wonder and surprise. Her hair was powdered with the red dust, and her dress so torn and stained that if ever he had been in doubt of his heart's desire, the plight of the girl made it plain. There she sat, eating her cake, apparently unconcerned, her eyes upon the wicker tray between her knees, — she of whom he dreamed by night and thought by day, the light of whose eye was dearer than the king's oriflamme, and whose laugh was sweeter than all other of God's sounds.

"Captain," said Heluiz, "we have fallen into words over the *Avars*" —

"Whether they have the faces of apes or of men," interrupted Gesualda. "Hast thou not heard the song about *Sigebert*, how his army took flight at

the mere sight of the Huns? My mother told it me when I was young."

A chorus of laughter greeted this evidence of the little maid's age; but still the captain could not tear his gaze away from *Passe Rose*, in whom, it was now evident to all, he took more interest than in the *Avars*.

Although quietly eating her bean cake, a storm of emotions tore *Passe Rose's* heart: shame at the contrast between her and the laughing girls, and a burning dread lest *Gui* should deem she had sought him out; envy of all the joyous ease and rich attire about her, and scorn for it all in comparison with what she herself could give; a bitter anger against injustice, and a sense of loss made doubly keen at the sight of things beyond her reach; but most of all the consciousness of the captain's gaze, for its open eloquence caused her both fear and exultation. It was to measure the effect of this gaze that she lifted her eyes, and saw the curious glances fixed upon the captain and herself. Even *Gesualda* had forgotten the *Avars*.

With an effort *Passe Rose* stood up, confused before so many eyes.

"Art thou rested?" said *Heluiz* kindly. But the girl could make no answer.

"Bid the captain give her shelter for the night, *Mistress Chlodine*," said *Agnes*; but the tone of the voice was at such variance with the meaning of the word that a sudden fire blazed on *Passe Rose's* face, and the eyes of the two met with a shock as when flint strikes flint and the fire flashes between. Neither knew cause for enmity; but as often one feels more than is perceived, so a secret foreboding filled their hearts with mistrust and defiance. It seemed as if each forgot her own beauty at the sight of the other's, and it were hard to tell what had happened (for the rest looked on in wonder) had not *Gui* stepped boldly forward, taking *Passe Rose's*

hand, and saying, "Were the king here, shelter and food were surely thine, and in his name I offer them." With this, delaying for no reply, he led her down the step to where the page stood in waiting, and, being still observed of all, gave her into his charge without further words, and returned to answer *Gesualda's* question.

"I have followed the Count *Theudoric* from the *Kamp* to the *Vaag*," he said, pushing back the hair from his forehead, "but have seen more apes in France than in all the land of the *Avars*."

"By what sign dost thou know them?" asked *Gesualda*, in doubt whether he was in jest or earnest.

"By a certain chattering speech, — without meaning or purpose," replied the captain.

"I think thine hath overmuch of both," said the girl, hot with vexation. It was evident to all that things were not as they had been before the stranger's coming, and *Gesualda*, losing all interest in the Huns and eager to repay the captain's thrust, divined the point of attack in spite of his nonchalant manner. "*Mistress Chlodine*," she said innocently, and plying fast her needle, "after working on the queen's valance, I am sure the king would grudge us no pastime at supper. Here is this girl, who doubtless hath tales of adventure, or can otherwise divert us with jugglers' tricks or even rope-dancing" —

"Nay," interposed *Gui* abruptly, "let the girl rest; she hath walked from *Maestricht*" —

"From *Maestricht*!" exclaimed *Gesualda*, lifting her eyebrows. "Hath she taught thee her conjurer's art? She said no word, and yet thou knowest whence she came."

"I saw her in the abbey of *St. Servais*," stammered the captain, getting nearer the truth than would have many another in like vexation.

*Gesualda* contented herself with a

glance at Agnes and a subdued laugh, indicating vast amusement over something she chose not to utter.

"For my part," said Heluiz of Heshaye, "I had far rather ride to Aix this very evening. The moon is full, and I love dearly to see the wood by night."

"Aye, let us have all," chimed in Gesualda: "dances at supper, the moon on the plain, and torches for the wood."

So lively a murmur of approbation greeted this proposition that Mistress Chlodine smiled assent, and at the same time took the cover of gilded leather from the needle-case on her knees as a signal that work was over. The embroidery was quickly folded in its silken cover; there was rustling of robes, flashing of beads, and chatter of loosened voices; a score of light feet pattered over the terrace floor, a half score gowns swept the steps, and the pleasure was left to the birds and the leaf shadows.

"Who is she, — the one with the ermine kirtle?" *Passe Rose* had asked of the page, as she followed him down the path.

"With the ermine kirtle?" said the page, turning to see whom the girl designated. "Oh, that is Agnes of Solier. She is betrothed to the captain who commands the guard;" and half closing his eye with an expressive glance at *Passe Rose*, "They say she is a king's daughter."

## XI.

A bat sweeping from the night gloom into a blaze of candles would be no more dazed than was *Passe Rose* when, from the silence and twilight of the wood, she stepped into the maidens' chatter and the light of her lover's eye. Fascinated by the scene before her, and gladdened at heart in the midst of her misery by the sight of Gui, yet through all the maze of her feeling ran a single thought like a leading-string, — to escape again, and free herself from suspicion

of seeking aught at his hand. But when she heard the page's answer, the design she had formed to outwit the boy between the terrace and the gate passed clean from her mind. She followed him now willingly, the image of Agnes of Solier in her ermine kirtle before her eyes, heeding so little whither she went that she neither saw the soldiers about the gate nor observed the woman to whom the page committed her; and when her thoughts returned, there she was — like one who, waking from sleep, sits up in bed — alone, on a bench in a sort of alcove, curtained off from view. A mat of reeds covered the floor, and a bed of moss and dry leaves was spread in the corner. Pushing aside the curtain, she saw a large room, with seats ranged along the wall, and a table before the fireplace, at which a woman was cooking. The light fell full in her face from the door opposite, so that at first she could distinguish nothing clearly at the farther end of the vast apartment; but on shielding her eyes from the sun, she perceived a monk seated at the table. He had apparently just finished his afternoon meal, for, taking a cloth from his bag and wiping his mouth, he pushed his seat to the wall, near the fireplace, where, with hands locked over his paunch, he composed himself to slumber.

Having cleared the table of its cup and platter, the attendant raked the unburnt sticks from the fire, and disappeared in the shadows beyond. *Passe Rose* was about to let fall the curtain, when a woman whom she recognized as one she had seen on the terrace entered the doorway. Casting a quick glance behind her, the latter traversed the room with a rapid but timid step, as if seeking some one, and seeing the monk dozing near the fire hastened towards him. So light was her footfall that the monk knew nothing of her approach till he felt her hand upon his shoulder.

"Dost thou return to Maestricht to-

night?" she asked, checking his surprise by her question.

Passe Rose listened.

"I am told," continued the speaker, "thou art a holy man, much esteemed by the Prior Sergius."

Passe Rose could not hear the monk's reply, for his voice was thick, but its tones betrayed satisfaction.

"I have a message to send him, and lest thy memory should be overtaxed I have committed it to writing. Where is thy money-bag?"

The monk showed the bag whence he had taken the napkin.

"Is it secure?" asked the woman, testing its cord, and at the same time putting within it some things she drew from her bosom. "Deliver it into the prior's own hand without fail, and may God keep thee."

Followed by the monk, the speaker retraced her steps, and Passe Rose, fearing to be seen, let go the curtain.

"Remember thou givest the parchment into the prior's own hand. Thou shouldst have heard the queen praise thy work; it was marvelous."

"Honey-tongue!" thought Passe Rose. They were now close by, and she could not resist the temptation to part the curtain again the width of her eye; and there, beaming with self-complacency, stood the monk who rode the gray mule.

"From whom shall I say — should the prior ask" — he stammered, under the woman's soft eyes.

The latter hesitated, balancing something in her mind. Then, after a moment, "Rothilde," she whispered.

"By St. Martin," thought Passe Rose, "the gospel was right."

"Here comes thy mule. God speed thee," said the woman to the monk, and, retreating from the doorway to escape the observation of those who brought the mule, she glided down the room and disappeared in the obscurity.

Brother Dominic, little thinking that

only a hempen curtain separated him from the demon, smiled in the doorway. He had expected to win the queen's praise, but it was news to him that he stood high in the prior's favor. As for the woman's voice, it was sweeter than the king's wine.

"If the sight of me were not too much for thee, dear monk," said Passe Rose, thinking of Friedgis, "I also would entrust thee with a message."

The mule was at the door, and Brother Dominic was preparing to mount. "Hold thyself steady till I am firmly on," he said coaxingly. "So — there, now, by God's grace we will reach Visé to-night, and to-morrow" —

"Good father" — said a voice within the door, from behind the curtain. The monk turned in his seat as best he could, but discovered no one. "As thou goest from the square of St. Sebastian by the house of Werdric the goldsmith, knock at the garden gate, and say to Jeanne, his wife, that I am well, and send her greeting."

Partly from surprise and partly because of the mule's impatience, Brother Dominic found no reply at hand. To tell the truth, he had fully recovered from neither the wine taken at supper nor the nap so suddenly interrupted.

"My voice is not so sweet as the other's," continued Passe Rose, "but if thou givest my message I will thank thee none the less; and if it tax not thy memory overmuch, say the sender is Passe Rose."

By this time Brother Dominic had lost all hope of checking the mule's ardor. It was enough for him if he were able to guide the beast through the gateway, through which, however, he passed in safety, but with sorely confused ideas of his messages, their mysterious senders, and those to whom he was to deliver them.

Having watched the monk through the gate, and waited till all was silent again, Passe Rose, satisfied that she was alone,

unlaced her sleeve, loosed the band about her hair, and, kneeling down beside the shallow basin on the floor, near the bed, began to bathe her face and neck in the cool water. While she was thus occupied came Gesualda with Heluiz of Heshaye, — the former having sought permission to bring the girl to supper, the latter accompanying her at the command of Mistress Chlodine, who would as soon have trusted a filly in the open field as Gesualda with liberty. *Passe Rose* had taken her dagger from her bosom, and, bending above the basin, was parting her long hair with the blade's point, so that she neither saw nor heard anything till, throwing back the hair from before her eyes, she looked up, and perceived the two standing hand in hand without the parted curtain. Gesualda's face was pretty enough; what it lacked the queen's toilet chest could not furnish, — a certain depth of expression beyond her years; yet *Passe Rose* passed it by to rest her gaze upon Heluiz, who looked neither upon her soiled feet nor her disheveled hair, but steadfastly, with a kindly promise of amity, into her eyes.

"Thou hast a stout comb," said Gesualda, who had watched the dagger's passage through the shining hair.

"It hath served many a purpose," replied *Passe Rose*, seeking to fasten the neck-band over her bosom, while still looking at Heluiz.

Nothing daunted, Gesualda advanced and sat down on the bench's edge.

"I have an ivory one, white as a dog's tooth, I will give thee, for a tale or a dance at supper," she said, scrutinizing the bells which bordered *Passe Rose's* dress.

Little had the latter thought, when boasting to Friedgis beside the abbey pond, that she was to dance like the water stars for those that shine in the sky; but her pride was numbed with the dread of leaving the place. Had the servants driven her from the gate, she would have hovered about the skirt

of wood. Her thought was no more of silk or pearls; she had lost all memory of Jeanne's tears, the shame of their parting, and the weary journey in the forest; a single face barred every way to which her thought turned, the face of Agnes of Solier, and the bitterness and loneliness of her heart uprose in a single hate against this face which stood between her and her soul's desire. For the love which unawares had consoled her in her wandering, self-confessed and unrebuked, now mastered every other desire.

"Wilt thou come?" persisted Gesualda.

"I am ready," replied *Passe Rose*, rising from her knees.

The three crossed the room to the doorway through which Rothilde had passed, Gesualda leading. This door led to a flight of stairs, which they ascended to the floor above, where a corridor with openings upon the court conducted to a spacious vestibule. Between its pillars hung white cloths fringed with purple, and, as they entered, sounds of approaching voices were heard between the curtains. Whispering a word to Gesualda, Heluiz drew *Passe Rose* aside. The voices grew louder, two pages held back the swaying drapery, and a merry company came forth from the room beyond. It was the women of the princesses' service passing to supper.

"Come with me," said Heluiz, taking *Passe Rose* by the hand, and drawing her into the apartment whence the women had issued. Hurrying across it to one of the smaller rooms surrounding its three sides, she called to a serving-maid loitering by the water-tank, and, putting into *Passe Rose's* fingers the key she took from her girdle, said, "Take what thou wilt from the chest within; thou canst return it when supper is ended;" and to the maid, "Bring water for her feet, give her sandals, and wait upon her;" saying which, she hastened back to join the others at supper.

The maid, filling her basin from the pool, regarded *Passé Rose* with curiosity. *Passé Rose*, alone with the maid, looked about her in no less wonder. Sitting where she was bidden, she gave herself over to the girl's service, gazing down at her own feet in the limpid water which curled about her ankles, giving forth a scent of roses under the maid's hand. Having finished her task, with a sulky face at having to serve one whom she took to be of no dignity or degree, the maid stood by, waiting to see what orders *Passé Rose* dared to give. But *Passé Rose* did not observe her. The warm colors on the walls, the soft cushions of brilliant hues, the lustre of enameled tiles strewn with sweet-smelling herbs, delighted her senses, and, refreshed by the cooling water, she sat gazing about her, holding the key in her hand. The girl brought her sandals, finished with soft leather reaching halfway to the knee, and, suiting her motions to the maid's endeavor, *Passé Rose* was watching the fitting of the hooks in the silver eyelets, when the wind lifted the curtain of the vestibule, bringing the sound of voices from those at supper.

She rose quickly to her feet, saying "Enough!" to her curious attendant, and entered the side room which *Heluiz* had designated. A couch covered with a serge cloth occupied one angle; in the other stood the chest whose key she held; between these a square window, high up, admitted the light from the corridor. Below the window was a recess in the wall, containing a mirror of polished metal mounted on a bronze stand, with other articles of toilet. From among these *Passé Rose* took a comb and a long silken band, and began to braid her hair, still hanging over her shoulders, weaving the band in and out deftly between the braids. Having finished, she fitted the key to the chest's clasp and raised the lid. On the top lay a mantle, covered with the finest plumage of the peacock's neck and bordered

with swan's down, and above her shone the mirror, with the lines of her sloping shoulders in its dark face. She smoothed the mantle with her finger-tips, lifted it cautiously to feel its weight, held it high in the beam of light, then spread it about her neck. To slip the pin in the double clasp at the throat was the work of a moment; the touch of the plumage upon her down-bent chin was soft to feel, but to observe the garment well she must needs turn her head with a sidewise glance over her shoulders, and there, in the doorway, stood *Jessé*, the page, his eye sparkling with admiration, and his message sticking fast in his throat.

Thinking he summoned her to supper, *Passé Rose* laid the mantle quickly in the chest, turning the key, and, taking the boy's hand, crossed the room. But on reaching the vestibule the youth found his tongue.

"The captain, *Gui of Tours*," he stammered, holding out her collar of gold, "bade me bring thee this token that he waits in the strangers' court to speak with thee."

*Passé Rose* took the jewel from his outstretched hand.

"Dost thou know the place where they are at supper?" she asked, smiling upon him.

"Surely," replied the boy; "it is there, straight on," pointing the way.

"Go tell the captain," said *Passé Rose*, "that I am gone to dance before *Agnes of Solier*, his betrothed, having a fancy to see her so strong that I cannot come." Saying which she left the page gazing after her, and disappeared in the direction he had indicated.

## XII.

Not since she saw the candle burning in her chamber window, on her return from the abbey of *St. Servais*, had *Passé Rose* felt so light of heart as now, en-

tering the supper-room of Immburg. In its doorway she stood on the threshold of her ambition, and Jeanne's garden seemed far away. Have you seen the bright edge of clouds piled high against the sun's disk at dusk? The passage of the Lady Adelhaide with her train in the streets of Maestricht had been nothing less to *Passe Rose* than that glimpse of splendor lying on the farther side of the cloud, where the sun is; and here she was, passing into the glory of the king's court, where, come what might, she was resolved to stay.

As she entered, servants were removing from the dresser a quarter of roe-deer garnished with flowers and jelly of loach; others were bringing wine and spices, and *Passe Rose*, who lived to the full each passing moment, while searching for Agnes of Solier among those at table, saw these and many other things, enjoying all as they were her own. She took no notice of the surprise occasioned by her coming before she was bidden, turning her eyes slowly from face to face till they fell upon Agnes, sitting in the chief seat, Mistress Chlodine being in chapel at prayers for the safety of the night journey.

"Come hither; have no fear," said *Gesualda*, who, although the youngest, was the readiest with her tongue.

Advancing slowly to the centre of the room, *Passe Rose* stopped, her gaze still fixed upon Agnes of Solier.

"What is thy name?" asked the latter, washing her hands in the basin offered by a page.

"*Passe Rose*," replied the girl, returning the curious glances directed upon her, and observing *Rothilde* at Agnes' side.

"*Passe Rose*?" repeated *Gesualda*. "That is a strange name. Whence dost thou come?"

"From whence the swallows come at night," replied *Passe Rose*.

"Hast thou no master, no kin?" asked Agnes of Solier.

"Nay; I am free."

"Thou saidst thou wouldst dance for us," said *Gesualda*. "Thou hast a pretty foot, since it goes into the sandals of *Heluiz*."

"I danced once before the Queen *Hildegarde*, and I have made a vow to dance no more except before a queen," replied *Passe Rose*.

*Gesualda* opened wide her eyes. "Before Queen *Hildegarde*! Pray what is thine age?"

At this moment *Passe Rose* caught *Rothilde*'s eye, and, without heeding *Gesualda*'s question, began to fasten about her neck the collar *Gui* had sent by the page, exposing it full to view. The Saxon uttered a cry of surprise.

"Whence hadst thou my collar?" she exclaimed, spilling her cup as she leaned forward over the table.

"By *St. Martin*," replied *Passe Rose* carelessly, "that is the question which *Friedgis*, the Saxon serf who keeps the gate for the monks of the blessed *St. Servais*, asked me, and I am tired of answering it."

At the mention of *Friedgis*' name *Rothilde* fell back in her seat, turning pale.

"What ails thee?" asked Agnes, observing her pallor. "If the jewel is thine" —

"Give it her to see!" exclaimed *Gesualda*. "Bid her give it, Agnes!" she said excitedly, rising from the table, with a glance of suspicion at *Passe Rose*.

As she spoke, *Gui* appeared in the doorway, and at the sound of his step an insolent light gleamed in *Passe Rose*'s eyes. The message she had sent her lover by the page, seasoned though it was with bitterness and cold with seeming indifference, was little else than the call of the wounded bird to its mate; and when first her ear caught his step she knew for whom he came.

"The jewel was given me by my lover," she said, looking straight into



Agnes' face, "and I swore at the time to give it into no hand but his."

"Let it pass," whispered Helviz to Agnes, pressing her hand beneath the table. But the words on the latter's lips were beyond restraint. Gui's first glance had been for *Passe Rose*. Agnes had noted it well. "Captain," she said haughtily, "bring me, I pray thee, the girl's collar, that I may show it to *Rothilde*."

"Thou hast chosen well," said *Passe Rose*, turning for the first time to Gui. "It was the captain who gave it me, and he may have it if he will."

Between differences of wealth and station, where no love is, a man may waver; but for Gui to be at *Passe Rose's* side was station enough, and the message in her eyes more than gold. "To this girl," he said, taking her hand, "I gave the protection of the king. Since that is not ample to cover her, henceforth she is under mine."

There was not one present who, at these words, did not expect from the king's favorite some angry retort or harsh command, and not one, remembering afterwards how she bore herself, doubted the story of her birth; for she only laughed, fondling the hound beside her chair, and, rising from table, bade the others follow her, saying to Gui, as she passed, that the girl was safe now, and she felt at ease to prepare for the journey, — just as often the king himself, when vexed or even insulted, had been seen to put the occasion by with a jest, and bide his time.

"If the girl has not the chance to dance in truth before a queen, and a king also, ere her oath is a week older, then am I no prophet," thought *Gesualda*, as they left the room.

Scarcely were they gone, whispering together, with backward glances, than *Passe Rose* began to speak, as if she would give the captain no chance to utter a word.

"I fell on the Saxon maid at the first

cast," she said, struggling to command her voice; but her bravery was over, and she retreated towards the table, facing Gui, who followed her. "Thou shouldst have seen her face. When I put on the collar she cried out, asking whence I had it. Did I not tell thee, in the field? I said to her the serf" —

"I heard thine answer, — that thy lover gave it thee."

"Nay," said *Passe Rose* hurriedly. Her eyes shone and her voice faltered. "I said the serf *Friedgis* put me the same question. Thereupon the Saxon turned white. Does a woman wax pale and swoon on finding her lover?" Gui, advancing, smiled, and *Passe Rose* knew the color on her cheek was answer to her question. Still receding, she found her retreat cut off by Agnes' chair. The collar bound her swelling throat, and the words fell nervously from her lips. "She sent a message to the prior by the monk. Her voice is like honey and wine. The monk was drunk with it. She hath soft eyes, looking down. I hate such" —

Gui took both her hands. "I love thee," he said.

*Passe Rose* trembled from head to foot.

"I love thee," repeated the captain. His words enveloped her like a mist. In an instant his arms were about her. Power to speak, to stand, strength of will and limb alike, were failing her, when suddenly, like a spark out of the dark, came the thought of Agnes of Solier. A quiver ran through her body, and she slid from his arms into the chair, hiding her face with her hands.

Seizing them by the wrists, the captain drew them away, and uncovered her eyes.

"How happens it, being betrothed to" — the words died on her lips — "that thou lovest me?" She had twisted her wrists from his grasp, and, shrinking back in the chair, trembled.

"I swear" — cried Gui passionately, seeking her hands.

"Sh!" said *Passe Rose*, leaning forward suddenly, and covering his mouth with her fingers.

It was *Mistress Chlodine* returning from prayers. Her eye glanced down the deserted table, and she had certainly discovered *Passe Rose*, crouching breathless in the chair, had not the captain come boldly forward between the two.

"Countess," said he courteously, but chafing inwardly, "the sixth hour is just called, and time presses. To a man on a good horse an hour is nothing, but with baggage and women's litters" —

"Have no fear," she replied. "In an hour's time all will be ready," and she passed out whither the others had gone, observing nothing, for the room, dimly lighted from without, was growing dark.

Now it happened that *Brother Dominic*, whether because of the wine he had at supper or the conversation he had with *Rothilde*, whose presence lingered with him like odor of musk, had gotten no farther than the outer gate, when he began to query whether the written message in his pouch or the spoken one of *Passe Rose* was for the prior. In vain did he cudgel both his wits and the mule; and having so excellent a reason for hearing that sweet voice again, he turned back to the room where he had supped. Finding it empty, he left the mule at the door, making inquiries of all he met for two women, — though his thoughts were of one only, — till at last, full of misgivings, and so bewildered by many turnings that he began to think of nothing but to find his mule again, he came up the private stair from the oratory to the supper-room just as *Mistress Chlodine* finished speaking, to find himself face to face with the captain, furious at this second interruption. It was enough for *Brother Dominic* to be thus confronted by one whom he thought beyond redemption in the grasp of the demon; for he had not seen the captain since

they parted on the abbey road. What then was his terror on seeing the demon also advancing upon him from behind the captain. With no thought but of flight, the monk retreated precipitately into the corridor; but before he had passed the door *Passe Rose* had him by the sleeve.

Holding him fast, — an easy task, — "Go thou," she said to *Gui*, who looked on in amazement. "Nay, listen," for the captain advanced towards her: "go thou and prepare a litter for me also, and come again quickly to the chapel." An exclamation of love and remonstrance burst from the captain's lips. "Nay," cried *Passe Rose*, stretching out her arm forbiddingly. "As thou lovest me, go; and, as thou lovest me, come shortly." Saying which, she drew the monk with her into the passage, leaving the astonished captain as she had left him in the wood of *Hesbaye*, and on the road which descends to *Maestricht*, consumed with love, yet loath to disobey.

Deserted by the captain, and alone with the girl in an obscure corridor, *Brother Dominic* planted his feet as firmly as ever his mule had done, making the sign of the cross above his tormentor's head.

"Blood and death!" cried *Passe Rose*, in no mood to trifle with his terror, "art thou mad? Only show me the way to the chapel. Do demons seek the altars of God?" Somewhat assured by this reflection, *Brother Dominic* ceased his gesticulations, but still stood, obstinate, his back against the wall. "Feel my arm," said *Passe Rose*, thrusting it under his nose; "hath a devil flesh and blood? Do thou pass first, and I will follow." By no means convinced, but persuaded that compliance was the door of his safety, the monk shuffled down the corridor, taking by good luck the stair to the chapel, for he had no recollection of the way he had come. The private stair by which

they descended opened directly into the porch in front of the curtain. "May the blessed St. Servais reward thee," said *Passé Rose*, as they emerged into the air. A few penitents, who had been listening to the service within, were still prostrated before the curtain. "Hast thou the message safe which I gave thee?" she whispered in his ear. "I thought by this time thou wouldst be well on thy way."

"The message" — stammered the monk, bewildered, and fumbling in his bag.

"Aye, for the prior — quick — let me see."

"Here it is," replied the monk, drawing it forth; "but surely it was the other gave it me."

"What other?" said *Passé Rose*, taking it quickly. "Tut, tut, dear monk, thou art bewitched. Say to the prior I have more to add to it, and will send it by the captain when next he goes to inquire for the abbot's health. Farewell." With this she wrapped the parchment about her dagger, with the other found by the abbey pond, and lifting the curtain disappeared within.

The torches which had been lighted during the vesper service were extinguished, and for a moment *Passé Rose* could see nothing but the candle of yellow wax burning under the cupola of the altar. As she went down the nave she put out her hand instinctively before her, till, becoming accustomed to the gloom, she perceived the reading-desks in front of the chancel and the iron gates leading into the choir. Opening one of these gates, she passed in, and stood contemplating the altar. The curtains between the columns supporting the canopy were drawn aside, and the dove containing the Eucharist, hanging by four silver chains between the pillars, was visible. Behind the altar, on the screen, stood two angels collecting in a cup the blood flowing from the feet of the Christ on a cross above them. Be-

low the angels was a manger, within which was represented an infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes. *Passé Rose* gazed in silence at these things, which seemed profoundly to affect her. Her face shone, and one hand rested on her bosom. If she thought of the image lying broken on the floor of her chamber where she had hurled it, she made no effort to reconcile that act of anger with her present purpose. One thing she knew, — she loved; and this love, unutterably precious, in which she exulted and for which she trembled, she had brought to the protecting shelter of the power so mysteriously symbolized in the emblems before her. Absorbed in contemplation, she remained motionless, scarcely breathing, when a voice close beside her said: —

"Woman, what seekest thou?"

*Passé Rose* turned her head, and saw a priest. Hearing the clang of the chancel gate, he had come out from the vestry, where he was disrobing, and perceiving a woman within the railing, whose upturned face he scrutinized in vain, and whose strange dress proclaimed her no ordinary inmate of the villa, had hastened to ask her errand. *Passé Rose* seemed in no wise surprised by his presence. She stood smiling, her hand still resting on her bosom.

"Whom seekest thou?" repeated the priest.

*Passé Rose* turned her ear to the porch and listened. The neighing of horses in the court could be heard, but the church was silent. "Father," she said, "we have need of thy blessing. Come." Descending the chancel stair, she opened the gate, and listened again. It was evident that she expected some one, and the priest, following her motions, peered into the darkness which enveloped them. "Have patience," whispered *Passé Rose*, "he will come; let us wait in the porch," and she extended her hand.

"For whom dost thou wait?" asked

the priest, observing the girl suspiciously.

A quick blush overran her face. "Knowest thou the captain, Gui of Tours?" The priest assented. "It is he — we seek thy blessing." The captain was well known to the priest, and, seeing the girl color, he doubted not into what manner of adventure she had fallen. "Come," she stammered. Chilled by the expression on his face, she began to tremble.

"Thou hast sinned," he said gravely, eying her steadfastly.

*Passé Rose* looked up quickly. "Nay, to love — that is no sin" — She stopped, her confusion increasing. "Is it not in the porch that they who love receive thy blessing? Said I not we seek it?" Her voice faltered. She read on his face the expression she had seen on that of *Friedgis*, by the pond.

"Is she mad or foolish?" the priest was saying to himself.

"Knowest thou not that *Gui of Tours* is betrothed? The king himself was present at the espousals. Who art thou? Tell me all," he said gently, for he saw her limbs tremble as with cold.

But *Passé Rose*, retreating through the gate, shook her head. "He will come," she murmured; "he hath promised."

"To marry thee?" *Passé Rose*, holding fast to the gate, nodded. So astonished was the priest that he smiled incredulously. At this smile the girl quivered like a tree when the lance strikes fast in its heart. "Daughter," he said gently, "the blessing thou seekest were of no avail" —

"Thou refusest!" interrupted *Passé Rose* hoarsely. The priest sighed. The girl had turned away her eyes, and was gazing at the altar. Beside the screen were two nuptial crowns. Suddenly she drew herself erect. "It is well — thy blessings are for the great — Because I come to thy porch with no train of damsels nor sponsors" — Her

throat swelled. "If I brought thee my shame, thou wouldst receive it. I have come with my love, and thou wilt have none of it. So be it, — so be it," she repeated to herself, casting a scornful glance at the altar. "The Saxon spoke well; henceforth thy king and thy God are nothing to me."

Hot with passion, she had scarce passed the chancel gate when she saw the captain, who, entranced by her promise to accompany him that night to *Aix*, advanced eagerly from the porch to meet her. She stopped short, her feet rooted to the flagstone like a tree to the soil. The blood ran from her face and neck; with a convulsive effort to reach the priest's side, she cried, "Father, save me!" Then the walls rocked before her eyes, as the walls of the house before the eyes of the revelers, when *Samson* laid hold of the pillars.

When she awoke, she felt the cool autumn air upon her face. Was she still in the wood of *Hesbaye*? Nay, she thought, raising herself on her elbows. She was in a cart, and her limbs were sore with the jolting. Crawling to the opening, she looked out from under the cover of skins. A long cavalcade of wagons and horsemen stretched before her. Through the smoke of the torches she saw stars and waving branches. The red flames streamed in the wind, and shone on the metal plates of the harness. Returning to her rough bed, she endeavored to collect her thoughts, watching the reflections dancing on the covering over her head. All at once these reflections disappeared in a man's shadow. She lifted her head. "Hush!" said a voice which made her blood quicken. "Art thou well? There is wine beside thee. Reach hither thy hand." She put forth her hand. "I swore to the priest by the sacred books, and thou hast his blessing. Art thou satisfied?" A hand pressed hers to the lips which spoke. "Sleep on, and fear nothing."

Passé Rose lay down again. The jolting cart pained her no longer. She had no need of wine or sleep. An ecstasy of joy possessed her, and she smiled, alone, in the darkness.

If one has not seen in midwinter a gray birch copse filled quickly with such a wealth of sun that the very buds seem to swell, though the ice-drops hang from the tips of the twigs; if one has not seen a dull waste of sea under a rack of low cloud answer a random slant of sun with a play of such colors as fire the stone in the brooch of the king's mantle; nay, if one has not felt within his own breast, though for no longer a time than the passing of a bird's shadow, the presentiment of an endless joy, one would never understand how *Passé Rose* should so smile and dream on her bed of skins in the king's baggage-wagon. Fears enough were ready to assail her, pressing close as the night without on the torches, yet held aloof, as it were, by that smile; and just as the torches' flame flared brighter and their fiery sparks leaped higher for the very thickness of the shadows, so was her joy sharpened by her heart's hunger.

Suddenly the wagon stopped; there was neighing of frightened horses and stamping of hoofs on the loose stones, for they had come to the ford of the *Wurm*, and the water was high because of the rains. Rising on her hands and knees, *Passé Rose* peered between the loosely sewed covering. Blocked by those in advance, the wagons stood three abreast at the edge of the shoal. She could see horsemen sounding the river shallows with their lances, the glare of uplifted torches reflected in their armor plates and dancing on the swollen waters. The foremost wagon was already midway in the stream; its horses, snorting with fear, pricked forward their ears, scattering the spray at every hesitating step upon the leather pleatings of their riders' tunics.

"Is there danger?" cried *Mistress Chlodine*, from the wagon in front.

"Nay," replied a horseman, "the bottom is firm; have no fear."

*Passé Rose*, widening the crevice between the skins with her fingers, searched for the captain. As she looked, a low, familiar voice issuing from the adjoining wagon caught her ear. The axle-ends touched each other, and the words came distinctly:—

"Tell me, then, dear *Rothilde*, what it is that wins a man's fancy. If to be a king's daughter, and to possess beauty"—Then the words were lost amid the shoutings.

*Passé Rose* pressed her ear to the opening.

"Which thinkest thou hast the greater beauty?" said the voice of *Gesualda* again.

"It is plain what the captain thought," replied the other; then a horse shook himself, and the voice was drowned in the rattle of the harness.

"One would say she thought to wed him on the spot," laughed *Gesualda*.

"He will have her no other way, mark me."

"Saints of God! a dancing-girl"—

"Moreover, the captain will do her bidding," pursued the other. "I noted them both well. She hath his heart, and the king himself cannot buy it from her with the treasure of the Huns, though for his own daughter."

"What a king cannot possess he destroys," said *Gesualda*, significantly; "thou shouldst know that well, being a Saxon."

There was a moment of silence.

"If *Agnes* will let him. Dost thou not remember what the priest read yesterday morning: how, when *Solomon* would have divided the child between the mothers"—

"The case is far different," interrupted *Gesualda*. "Which is easier,—for a dancing-girl to give herself to a captain, or for a king's daughter to for-

get an injury? For if he had Agnes' heart, he gave it back to her in presence of us all. Mark well what I tell thee, — this business will cost him dear. One hath his heart; the other will have his head" —

"Heu, heu! forward!" cried a horseman, brandishing his torch. The voices ceased, the horses strained to the task, and the wagon whence the voices proceeded entered the river.

Like the dazed hound, mute under the scourge of its master, so, on her knees, dazed and powerless to reason, *Passe Rose* remained motionless. "The other will have his head;" and then, like the cut of a whip's lash, "Strumpet!" cried the voice of *Werdric*. Her own wagon began to move. A hand thrust aside the covering in front, and she saw the captain.

"Art thou afraid?"

"Nay."

He made a movement as if to enter. She held up her hand. He smiled, his eyes shining under the steel rim of his helmet, then disappeared. Crawling like a cat over the skins to the rear of the wagon, *Passe Rose* drew her dagger from her bosom and made a rent in the covering. She could hear the gurgle of running waters, the wagon swayed on the rolling stones, then the wheels sank in the yielding sand, — they were over. The leather thong fastening the curtain was knotted tightly. She took her dagger again, and widened the rent clean to the bottom. The edge was keen, and in her haste to thrust the weapon back in her garment she cut her wrist. Lifting the flap, she put out her head. The night was dark, there were none behind her, — the way was open. About to leap, yet she could not stir; it seemed

to her that her heart was in a vise, that it was not beating. Looking down, she saw the blood upon her wrist. Wetting her finger in the spot, she drew on the covering of the wagon a large heart transfixed by a dagger, — such as she had seen of marchpane and sugared sweets at the fair of *St. Denis*. The sight of this heart seemed to give her pleasure as she contemplated it. "Heu, heu!" cried a driver. With a rapid twist of her dagger she cut out the heart, hid it with the blade in her bosom, and leaped.

The entire train had crossed the ford, and the momentary disorder caused by the passage was repaired. The foremost wagons, having waited for those which followed, had begun to move again; the escort were taking their places; and the horsemen, appointed to close the march, galloping down the line, wheeled into position almost on the spot where *Passe Rose* had leaped.

"By the mass!" exclaimed one, leaning forward on his horse's neck and examining the rent covering, "one would say the claws of a wild-cat."

The other — that *Gascon* who would have saved the captain from the demon on the road to *Maestricht*, and who, having seen the captain return sound of body, but indisposed to answer the questions put to him, and having, moreover, assisted in secretly carrying *Passe Rose* to this very wagon as the train drew out from the court at *Immaburg*, was ready to swear there was more flesh than spirit in the business — thrust his torch eagerly through the rent. "The cage is empty," he said, withdrawing his torch, and, beginning to believe that the monk was right, he put spurs to his horse, and hastened to tell the captain.

*Arthur Sherburne Hardy.*

## URBS ANIMÆ.

“O ROME, my country, city of the soul!” sang Byron, in his full chest-notes, and with that large and unabashed sentimentalism of his, by virtue of which he speaks, whether they will or no, for the simpler sentimentalists of all succeeding time. But the love of which these o’er-familiar words begin the lyric declaration, the special devotion to Rome as a mystic entity, Rome the queen, Rome the mistress, Rome the enslaver, is a form of enthusiasm almost as old as the seven hills of her visible throne. Its fitful and boyish beginnings may be detected even in the earlier Latin literature, and it is already, in the days of Horace and of Vergil, a fervid and exalted sentiment. Not, however, until the sovereign lady of cities had been sadly disowned, her rich robes rent by the rude hands of Alaric, and the fiery fragments of her sibylline books dispersed upon all the winds, did her spell over the hearts of men become complete. From that time onward she has been, to the more romantic spirits of every land, the irresistible and immortal siren, who may suffer the worst, and suffer it indefinitely, but while the world lasts cannot die. Ever since then, that is to say, from the second decade of the fifth Christian century, the devotees of the ideal Rome have been talking the same figurative and impassioned language, — a form of speech which we all recognize when we hear it, and which most of us, at one time or another, have stammeringly essayed to use. The elegiacs of Rutilius blend, in the memory, with those of Arthur Hugh Clough, and haunt us like bits out of the different cantos of a continuous poem.

Of the facts in the life of Claudius Rutilius Numatianus, who thus leads off in the long love chant of the ages, very little is precisely known. He was born

in Gaul, at or near the city which is now Toulouse, but he lived a long while in Rome, where he attained the dignity of *præfectus urbi*. After the sack of the capital by Alaric, and when the Visigothic hordes had surged over into Gaul, pillaging and laying waste the country as they went, Rutilius followed in their wake to look after his hereditary estates, and gather together the wrecks of his fortune. He doubtless hoped, when he went, some day to return to Rome; but there, nevertheless, on the far confines of Spain, he appears to have passed the remainder of his days, heart-sick at times for the lost splendors of the world’s bright centre; and there, in 417, during the reign of the Emperor Honorius, he wrote out, in smooth and touching verse, — almost worthy, some of it, of the great days of Roman poesy, — a description of his homeward journey. Cl. Rutilii de Reditu suo Itinerarium, — such is the form which Wernsdorf, the keenest and most industrious of his critics, thinks that the author himself gave to his work, which was to have consisted of several cantos or books, but of which we possess only the first and a fragment of the second. We are able, however, to follow the leisurely traveler, step by step, from the port of Ostia to a point on the *riviera di levante*, somewhere between Pisa and Genoa; and we feel, before we abruptly part, that we have been admitted into the confidence of a singular and very interesting man.

He is interesting most of all from the fact that in this, the *hora novissima* of the Olympian deities, he was an unswerving believer in the old religion. He had already seen at Rome, with poignant grief, the new faith flourishing rankly, crowds of the baser sort flocking daily to the standard of the cross,



sacrifices forbidden, temples robbed of their fair statues and costly offerings, and all this with no apparent effort on the part of the insulted gods to punish the sacrilege or stay the everywhere rising flood of gross impiety. Nor is it possible to refuse our sympathy to Rutilius as he thus takes his firm stand on behalf of a fated order, and lifts up his musical voice in clear championship of a losing cause.

The tale of his reluctantly undertaken journey toward the desecrated altars and waste farms of his early home is prefaced by a sort of overture or invocation, on this wise : —

“Reader, marvelest thou at one who, early departing,  
Missed the unspeakable boon granted the children of Rome ?  
Know there is time no more to the dwellers in Rome, the beloved,  
Early and late no more, under her infinite charm.  
Happy beyond compute the sons of mortals appointed  
Unto that marvelous prize, birth on the consecrate soil !  
Who to the rich estate of the heirs of Roman patricians  
Add thy illustrious fame, city without a peer !  
Happiest these ! but following close in the order of blessing,  
They who have come from afar, seeking a Latian home.  
Wide to their pilgrim feet the Senate opens its portal, —  
‘Come, all ye who are fit ; come, and be aliens no more !’  
So they sit with the mighty, and share the honors of empire, —  
Share in their worship, too, kneeling where all do adore ;  
Thrill with the State’s great life as aye the earth and its ether,  
Unto the uttermost pole, thrills with the being of Jove.”

After this rapt beginning the Itinerary proceeds more soberly, as follows : —

“Fortune tears me away from the shores wherein I delighted ;  
Native of Gallic fields, Gaul now summons me home.

Long have the wars been raging, the land lies waste and neglected,  
Fair no more to behold, filling with sorrow the heart.

Lightly we scoff at a prosperous folk, but a country afflicted

Calls with imperious voice unto her recreant sons.

Thus in the home of my sires, the while I weep for its downfall,

Straight will I turn me to toil. Sorrow shall be my spur,

For it is meet to bethink me how, season by season increasing,

Ever the ruin spreads, gathering while I delay.

Meet, at least, after all these years, on the ashes of burning,

Pastoral huts to restore, shelter for lowly swains.

Ah, if I knew that language of yours, ye murmuring fountains,

Knew what the laurels repeat, leaf unto whispering leaf,

Sure I should hear them chiding, chiding my tardy endeavor,

Calling for favoring gales, bidding me hasten on !”

Rutilius then proceeds to tell us why he elected to travel by sea. The Aurelian Way, it seems, was virtually impracticable. The road-bed was out of repair, and very few of the bridges had been rebuilt since their destruction during the Gothic invasion. Most of the houses of entertainment likewise had been burned at the same time, and the few which remained standing were all but deserted. We are led to suspect, however, by the length of Rutilius’s explanation and its rather apologetic tone, that it was not, in his day, considered quite the dignified thing to proceed by boat along that stretch of the Mediterranean coast ; and it is amusing to observe that a very similar impression prevails in our own time. Mr. Samuel Rogers did, indeed, consider it well to complete his experiences by sailing from Spezia to Genoa. That canto of his Italy which describes the voyage is entitled *The Felucca*, and he professes himself sedately satisfied with the result of the adventure. Not so the latest

traveler whose written testimony we happen to possess concerning the charms of that classic bit of sea. He was a German, and he sent back to an English friend on the Western Riviera, who had been meaning to follow his example, a postal card of earnest dissuasion. "Le voyage n'a pas réussi," he summed up, in their ordinary medium of communication, "à cause du bruyard (fogue)."

During this frivolous digression of ours, Rutilius has taken his fond first farewell of the Eternal City, and set out to meet the boats at the mouth of the Tiber. He was to embark not at Ostia, but at Portus Trajani, named in honor of the Emperor who had caused to be built those magnificent docks and warehouses, the outlines of whose foundations may still be traced among the marshes, though now more than two miles inland. Ostia was destined to recover its importance as a seaport in the succeeding century, and again, for a time, to outrank the newer harbor; but, at that moment, Rutilius tells us that

"Save for Æneas' coming its glory is wholly departed."

He left Rome by the Porta Portuensis, along with a numerous escort of regretful friends. The gate in question was not exactly the modern Porta Portese, — the mediæval walls having been withdrawn very considerably in this quarter, — so that the traveler made his exit at a point lower down on the Via Portuensis, which followed the right bank of the Tiber from the city to the sea.

His progress, as he tells us, was but slow at first, owing to the constant succession of tearful farewells which had to be taken of his companions, as they turned back, one by one. If the site of the venerable grove of the Arval Brethren has been correctly determined, Rutilius passed it midway on his route to the coast, just before entering on that stretch of sad and colorless meadow land, which the narcissus clothes so fitly with its pale sweetness every spring.

When at last, in the early twilight, he reached the harbor, only one friend remained with him, Rufius Volusianus, — the same, perhaps, to whom the *Itinerarium* was inscribed. He was a youth of high promise and position, albeit the claim of royal descent which his friend puts forward on his behalf will stand a critical inspection little better than sundry more modern genealogies. The surname Volusianus was undoubtedly a very old one in the family of Rufius, and, on the other hand, we read, in the eleventh book of the *Æneid*, that, when a report reached the council of Latin princes that the Trojan invader was meditating an immediate attack on their camp, the orders for defense issued by Turnus comprised the following injunction: —

"Tu, Voluse armari Volsæcorum edice maniplis  
Duc, ait, et Rutulos."

From these two premises Rutilius deduces the somewhat hasty conclusion that Volusus was the hereditary name of the Rutulian kings, and that from these kings his comrade was descended. Mythical pretensions quite apart, Rufius appears to have been a man who shed lustre on the name he bore, and we wish that more could be definitely learned about him.

They arrived at the shore to find that the boatmen had flatly refused to set out that evening, and consequently they would have to wait a full fortnight for an auspicious aspect of the moon. Rufius was unable to remain with his friend during the whole of this period of enforced inaction, but a young cousin of Rutilius was glad to take a holiday from his law studies, and join the latter by the sea; and, entertaining one another as best they might, these two whiled away the interval of the waning and dark of the moon. Doubtless they found much to interest them in and about the already decayed city of Ostia, although we naturally hear nothing of that which constitutes for the traveler of to-day by far the most thrilling memory associ-

ated with her silent streets. What signified to this pair of idle Gallo-Romans the trance of unearthly peace — “first-fruits of the Spirit” — in which Monica and Augustine here sat out, by an open window which gave upon sea, their last mortal hours together? Rutilius had very possibly never heard of either, although Monica died in his lifetime, and probably while he lived in Rome. And less even than the solemn parting of mother and son, which might have stirred his human sympathies a little, would the fable have appealed to our exile of the angel in the guise of a little child, who met St. Augustine upon these gleaming sands, and dispelled by an incredibly simple argument his doubts concerning the Trinity. Doctrine and doubt alike would have seemed foolishness to the pious pagan; Arian and Trinitarian were as one to him. All he professed to know or care about the matter was, that the gods had afflicted mankind for their sins with a new madness, and we are not sorry to be spared his rationalizing and supercilious version of the baby angel’s apparition among the pebbles of the shore.

Settled weather came with the crescent moon, the season being autumn, and at last the sailors were ready. Palladius then returned to Rome, and Rutilius makes pensive note of his final departure: —

“So was our anchor weighed in the dubious  
dusk of the morning,  
When the first gleam in the east suffers the  
fields to be seen.”

Quite a fleet of vessels appears to have set sail in that gray dawn, small craft which could hug the coast, so as to be ready to put into harbor at the first threatening of storm, and furnished with oars against the contingency of a contrary wind. One would have liked a more detailed description of the boat in which Rutilius made his voyage, but the scenery seems at once to have engaged his entire attention.

The configuration of the coast near the mouth of the Tiber has greatly changed since the beginning of the fifth century, at which time the shore must have run almost in a straight line from Tor Paterno to the modern village of Palo. The latter occupies the site of Alsium, which is the first spot noted by Rutilius: —

“Make we the Alsian coast, then Pyrgi fades  
in the distance;  
Gorgeous palaces now, humble hamlets of  
yore;”

and, as a matter of fact, the ruins of what was apparently a single stupendous country-seat still stretch for more than a mile along this part of the shore. Alsium was always a favorite retreat of the Romans. Pompey we know had a villa there to which he came on his return from Africa, and so had Marcus Aurelius. In earlier days both towns had been dependencies of the great Etruscan city of Cære, and at Pyrgi there was once a marvelously rich temple dedicated to Juno, and plundered by Dionysius of Syracuse. Nothing remains of Pyrgi, except the polygonal blocks of Pelasgic masonry, which have been incorporated in the substructions of its picturesque mediæval fortress.

Cære itself, commandingly seated upon its abrupt table-land, about five miles inland, was next pointed out by the sailors, a city immemorially old, but still tolerably prosperous. It is absolutely deserted now, for the town of Cervetri, though preserving the ancient name (Cære compounded with Vetus), lies wholly without the circuit of the original walls.

Further on, Rutilius observed the outlines of the choked and deserted harbor of Castrum Novum, traces of which remained as late as the seventeenth century. No doubt existed in his mind that this was the Castrum Inui mentioned by Vergil;<sup>1</sup> and an archaic statue over a

<sup>1</sup> “Prometios, Castrumque Inui, Bolamque Coramque.” (*Æn.*, vi. 775.)

gateway, with a half-effaced inscription beneath it, plainly visible from the water, he at once identified as the figure of Inuus, or Faunus himself. Cluverius, however, in his *Antiquities of Italy*, points out that Rutilius was clearly wrong, because Castrum Inui was in Latium, not in Etruria; and the pastoral god over the gateway must, he thinks, have been Silvanus, whose cult flourished greatly in Cære and all the region round about.

The voyagers made only forty miles the first day, and put in for the night at Centumcellæ. For all the vicissitudes of fortune which this port has undergone, a better description than that of Rutilius could hardly be given of the modern harbor of Civita Vecchia. The curving moles, each terminated by a lighthouse; the narrow entrance for ships, yet further protected by an artificial breakwater, thrown up only a short distance outside, and of the same length as the opening, — these are still the characteristics of the port. Even the hot baths in the suburbs, which Rutilius and his companions visited with so much interest, are a feature of the place to-day. The greater part of the immense Roman establishment is, indeed, a ruin; but certain of the original reservoirs are still in sufficiently good repair to hold the water brought down by an aqueduct which follows the line of Trajan's from the hot springs in the hills, twenty miles distant. Rutilius betrays a little skepticism concerning the story of the miraculous discovery of these springs, but relates it circumstantially, nevertheless.

Early next morning, — “*roscida crepuscula*,” — *when first the dewy twilight began to glimmer in the dark blue heaven*, they were off once more; and after passing “the scant remains of Gravisæ,” a site much wrangled over by the antiquarians, they skirted the piny shore until their attention was arrested by the wonderful walls of Cosa. Now, as then, these walls encircle the summit of the single hill which breaks the low

line of the coast for many miles; and the hill is worth climbing, not only for the exquisite prospect which it affords, but for the sake of the walls themselves, which afford a liberal education in the successive modes of mural construction.

With an apology for mentioning anything so absurd, and no apparent premonition of the fate of Bishop Hatto, Rutilius then recounts a queer legend to the effect that Cosa had once been stormed and taken, and the inhabitants driven into exile, by an army of *rats*. Of course he does not believe it, but so runs the tale.

“Hence not far, with the dying day and the freshening breezes

Made we the port that bears Hercules' eminent name.”

The deep natural bay on the southern side of the promontory of Monte Argentaro still goes by the name of Port' Ercole, and offers a scene of wonderful animation in the height of the tunny season. Here the spot was pointed out to our travelers where Lepidus, the unsuccessful rival of Sylla, encamped the night before he fled to Sardinia, and the talk of the little company turned on him, and on three other men of the same name, — the triumvir and his son, and Lepidus, brother-in-law of Caligula, — who had all been concerned in political conspiracies, and had all died violent deaths.

“And at the present moment” — continues Rutilius, but then pulls himself up abruptly. “Let posterity tell the rest,” he says with enigmatical caution; and we apply in vain to other sources for the faintest scrap of information about the Lepidus of Rutilius's day.

Taking advantage of the stiff breeze which sprang up during the night-time, they were away before dawn, rounding the Argentinian promontory, “only six miles across, but six and thirty around,” as Rutilius rather wearily notes; and one wonders that the energetic Romans never cut through the two narrow strips

of sand which connect the mountain with the mainland, and between which lies the great salt lagoon, whose deadly emanations poison the whole region in summer. Slowly and with constant tacking they moved on to the northern side of Monte Argentaro, where is now a fortified harbor. But Rutilius alludes to no haven; neither does he mention the tunny fisheries, though these were already famous in Strabo's day. Doubtless this was one of the industries which had been ruined, for the time being, by the Gothic inroad, of which Rutilius had been forcibly reminded, as they passed the cape, by the sight of the well-wooded island of Igilium, where many fugitives from Rome had found shelter. "Though it be near to Rome, yet is it far from the Goths," he observes; where-by we judge that these voluntary exiles were still lingering in their green retreat. Did they delay their return, one wonders, month by month, and year by year, until they no longer cared to go; and are the fishermen and farmers who people the island of Giglio to-day the descendants of those lotus-eaters of old? It is a fascinating possibility.

Rutilius has nothing more to tell us about the mainland until the mouth of the Umbro is reached, "a not ignoble river;" and we surmise that, the sea being quiet, the captain of the craft ventured to make a straight course to this place from the outlying point of Argentaro. There is no safe anchorage at the mouth of the Ombrone to-day, but Rutilius very much wished to put in there, and he exults not a little over the discomfiture of the sailors, who had insisted on pushing forward. No sooner had they advanced to where return was out of the question than the wind failed entirely, and they were fain to beach their boats and "camp out" over night. In the morning a dead calm still prevailed, and the reluctant mariners took to their oars, making, however, but little headway.

The iron mines of Elba are noted by Rutilius as the only interesting feature of that island, and it was doubtless while their slow progress kept it in view that he found time to note down upon his tablets, and perhaps even to polish to its present perfection, the rather trite disquisition which he gives us in this place on the superiority of that useful metal to the more enticing gold.

While the sun was yet high, the weary crew struck work, and put into Faleria. There is no longer a vestige at this place, whether of harbor or town, and for at least one half of the year the region is completely deserted. Rutilius, however, beheld it on a gay and picturesque *fiesta*, of the kind which appealed most strongly to his pagan sympathies: —

"Now was the day, by chance, when merry swains at the cross-ways  
 Lighten with sober glee spirits a-weary  
 with toil;  
 When celestial Osiris, the god of the later sowing,  
 Spurs the exultant seeds, bidding the crops reappear."

Landing for a rural walk, the travelers contrived presently to stray into the grounds of a villa, which they found beautifully shaded, and furnished with sundry broad, shallow pools of sea-water, where all manner of fish were gayly disporting. They did not in the least realize that these were stock-ponds, maintained to furnish the Roman market with delicacies, but stood in innocent admiration, until up rushed the keeper in a fury, accusing them of trespass, taking them to task for every twig they had plucked, and claiming damages for their disturbance of his fish. The trespassers — for I think we must admit that they were such — retaliated by flinging at their enemy, in no very choice language, the charge that he was a Jew. Rutilius is always glad of the chance to vent, whether upon Jew or Christian, a little of his concentrated disdain, inasmuch

that even in recounting this affair he works himself into a rage, and concludes by wishing to the gods that Judæa had never been conquered by Pompey or Titus : —

“Now is their venom spread, like that of a serpent dissevered,  
Until the subjugate race holdeth its victors in thrall.”

Had Rutilius possibly been borrowing, at fifty per cent., of the Hebrews in Rome; or did the Jew keeper exact a heavy fine from him and his companions, or even, by chance, come off conqueror in their undignified battle of words? We shall never know, and must hasten to reëmbark with the voyagers.

Another night has passed, and

“Now, in the teeth of Boreas, pull we hard at the rowing,  
While the stars once more fly to the cover of day;  
Passing the safe retreat of the Populonian harbor,  
Hollowed by Nature’s self, deep in the meadows withdrawn.  
Never a mole is here, and never a far-gleaming Pharos  
Holdeth its beacon aloft, pointing the mariner’s way;  
Only the men of old, laying hold of the rocky foundation,  
There where the summit ascends, clear of the violent waves,  
Reared for a twofold use the walls of a menacing fortress, —  
Guard of the landsman’s home, guide for the narrows below.  
These, by the ravening tooth of time, the relentless destroyer,  
Wasted away long syne, shorn of their pristine pride,  
Lift but a broken crown to-day on the height of the headland, —  
Lift but their towers unroofed, shapeless and mantled with weeds.  
Mortal bodies are these of ours. Why mourn that they perish,  
We who have seen with our eyes even great cities can die?”

Fourteen and a half centuries have elapsed since Rutilius mused over mouldering Populonia, and what would the poet say could he now revisit the spot? Surely his first emotion would be one of

speechless awe at the discovery that dissolution does not always follow death. For as the mortal frame of Santa Chiara sleeps peaceful and unaltered in the crypt at Assisi, so the decay of the dead city has been mysteriously arrested; the massive blocks of ancient masonry remain as in Rutilius’s day, and the jagged line of the wall is yet visible above the hilltop, which commands, both landward and seaward, a prospect of rare beauty even for this portion of the Mediterranean coast.

Here the news overtook Rutilius that his friend, Rufius, had been made prefect of Rome, and, much gratified by the intelligence, he proceeded gayly upon his way : —

“Southerly now the breeze, and we spread our sails to receive it,  
While Eöus returns, riding his rosiest steed,  
While the uncertain shapes of the cloud-hung Corsican mountains  
Pierce the crepusculent air, shadows that vie with the shades;  
Aye as the tenuous curve of Luna, new-born in the ether,  
Cheats the crepusculent eye, vanishing e’en while it shines.  
Here so narrow the strait that severs the isle from the mainland,  
Fain are we to revive garrulous legends of yore,  
How to the strand Cynnæan once came the shepherdess Corsa,  
Led by the loud-lowing herd, swimming the watery way.”

The vaguely seen outlines of Corsica served merely to remind the voyager of this childish fable, and to afford him a mild æsthetic gratification, untouched by any foreboding of the thunderbolt of war long afterwards to be forged in the soft heart of those misty mountains.

Very different were the emotions with which he identified an insignificant island a little farther on. The thought of the Christian anchorites, who had taken refuge in that place, kindled into a blaze his religious animosities, and thus he delivers himself at their expense : —

“ On, till Capraria springs from the waste of  
 encompassing ocean,  
 Haunt of the squalid recluse, hiding from  
 splendors of day.  
*Monks*, the name they elect to bear, and the  
 Greek appellation  
 Gives us the scheme of their life, — solitude,  
 silence, and woe ;  
 Trembling before the buffets of Fate, they  
 shrink from her favors,  
 Hasten to suffer to-day, dreading the mor-  
 row’s pang.  
 Never before was man possessed by such idiot  
 madness ;  
 Blessing of life he will none, fearing its pos-  
 sible bane ! ”

Rutilius turns impatiently away from this unwelcome topic, in order to describe the tortuous and difficult channel which had to be navigated before they could find anchorage for the night in a roadstead near Volterra, “ verily named of right the Volterranean shallows.” Rain overtook them here, and our traveler made for the villa of a friend, where he was warmly welcomed, and whence he was taken to inspect the salt-works for which the region was famous. We are told all about the shallow tanks where the sea-water was evaporated by the summer sun, until only a thin layer of pure, white salt remained, shining like hoarfrost. So interesting, indeed, did Rutilius find all this, and so well did he like his sojourn at Volterra, that he found it hard to tear himself away ; nor had he been long *en route* before something occurred which revived, in an aggravated form, his anti-Christian transports of the day before. They sighted the island of Gorgon, which the elder Pliny calls *Urgo*, and here the poet breaks forth with renewed bitterness : —

“ Hateful to me those cliffs, reviving the pang  
 that reminds me  
 How in perpetual death lingers a scion of  
 Rome.  
 Lately one of ourselves was he, and of lineage  
 noble,  
 Wed to a loving wife, greatly by Nature en-  
 dowed ;  
 But of the Furies impelled, forsaking his  
 gods and his country,

Lo where the credulous fool skulks in yon  
 isle impure !  
 Dreaming, in his delusion, that filth is am-  
 brosia celestial,  
 Smiting himself with a scourge crueller far  
 than the gods !  
 Verily this belief is worse than the poison of  
 Circe :  
 She did but change men’s frames ; this can  
 disgrace the soul ! ”

A striking spectacle this, of the perfectly natural and absolutely impotent anger of Rutilius !

The next halting-place of the travelers was at Pisa, where there was then a safe harbor, protected by a bank of seaweed, over which vessels could ride, but which effectually broke the force of the waves. On one side rose Triturrita, the House of the Three Towers, a magnificent villa, built out into the sea on artificial foundations, like those at *Baiæ*. The weather was now beautiful and the wind exactly in their favor, but Rutilius was fain to stop over long enough to visit the city of *Pisæ*, which then, as now, lay several miles inland ; and in describing its position he makes the following extraordinary statement : “ *Arnus* and *Auser* encircle the town with confluent waters.” To-day, of course, the *Arno* bisects the town, which is undoubtedly much larger than its classical namesake ; but the curious thing is that the *Auser*, or *Serchio*, so far from joining the *Arno*, runs fully five miles distant across the plain, and empties into the sea by a distinct mouth.

The father of Rutilius had been proconsul in this region, where his memory was revered as that of a just and equitable ruler ; and the son had a most flattering reception for the sake of the sire. By way of returning the compliments of the *Pisans*, the poet pronounced the province charming and its customs highly civilized ; and he readily allowed himself to be persuaded that the bright day was a “ weather-breeder,” and that he would do well to protract his stay.

A storm did in fact overtake him



here, but not before he had borne his part in an exciting and successful boar-hunt. The tempest, when it broke, was furious; the sea ran exceptionally high, and flecks of foam were carried a long way inland, spotting the fields with white. This circumstance leads Rutilius to reflect a little upon the origin and uses of the tides, concerning which he finally propounds the following sage theory, or rather choice of theories:—

“Refluent seas of another sphere collide with<sup>1</sup>  
our planet,  
Else do the waves feed the stars, making  
them sparkle and shine.”

It was, perhaps, a reminiscence of this pregnant suggestion which led Mrs. Browning, in the person of Aurora Leigh, to make the bewildering remark that, when they had parted from the Italian shore, they felt themselves thrown out “as a pasture to the stars.”

The second book of the *Itinerarium* opens with the departure from Pisa:—

“So at last, the siege of storm being raised  
from the ocean,  
Clear we the Pisan port, shaping our course  
for the main;  
Placidly smiles the level sea in the shimmer-  
ing sunlight,  
Softly the sibilant wave speaks to the fur-  
rowing prow.”

The moment has come for saying farewell in good earnest to Italy. The foreboding was evidently strong upon Rutilius that he was leaving that fair land forever, and he strove to embrace it all, in a single comprehensive backward look. He notes the eccentric shape of the peninsula, “like that of an over-long oak-leaf,” its dimensions and geographical features, passing on to its terrible recent misfortunes and the darkness of the political outlook. The Emperor Honorius he may not arraign; it is Stilicho, the supposed betrayer of Italy to Alaric, — Stilicho, the disgraced and righteously murdered general, — whom he charges with all the present woes of

<sup>1</sup> “*Nostro colliditur orbe.*”

his dear, adopted country. The crowning iniquity of Stilicho — the sin for which Rutilius can conceive neither excuse nor expiation in any possible world — was his contempt of the elder gods; and we see plainly that the poet, in his withering diatribe, is attacking the whole series of Christian emperors under cover of their late agent:—

“Now in Tartarean deeps be the torments of  
Nero suspended;  
Quenched be the Stygian torch, lost in a  
gloomier shade:  
One on the mortal fell, the other on the  
immortal;  
One his mother slew, one the mother of  
earth.”

It is a curious fact, nevertheless, that while the culminating charge which Rutilius brings against Stilicho — that of having himself given the order for the destruction of the sibylline books — is quite unsubstantiated, there is plenty of proof that he was guilty of two other very notorious and, in pagan eyes, atrocious acts of sacrilege, to which no allusion is here made. He did strip of their golden plating the doors of the temple of Capitoline Jove; and he suffered his wife, Serena, to snatch from the neck of a statue of Cybele, mother of the gods, and appropriate to her own adornment, an ancient and very precious necklace, while a horrified Vestal stood by, protesting against the outrage. Perhaps these were among the other and quite unspeakable crimes of Stilicho which Rutilius had still in mind when he suddenly checked his anathemas to observe the beautiful effect produced by the white walls of the city of Luna, which were built of what we now call Carrara marble. He gives us but a few words, however, concerning the

“town of the Sun’s fair sister,  
Walls than lilies more white, peaks that  
out-glitter the snow;”

and then the curtain of oblivion falls without warning, and our pleasant journeyings with Rutilius are barred by that *reliqua desiderantur* which has baffled

so much modern curiosity. Of his further progress along the *riviera di ponente* we know nothing, nor of the reception which awaited him in Gaul. We must picture to ourselves as best we can his dreary existence as an Arian and barbarian subject; how, and how long, he lived on, looking in vain for the day when the deities of Rome should reassert their supremacy, loyal to his latest breath, we feel very sure, to them and the city of his love. It was thus that the musings of Rutilius had run, during those October days when he was detained at Portus Trajani:—

“Still I can fondly look back on the town that  
I quitted so lately,  
Straining my eager gaze, follow the curve  
of its hills;  
Reveling still in the prospect of earth’s  
most exquisite region,  
While the desire of the eye fancy to vision  
restores.  
Not by low-hanging smoke-wreaths know I  
where rises that city  
Whose is the headship of earth, whose are  
the citadel-queens;  
Rather a space of serener sky and a white-  
ness in heaven  
Signal the summits clear, signal the seven of  
fame.  
There is perpetual sunshine; there to my  
fond recollection  
Rome to the fairest of days addeth a light  
of her own.”

And here, where the voice of Rutilius may well have failed through emotion, let the wistful singer of yesterday take up the strain:—

“Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye en-  
vineyarded ruins!  
Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,  
and domes!  
Therefore farewell, far-seen, ye peaks of the  
mythic Albano,  
Seen from Montorio’s height, Tibur and  
Æsula’s hills!  
Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand  
while to ocean descending  
Sinks o’er the yellow dark plain, slowly, the  
yellow broad sun;  
Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset at  
once in the champaign,  
Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-  
brageous and old, —

E’en in those fair open fields that incurve to  
thy beautiful hollow,  
Nemi imbedded in wood, Nemi inurned in  
the hill!  
Therefore farewell, ye plains and ye hills and  
the city eternal!  
Therefore farewell! We depart, but to be-  
hold you again.”

There is reason to believe that the flattering dream of a return to Rome was equally delusive in the case of her Christian and her pagan adorer. The failing steps of Clough were stayed at Florence, as we know; and never again after Rutilius sailed away in the dark autumnal morning was he to behold the tawny windings of the Tiber and the templed hill of Jove. The city which faded from the yearning gaze of Rutilius was the Rome of the emperors, only a little tarnished, as yet, in its external splendor. The Rome of the popes had risen and flourished and fallen into decrepitude before Clough said good-by; and now the city of the seven hills and the city of the eighth are alike menaced by the *piano regolatore* of free and united Italy. Progress runs riot in the streets of gallant Umberto’s capital, but outside — only a very little way outside — are the avenues of nameless ruin and the sunlit reaches of the hushed Campagna still. This is the place for a reverie on the sweet March mornings, when the young grass is golden-green, and the distant fruit-trees sprinkled among the olives are like puffs of pale rose-colored vapor rising out of a sea of silver-gray. No sound is in the still air save the note of a solitary lark high overhead, and a soft patter upon the grass-plain yonder, — the multitudinous footfall of a passing flock.

Here haply it may befall you, as you lounge in the shadow of some friendly tomb, suddenly to see gliding along the narcissus-beds the stately ghost of Rome, with an unwonted softness in the haughty eyes which have not lighted upon you. Rise, then, and make your reverence; and bring to the bar of that

old wisdom, if you will, whatever question may torment you ; as, why should a man like Rutilius be born out of due time, his best faith stultified beforehand, his valor vain, his hopes inevitably forlorn ? Why, through some incomprehensible reversal of the moral action of the universe, do gifts which

might have blessed mankind work only for its confusion ? So runs your impatient questioning ; but the answer of the Genius is supremely calm. "It is the secret of life itself, ever failing, ever regenerate. I may by no means reveal it, but I and this dreaming Campagna of mine, we know it well."

*H. W. P. & L. D.*

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### A DEVIL'S PASSAGE.

... WHEN Pedro Espinosa was taken by a guard of soldiers to his cell in the dungeon of the prison, and there fastened to a ring in the wall by a chain upon his right ankle, he regarded neither day nor night. He sat upon the wooden stool rigid with rage. He had not planned the mad dash for liberty which he had just made, but the failure was none the less bitter. For one intoxicating moment he had felt himself free, and now he was in chains. He sat like one made of stone, moving neither hand nor foot. His fingers were clenched together, his head was thrown back, his lips were parted, and his breath came in long, irregular movements, as though he was in pain. One leg was drawn into a right angle ; the other was pushed back until the knee was almost in a straight line with his body. Yet, constrained and stiff as was his position, he took no notice of it. His rich clothing was torn and soiled, and the wound in his shoulder bled profusely. The traitor Rodriguez had given him the wound, but this Pedro could have forgiven him. Now and then he whispered, "For life !" but he did not comprehend what was meant by the words. He was still a young man, and had commanded his own days, and he did not yet know that the logic of life is failure, and not success. True, conspirators fail and are betrayed, but Espinosa had not expected

it to be true for him. It seemed to him that the world into which he had been born had opened, and showed itself to be hell. He now knew that Rodriguez had been paid the price of his treachery, and was governor of the fortress, but he did not know that his safe-keeping was the condition on which the post was held. Still less did Espinosa understand the dread with which Rodriguez now regarded him. For well did that traitor know that although, if need be, he might conciliate the king, the vengeance of Espinosa waited only on his freedom. Yet a man's life is worth nothing if another may seize and hold it. This had Pedro often said, thinking of the sufferings of others. In his cell was he himself proving it.

After a time, being worn out, he fell asleep, still sitting upon the wooden stool. His head sank upon his breast, his hands gently parted, and he heard and knew nothing, so that neither the king nor Rodriguez was happier than he. But when he awoke, he did not know where he was, and it was perfectly dark. His back ached, his wound smarted, and he arose to stretch his limbs ; then his right foot was suddenly jerked back as though a strong hand had clutched it, and he fell prone on his face. He remembered that he was chained.

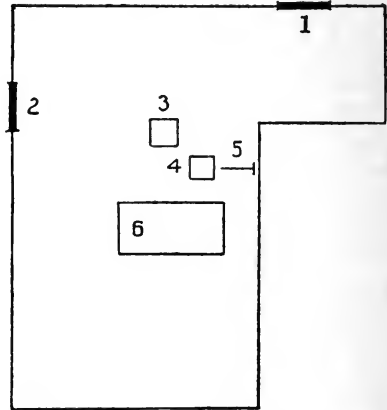
He wondered if it were night or day,

as he arose to his knees and groped for the stool on which he had been sitting. He was very hungry, and as he listened to the guard walking steadily on his way, he wondered what meal the man had eaten last, — whether it was dinner or supper. It could hardly be breakfast, for certainly the cell was not so dark when his chain was riveted. Then he remembered that one of the soldiers had held a torch. As he sat there in pain and starving, he thought of a ball at the palace where he had danced a few nights before he was taken, and he wondered if any one were dancing then, and if there were still light and music in the world. Ah! at that very moment — for it was just past midnight — the palace was ablaze with gayety, and Pedro's partners were merrily dancing, and to them it seemed as if the world was all brightness and sweet sounds. If any one in the palace knew what it was to waken in a dungeon, he put the thought from him, for fear it might happen again.

Then, after a time Espinosa moved his foot to the left; it struck something cold; he put out his hand to see what it was, and found a jug of water and a loaf of bread. So he knew some one had entered his cell while he slept, and he thanked the man for not arousing him. This made him remember his mother, and how often, since he was grown, he had watched her come into his room at night, tenderly and softly, meaning not to awaken him, but only to pray a moment by his bedside. God rest her sweet soul in paradise! It was well she was safely there, and not here.

How stiff his arm was, but how little need he had of it! So the hours went by, and he sometimes slept and sometimes watched; but it was late in the day, although he did not know it, when the tardy light shone in through the small high window of the cell. It was then he saw that just a foot or so away from

him was a bed of straw, and on a table stood a candle, and flint and steel. This made up the furniture of his cell, which was a little irregular in shape, and thus arranged: —



1. Window. 2. Door. 3. Table. 4. Stool.  
5. Ring in the wall. 6. Bed.

Weeks after this, when he had become accustomed to the few sounds that reached him, and could localize them, he knew that he was in the tower of the prison, just where it jutted into the moat, and that the sentry's walk was along the northern and western walls. The water was off to the north. By the shadows he found that his window was on a level with the ground, and more than once he saw the guard stoop and look down into the cell. So he knew that he was watched. It made him smile to think what a forlorn and monotonous spectacle he must present. He wondered if the guard were discontented, and if it ought not to make him happier to see how much worse off a prisoner could be than even the prisoner's guard. But he doubted whether sentinels were any more likely than other people to be philosophers.

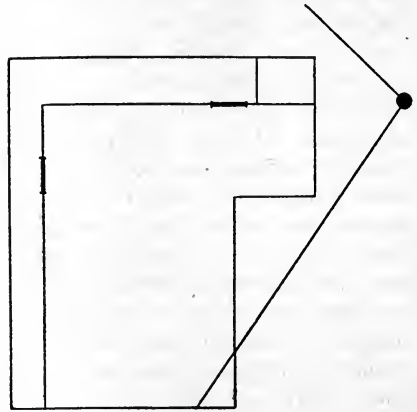
Once every day an officer and a blacksmith entered his cell; the latter tried his fetters, and once added some additional links, making the chain about six feet long, so that Pedro could enjoy a little more motion and greater ease in

lying down. Neither of these men ever spoke, nor did they answer his questions; so after a time he never cared to speak, and lived in total silence. He lay down very often, because he was greedy of sleep, and in his dreams he was always escaping. One day he was upon his bed, and, as was natural, stared steadily at the wall, thinking of what he should do were he once free. For this poor fellow had no materials, even had he had the knowledge, for writing a history of the world; and had there been spiders or flies, they would not have interested him. He would only have pitied them. There were snails near the window, but he detested them, and dreaded their possible approach to him. So he could only think, and his thoughts burst prison walls and flew out into the world.

One memorable day the sunshine was doubtless brilliant and the sky cloudless, because his cell was unusually light and everything very distinct, so that he saw several cracks and breaks in the masonry which before had escaped his notice. As his eye traveled on its short journeys, he fancied that on the western wall, opposite the foot of his bed, there were some lines made with regularity, as if they were drawn there. He started as though he had heard a voice, and crept over on his knees toward the spot. He went in this way because he could reach farther, as he thus added the length of his leg to that of the chain.

The lines had not deceived him. They were drawn with intention, and they were a plan of his room. But there was another line that he could not understand, and long did he ponder on it. In the night, as he lay awake, it became plain to him, and he sat up on his bed, and gave a great cry that startled the sentry so that he brought the officer of the guard; and they listened at the window, but for nothing, as Pedro was now silent, and lay like a stone, although his brain was on fire.

This was the plan which he found:



And this was the meaning which dawned upon him: His own room was plain to him, and also the sentinels' walk around it, and he perceived that the square marked at the northeastern corner must be the guard-house. East of his prison there was, he knew, a paved court-yard, north of it the water. What then was the line starting in the southeastern corner of his cell, and which, making an angle, ended in the moat? What should it be but a subterranean passage to freedom?

The thought almost crazed him, and he began to tug at his chains, as if by pulling he could get them apart, but he only tore and wounded his hands. When the day came, he examined his fetters as the blacksmith never dreamed of doing, but vainly. The work was excellent, and not a link would give. So he sat and glared at the corner of his cell where the passage began; it was as impossible to him as the open gate of the fortress. He crawled toward it; he stretched out his arms; and then he drew himself all into a heap on the floor, and cried, sobbing like a child.

When the officer and the blacksmith came, Pedro regarded them with profound scorn. Their precaution was so childish; yet when they were gone he swore to himself that they should not

prevail against him in the end. He stood up, and grasping the ring with both hands, while he braced his foot against the wall, he pulled long and steadily. After a while a small piece of plaster fell on the floor. So every day Pedro pulled at the ring, and he loosened little by little the plaster, and then the stone; he put back the plaster as well as he could, and repaired the breach with bread, so that the blacksmith never perceived the work he was doing. The plaster and crumbled stone which he could not replace he put under his bed; as he felt the lumps, his bruised body thrilled with expectation.

In less than a month he had pulled the ring from the wall, and the moment it was out he flew across the room, and fell on his hands and knees to examine the ground. The spot did not differ from the rest of the cell, but on the wall was the rough impress of a hand, and one finger pointed downward.

Then he was sure. He saw his way to liberty. It was curious how this discovery calmed him. His feverish excitement faded out, and the fury of baffled desires no longer possessed him. In their stead came a great quiet and steady resolve. The absorption of labor was upon him, and he lived only when he worked; at other times he slept or mused, and the hours passed unheeded.

Now Pedro had discovered, long before, during hours of wakefulness, that before dawn the sentinels were apt to be neglectful and remittent in their walk, and he therefore fixed that time for the beginning of his labor. But better to secure himself, he put the table under the window, the chair upon it, and so managed to climb up and fasten his blanket over the grating, in order to keep his light from being seen. And because he wanted to save his candles he burnt them at no other time, but hid them; otherwise the jailer might have noticed, and not given him one each day, when

he brought the loaf of bread and jug of water.

The floor was very hard, and the only tools Pedro had were a broken iron plate and a nail over six inches in length, which he had worked out of a board under his bed; for the part of the cell where he sat and slept was floored over. But he had his two young, strong hands, and he did good work with them, no mole ever digging better. He toiled hard, but as he had to remove all traces of his labors, he had the less time to dig. After a while he was greatly helped by a discovery which other prisoners have made. He found that he had become so thin and meagre that the band around his ankle no longer fitted, and that he could, with some effort and pain, draw his foot out. Truly it was good to be free of the weight. He sprang into the air, he danced an airy measure, and sang to himself as he danced. It seemed to him as though gravitation were suspended, and only the walls and roof kept him from rising into the upper air.

From this moment he never doubted his escape, perhaps because, being free from his chain, he once more felt command of himself. All his thoughts turned unwavering toward plans for the future, and he worked with a perseverance and cheerfulness that never faltered. Not very far down the river lived Pedro's cousin, and he had faith that, could he once get to him, he would be as safe as friendship could make him. After that it should be as his kinsman advised and God willed. His belief in the honesty of man was the stronger because he perceived that the plan was honest and faithful. He had to break his way, but he never went astray, for there were indications in irregular stones and looser soil that the way had been burrowed out, and then filled in again. He perceived that a prisoner had once escaped in this way, and that the authorities had discovered it and filled the tunnel again. Nothing was plainer than

this, but what amused and strengthened Pedro was the knowledge of how Rodriguez had outwitted himself, and by putting him into this dismal dungeon had himself opened the avenue of release. So (Pedro went on to reason) will malice forever outrun its own goal, and if we will but be patient and faithful Fate or Providence will sometimes take our revenges into its own hand.

Even in the burrow, as he worked, Pedro would laugh, thinking of Rodriguez. But how it happened that his daily inspectors never noticed his hands he could not understand. He could hide his worn and broken finger-nails, but the marks of earth and of digging would not be rubbed from his hands and arms. But the young fellow did not realize how woe-begone and forlorn a figure he was. He was gaunt and wild, his beard was grown, his hair a tangled mass, and his torn and scanty garments were almost fantastic, with their rich texture and ragged condition; and he was altogether covered with dirt and grime, and bore every mark of misery.

After some weeks he reached the apex of the angle, and there he found a walled-in chamber, narrowing to a pipe-like chimney, many feet high and open to the sky. Looking up, he saw a star, and he breathed an air purer and fresher than any he had breathed since he was thrust into his dungeon. But in this chamber, which was so narrow that he could scarcely turn in it, was a skull and some other bones, and a rosary. Pedro took the rosary in his hand, and looked up at the star overhead.

"God!" he said, drawing his breath, "O God, burn them, burn them in hell, and never show them paradise, except to torture and confound them!" Then, on the rosary of the dead man who had here been walled up, Espinosa prayed for his soul.

But behold, when he had broken out of this chamber he came to a passage, clear and open, as if the workmen had

not thought it worth while to fill up this remote portion. It was higher and larger than the one Pedro had made, and much he wondered what tools his predecessor had used, and where he put the dirt and stones he brought from the excavation. He no longer wormed his way, but could with ease creep on his hands and knees; and so he went along until he came to a wall, and knew that his work was almost over.

He had now been so long absent from his cell that he could not delay to examine this wall, and he turned and went back, and found it was daylight, and so late that the jailer came in before he had got his foot well into the chain. But the chain was not the jailer's affair, and he took no notice, but put down the jug and loaf, and went his way. When the officer and blacksmith came, the prisoner was asleep on the floor, and the men glanced at him; they did not waken him, for the chain was now in its place.

Pedro slept long, for he was very tired; but when he awoke he felt well rested, and his youth was strong in every muscle of his body. He would have liked to make a toilet before he left his cell, knowing that his work this night would be his last; but he could only empty the jug of water into his hands and well lave his face and neck, and then run his damp fingers through his hair and push it off his brow.

He began to uncover the hole he had made in the floor, but this time carelessly, and with no heed whether the dirt scattered or not, and so he crept into his burrow, the long nail fastened in his belt, the broken plate in his hand; and poor enough tools were these for breaking through a stone wall! In the chamber he paused, and looked up at the star, which shone as yet dimly, the twilight still lingering.

"Greet your comrades for me," whispered he in a voice husky and strange



for want of use, "and say I shall see them all to-morrow night." Then he took the rosary, knowing he should like to have it when he was again a free man.

It was slow and toilsome work breaking through this last wall, but the young fellow had now learned some lessons in quarrying, and he wasted neither time nor strength in idle or futile labor. Every effort told, and little by little the stones loosened and the fissure widened. He could hear sounds that he knew must be footsteps in the guard-house, and once he fancied he heard the dip of oars in the water. As the night grew older, he worked desperately, resolved never to reënter the cell, but to gain the river before daylight. The stones began to give more easily, and he at last thrust his hand into an empty space. Then he knew that he was through the wall. His haste was now nervous and fiery; the stones broke, crumbled, under his strong, eager hands, and he could hardly wait until the aperture was large enough for his body. He felt as though he must thrust himself through, push, pull, drag, himself. Still, he was wise enough to make the opening so large that with a little tugging he got safely out.

It was yet very dark, and he could see no stars. The air was close, and he did not hear the water. He stood still, trying to accustom his eyes to the darkness. Then he put out his right arm and touched a wall; his other arm, and behold, there was another wall; but he was not disconcerted, being sure he had entered some sort of shed or shelter. He could hear no sounds, so he crept softly on, feeling his way by the wall. When he had gone some fifteen feet or thereabouts, he found he was in a corner, and the wall turned. He hardly knew what to make of this, he had been so certain that he was groping his way into the open. Just then his foot struck something that jangled, and he stood

stock still in terror; but the noise aroused no one, so he stooped to feel what it was that lay there.

A great terror took him, a hideous horror, and he turned and looked up, — up, through the barred window of his cell — his cell! — dimly outlined in the wan light of the morning.

He gave a loud cry, a horrible shout; at once the door opened, and, as if they had been called, the guard came in. Their torches flared, and Pedro saw the two heaps of rubbish, — the place where he had gone out, and the broken wall where he had come back. Behind the soldiers came the governor of the fortress, smiling. Pedro sprang at him, and the fingers hardened by tearing out iron, and pulling away stones, and digging into the earth, closed on the throat of the traitor. But Rodriguez had his dagger; out it came, and quick and sharp cut into Pedro's heart. But the fingers never loosened, so the two men fell down dead together.

Thus did Don Pedro Espinosa, a grandee of Spain, gain his liberty, and by a road for which he had not looked did he put himself out of the reach of his jailer; but what happened next I cannot tell. Whether the two foes, at once and again, fell on each other, or whether they instantly parted, and without a backward glance went each on his own road, I know not. If they again fell into fight, Pedro must now have had the odds, seeing how much purer and stronger was his spirit, and how much more ardent and fiery was the nature God had given him. I could fancy that Rodriguez, all his armor, his plans, and stratagems left behind, and no longer supported by his soldiers, but taken alone, would show without disguise what a craven he could be. Indeed, no worse coward than he was ever born, because Pedro had once summoned him to equal fight, and that is better grace than most young noblemen would grant a traitor;



volunteers : a few shots were exchanged ; then Garibaldi and his followers laid down their arms and submitted to arrest. Garibaldi had been severely wounded in the foot. He was placed on a man-of-war and taken to Varginano, near Spezia, whence, after an easy confinement, attended by romantic women and devoted men from all parts of Europe, he was allowed to return to Caprera. Popular sympathy of course sided with him, — had he not set out on an enterprise whose success would have rejoiced every Italian ? — but the sober-minded perceived that public order and constitutional government would come to an end, were every patriotic enthusiast to levy troops and make war whenever his zeal prompted.

In 1864, Garibaldi visited England, ostensibly for the purpose of consulting English surgeons about his wounded foot ; but many persons not unnaturally suspected a deeper motive. The Duke of Sutherland was his host ; the aristocracy and the working-classes rivaled each other in idolizing him. No hero since Wellington had been so splendidly entertained. Very different was this from his treatment in England ten years before, when he was only a poor, exiled sea-captain ! He had planned a triumphal progress through the provinces and Scotland, when the announcement was suddenly made that he had been advised by his physicians to forego further excitement and return to Caprera. The cause of this hasty change was much disputed at the time, and it cannot even now be positively unraveled.<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi went home, and for the next two years remained outwardly inactive, though in his mind he was revolving many schemes.

In 1866, that war was fought which raised Prussia to the leadership of the Teutonic states, and, as events soon proved, to the arbitership of Europe.

<sup>1</sup> An interesting account of this trip, and of the intrigues which cut it short, will be found

Having joined together in a robber's raid upon Denmark, Prussia and Austria fell out, as thieves will, over the division of the plunder, and Bismarck used the quarrel as a pretext for bringing to an issue his long-meditated plan of destroying the supremacy of Austria. Italy formed an alliance with Prussia, and while the Prussian armies, under Roon and Moltke, were marching towards Vienna, the Italian armies prepared to drive the Austrians out of Venetia. Garibaldi again took command of the Hunters of the Alps, and pushed operations into the Tyrol. But whereas the Prussians won a decisive victory at Sadowa (July 3), the Italians had been defeated by Archduke Charles at Custozza (June 24), owing to a defect in the plan of the campaign, by which their divisions were carelessly separated instead of being united against the Austrians, whom they outnumbered three to one. Austria, nevertheless, being threatened in her capital, agreed to a peace. She ceded Venetia to Napoleon, who handed it over to Italy. The purpose of the war was thus attained, but it could not have been attained in a manner more humiliating to the Italians, who had expected to win the coveted province by their own prowess, and were chagrined that it had been won by their allies.

The states of Italy were now free and united, except Rome and the papal territory ; but without Rome the nation would be incomplete. Tradition, history, location, and political interests all required that Rome should be the capital of Italy. But Rome was in the control of the Pope, the most insidious of enemies, whose influence as head of the most numerous sect in Christendom was exerted to tighten his grip on temporal power, against the wishes of nine tenths of the Italians. The tremendous paradox of the professed " Vicar of Christ " in a volume called *Politica Segreta Italiana*, 1863-1870, chapter iii.

being a worldly sovereign at all, of his dwelling in the most magnificent palace on earth, of his being surrounded by courtiers and condescending to the tricks and intrigues of diplomacy, need not be pointed out. It is one of the most significant facts in history.

All Italians, and the Romans most of all, yearned to be released from the Pope's sway. But how could this be done? In these later times, as we have seen, Napoleon had played the double rôle of ally of Italian independence in the north, and of protector of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope at Rome. On September 15, 1864, he had signed a convention with Victor Emmanuel, by which he agreed, after two years, to withdraw the French garrison from the Holy City, provided the Italian king pledged himself to respect the integrity of the Papal States. So far as we can judge, this was Napoleon's disingenuous method of retaining the good-will of both parties. He seems to have intimated to Victor Emmanuel that, should a favorable moment occur for quietly occupying Rome, the French government would limit itself to making a formal protest for the sake of appearances; for of course Napoleon would not have Europe suppose that he abandoned his ostentatious protection of the Pope through weakness.<sup>1</sup> This uncandid performance pleased nobody. The Pope complained that this desertion would ruin him. The Radical Italians were incensed that their king should hamper his future action by any pledges, however vague. The king and his ministers could not, of course, divulge their reasons for signing the convention. "Italy is now a nation of twenty-four million inhabitants," clamored the impetuous: "she is strong enough to do as she sees

<sup>1</sup> M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs, said to the Italian ambassador at Paris, when negotiations in this matter were opened: "Naturally, the result of all this will be that you will end by going to Rome; but it is important that between this

fit. It is ignominious that she should still submit to dictation from Paris." Internal discontent seethed and sputtered, and when, in 1865, the Italian capital was removed from Turin to Florence, there were not lacking agitators to whisper that this was the preliminary step to the cession of Piedmont to France. The war of 1866 temporarily diverted attention to the conquest of Venice; that accomplished, the acquisition of Rome became the sole object of plots and deliberation.

In due time the French troops were recalled from the Holy City. The Pope, had he been left to himself, would very soon have been unable to control his subjects. There would have been a revolution which he could not have put down; there would have been a plebiscite, declaring the wish of an overwhelming majority of Romans to be united to Italy; European diplomats, bowing at last to the inevitable, would have consented to the peaceable entry of the Italians into Rome, and then the weary Italian question would have been set at rest. But the "party of action" was too impatient to wait a year, or longer, for this probable solution. In the summer of 1867, Garibaldi attended a convention of the League of Peace and Liberty, in Switzerland, and there determined to organize a crusade against the Pope. He was allowed for a while to conduct his agitation openly, for Rattazzi, the Prime Minister, again deluded himself with the hope that he could ape Cavour's policy successfully. Unfortunately, Rattazzi was not Cavour: it makes a world-wide difference whether the lion put on the ass's skin, or the ass put on the lion's. Rattazzi's trick was easily fathomed. Louis Napoleon, who for fifteen years had flattered himself, fact and that of our evacuation there pass such an interval of time and such a series of events as to prevent any one from establishing a connection between them, and that France may not be held responsible." (Massari, *Vita di Vittorio Emanuele*, page 415.)

and tried to persuade the world, that he was a latter-day, waxed-mustached Jove, without whose nod the affairs of mortals could not go on, had already made so many un-Olympian blunders that many of his easily gulled subjects had begun to whisper to each other, "This is no Jove, after all, but a vulgar interloper." He had meddled in Mexico, and Europe was laughing at his failure, — laughing at him, and commiserating his poor dupe, just shot at Queretaro. He had suddenly awaked to the fact that a mighty enemy had come into power across the Rhine; and when he hurled his thunders, that enemy, instead of quailing, defied him in veritable Jove fashion. Napoleon, therefore, could not risk fresh ridicule; and Europe would surely mock should he, who had always boasted that he would protect the Pope, stand by impassively whilst agitators accomplished what he had so long forbidden. There was, besides, a deeper reason: already he felt the need of leaguings himself with the Jesuits, a certain indication of his declining strength and a presage of his fall.

The cabinet at Florence was instructed, accordingly, that the agitation must cease. M. Rouher, the mentor of French imperialism, bluntly declared, "The Italians shall never go to Rome, never!" Rattazzi perforce resigned. Garibaldi was arrested, and conducted under guard to Caprera, and a squadron of Italian cruisers patrolled the island to prevent his escape. French regiments were dispatched from Toulon to reoccupy Rome. But the agitators would not desist. Volunteers assembled on the papal frontier, and lo! one day late in October, Garibaldi, in red shirt and slouch hat, appeared to take command of them. He had slipped by the men-of-war in a little skiff at night, crossed to Maddalena, and passed thence to Sardinia and Tuscany, before the government could hinder him.

<sup>1</sup> The Pope had to depend upon Poles, Irishmen, Austrians, and Frenchmen, who vol-

The campaign was brief. The Garibaldians captured Monte Rotondo, and advanced to within a short distance of Rome. But at Mentana (November 3) they were routed by the French troops who had come to the assistance of the polyglot regiments of the papal army.<sup>1</sup> "The chassepots have done wonders," telegraphed General Faily to Napoleon, as if the purpose of the skirmish had been no more than to test the new French arms, and as if Italians existed merely to furnish a living target for them. "Late events have drowned every remembrance of gratitude in the heart of Italy," wrote Victor Emmanuel to the Emperor. "Alliance with France is no longer in the hands of the government: the chassepot gun at Mentana has mortally wounded it." After their defeat, the Garibaldians had fled in disorder behind the lines of the regular Italian army, which had crossed the frontier in the hope of warding off an encounter. Garibaldi was confined at Varignano; but when the excitement had sufficiently subsided, he was permitted to return to Caprera. This, his last adventure in the cause of Italy, was a humiliating failure, leaving the situation more difficult than it had been before. It restored the French garrison to Rome, and so seriously embarrassed the king's government in internal affairs that a general outbreak was hardly averted. Had Garibaldi reflected, he must have regretted the injury which his rashness had done to the cause dearest to him. He must also have realized how much of his earlier success had been due to Cavour, the man he had distrusted and abused.

Once again, however, in spite of years and rheumatism, he girded on his sword. As soon as the news reached Caprera that the Napoleonic Empire had ignobly (but how appropriately!) collapsed at Sedan (September 4, 1870), Garibaldi unteered in his service, to fight for him against his own countrymen.

telegraphed to the French provisional government that he would be glad to serve the new Republic. Nearly a month elapsed before his offer was accepted. Then he hastened to Marseilles, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by the populace, which fancied that the magic of his name would suffice to check the advance of the Germans. At Tours, he conferred with the Committee of National Defense. It was decided that he should organize a corps, enlisting as many Italians as possible from the southeastern departments, and defend the country around Dôle. The Army of the Vosges, as this corps was called, served well, but it could not cope with the superior Prussian forces under Werder and Manteuffel. There were gallant combats at Dijon, Paques, and Autun, but when Paris capitulated (January 28, 1871) resistance ceased in the rest of France. Garibaldi was elected deputy to the National Assembly, convened at Bordeaux, but, being refused a hearing on a question he wished to present, he resigned his office, and retired to his home.

The Franco-Prussian war marked the close of a period dating from Waterloo, in which the powers of reaction struggled desperately to repress those two dominant modern ideas, the principle of constitutional government and the principle of nationality. Metternichism and Napoleonism, based on shams and trickery, were the embodiments of this reaction. Napoleon, indeed, talked bravely of the rights of nationalities, but in practice he was as persistent as Metternich in opposing them whenever they seemed to menace his personal ascendancy. If he helped them incidentally, it was because he hoped to profit thereby. By encouraging the Italians he transferred the balance of power from Austria to France; but this proved a delusive victory, because out of it grew the independence of Italy and the independence of Germany, with whose exist-

ence the supremacy of Napoleon was incompatible. As I read the history of the Second Empire, it is a record of failures, each temporarily hidden by skillful bravado. Louis Napoleon resembles those adventurers in finance who make a dazzling show upon borrowed millions, and when suddenly they become bankrupt disclose the fact that they never had any capital except their brass, and kept their accounts on their shirt-cuffs. He gambled on a great name, and had no assets when his creditors demanded more than a name in payment. He was beaten in France, where a revolution was nearly ripe at the moment when he declared war against Prussia. He was virtually beaten in the Crimea, whatever artifices may have been resorted to in order to make the Crimean war appear a splendid success. He was beaten in Mexico. He was beaten by Cavour. He was beaten by Bismarck. The fall of Napoleon secured national unity for Germany; she has still to develop a really constitutional government. For Italy it secured both. On September 20, 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, after a petty resistance by the Pope's foreign mercenaries. The dream of Garibaldi's youth had come to pass. Rome was the capital of an emancipated and united Italy.

Garibaldi took his seat in the national Parliament, but he had neither the training nor the temperament of a legislator. With one beneficent measure, indeed, his name is associated. He proposed to reclaim and colonize the Pontine marshes, a scheme which could not be undertaken from lack of funds. Now that the nation was established, he urged his republican doctrines more persistently than ever. He criticised the monarchy, and denounced what he regarded as its unwarranted wastefulness. He encouraged the plots of the Irredentists, those hot-brained extremists who will not be satisfied until Trieste, Trent, the Canton of Ticino, Savoy, and Nice are

restored to Italy. He joined in the clamor that the government should furnish a million guns for the accomplishing of this "redemption." He eulogized Hödel, Nobiling, Passanante, Hartmann, and other assassins who aimed at the lives of Emperor William and King Humbert. He decried the guarantees which the Italian government had given to allow the Pope, unmolested, to occupy the Vatican, and freely to exercise his spiritual functions. Political wisdom, we perceive, shed but little light on these later counsels of Garibaldi. Yet his popularity did not wane. His countrymen treated him as a privileged person, whose senile extravagances were not to be taken seriously. They loved his intentions; they were grateful for the achievements of his prime. Wherever he went, immense enthusiasm greeted him; and when, on June 2, 1882, he fell asleep peacefully at his home in Caprera, all Italy put on mourning, and the world grieved at the departure of a hero.

Garibaldi's character is so evident that it needs no searching analysis. He was a man of action, guided by but few principles, which sprang from his emotions rather than from his reason. His instinct decided for him whether a line of conduct was good or bad, and, the decision once made, arguments could rarely move him or obstacles deter. Hence the single-minded zeal with which he plunged into every enterprise; hence, also, his inability to measure the value of any policy but his own, and his distrust, often intensified into unreasoning prejudice, of those who differed from him as to the means to the common end. He seemed not always candid in his relations with the monarchy, but the cause was not so much intentional insincerity as the starting up of a new impulse which led him in another direction, and which he did not deem it necessary to explain. Neither did he willfully misrepresent facts; he simply

reiterated his statements, even when they had been disproved by incontestable evidence, because his opinion had not changed, and the fact ought to have been what he believed it was. His kindly, frank nature often made him the dupe of less honest men. "He is," wrote Massimo d'Azeglio, in 1864, "one of the choicest natures created by the Almighty; a lover of his country, enterprising, humane, generous, averse from cupidity. But, after all, no deserts, no extent of service, entitle the citizen to set himself above the laws of his country, to create an *imperium in imperio*, to treat with his sovereign as an equal, and to assume the decision of peace and war. By instinct shy and mild, he has been thrust forward by rogues for their own purposes, and they have intoxicated him with flattery which would have turned the brain of the hardest head, much more his." The wonder is that he was not beguiled into irreparable excesses. He was saved partly by a thread of common sense strangely interwoven in his emotional tissue, and partly by a self-respect akin to vanity, which made him suspicious of being used as a tool. Although modest, and unwilling to accept material rewards for himself, he was fully conscious of the heroic part he was playing, and he took no pains to dissemble the childlike delight which he felt at demonstrations of his popularity. He possessed, to an almost unrivaled degree, that indefinable quality called magnetism, which attracts the devotion of multitudes, and binds them by ties stronger than those of blood or interest to the person of their hero. Rarely, indeed, has there been a man more worthy of such devotion than Garibaldi. Simple in his life, fearless in his courage, disinterested in his deeds, immutable in his patriotism, the people knew that he was wholly consecrated to them.

His religious belief was vaguely theistic. He was not one to speculate on theological problems, or to formulate a



creed. He early rejected revelation, and was inclined to treat the forms of worship in existing churches as superstitious. It was sufficient for him that his instinct distinguished between good and evil, and that he was conscious of striving after the good. Why should anybody need more than this? seems to have been a question he often asked himself. Nevertheless an afterglow of religious sentiment glimmered at times within him. "Oh, although certainly not superstitious," he exclaims, "not infrequently, in the most perilous moments of my turbulent existence, as I issued unharmed from the billows of the ocean, from the hail of the battle-field, there came to me the vision of my loving mother on her knees, and, bowing before the Infinite, imploring for the life of her son. And I, although believing little in the efficacy of prayer, was touched thereat, happy and less unfortunate." He had a vein of mysticism, which he could not define, but which was as real to him as any of his emotions. Especially was he impressed by the mystery of sympathy, by the meeting of friends whose paths seem to be brought together through the immediate intervention of destiny. Thus, when he was walking one day in Rio Janeiro, he fell in, casually, with Rossetti. "Our eyes met," he says, "and it seemed not for the first time, as it really was. We smiled reciprocally, and were brothers for life, inseparable for life. May this not be one of the many emanations of that infinite intelligence which can probably animate space, and worlds, and the insects which flutter on their surfaces? Why should I deprive myself of the gentle delight which blesses me, as I think of communion with my mother's affections, returned to the infinite source whence they sprang, and of that of my beloved Rossetti?" And in another place the memory of a battle and of the vast untamed nature of South America begets a similar strain. "There is something,"

he muses, "beyond the intelligence in our being, which we cannot discern, which we cannot explain, but which exists; and its effects, although confused, are a prophecy, be the word understood how you will, — a prophecy which brings you contentment or bitterness. Perhaps that infinitesimal spark, emanating from the Infinite, and which has its abode in our miserable husk, — but immortal as the Infinite, — foresees beyond the contact of our senses and beyond the reach of our vision."

In constructive politics, as we have seen, Garibaldi was unpractical. He had the dreamer's inability to comprehend that human societies cannot be lifted from a lower to a higher condition by a mere manifesto or patriotic resolution. It is not enough to say to an evil system, *Thou art bad. Begone!* You must replace it by a better through the slow process of education. But Garibaldi was as impatient at the gradual methods by which alone the morals of a nation can be regenerated as at the devices and circumlocutions of diplomacy. The intensity of his opinions made him intractable. He could not serve; he must command. This explains what he could not explain to himself: that is, he says, "the unfavorable reception given me by those men who may justly be called the lights of the modern period of our national resurrection, of which they deserved well; as, for example, Mazzini, Manin, Guerrazzi, and some of their friends. The same fate befell me in France, in 1870 and 1871. And yet in France, as in Italy, I have enjoyed, among the populace, an enthusiastic sympathy certainly much above my deserts." He maintained that the ignorance and debasement of the peasantry, and the corruption of a large part of the upper classes, were due to the pernicious influence of priestcraft. His remedy was to shut up all churches and convents, and either to exile the priests in a body to Siberia, or to set

them to work, like galley-slaves, to reclaim the Pontine marshes. Take away the instigators of corruption, and society would immediately become virtuous. A fine theory, but only a theory.

It was as a popular soldier that Garibaldi won his fame, and as such he has had no equal. The forces he captained were insignificant in numbers compared with the great armaments of modern times. His tactics were those of the Rio Grande guerrillas; nevertheless his success was astonishing, because he was peculiarly adapted to lead a revolutionary uprising like the Italian. From the minuteness with which he describes the plans of his campaigns and the disposition of his troops in each battle, and from the copiousness of the military precepts which he sprinkles over his memoirs, it is evident that he deemed himself a master of the art of war; but the captains of the future will not turn to him for instruction in tactics or strategy. His strength lay in his personal valor, and in the unbounded confidence and devotion which he inspired in his comrades; and these are qualities without which excellence of discipline, or numbers, or technical skill can win victories. His favorite dream, that the Italians could emancipate themselves without foreign assistance, by rising *en masse* and arming themselves with a million muskets, was impracticable for two reasons, which he ought to have understood: first, the peasantry (as he states many times) were too subservient to the priests to be easily aroused;<sup>1</sup> and, second, a multitude of raw volunteers could not have overthrown the trained armies of Austria. The god of battles decides for justice and patriotism, provided they marshal the best regiments.

<sup>1</sup> Not one peasant, he says, volunteered among the Thousand.

When we have stripped from Garibaldi his eccentricities and flaws, transient in their nature; when we look into the heart of the man and contemplate his achievements, we behold a hero of the Homeric brood. We are again in the presence of a man of a few simple but elemental qualities, brave, disinterested, and outspoken, whose habit it was to exhibit his passions without that reserve which belongs to our later, sophisticated age. Like Achilles, he did not disguise his feelings; he wept when he was moved, sulked when he was angry. He was inspired by two ideals, and those two the noblest, — love of liberty and love of his fellow-men; ideals which he might not cherish in secret, but which he must proclaim before a hostile world; ideals for which he endured poverty, exile, fatigues, and the perils of battle. He believed that in every man there dwells a consciousness of right which needs only to be quickened in order to produce righteous acts. His career, which typifies in the large that of thousands of his contemporaries, confounds those materialists who assert that the age of emotions, of high-souled unselfishness, of romance, of true tragedy, has been left behind, and that we have entered the Sahara of egotism and commonplace. In the history of modern Europe, which is the history of the reconstruction of society upon the principles of nationality, political equality, and commercial equity, feudalism having crumbled into ruins, there is no nobler chapter than that in which the unification of Italy is told. Garibaldi was the popular hero of that episode. The race whose heart beat true in Garibaldi, and whose head thought wisely in Cavour, if its character weakens not, will contribute generously to the civilization of the future.

William R. Thayer.

## A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

THE newly cropped meadows lay level and dun to the distant boundary of a swift silvery river, in the sunshine of a July afternoon. The higher peaks were softened by a blue haze; the nearer mountains showed tints of purple in their dark greens, and were dashed with shadows fallen from loose white clouds. The air, everywhere fresh, was cool in the red-brown shade made by a group of tall pine-trees on a steep upland knoll. Agatha, lying on the pine needles, with hands clasped behind her neck, was aware of a mountain breeze blowing across her face; aware, too, although her eyes were half closed, of the sweet familiar New Hampshire landscape, and the clouds floating in blue depths overhead. A spare New England figure, in a short mountain dress, she had the careless attitude of a girl; yet she had passed the second crisis of a mental life, when the revelation which has come to us in youth as intuition is forced to give way to or be supplemented by a revelation of insight. She no longer felt a strenuous necessity for solving the latest problem before the sun had finished his day's round; and a smile of amusement as well as of affection came to her face as the sense of another presence stole in upon her, and she sat up at the approach of a younger and rounder figure, in a fresh summer dress of light blue and a wide straw hat.

The new-comer threw aside the shawl which she had brought with her, sat down on the pine sward, and, with a little birdlike movement of her head, turned her brown eyes, burning with a steadfast glow of earnestness, to her friend.

*Agatha.* Julia, I did not see you coming. "Farewell the tranquil mind!" I don't mean to suggest that your presence is not welcome, but I know you will be talking to me about

the Infinite; and I have been lying for the last hour on Mother Earth, for all the world like one of her own stones.

*Julia.* I am sure I have not come to disturb you. I can play the daughter to Nature as quietly and with as much content as anybody. Looking at the dear old mountains is occupation enough for me. I do not even need to measure their sides with my eye, as you are always doing, to see what ridge will be the best line of ascent.

*Agatha.* I do. It's an inveterate habit. I should start from that gray rock, make a bee-line through the woods to the next clearing —

*Julia.* And you think it is I who cannot rest and enjoy! I can "sit without ambition, hope, or aim."

*Agatha.* Physically, perhaps; but mentally you are a terrible embodiment of all three. My poor old mind has to be up and doing the moment it sees you approach.

*Julia.* Your idea of your mind is the most curious contradiction to the reality. You insist on squaring it to your general life-theory of passive acquiescence. It is absurdly inconsistent in you to think at all. But you can't help yourself.

*Agatha.* I won't be attacked in this manner. Lie down on the pine needles, and be sensible. I have done more talking — I will not say thinking — than usual this summer; but you have had hold of the other end of the string.

*Julia.* As I don't see you when I drop the string, I have no answer ready. But how good it seems to live, on such a day as this, with mountain air to breathe, and the big pine-trees overhead, shading us without shutting away our view!

*Agatha.* They talk about the everlasting hills, but those New Hampshire worthies across the intervales don't wear a very permanent look, after all. In

this light even the sombre and scriptural Moriah looks not unlike a lazy old cloud that will presently pick itself to shreds and disperse.

*Julia.* Yes, but come back to-morrow, and see him stand blank and solid against an uncompromising sky. No, I can't get away from the stability of the hills. Their changing glory is mere illusion: I find myself irritated, sometimes, when their aspect is most dreamily wonderful, by the knowledge of the prosy reality to which they will return.

*Agatha.* Of course there is the constant and understood aspect of permanence. All my wonder was that I should be allowed even momentarily to forget it. But why should reality be irritating to you? There is your Utopia. You dwell upon the thought of what might be and ought to be, and you have inevitably to bump against the knoll, on which I am reposing, of what *is*.

*Julia.* Nonsense. What irritates me is inconsistency. Nature should agree with herself. She has no right to follow one law with the mountains and another with the man. Yesterday's storm surged around the mountain summit; yet there it stands this afternoon, serene, unchanged. Our storms don't blow over us and leave us the same men and women; they alter our deepest natures. The mountain contradicts the principle of development: there you have my quarrel.

*Agatha.* I'm inclined to think that spiritual storms, various and considerable as their effects may be, do yet leave behind the old individual nature that they found. I may have given up lying and stealing, but the being who lied and stole is still under my roof-tree.

*Julia.* That is the bluest sky through the pine branches! Look at it beside the dazzling white of those cumuli, — pure color, attached to no deadening reality of substance. Do you realize, Agatha, that your last speech makes you out a thorough-going pessimist? You

imply — or would, if I had the heart to make you logical on such a morning — that there is no real development possible, for the individual or for the race. Take it back!

*Agatha.* I'll take back all but the residuum. In an age of science, to deny development would be to argue one's self non-existent. Look at the grass which has grown an inch since yesterday, and the train spinning along with our mail on the other side of the valley. Progress of some sort or other is an understood factor in life. But is n't the progress in a series of cycles, alternate growth and decay; a circle which returns as the earth to the sun, and moves onward, if it moves, like the solar system, always in the same medium?

*Julia.* Cycles, if you will, but not circles. A circle must return on itself, but a cycle swings upward in spiral curves.

“And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form.”

*Agatha.* I confess that history and human nature alike bring me back a little fondly to my notion of the circle. But if we try to look too definitely into the future, we may find ourselves walking off the edge of thought. At all events, the circle, if circle it be, is large enough to give free play.

*Julia.* Then you don't mind the fact of limitation if the limits are sufficiently wide? We differ: for my part, if I have to retrace my steps in the end, I can take no comfort in the thought that I have the universe for my treadmill. Let me be a spinning dervish and done with it.

*Agatha.* But don't we have to retrace, however eager our desire to go on? We have all space and thought to wander in, but despite the apparent *carte-blanche* we are always coming up against walls of circumstance and the limitations of our nature.

*Julia.* Only till we stop knocking our heads against the walls, and take the onward path the walls protect.

Moreover, no barriers impede one skyward.

*Agatha.* No, that is a direction in which there will be no need of fences till our wings are grown.

*Julia.* A characteristic speech, from the surface of your mind. You, the follower of Emerson, to talk of the tyranny of circumstance!

*Agatha.* Emerson regards the tyranny of circumstance as an aid to growth, checking effort in the wrong direction.

*Julia.* That was exactly my point.

*Agatha.* But then you agree with me that we can't aim at indefinite expansion on all sides? Life brings within our grasp a possibility, limited, but to our vision still high and marvelous, — the development of our own highest being within the bounds of our personality. But in the idea of a perfected race, which plays such a part in modern literature, personality has no place. The ideal man has gone to seed, so to speak, — has carried all the virtues together as far as they can logically go, and disposed of that difficult element, human nature, as it will never be disposed of save in theory.

*Julia.* I too object to that ideal individual. He would be the least interesting of companions. But my objection applies also to your statement that each man is to "get his growth," as it were, and then stop. I dislike this idea of fixed limits, both for the individual and for the race. The normal life, either collective or individual, does not grow, ripen, decay. Neither does it stop. That may be the law of nature, but the law of the spirit is progressive and endless development. Is not this the case with the individual, even though in old age physical decay supersede for the time the higher law of growth? And, though fewer people grant it, humanity as a whole repeats the experience of the individual. It manifests new powers in every age, losing nothing, advancing to ever new heights. So long as our reach

exceeds our grasp, progress must continue: and that means that progress will never stop, for our reach is towards the Infinite.

*Agatha.* I told you that you would be talking about the Infinite! My objection to the ideal man is that qualities developed collectively have all lost something of their individual force. In the compound, no one element has its full flavor.

*Julia.* That is the value of the new idea of humanity as an organism. It insures variety in unity. The old idea was that each man set out for himself, grew more or less, then passed into the life beyond the grave. The modern idea is more complex. Based scientifically on the principle of inheritance, philosophically on the unity of the race, it sees humanity as a whole, the final organism to which each man contributes his own special function, advancing constantly in this present world to a higher and fuller perfection.

*Agatha.* And yet, as Emerson warns us, "Nature cannot be cheated. Man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow." One man lives, accumulates, and dies. He leaves an inheritance of thought and knowledge, but of this his heir has only such portion as he in his turn can apprehend. To each the problem is the same, and the experience of others is no more than a suggestion to him as he gains and works out his own.

*Julia.* But each brings a new element to the whole.

*Agatha.* Undoubtedly. Yet one or another of these elements must develop for a time, and decay to make room for its successor. You cannot say, in looking at the field of history, that humanity loses nothing. Look at the growth and decline of nations, the rise and fall of arts, the loss in a great artistic period of the convictions and moral force of a religious epoch, and the neglect in the latter of the artistic side of life.

*Julia.* Was the time of Homer devoted to art rather than to action? Did Æschylus and Phidias belong to an age ineffective in dealing with realities, or to the most solemn and exalted period of Hellenic history? Was Dante's enthusiasm purely artistic? I deny your alternation. The great ages of faith have been the great ages of art, and the times of indifference to moral issues are inevitably times when art dies away in critical prettinesses. Faith and art go hand in hand, and, penetrating constantly farther into the truth that surrounds us, they add constantly fresh power to life.

*Agatha.* As to the age of Homer, what do we know about it? The great poets in all ages have dealt with the realities of life; for poetry in its truest and deepest significance is essentially one with religion. In all times men have had access to truth, and the truest have apprehended it. We are not the first to climb the mountains; as far back as we can look there are figures standing on the peaks.

*Julia.* True men have always seen the truth, but that truth has not always been the same. With each generation it has been deeper and finer. A vision was vouchsafed to Dante to which the eyes of Æschylus were blind. Not that Dante was greater than Æschylus, but that into the world of common men and women there had come a new life and a new power; and the poet, then as always starting from the vantage-ground of the past, led men on to clearer glimpses of the Celestial Vision, heading the long procession that advances through the ages

“On to the bounds of the waste,  
On to the City of God.”

*Agatha.* You state the point of our discussion. Is there that continuous advance? Between Æschylus and Dante there had come into the world with Christianity a new spirit, a revelation of love and hope which is beyond the

Greek idea of fate, or rather the universal idea of cause and effect which the Greeks so strongly perceived. Dante was the poet of the new idea. But Dante was a lonely man in an uncomprehending age. And even if his age had stood with and around him, you would still have missed in its new insight and depth something of the artistic perfection, the primal lofty poetry, of the Greeks.

*Julia.* You grant that Christianity introduced a new power; I think it hardly to the point of the main issue to discuss how far the noblest exponents of that power were comprehended by their time. But your main question is undoubtedly of gravest interest and significance. I think there is that clear onward movement. Not to speak just now of modern life, I think that the world of the Middle Ages stood on a higher level, both artistically and spiritually — I won't say than the world of the cave-dwellers, but than that of the finest period of Hellenic civilization.

*Agatha.* It pleaseth you to be paradoxical. Please explain!

*Julia.* You think that mediæval Christianity sacrificed artistic power. Of course you have the surface truth: no art has ever so perfectly expressed its ideal as that of the Greeks. But do we care more for the method of expression or for the thing expressed? Art, like character, finds its highest glory in humility, in struggling to render something too great for it. Thus I say that the cathedral is artistically nobler than the Grecian temple. Its roughness, inconsistency, and weakness have a higher aim than the calmly perfect symmetry of the Greek. Thus it really reveals to us more beauty, since it arouses higher, purer, fuller emotion.

*Agatha.* Possibly.

*Julia.* And the two arts are symbolic. The pagan presented a conception of life perfectly possible to attain: so some of those old Hellenic characters have

a noble poise, an august and complete calm, such as we no longer see. But the Christ gave us an ideal that no man has yet attained, for he opened the life upward as well as outward; and in the imperfect, crude, sorrowful struggles of humanity to reach that perfect life we see a more touching beauty, a more inspiring power, than in the old completeness within set and narrow limitations. Do we not? Only the lower forms of life reach the perfection of their type. The oyster fulfills its ideal; the man cannot. Which is the nobler, which the more lovely?

*Agatha.* The cathedral marks another height, with a beauty of detail, and also a feeling of earnestness and aspiration, that the temple has not. But in going on to the Gothic we did not cast away the Greek standard. That has been ever since the measure of art as art, whereas the power of rising to that standard has been utterly lost.

*Julia.* Of course a certain kind of loss is involved in every gain. We have advanced immensely in artistic technique, but we have left behind us forever the naive charm, the birdlike lilt, of the folk-song.

*Agatha.* The beauty of the ballad is the beauty of childhood, — of a simplicity which is inevitably lost amid the more complex conditions of life. It has no poetic quality which has not been improved upon in other forms, save that which belongs to its imperfection. But the beauty of Greek art is that of achievement, the culmination of a long period of artistic growth.

*Julia.* I would rather look at Angelo's Greek Slave, rough-hewn, half finished, with the anguish of centuries struggling through his sorrowful features, than at the untroubled loveliness of the Venus. The first has the beauty of the soul, a beauty that involves pain and imperfection; the other has at best the beauty of the perfect body.

*Agatha.* The Greek a merely tech-

nical art! Ye gods and little fishes! Was perfect body ever created without soul in the creator, from the days of Genesis till now?

*Julia.* It was art on the natural plane, at least, and absorbed in the present moment.

"Are they perfect of lineament, perfect of stature?"

In both, of such lower types are we  
Precisely because of our wider nature!

For time, theirs — ours, for eternity.

"To-day's brief passion limits their range;  
It seethes with the morrow for us and more."

We reflect in our art the glory of aspiration, the pain of regret. We have learned the artistic value of sorrow, which the Greeks never perceived. We are necessarily suggestive where they were explicit. But I think these changes an advance; and so do you, if you would but confess it.

*Agatha.* Well, partly. But I think *you* drop the balance too strongly on the side of Hebraism, and are unjust to Hellenism; that is, to the idea of beauty. "Le beau est la splendeur du vrai." Greek art may be compared to the bird in evolution. After evolving it, Selection went round the corner and started on a new line. She dropped at once to the ornithorynchus. There is undeniable progress from the ornithorynchus to man, but the bird is left behind. We have not wings. And morphologically the bird is the most perfect structure.

*Julia.* And yet evolution is synonymous with advance.

*Agatha.* Wings apart, we have certainly developed. The mediæval world had a faith, the modern world has a spirit of sympathy and humanity, which the Greeks lacked. It is gain balanced with loss. Let us follow the gain. Does it lose nothing as it goes on?

*Julia.* Wait, wait! *Agatha*, do you see that chipmunk? There, under the mulle'n by the big rock! What is he doing to those tall grasses? See him



reach out that wee paw and bend them down.

*Agatha.* Julia, come back to the point.

*Julia.* I will. See how darkly the river flows! It seems strange to watch the current half a mile away. What were we talking about?

*Agatha.* Suppose you try to remember.

*Julia.* I know. Cycles and spirals, race-ideals, Hellenic civilization, Christian art, birds and the ornithorynchus, progress in general, — ever so many things. We had just taken a flying leap to the modern world, had n't we? And you asked if I thought that it had gained very much. Oh, Agatha, the gain seems to me immense!

*Agatha.* So you lend your voice to the chorus of self-glorification and complacent ecstasy over the progress of the age that makes itself heard in political meetings and magazines?

*Julia.* I suppose I do. Look impartially at a few facts.

*Agatha.* Phonographs? Two-cent stamps? Herbert Spencer's philosophy?

*Julia.* No. Take what you spoke of yourself, — the extended sympathy which is the chief note of the modern world. Of course we are familiar enough with its direct effects, but there are indirect effects that nobody talks about, which seem to me even more interesting. In literature, for example —

*Agatha.* Are you going to say that Wordsworth discovered the poor man, and that the modern novelist shows us the beauty of commonplace lives?

*Julia.* No, I am not. I mean something quite different, — an increase of scope in another sense. I mean the extension of our poetic powers till we comprehend and reproduce the life of all peoples and all ages. It is an axiom that art can reflect only its present; and you know what a weariness to the flesh one finds the long galleries of historical pictures in the museums, and what a bore the old-fashioned historical

novel is. All attempts to reproduce the past till our own day were frigid and untruthful. Think of the pseudo-classic drama; and the chief apparent exception, the Oriental themes of the early Italian painters, really establish the point, as Ruskin shows. Now have n't you noticed the entire absence of unity of tone in our modern literature? Every other great literary epoch has unity. We miss it utterly. Think of the Blessed Damozel and Empedocles on *Ætna*!

*Agatha.* Or the Earthly Paradise and the *In Memoriam*. But what are you coming to?

*Julia.* Why, this: our absence of unity springs from the wonderful breadth of our sympathy; and this sympathy enables us to give the lie to the old principle, and to reflect all phases that human experience has known. We have perfect reproductions of Greek temper, artistic and ethical, in Swinburne's *Atalanta* and in much of Arnold; we have intimate and beautiful revelations of the soul of the Middle Ages and of the artistic Renaissance in Rossetti; and Browning gives us, brilliantly, the Renaissance in its subtler and more intellectual phases. We almost seem to be escaping, in our poetry, from the limits of time and space; and this wonderful entrance of literature into the heritage of the ages we owe directly to the new altruism.

*Agatha.* Is it not rather an outcome of the critical spirit, the desire to enter into and comprehend all life, past and present? I don't know whether it is confined to our time. Of course the Elizabethan dramatists borrowed rather in form and outline than in spirit from the ancients. Still they must have had a deep sympathy with the pagan world.

*Julia.* Yes, but colored with the passion and ideas of the Renaissance itself.

*Agatha.* Well, they had more color to lend in that day than our modern artists have.

*Julia.* Our individuality is clearly

enough marked, I think; but it is so curiously complex that there is no phase or attitude which it does not include. So it can interpret all impartially and justly by looking into its own heart. But there's another line in which the scope of art has extended.

*Agatha.* "Go on," as Hamlet says to the Ghost: "I'll follow thee," — and with as little idea of my destination.

*Julia.* We are freeing ourselves from many of the old limitations. I don't mean in technical matters, such as the unities, but more subtly, in choice of theme and method of treatment. Subjects which did not conform to a certain arbitrary standard of beauty or dignity used always to be neglected, and poetic style had to regard conventional proprieties. All this is of the past. Our own day triumphantly asserts the range of art to be coextensive with life itself; finding nothing common or unclean, free at last to reproduce, in artistic form, every subtlest movement of the soul within. The enlargement of what may be called the grotesque element in art is immensely interesting to me. I can think of nothing more significant, as certainly poetry has never seen anything more daring, than Browning's Christmas Eve, — the juxtaposition of the vulgar, sordid squalor of the surroundings with the vision of the glorified Christ. It is the epitome of modern life.

*Agatha.* In power of reproducing in his own intense, massive, penetrating style an immense variety of experience, both outward and inward, Browning has probably never been paralleled. He has individuality, dramatic intensity, lyric sweep. But what we miss throughout in Browning and other moderns is "that large utterance of the early gods," that magic beauty and potency of words, which fell, as from heaven, upon the pages of Shakespeare, of Milton; that instinctive poetic utterance which came to Shelley and Keats, and in waves and glimpses to Wordsworth. That is, to

my mind, the essential "poetry stuff," the divine element.

*Julia.* Yes. Still, if ideas once get into poetry, they come to stay. The man who first introduces them may stammer, but his successor will find the perfect utterance. So you agree with me on the main issue, that poetic scope has received an amazing enlargement in this century?

*Agatha.* It has received certain new ideas, acquired new tendencies, without doubt; but an amazing enlargement, no. When I feel wonder, amazement, take possession of me, it is not at the power of analysis or the technical achievement of nineteenth-century poets. It is at that knowledge of the human heart, that glance to the root and centre of things, which produced *Lear* and *The Tempest*.

*Julia.* I'm going to say something shocking to you under my breath. Really, seriously, I've never been able to see in Shakespeare much breadth of scope.

*Agatha.* You might say it aloud. The pine-trees won't tell, you young Philistine.

*Julia.* Of course he gives us more than any other poet until our own century; but there is an immense extension of life that he has n't touched. Indeed, *Agatha*, the marvel to me in general is that art has given us, not so much, but so little. How many subtle and fine struggles of the spirit, how many perceptions of things human and divine, are known to each soul that it never finds hinted in literature! Loneliness is often intensified fourfold by the futile effort to find in the poets the reflection of some experience through which one passes of necessity alone so far as human sympathy goes, but which it would be an unspeakable comfort to know not foreign to humanity.

*Agatha.* Yes, there are moments of restlessness when one searches one's cherished books in vain for some hint of

help. But in others how the right word comes clear and strong from some early century to our hearts! Our craving has been too literal, perhaps. The suggestions are there: we are left to fill them out.

*Julia.* Yet there are needs that only our own century can meet. It seems to me, for instance, that there always used to be a curious simplicity in people's relations to each other. Now in Shakespeare —

*Agatha.* I'm glad you've come back to Shakespeare. I was afraid you were going to canter away on a generalization. Come, now, be as heretical as you like.

*Julia.* Well, it does seem to me that Shakespeare saw only the simplest and most obvious situations. Of course they are typical; but we have to translate them, as our Lord translated the Decalogue, before they appeal to us directly. Think of the themes of the tragedies, — most deeply as most intensely real of all the plays. Envy, uncontrollable passion, shattered faith, — we meet them, indeed, but in forms less elementary. The objective provocations are different, fewer; the subjective reality is perhaps more absolute. Ambition does not lead to murder now, nor the passionate demand for love to acts of external cruelty. All is driven inward. I can't imagine a modern girl finding comfort, help, or guidance in the life-histories of Isabel, Portia, Ophelia; but send her to Maggie Tulliver, let her read the history of Dorothea; and if she is capable of entering, let her into the heart-secrets of Browning's girl-duchess. Then see if her aching solitude is not relieved by the knowledge that other women have seen life as she sees it, and yet have prevailed.

*Agatha.* You are right so far as the appeal to our own experience of our own literature goes. No writer can come quite as near to us as the poet of our own day, for no other has had just the same

conditions of struggle. The elements of life have grown more subtle and complicated; or, rather, the elemental passions and experiences are overlaid for us with an intricate pattern of ideas which never perplexed any strong mind in earlier, fresher times, but through which we cannot wholly break without deserting our age and shirking the new burden laid upon us, to say nothing of missing many of its most intimate charms and helps.

*Julia.* This new complexity is surely an advance, is it not?

*Agatha.* At least it follows the law of your pet development-theory in nature, — it changes from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. So does that "rose-flesh mushroom," by the way, with the slugs crawling out of it.

*Julia.* Ours is not, I think, the complexity of decay. We are saved from that by another element which I find in our century. I mean the high spiritual vitality which our literature reflects.

*Agatha.* I thought this was called the century of doubt.

*Julia.* And the doubt is the sign of the vitality. Do you suppose people in general ever distressed themselves over their relation to the unseen, in the old days? A few chosen souls have always done so; but the majority? Take life, again, as we find it in Shakespeare. You know Dowden calls him a thorough positivist: his characters are occupied exclusively with their relation to the visible world of their fellow-men; a world governed, indeed, by great moral forces, to which the individual must conform or suffer torture, but with little upward reach. Now take life as reflected by any modern poet. Think of the proportion occupied by man's relation to the infinite, the ideal, the unseen. Think of the constant aspirations of Shelley, the contemplative ardor of Wordsworth, the struggle of the earthly nature to reach celestial heights which we find in Tennyson and Browning. Glance through a

little book like Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, and note the gradual change in the reach of the lyric from the first book to the last. Can you imagine the concluding poem — the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* — the product of any century but our own? The contrast is amazing. I wonder that people don't talk more about it.

*Agatha.* Yes, we have a more intimate poetry. And another form of literature peculiarly our own, which relies largely on these spiritual perceptions, and brings out with equal strength this sympathy and earnestness of tone, is the novel. The modern novelist has drawn closer to life, and gives us subtler analysis, more varied phases, and a deeper philosophy, than the earlier novelists had thought of, or than any dramatist could, from the nature of the drama, have attempted. The evolution of the novel was in response to the modern need of interpreting the inner as well as the outer life.

*Julia.* Now, *Agatha*, this contemplative tone in our literature — in poetry and romance alike — surely indicates, as I said, a high average level of earnestness and aspiration. People call the century materialistic; it seems to me the era of a spirituality perhaps higher and purer, certainly more general, than has ever been seen before. Materialism and agnosticism have only served to make faith real instead of conventional.

*Agatha.* Undoubtedly. Even alongside of the scientific materialism and agnosticism of a few years ago we had other and more potent forces. The utilitarian school was a surface influence, and was never really felt in literature. Mill, Buckle, and, to come further down, Herbert Spencer, have made an immense stir among practical people and talking people, but they have not affected literature, nor moved men's inmost thought.

*Julia.* And the failure of this school

to crystallize in artistic form their attitude towards life has always seemed to me to argue the attitude transitory and superficial. There were those other forces of which you speak, one force above all, overborne for the time by the clamor of the cruder scientists, — the new democratic idea which found in altruism such as George Eliot's one of its noblest developments.

*Agatha.* That seems to me the distinctive phase of our later nineteenth century. Mr. Lilly, in one of his articles, derives it very ingeniously, and I think truly, from the egoism of the *Sturm-und-Drang* epoch, the self-brooding of René, turned from its own conscious misery to sympathy with other natures and other pains.

*Julia.* Then there is the more practical result of the democratic spirit, — the new philanthropy and the new economics that are working themselves out through experiments; crude, indeed, and occasionally absurd, but all of them in the main hopeful.

*Agatha.* Yes, Carlyle inveighed against man's inhumanity to man, but his own writings stirred a spirit that he never fully realized, of endeavor to raise and help and live with the poor and suffering. That is a marked and beautiful feature of recent English thought; and if it is less felt in our own country, the reason may be that there is less painfully apparent need for it.

*Julia.* I don't know about that. But we won't discuss it. At all events, we are beginning to see difficulties and feel responsibilities.

*Agatha.* On the whole, the age can be called materialistic only in relation to its worship of machinery and material civilization, and its indifference to the spiritual voices speaking to it and through it. And this indifference is giving way. Within the last twenty, nay, ten years, there is not only a cessation of the confident trumpeting of scientific atheism then in vogue; there is also,

perhaps, a lower tone of boastfulness in regard to the glory of inventions. And while our greatest thinkers, alas! have all left us, there is a world of earnestness and hopeful, active thought in the literature of the day, which testifies to the spirit in which younger writers have taken up the work and continue the teaching. Robert Elsmere, for instance, puts this later religious thought into the mould of fiction.

*Julia.* But what curious forms the reaction assumes, especially here in New England! I almost fear that we are swinging too far the other way. It is amazing to see how prevalent is crude and restless speculation on spiritual themes. Materialism is no longer the danger of ordinary minds. Rather they try to escape from all the limits of time and space and common sense, and fly off into Christian Science, Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, or some other of the curious fads that thicken our atmosphere. A sober-minded person like myself finds it irritating enough to run constantly against these queer scraps of metaphysics, detached from their connection, and each paraded as the entire and spherical truth. Yet I wonder if the diffusion of this sort of thing is not a healthful sign. I'm inclined to think it is, and I rejoice in it.

*Agatha.* Well, I am glad you take comfort in the Theosophy, mind-cure, faith-cure, universal-fad development. It's a reaction from materialism, if you will, but to me it is the reaction of people whose conception of the spiritual and of the essence of spirit is of the crudest and most elementary description.

*Julia.* That is just the encouraging feature: that such people as these should be driven, by the absence of external authority and their inner longing for truth, to seek for some relation — spurious or not does n't affect the point — with the spiritual world. How much would they have cared about it a century ago?

*Agatha.* Then you are glad of the overthrow of religious authority?

*Julia.* I rejoice in the resultant spread of individual effort after the truth. Each individual is likely to reach formulæ cruder and less adequate, I think, than the old formulæ of the consensus of opinion expressed by the Church, or of the world's leaders. Perhaps we shall return to the old expressions, after all. I have so returned, and should be called, curiously enough, less progressive than you, I suppose, in spite of the sides we have been taking in our talk. But at least, to-day each man's faith must be true to himself. The inevitable growth and expansion of society have evolved from within, as a necessary condition, that religious liberty, the guarantee of genuine faith, which Protestantism tried in vain to impose as an arbitrary law from without. Don't you see, then, how these multiform illusions, unsightly though they be, are to me witnesses of the new spiritual era?

*Agatha.* Yes; but has there ever been a time when it was not possible for the individual to look upward and outward, and bring the truth straight to his own heart, and speak from his own revelation? All religions have had their source in that.

*Julia.* Assuredly; but till now the average man has had no impulse to look upward. We must look at the movement of the mass.

*Agatha.* To-day a larger number of people are freed from authority; that is, from the dominant sway of the highest minds. But the two elements which, wrongly used, have gone to make up authority are still in the world, and one day or other must have their own again: the strenuous and deep conviction of the men to whom strong revelations come, imposing itself on other people; and the tendency inherent in the race to follow each other like sheep, and to make the spiritual truth given them a material truth in their interpretation.

*Julia.* You wander round a large circle, Agatha; but you, at least, have returned to your starting-point.

*Agatha.* How so? I hardly see.

*Julia.* You assume that inherent tendencies remain constant, and will always reassert themselves with all their initial power. Of course, on this hypothesis progress is impossible, and our discussion has no ground to stand on. But I deny your assumption, and I've been trying to knock it from under you all the afternoon. I say that we can alter our natures; eradicate some things, grow into others. Humanity was unconsciously and innocently materialistic at first: but the function assigned it as the culminating product of natural evolution was to bridge the gulf between matter and spirit; to reach the reality back of sensuous appearance, conquering the innate lethargy, the force of gravitation, that pulls it constantly earthward.

*Agatha.* Wait a moment. My ambitions are small, low if you will. I don't want to conquer gravitation, to put myself in opposition to any fundamental natural law.

*Julia.* Look at that slender birch gleaming on the hillside opposite, and do not arrogantly assume knowledge of all the possibilities of natural law. Gravitation continues, but organic life appears; and see, the upward growth.

*Agatha.* Skyward, but not to the sky. But all this is theory.

*Julia.* But our talk has been one long appeal to experience. You grant my facts, Agatha; you deny all my inferences. We have said that modern life possesses a breadth and intensity of sympathy never seen before; that, so far as we can judge from the mirror of poetry, the soul of man has gained a new subtlety and sensitiveness, has entered into a new ardor of aspiration: and we see signs around us that all men, not only the favored few, are struggling for this new breadth and height. All this you grant. All of it, except the

last point, you acknowledge to be gain. Even in this last fact, though you find it distasteful, you must recognize progress. It means that religion, like society, is becoming democratic; and we can't escape from democracy, though we be never so fine-spun aristocrats at the shallow heart of us.

*Agatha.* Never before was I stigmatized as an aristocrat!

*Julia.* You are one, though, through and through. All these facts which I allege and you allow move you not one whit from your original assumption. I suppose we must leave the matter there; but I should like to ask you one question, if I may: How can you preserve the good cheer that you always show, the high faith that I know you to possess, in the face of your conviction? You believe that the life of the race simply spins around like a whirligig at a fair, and that humanity in general, whatever may be true of a fortunate individual here and there, knows no advance towards an unseen glory and perfection which shall compensate it for the sordid, degrading, painful life of its earlier generations. Now I know you not selfish, to rest in the hope of personal attainment; not narrow, to hold yourself content with the attainment of a few high and starry spirits. How then do you live? I cannot apprehend you, I cannot understand.

*Agatha.* Do you know, my Julia, that you are urging me to definition of things which I shrink from defining even to myself? I can only answer you in a tentative way. Under all the changes which make up the course of life, the unity of its essential conditions does not seem to me impaired, the truths which underlie it remain the same. If we in this day can enter into and reproduce the lives of the past, it is because we perceive that their battle was the same as ours. In discussion we separate things, to examine and define them; but the silent thought of the soul unites

them. It apprehends a light which is universal. Whether we are to be admitted, either here or elsewhere, to the full glory of that light we cannot tell. As regards this world, I see no reason to expect it, and the other does not concern me yet. But neither of these hopes is necessary to my faith, any more than a miraculous past is necessary. We do not invent faith; we receive it. To each soul that has struggled to be true and to adjust itself to the life before it, there comes, sooner or later, something worthy to be called a revelation; and when that has spoken we have no need to measure the gain. The soul that can say, "I have walked with God to-day," is in no mood for bargaining. He may have revealed only some breath of His spirit, some fragmentary perception of the working of His law. It suffices. To receive this and to assimilate it to our daily life is task and privilege enough. At least for myself I find in such light

enough to make life perennially sacred; and it satisfies my thought of the race to which I belong to know that each man is open to a similar or analogous revelation, and that many can receive more abundantly of the joy than I.

*Julia.* Yes, it suffices. These flashing moments of insight known to ourselves and to the race are indeed inestimably precious. Yet do they reveal nothing? To me, they show a God who cannot rest till each one of His children, till the race that He has made, conform to the image of the Perfect Humanity. I cherish them; for they are foreshadows of the time to come, when not transitory gleams alone shall constitute the light of all our seeing, but when, here on this very earth it may be, we shall live in eternal peace and perpetual light shall shine on us. The sun is setting behind Baldeap, Agatha; see the radiance on the eastern hills. It is the earnest of sunrise. Come, let us go down.

*S. K. & V. D. S.*

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## BOSTON PAINTERS AND PAINTINGS.

### VI.

#### PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

AT the time when Allston and his contemporaries represented native art, it was still the fashion to know and admire the old masters. France had not been discovered, so far as art was concerned. When Boston boys were able to go abroad for study, they went to England and Italy, and, a few years later, to Düsseldorf. In the twenties, "a young artist going to Europe" offered for sale at Cunningham's auction rooms, at the corner of Federal and Milk streets, a collection of pictures which comprised A Woody Landscape, A Wild Landscape, A Grand Romantic Landscape,

and A View in Venice, in Imitation of the Manner of Canaletto. The very titles suggest to the mind's eye what these compositions were, and are in themselves an interesting indication of the prevailing taste sixty years ago. Was not the Grand Romantic Landscape of an amber tone; and is it not morally certain that a babbling green stream, a beetling brown cliff, a waterfall, a ruined castle, and some cottony cumuli, with an opaque forest, peasants, cattle, horsemen, and boats, were the elements constituting the scene? In a word, was it not a warmed-over imitation of Claude, of Ruysdael, and of Thomas Cole? After Cunningham's rooms became the Corinthian Hall Gallery, about 1830, many picture sales occurred there, and it need



astonish no one to find in the catalogues the most comprehensive lists of works by the old masters. Pictures by the great Belgians and Dutchmen were as plentiful as Corots in the auction sales of to-day. The formality of an interrogation point or of an "attributed to" was neglected. After the perusal of a catalogue of the collection of oil-paintings "lately arrived in this country from the galleries of Milan, Venice, etc." (1831), the reader wonders if any works by the old masters are left in those cities. A remarkable preface, full ofrodomontade, explains how it is the most natural thing in the world that a Paul Veronese should have found its way to these shores, accompanied by choice specimens of the handiwork of Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoret, Guido, Murillo, Poussin, Ruysdael, Carlo Dolce, Giulio Romano, Gerard Dow, Pietro da Cortona, Bassano, Netscher, Mengs, Le Brun, and Backhuysen. It is not fair to say that none of these were authentic works, but it is entirely safe to assume that most of them were counterfeits; and surely no one would have dared to offer such wares to any but a very ignorant and isolated community. It was between 1820 and 1850 that our fathers covered their parlor walls with those dreadful Salvator Rosas, Caraccis, Jan Steens, Ostades, and even Raphaels and Correggios, in the genuineness of which they placed such implicit and touching confidence. Even later, many a collection of old masters was sold at auction by Beebe in Tremont Street, where Claudes were often knocked down in pairs, at six to eight dollars each, shining like plate-glass, under a thick new coat of coach varnish, which must have suffered a sad sea-change before very long. Next after the Claudes, Murillos were the most numerous goods in these sales. There have been, from first to last, enough Murillos in Boston to fill a room in the Prado. The history of some of these canvases is curious, but the great

majority of them were no doubt brought home from Cadiz by Yankee sea-captains, who were better judges of navigation than of painting. Occasionally, when some old gentleman has died, and his books and pictures are to be sold, specimens of these forlorn old pictorial humbugs turn up at Leonard's, often in a sad state for want of varnish or by reason of too much of it, and are sold for a song: herein is one of the many disheartening evidences of the skepticism of our time.

Nevertheless there were some genuine old masters among the pictures fetched hither. One of the best and most important of these was a large Wedding Feast in Holland, by Gilles van Tilborg, a painter comparatively little known, which was brought to this country about 1840, and which is still in the possession of a Boston family. It contains about sixty figures, and is in the manner of Brauwer and of Teniers. At the right rise the massive gray walls of a tall stone mansion, from the porch and windows of which several spectators survey the gay scene of merrymaking in the grounds beneath, where the bride, the groom, and their friends joyously celebrate the day by eating, drinking, and conversing in groups about a long table loaded with good things. The figures are painted with such great skill and honesty that each one of them seems to have a special identity and a special interest. So also with the accessories: the very tables, chairs, benches, pots, pans, and dishes, the suggestive and impressive reach of landscape beyond the wedding party, which forms a superb background,—all this is executed so perfectly, so completely, and with so much gusto that it gives instant pleasure to look at it. The work has, in their highest state of development, the solid merits of its school. Tilborg was born in 1625, at Brussels, and was therefore a contemporary of the greatest *genre* masters of the Netherlands. The cir-

cumstances of his life are unknown, but his rare pictures are in the galleries of Dresden, Vienna, Copenhagen, the Hague, and St. Petersburg. Nagler says that he was a follower of Brauwer, but did not equal that master's animation and intelligence. Descamps mentions as an excellent picture a Drinking Fête of Peasants, formerly in the Venice cabinet. In the collection of Live d'Épinay is his *Bean King*, which is called a *chef d'œuvre*. Whatever Tilborg's reputation may be among European amateurs, the picture I have described is truly "*ein Bild der guten alten Zeit*," and a sterling specimen of the greatest school of executants that has existed. In Boston, only the Metsu and the Teniers in the Museum can be mentioned as comparable with it in its own province of art, and both of these are on a smaller scale. The other Dutch and Flemish old masters represented by authentic works in private collections are Rubens, Rembrandt, Hals, Metsu, Ostade, Dow, Potter, and Teniers. Of the other schools, there are genuine paintings by Titian, Tintoret, Giordano, Il Bassano, Guercino, and Andrea del Sarto; Watteau, Greuze, and Boucher; Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, and Constable; and Murillo. Although most of these are of secondary importance, they offer the best testimony of their authenticity on their own faces. The most celebrated of them all is Turner's little canvas commonly known as the *Slave Ship*. This brilliant painting caused a prodigious sensation when it was brought to Boston in 1876, and exhibited in the Museum of Fine Arts. It had been shown to the London public in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1840, where it was catalogued as "*Slaver throwing overboard the dead and dying. Typhoon coming on.*" Ruskin made it famous by writing a description which matched the painting in the brilliancy of its coloring; but he thought it represented the ocean after a storm rather

than before one, and a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* said, "In this we have no doubt he is right." The work was no sooner placed on exhibition in the Museum than a warm controversy regarding its merits broke out, and raged for several weeks in the press. Somebody suggested that the acquisition of a Turner ought to be commemorated, and ventured to say that "in an artistic age the dignitaries of the city would go in a procession to welcome it, and the citizen who had conferred such a boon on his home would be distinguished by some mark of public honor." On the other hand, the painting was ridiculed with more or less cheap wit, and was regarded by the majority with the same emotions that they would experience in contemplating a Chinese puzzle. Thackeray, who considered himself so competent as an art critic that he did not hesitate to attack Raphael, said bluntly, "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous." This was the very state of mind of a vast number of worthy people in Boston. The extravagant tone adopted by some admirers of the picture made the opposition doubly hilarious. The town was divided into two hostile camps, and ink flowed in copious streams. "It is the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted," said George Inness. "It is a painting of moans, and tears, and groans, and shrieks," said a highly imaginative correspondent, who felt authorized by Ruskin's example to go to any lengths. An old salt published a bluff letter, in which he censured the drawing of the fishes, which, he reasoned, must be intended for sharks. I believe he even reckoned the latitude and longitude. The wordy warfare waxed warmer and warmer. The humorous person who could see nothing in the picture but "a yellow cat having a fit in a dish of tomatoes" was a good match for the Englishman who went to Rome, and, on entering the Sistine Chapel, exclaimed to his compan-

ion, "Egad, George, we're bit." Turner's biographer, Thornbury, had but little sympathy for his later works, which he calls "dreams, challenges, theories, experiments, and absurdities." The color he compares to fireworks, "rising sometimes almost to insanity, and occasionally sinking into imbecility." Finally, the ever reasonable, clear-headed, and dispassionate Hamerton thus inclusively sums up the episode: "The warm controversy at Boston about the *Slave Ship* was caused by a feeling of rebellion in some minds too independent to accept dictation from an English critic, whilst others defended the picture as the work of a man of genius who had been roughly treated by the press. An antagonism of this description is good for the fame of an artist, because it makes everybody talk about him, but truth disengages itself only when the noise has ceased and the smoke of battle has passed away."

Until the civil war period, there were only one or two artistic private collections of pictures in Boston. Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, who knew Troyon personally, bought a few of his paintings and one pastel drawing, and, acquiring a Rousseau, a Diaz, and about thirty other works, may be said to have had the finest private collection in town prior to 1860. He and Adolphe Borie, of Philadelphia, were the first persons in the United States who made collections of the best modern French paintings. In 1857, and again three years later, Gambart, the Belgian dealer, who introduced the works of Rosa Bonheur and Edouard Frère to the English and American publics with so much success, brought hither numerous French pictures, and it was then that this class of works began to be known and bought. As early as 1852 or 1853, however, William M. Hunt had begun to buy Millet's paintings in Barbizon, and he persuaded Mr. Martin Brimmer to buy *The Harvesters* (or *The Gleaners*),

which was in the Salon of 1857. When Hunt took the money that Mr. Brimmer had given for *The Harvesters* (twenty-five hundred francs) to Millet, the latter burst into tears, and, holding up one of the five-hundred-franc notes, he said it was the first time in his life that he had had so much money. This, the first important painting brought from France to New England, was considered by Sensier to be finer than anything Millet had yet done, and "had knowledge, a fine style, atmosphere, and modeling." It represents three poor women picking up the stray bits of grain which have been left in the stubble by the farm laborers; in the background are men at work unloading a cart and piling the wheat in great yellow ricks. When Gambart came to Boston the second time, he showed some excellent paintings at the Athenæum. Mr. B. F. Burgess bought from him a fine Troyon, called *The Hay Cart*, depicting a peasant walking by the side of his two sturdy horses, which are drawing a load of hay along a rural highway; and Mr. Benjamin Rotch bought a large landscape with apple-trees in the foreground, by Lambinet. The French landscapes, as may be fancied, made a strong impression upon people of artistic tastes, who had never had a chance to see anything in the way of foreign art except an occasional collection of Düsseldorf pictures at the Athenæum, and once or twice a set of English water-colors. "The German and English pictures did not give me any desire to be a painter," writes an artist, "but I had only to see the French work to set me wild to go to Paris and see more." It was thus that between 1850 and 1860 a few young Boston art students began to flock to Paris, the forerunners of the army that has followed them from all parts of the country.

A gentleman who has since formed "one of the most exquisite cabinets of a special kind of art in the world" began

to collect pictures in Paris in 1860, by the purchase of a Lambinet and a Rousseau. The success of Lambinet in Boston, by the way, has always been out of proportion to his reputation in France; and no private collection has been considered complete without at least one example of his work. Mr. E. Durand-Gréville, who was in Boston in 1886, engaged in preparing a catalogue of French works of art in this country for the Ministry of the Fine Arts, was inclined to make light of many of the Lambinets that he found here, and he included only the most important of them in his report. During the war time several of the best private collections were begun. Mr. Wigglesworth and Mr. Hitchcock were among the first amateurs to buy the works of the modern French masters. The latter acquired a Millet from Hunt, and a fine Rousseau, which he bought from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at a very low price. In 1864, Mr. Hitchcock, on going abroad to reside, sold the most of his pictures to Mr. Henry Sayles, who continued to add to his cabinet by judicious purchases until he had a unique collection, one of the best ever owned in Boston. About twenty of his pictures, fine examples of the greatest French painters, were chosen for him by Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole. Cadart, the French picture-dealer, came to Boston in 1866, and sold the first Corots ever seen in the United States, with the exception of one which Mr. Cole had bought in Paris for Mr. Sayles. Mr. Cole went to France several times between 1865 and 1875 to buy pictures for his friends, among others Mr. Peter C. Brooks, Mr. H. P. Kidder, Mr. Alexander Cochrane, and Dr. H. C. Angell, who have formed admirable collections. In the mean time the picture-dealers had begun to have a lively trade in French paintings, a trade which continued to increase until the duty on foreign works of art was raised to thirty per cent. Lately a large proportion of

the French pictures sold here have not been genuine, and others still are miserable examples. It could hardly be expected that it would be otherwise, considering the temptations set before the merchants by the credulity of their clients, the enormous prices readily obtained, and the limited number of genuine works.

Boston amateurs have never made such extensive, costly, and showy collections as those of the Vanderbilts, Belmonts, and Stewarts in New York, or of Mr. Walters in Baltimore, but the number of good pictures modestly housed in the homes of "the upper ten thousand" of the city is astonishing; and it is a significant fact in the history of art that there was a time when New York dealers who had a good Corot or Courbet were obliged to send it to Boston in order to sell it. It must have been before this era of enlightenment that such collections as that of Mr. Alvin Adams were formed. The sale of this cabinet in 1882 brought to view in an interesting way a wholly different class of pictures. It was commonly said that Mr. Adams, who made no pretense to connoisseurship, formed his collection solely to suit his own tastes, and no doubt this was true. That there are those who do otherwise, permitting a picture-seller to choose their paintings for them, as they permit the upholsterer to select their curtains and draperies, is a fact which accounts for some curious and ludicrous revelations of æsthetic hypocrisy. Mr. Adams had paid high prices for two of Bierstadt's large compositions at the time when the Rocky Mountain school was on the flood-tide of popular favor; and the sudden depreciation in value of such works as *The Lake of Lucerne* and *Among the Sierras* was a startling indication of the change which had come over the public taste. Mr. Adams also had a fervent admiration for the works of Kinder-Meyer and of Verboeckhoven.

The sum total of the sale was not far from sixty thousand dollars, the largest amount ever obtained from the public sale of a private collection of art works in Boston. The best prices were those obtained for Bierstadt's two grandiose panoramas; Meyer von Bremen's trio of pious domestic idyls; Boldini's smart and sparkling single figure entitled *Morning*, in the light manner of *Fortuny*; *Verboeckhoven's* dry *Landscape with Shepherd and Dogs*; *Diefenbach's* *An Unfortunate Meeting*, or *High Life and Low Life*, which portrayed an enraged buck assaulting a four-in-hand team of peaceable goats, driven by children; *Schreyer's* *Winter*, a snowy Russian scene, with a group of sorry horses and a broken-down cart; *M. F. H. De Haas's* *Off to the Rescue*, picturing six heroes in a small boat making for a shipwrecked craft, which they will surely never reach through such a tremendous sea; *Nicol's* *Bothered with the Change*; *Bewer's* *The Lorelei*; *Vernet-Lecomte's* *Castanet-Player*; *Tissot's* *Studio Interior*; *Robie's* *Flowers*; and *J. H. L. De Haas's* *Cattle in the Meadows of Holland*. These names declare with sufficient precision the character of the collection, which was not so important for itself as it was when regarded as a type or an illustration of a certain stage in the development of taste. No picture-buyer becomes a *délicat* in a moment; your full-fledged amateur arrives at maturity by a process of slow growth. Picture-merchants say that they have customers who buy entire new collections to replace old ones at stated intervals, even as the chrysalis sloughs off his outgrown envelope when he emerges a butterfly. The subject first interests in painting. Every one likes a good story while it is new, and some stories are good enough to last.

From *Merle*, *Toulmouche*, *Meyer*, *Fichel*, and *Verboeckhoven*, the collectors of later days passed on by more or less abrupt stages to new and still newer

lights, — to the men who, from neglect and obscurity, forced their way to recognition and supplanted the favorites of a former generation. The transition from bread-and-butter art to caviare has been so rapid as to awaken doubts concerning the sincerity with which such strange novelties as *Monticelli*, *Mauve*, *Maris*, *Jongkind*, and *Boudin* were welcomed. It is a long leap, but there were *Corot*, *Dupré*, and *Rousseau* in the interim, to accustom amateurs' palates to curious and piquant flavors; and it is not altogether impossible to find extremists who already avow openly their admiration for those mad outlaws, the *Impressionists*! There is such a thing as fashion in art, and the Parisian merchant who foresaw the fame of the men of 1830 is now staking his fortune upon the next turn of the tide.

Be the future fluctuations of taste what they may, more than half of the important paintings in the private collections of Boston to-day are modern French works. There are at least five of *Millet's* canvases which may be fairly included in this category, among which *The Sower* is the most celebrated. This rustic subject, painted at *Barbizon*, in 1850, has been generally called the peasant-painter's masterpiece. I am not sure that *Théophile Gautier's* eloquent description had not as much to do with making this picture famous as *John Ruskin's* rhapsody had to do with the celebrity of *Turner's* *Slave Ship*. At all events, *Gautier's* words were so apt and memorable that I need to make no apology for quoting from him: "Night is coming, spreading her gray wings over the earth. The Sower marches with rhythmic step, flinging the grain in the furrow. He is followed by a cloud of pecking birds. He is covered with dark rags; his head by a curious cap. He is bony, swart, and thin under this livery of poverty, yet it is life that his large hand sheds; he who has nothing pours upon the earth, with a superb

gesture, the bread of the future. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow: man's strong and gentle companions, whose reward will one day be the slaughter-house. This is the only light part of the picture, which is bathed in shadow, and presents to the eye, under a cloudy sky, nothing but new-ploughed earth. Of all the peasants sent to the Salon this year, we much prefer *The Sower*. There is something great and of the grand style in this figure, with its violent gesture, its proud raggedness, which seems to be painted with the very earth that the Sower is planting." Five years later Gautier returns to the subject in this strain: "His Sower . . . had a rare grandeur and elevation, though its rusticity was not in the least softened; but the gesture with which the poor laborer threw the sacred wheat into the furrow was so beautiful that Triptolemus, guided by Ceres, on some Greek bas-relief, could not have had more majesty. An old felt hat, all rusty and faded, earth-stained rags, a coarse linen shirt, were his costume. The color was subdued, austere, even to melancholy; the execution solid, thick, almost heavy, without any brilliancy of touch. Yet this picture made the same impression as the beginning of George Sand's *Mare au Diable*, — a profound and solemn melancholy." In spite of all this eloquence no one in Paris would buy *The Sower* at the absurd price of four hundred francs, until Hunt saw it, and promptly secured it. Millet's *Waiting*, painted in 1861, delineated Tobit's parents and their lowly home, and was unmercifully ridiculed. This picture was in the Sayles collection for many years, but has passed into a New York amateur's possession, at about one hundred times the price originally paid for it. Millet's *Ruth and Boaz* (1853) is a very modern version of the Biblical story, and describes a harvest scene in France, wherein the nineteenth-century Boaz

"finds a young gleaner, and leads her blushing to the feast of the country people." (Sensier.) *The Potato Planters* represents a level expanse of country under a flood of bright sunlight, a man and a woman at work in the foreground, and a village in the distance. In the shade of a large apple-tree stands a donkey, and a child sleeps in a basket. *The Sheep Shearer* is best described in Millet's own words. In this picture, he says, "I have tried to express that sort of stupefaction which the sheep feel when they are just sheared, and the surprise of those not yet clipped at seeing such denuded creatures coming among them. I have tried to give a look of rustic comfort to the house, and to make one imagine the yard behind it green, where the poplars are planted to protect the house. In fact, I wished the whole thing to look like an old building full of associations." A writer in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* spoke of the painting as recalling the great works of antiquity, and at the same time of the most solid painting and best color of the Venetian school. Millet's *Pastorale* represents his early manner, and is as beautiful in color as any of his works. It was probably painted prior to the revolution of 1848, and before he retired to the country to devote his pencil to the illustration of rural life. At that period he had much facility. His color was rich, glowing, and fat; his touch was lighter than when he executed the more familiar peasant pictures with which his fame is chiefly associated. Although the works mentioned do not by any means exhaust the list of Millet's pictures, they are the best and the most characteristic specimens.

Why Courbet's *Demoiselles de Village* should be so named it is not easy to say. The picture is a landscape, and though there are two or three maiden ladies in it, they are neither conspicuous nor interesting except as accessories in a rural scene, which is painted with marvelous



truth and vigor. The hats and shawls of these provincial ladies are of a by-gone fashion, which gives to their figures a certain quaintness of aspect that is not unpleasing. The merits of the painting are many and self-evident. It is a portrait of Nature's very face, — a likeness of perfect exactitude, faithful to the last line and tint; so simple that there is nothing to describe, so complete that there is nothing to be added which would not be a blemish. If "good tableaux need no declamation," this great landscape, as modest as the quiet country it depicts, but with something of the granite strength that underlies the verdant meadows, may be said to speak for itself with a singular eloquence.

Among Daubigny's works there are five or six examples of the first order, but *The Cooper's Shop* may be taken as a summing-up of its author's best qualities. Like most of Daubigny's large landscapes, it is a rapidly painted, rough-surfaced work, with the characteristics of a hasty sketch; but beyond these it possesses the solidity, depth, atmosphere, and effect of a completed work when seen at a little distance. It is not easy to perceive how *The Cooper's Shop* could be improved. In its legitimate line it is a masterpiece. The subject is extremely simple and grave: a fine dense old wood, in the twilight, when the last gleams of golden light in the western sky break through the openings among the trees, under which is the humble shop, which gives the picture its name, and some vague figures at work down there in the shadows. It is the broad, simple, sincere work of a great painter, full of manly poetry. Corot's *Forest of Fontainebleau*, for which he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, in 1846, his *View of Rouen*, *Ville d'Avray*, and *Clearing Off, Morning*, are but a few of the best of his very numerous landscapes in Boston. Of Troyon's works, there are at least four which may be rated as particularly interesting

examples, and one as of unquestionable importance. Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Michel, Jacque, and Jules Breton are represented respectively by works worthy of their fame, and with them our list of really great French painters must close.

Is there any doubt of Breton's right to be named in this renowned company? His *Last Ray*, an exquisite poem in color, leaves no room for discussion as to this point. His place is indeed among the last of that line of illustrious artists classed as the School of 1830, whose achievements will be ever considered the chief glory of nineteenth-century art; but it is none the less a legitimate and a high place that Breton's name already occupies. In *Le Dernier Rayon* he has infused the aroma of a lovely pastoral existence; he has realized the unspeakable peacefulness and sweetness of rural life as it should be, — nay, as it is in those rare moments of joy and expansion permitted to the humblest of toilers. Three peasants, seated just outside their home, have been at work in the shade of the dwelling. To them, from the fields, come a man and his wife from their labors on the farm: he trundling a wheelbarrow, she joyously extending her arms to greet a toddling youngster who runs forth to meet her. Back of the returning laborers is a wall, then a group of red-roofed cottages and a few spindling trees. Upon these and upon the faces of the father and mother shines the warm and mellow light of the setting sun, — an effect in the treatment of which Breton is especially happy. If Millet had not lived, it could be said that Breton had discovered a new element of poetry in his art. As it is, his works are somewhat overshadowed by the peculiar gravity and the classical sentiment of the peasant's creations. Breton executes rather better than Millet, but is not so directly inspired, and makes suavity and sweetness take the place of rugged grandeur. There is no



more instructive comparison in modern art than that which may be instituted between these two great artists: the one so accomplished, so lovable, so successful; the other so obscure, poverty-ridden, neglected, and sad, until Death opened the gate for tardy Fame.

A spirited and breezy work by Isabey, *The Embarkation*, time of Louis XIV., which is marked by a very distinguished and personal style, reanimates the gallant epoch of display, adventure, and romance in France. This dramatic page, as the French say, weds interest of subject with interest of execution in an entirely concordant unity. It is a love-match such as one would like to see made more often. I must mention, finally, those French works which, either by their immense size, by their impressive or amusing subjects, by the great reputation of their respective authors, by some incidents associated with them, or by some means more closely related to artistic considerations, have become more or less celebrated. To this class belong Ary Scheffer's *Dante and Beatrice*, Jules Lefébvre's *Salomé*, Alphonse de Neuville's *Capture of a French Spy*, Adrien Moreau's *Concert of Amateurs*, Léon Perrault's *Love and Innocence*, Henri Lerolle's *Potato Diggers*, Gustave Jacquet's *Première Arrivée*, Adolphe Schreyer's *Flight of the Standard-Bearer*, Jean Georges Vibert's *Schism in the Church*.

The Americans come next after the French artists in the number of their important pictures in private collections. As we have seen, the family portraits by Copley, Stuart, and other early painters are very numerous. Several of the most interesting examples of Allston's art are in private houses, and not a few charming old landscapes by Doughty, Thomas Cole, Kensett, *et id genus omne*. Of later and of still living artists, Hunt, Fuller, Johnston, Inness, Homer, Vedder, Lafarge, Cole, and Brown occupy honorable places in the more artistic

cabinets. In the forty collections with which I have some acquaintance, there are less than one fourth which do not contain a respectable proportion of American works, though I have yet to hear of a collection made up exclusively of native productions, like that of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke in New York. Why should a man who loves pictures and is able to gratify his taste confine his attention to the art of a single nation, even his own? Does one buy paintings from motives of patriotism?

The most remarkable American pictures are Hunt's *La Marguerite*, a two-thirds-length single figure of a young woman consulting that infallible oracle of the fields, the simple flower "soch that men callen daisies," painted when the artist was studying under Couture; *The Bathers*, a fine study of the nude, which Mr. Schoff has engraved; *The Gleaner*; and a noble landscape with cattle, which graces the rich collection of Mrs. S. D. Warren; Fuller's *Quadroon*, *Turkey Pasture*, *Fidalma*, and *Winifred Dysart*; and John Sargent's *El Jaleo*, which was the artistic sensation of the year 1882, and describes a gypsy dance in Spain, in the capricious, fantastic, grotesque, and violent style of Goya.

Outside of the Museum of Fine Arts there are but few really important Dutch pictures in the town. Besides the great *Tilborg* which I have described, there is a brown *Violin Player*, by Metsu; a fine modern canvas by Mettling, representing a peasant woman, a little girl, and a dog conveying a flock of sheep homeward along a dusty road in the warm twilight; a good example of Mesdag's spirited marine painting, with a few smaller Mauves, Marises, and Israels. In the English school there are, besides the *Slave Ship* of Turner, some good examples of Hogarth, *Alma-Tadema*, *Boughton*, *Vicat Cole*, and of several famous water-colorists. The German school is inadequately repre-

sented by Becker's Othello and Desdemona, some of A. Achenbach's marines, and some small canvases by Knaus, with a considerable number of Meyer von Bremen's Children-Pictures. Italy, Spain, and Belgium are meagrely represented, too, if we rule out the numerous doubtful "old masters." Pasini's almost perfect Oriental pictures are to be noted among the few modern Italian works which are above mediocrity. The modern men of Spain, Fortuny, Domingo, Madrazo, Ximenez, Zamacois, Rico, a brilliant artistic group, are to be judged solely by a handful of choice little "gems." The highly finished Reception of an Ambassador, by Leon y Escosura, in the Wigglesworth collection, is perhaps of a more popular cast. Rubens's country is scantily accounted for by such men as De Cock, the landscapist, whose fresh green foliage is always a joy to the sight; Clays, the masterly marine painter; Baron Leys, the accomplished historical painter; and Alfred Stevens, daintiest and most delicate delineator of feminine elegance and refinement. There are also some comparatively petty examples of the great Parisian Magyar, Munkacsy; some

beautiful but quite abstruse specimens of that sensuous Italian Parisian, Monticelli; some cold and original illustrative work by the Parisian Poles whose names end in *owski*; and some charming blonde children's heads signed by Edelfelt, the Parisian Finn. Many of the finest pictures mentioned were bought at the memorable sale of the Morgan collection in New York, in 1886, and others were acquired at the sale of the Brown and Wall collections the same year. The owners of the best works of art are very generous, with rare exceptions, in permitting their treasures to be seen; and there has been no time since the opening of the Museum of Fine Arts when there has not been a good loan collection of modern pictures there.

In the foregoing enumeration of works, scarcely any reference has been made to the numerous minor examples of the old and modern masters, of which the bulk of the private collections is naturally composed, since almost all amateurs are like Thackeray, who confessed that he preferred a nice little picture to a "thundering great first-rater."

*William Howe Downes.*

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## WILLIAM WARREN.

WITH the death of William Warren, at Boston, on the 21st of September, 1888, the line of leading American comedians of the old school came almost to an end, Mr. John Gilbert alone surviving as their representative. Mr. Warren's career as an actor, beginning in 1832, and continuing for an exact half century, covered nearly all the period within which the stage of America has a history large enough to reward the pen of a chronicler. When he made his first histrionic venture, — at the

Arch Street Theatre of Philadelphia, in the earlier year above named, — there were not thirty theatres in the United States, and only a few hundred actors; now the theatres are counted by hundreds, and the profession numbers its thousands. Fifty years ago there was a narrow but orderly stock system, under which plays were presented by actors in residence, who sometimes supported a visiting artist, but generally filled, or were expected to fill, the public eye without the added light of "stars;"

now there are a bare dozen or so of regular stock companies, but scores upon scores of "stars," who rush over the country, trailing their "troupes" behind them. In 1832 the theatre depended for its maintenance principally upon a small wealthy upper class; now it is the occasional distraction of the few, and affords a chief, eagerly devoured pabulum of entertainment to the many. In and through all these changes, Mr. Warren, almost inexperienced in any other professional life than that of a comedian in the Museum stock company in Boston, steadily grew in skill and in reputation, until, at the zenith of his fame and his force, — say in the year 1870, — he was recognized as the first, or next to the first, of American humorous actors: and here he fairly sustained himself, even when the tide of fashion began a little to set against him; even when his power as an artist, with his bodily strength, was on the wane; even to the end of his public career.

Through Mr. Warren's life it is possible to read the whole inner history of the theatre in America, to trace the causes of the general poverty and abortiveness of our stage, to discover the secret of its few but brilliant triumphs, to cast the horoscope of its future. I have no idea of setting myself this task in terms, but any fairly intelligent discussion of Mr. Warren's achievement as an actor must have some of the large outlook just now indicated. At the outset, his lineage and blood relationships tell the familiar tale of the peculiar power of heredity to give the histrionic bent. He was the son of an English actor and an American lady of an acting family, and counted among his near relatives a father, an aunt, four sisters, and many nieces, nephews, and cousins who attained good position upon the stage, Joseph Jefferson being one of the cousins in the second degree. It was at first intended that he should be a merchant, and he was educated for

a mercantile life; but when, at the age of twenty, his own tastes and the needs of his father's household sent him on the stage, he had already begun to be a cultivated gentleman, as his letters of that date demonstrate. Thenceforward, as long as he lived, he was assiduous in educating himself, both broadly and generously as a man and minutely and technically as an actor. He is to be regarded in a special sense as representative of that small class of American actors whose natural aptitudes have been developed under the refining and chastening influences of a careful culture. I deliberately use the word "culture" and its modifying adjective, although I am aware how wide a gulf separates any professional training possible to an American performer of this century from the training of a modern French player of high grade, — a gulf which only genius can overpass. To an actor like M. Coquelin, matured under the tutelage of the *Comédie Française*, in a school which perfects the pupil's enunciation and his pronunciation; which makes him master of gesture; which trains his eye, his hand, his foot, and every joint in his body; which clarifies his intelligence and refines his taste, strengthens his judgment and deepens his intuition, all in the light of a splendid tradition, through definite methods approved by the success of generations of graduates and applied at the hands of artists skilled to make artists, — to such a one the means of technical education accessible to Mr. Warren must seem poor indeed. Yet these means were not despicable. They included a tradition inferior to that of the *Théâtre Français*, yet of much intrinsic worth, handed down through a long series of English actors, who, in spite of a certain subservience to dry conventionalism, had honest notions of an artist's duty to his art and his patrons, clear ideas concerning the classic British drama and the scope and possibilities of its characters,

and strong convictions as to the value of industry, patience, and study to the ambitious player. There was no school *eo nomine* in which these notions were inculcated, none in which even the rudiments of the histrionic art could be acquired. But the old-fashioned stock company, with its dignity, its respect for achieved distinction, its strict regimen, its abundantly afforded opportunities for observation, imitation, and criticism, and its thoroughly professional atmosphere, was a not wholly inadequate substitute for such a school. Indeed, to an exceptionally apt and earnest learner, it supplied all that was quite essential in preliminary training. From every rational point of view it had a distinct, calculable value, and, narrow as it was, it wrought some large and worthy results. How worthy those results were can be fully realized only after an inspection of the present chaos of the American stage. It is a chaos with a few well-regulated corners, — a chaos out of which a beautiful order, I devoutly believe, is presently to be born; but, viewed as a whole, it must also be described — saving your presence! — as pandemonium. On the one hand, a crowd of self-denominated “stars,” shining for the most part by virtue of some single presumed success, respectful of no law but the law of demand and supply, and shaking their dollars in the face of the public as a refutation of the timid criticisms of judicious spectators; on the other hand, a throng of “supporting” players, many of them honest, earnest, and clever, but hopeless of obtaining the instruction which they need, nearly all utterly confused on every important question of taste, and distracted by the shifty, inconsistent demands of a fickle public and irresponsible newspaper criticism, — this is a spectacle which might move the least conservative observer to join the ranks of the praisers even of our meagre past time.

As a member of a few stock com-

panies and of several strolling troupes, managed substantially in accordance with stock-company tradition, playing both tragic and comic parts, but constantly gaining in position, and gradually eliminating characters of tragedy from his repertory, Mr. Warren, through fifteen years of hard apprenticeship, labored in his vocation, until, in 1847, he entered, as “low comedian,” into the service of the Boston Museum, there to remain, with a break but for a single twelvemonth, for thirty-five consecutive years. What a record of his persistent, intelligent toil is afforded by this period! It would be incredible if it were not vouched by simple arithmetic. Thirteen thousand three hundred and forty-five performances of five hundred and seventy-seven characters! The old fairy and Arabian Nights spectacles; The Children of Cyprus, with Adelaide Phillipps as Cherry (French “Cheri”), in the untrained freshness of her youth and her voice; The Enchanted Harp, and Horse, and Beauty, Aladdin, and The Forty Thieves, all melodious with Mr. Tom Comer’s tinkling music; Uncle Tom’s Cabin, with Mr. Whitman as the venerable hero, Mrs. Vincent, slender and young, as Cassy, Mr. Warren as the interpolated “Yankee” absurdity, Penetrate Partyside, and the clever Miss Gazinski, just graduated from the ballet, as Topsy; the lesser anti-slavery plays which further marked the growing sentiment of the North; the dramatic versions of Dickens, which followed hard upon the success of his novels; the steadily presented and steadily patronized old English comedies, and the old-fashioned farces, with their vast variety of theme and monotonous loudness of treatment; the translations of the plays of the brilliant modern French dramatists; the sudden ephemeral success of T. W. Robertson’s pieces, of Henry J. Byron’s, and Albery’s, and the like; and the uncouth dramatic webs of domestic homespun, wherewith the popular

taste compelled Mr. Warren often to endue himself. The mere setting down by suggestion of a title of the catalogue makes a little history of the drama, over which every Bostonian may renew his youth, and laugh, cry, or philosophize by turns. The terrible strain of body and mind put upon a leading actor under such conditions of labor can hardly be realized by any one who has not studied the subject. The demands made upon the player's health, endurance, memory, nimbleness, and intelligence are imperious and enormous to a degree often approaching the incredible. The resulting discipline, it may be said, is, of course, proportionally great. That statement is true, but its truth needs examination and qualification. Every kind of active life is disciplinary, but active workers profit by their lives in very different ways. The memory would certainly be well trained in a career like Mr. Warren's; but is it certain that the taste and the judgment would be equally profited? Observation of many actors will make the answer doubtful. The popular comedian of a stock company, even in a city which pronounces itself cultivated, is beset, as an artist, by a thousand perils and temptations; and to pluck the flower, safety, out of the thickly springing nettle, danger, marks the high quality of the man and the actor. Aside from the hazards of popularity and of contact with audiences whose noisier members are pretty sure to be blind to the finest part of the actor's performance, and quite likely most to applaud his less worthy work, there is the continuous peril of handling poor dramatic material. Before this danger common players generally succumb; even good ones frequently. It is natural that the dyer's hand should be subdued to what it works in. When one thinks of the vast quantity of literary rubbish with and in which Mr. Warren was obliged to deal, one's respect for his artist-fibre becomes profound. The

actor who could, with great popular acclaim, impersonate Penetrate Partyside, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, two hundred and forty-eight times; Jefferson Scattering Batkins, in *The Silver Spoon*, two hundred and forty-six times; and Mr. Bitterscotch, in *The Guv'nor*, one hundred and thirty-four times, and yet keep his æsthetic poise and his professional fineness and integrity, must be a comedian indeed. Even on the more legitimate lines the comedian's art was threatened, for conventionalisms bristled on the tradition of the old and standard comedies, and exaggeration, self-consistent and in the line of nature, but extreme, was of the essence of the old-fashioned farce. From all these and other perils Mr. Warren escaped with practically little harm. Always knowing and preferring the best, he yet found a way to grow both in dexterity and in sensibility even when his hand was set to ignoble tasks. From the beginning to the end of his career he embodied the spirit of the true histrionic artist, whose concern for himself and his audience is habitually subordinated to a reverent concern for his art.

There is little difficulty, I think, in determining Mr. Warren's rank as an actor among recent American comedians. That his place is very high in the first order will be generally conceded. Precisely to fix his position within that order is a rather invidious task; but "I persuade myself to speak the truth; shall nothing wrong" his illustrious rivals, living or dead. The names of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John Gilbert, the late Mr. E. A. Sothorn, and Mr. John S. Clarke at once suggest themselves as the only contestants with Mr. Warren for the first place. Mr. Clarke, who has almost lost his American reputation by his long absences from this country, ranks highest in the list in respect of the gift of pure drollery, in that sort of humorous power which is always *bizarre*, and which shows its keen perception of the truth

of nature by the perfection of its skill in caricaturing nature. But the eccentricity of Mr. Clarke's talents, besides being the source of their peculiar charm, is the exponent of their incompleteness. Almost the same judgment may be passed upon Mr. Sothorn, even while one recognizes his marvelous cleverness, and recalls, with inextinguishable delight, the uniqueness of that skill which made a single impersonation the delicious epitome of most of the fatuities and stupidities that attend the mind of man in its duller moments. Mr. Gilbert is the only one of the present race of players who vies with Mr. Warren as a general actor of comedy; and while I fully recognize his great merit, and confess the superiority of his singular ease and freshness of style, I must assert his inferiority to Mr. Warren in the higher essentials of delicacy, of insight, of breadth, and of imaginative power. Mr. Jefferson alone remains, and it is as nearly impossible to compare him with Mr. Warren as to weigh a sonnet of Shakespeare against a comedy of Goldsmith. The loftier genius of the creator of Rip Van Winkle must be conceded; it is comparatively narrow, but it is a tongue of flame which pierces to the sky. No other American comedian has a gift comparable to this in its kind. But in scope, in variety, in wealth of dramatic resource, in largeness and adaptability of method, even Mr. Jefferson must yield — indeed, he would be the first to yield — the palm to his cousin and elder. Mr. Jefferson I recognize, therefore, as the greatest genius among our modern comedians, while for Mr. Warren I claim the title of first artist. Of Burton, Blake, Finn, and other prominent actors of an earlier time I cannot speak with personal knowledge, and must leave the duty, if there be one, of ranking Mr. Warren among them to critics "older in practice" as well as "abler than" I for such comparisons.

Mr. Warren's physique was always an important factor in his playing, and even off the stage it was very remarkable. Many of my readers will remember him "in his habit as he lived," especially when he was in the fullness of his late manhood, and can testify how conspicuous, in spite of his careful modesty, was his tall, substantial figure, as he moved with easy deliberation through the streets of Boston, his refined and thoughtful face characterized by habitual gravity, but swift in response to a thought from within or a salutation from without, his manner the most unaffectedly elegant and distinguished which Boston had known since the day of Edward Everett. It was sometimes said, by way of adverse criticism upon him, that he was always himself, and that his personality was always recognizable in his assumptions. A like comment has been made upon Coquelin, to which Mr. Henry James, in his brilliant paper upon the French actor, replied with exquisite aptness that the "extreme definiteness and recognizableness, as it were, of the performer's execution, of his physical means, above all of his voice," did indeed so distinguish his personality that it was unmistakable, — fortunately, and to the advantage of the spectator. Nearly all of Mr. James's quoted sentence might well be used for a retort courteous in Mr. Warren's behalf, though it is to be admitted that the American comedian's tones were sometimes disagreeably stentorian, — probably because of his almost incessant performance of farcical characters during the greater part of his professional life, — and that the high finish of his style sometimes produced a brief effect of hardness. But his voice was very pleasant in quality and wonderfully varied and sympathetic in its intonations, and the brilliant mobile expressiveness of his countenance has seldom been surpassed upon the stage.

Mr. Warren's style as an actor was

so broad, and full as to be hard to describe. Devoid of eccentricities and extravagances, it lacked, like a perfectly proportioned building, the salient peculiarities which at once catch the eye. To his work he brought the true plastic temperament of the actor, a rich native vein of humor, the power of keen and sympathetic observation, a delicate sense of proportion, a strong intelligence, varied culture, and that devoted love for his art which made unresting industry mere delight. The flower of these gifts and virtues was a style which united exceptional vividness, force, and sensibility with a fine reserve and an unflinching observance of the modesty of nature. An exact adaptation of means to ends, inspired by precise knowledge of the need of every moment, steadily distinguished his performance. But his precision was almost never mechanical; there was seldom the briefest observable interval between his intent and the result; on the contrary, his playing showed that complete fusion of thought and deed which made analysis of his art impossible until the art had wrought its due effect upon the feeling of the spectator. Such an actor is born, rather than made; yet Mr. Warren afforded a striking proof of the high value to the performer of a clear, vigorous intellect and of superior cultivation. The mimetic gift, the plastic temperament, and *vis comica* are two thirds of an actor's equipment and *effectif*, but they are not the whole. If they were all, Mr. Dixey and Mr. N. C. Goodwin, Jr., would be the first of American comedians, and not — what they are. Critics of acting, it must be said, have suffered the words "intellect," "intelligence," and "intelligent" to become badly demoralized in their hands; they have even used those words when no other complimentary verbiage could be conjured up, to characterize the playing of actors who lack both inspiration and technical skill, but who so speak their lines that it seems possi-

ble they are not wholly devoid of an idea of the author's meaning. But the penetrating intelligence which marked Mr. Warren's work was nothing short of this: a just appreciation of every quality and trait, of every light and shade, in the character represented, in the first place; then, a clear understanding of every speech and situation connected with the part; with these, a constant yet mercurially sensitive recognition of the relation of every line of the dialogue, not only to every other line, to the situation of the moment, and to every other situation, but to the entire character and to the development which it was undergoing. The want of such intelligence — of any intelligence, indeed, remotely approximating this — in most of the uninformed actors and actresses, who now figure both as "stars" and "supporters" upon the American stage, is acutely felt by every good observer. The playing of these ladies and gentlemen is full of sheer mistakes, quite aside from its faults of style; they do not comprehend the demand which the character or the text makes upon them, so that even the expressive power — when they possess it — is of comparatively little value to them. The result is a series of false touches, inexactnesses, and inconsistencies, of which a hundred may be noted in an evening. Scores of performers, who lack, through native defect or imperfect education, this true informing intelligence, go blundering through a long career, gaining something in facility, but in little else, depending for all their meagre success upon their occasional spasmodic effectiveness in making "points." Sometimes they thrive in spite of their deficiencies, but, as a rule, the more critical portion of their audience suffers through their mistakes a continued irritation, which is not the less disagreeable because its sources are not always clearly seen. Two of the actors best known upon our stage, who best illustrated, on



different lines of performance, the artistic value of the higher form of intelligence, were Miss Adelaide Neilson and Mr. Warren. Each of them stood for histrionic knowledge and training as against histrionic charlatanism; and the signal success of each is a proof that the public is by no means devoid of the better power of discrimination.

Mr. Warren's generous culture, besides fulfilling the great functions of refining and elevating his style, made his performance delightful through its perfection in details. His enunciation of English was most clean and pure, his pronunciation elegantly correct. His Latin was faultless, even in the ticklish point of "quantity." His French was acceptable to keen Paris-trained ears. His dressing was practically above criticism, and its faultlessness was the product, as may well be supposed, of scrupulous care and study, as well as of natural taste and minute technical drill. I recall, through association with the thought of his costume, a remarkable bit of criticism, which will be apropos here. With Rachel, on her visit to America in 1855-6, came M. Leon Beauvallet, as *jeune premier* of her company and historiographer of the expedition. On his return to Paris he published a thick duodecimo, entitled *Rachel and the New World*, which is one of the liveliest books of travel ever written by a lively Frenchman. His strictures upon American life and manners were much after the style of John Bull et son Ile, and were a queer and piquant mixture of flippancy, ignorance, and shrewdness. But of acting he was a keen and lucid critic, educated in the high Parisian school, familiar with all the best performance of the Parisian stage. On the first Saturday afternoon of the company's first season in Boston, Rachel played Adrienne Lecouvreur at the Boston Theatre, and M. Beauvallet, being "out of the bill," repaired with much curiosity to the Museum to see

Adrienne, the Actress, cast with Miss Eliza Logan as the heroine and Mr. Keach as Maurice de Saxe. He found the performance, as a whole, anything but to his taste, and expressed his displeasure with unsparing frankness. But of Mr. Warren he said this: "Mr. W. Warren, who plays the rôle of Michonnet, has seemed to me *exceedingly remarkable.*" (Italics in the original.) "He acted the part of the old stage manager with veritable talent, and I have applauded him with the whole house." And after a sweeping expression of disgust concerning the performers' anachronisms in dress, he was careful to add, "I do not allude to Mr. Warren, who was irreproachably costumed."

Next to the fine precision and justness which characterized Mr. Warren's style, his versatility denoted his distinction as an artist. His range as a comedian has certainly not been surpassed upon the English or American stage. For pathos his gift was scarcely less remarkable than for humor, his touch showing, perhaps, not his greatest facility, but the method being always delicate and the feeling pure and genuine. Yet it was not only upon the broad and deep lines that Mr. Warren excelled. In the art of swift and subtle insinuation, in the power to display mixed or conflicting emotions, he had no rival upon our stage. It seems almost absurd to cite instances of this skill, since many of my readers can remember a thousand such. But I recall two remarkable and well-contrasted illustrations of his gift in this kind, one of which was used by Mr. George B. Woods in a sketch of Mr. Warren, printed several years ago. In the English version of Sardou's *Fernande*, Mr. Warren played the part of De Pomerol, a middle-aged French *avocat*, good-natured, keen, faultlessly well bred. He is conversing in a Paris gaming-house with a lady of dubious reputation, who gossips about a friend. She

describes this friend's behavior as intolerably scandalous, and to point her criticism adds, with a direct appeal to De Pomerol, "Now, *I* don't set up for a prude." The intonation and coloring of his quiet reply, which came neither too quick nor too slow, "Certainly not!" were something to enjoy for a lifetime: frank assent, with perfect courtesy of tone and manner, yet beneath all — a parenthesis within a parenthesis, as Mr. Woods happily put it — the sharp sarcastic thrust of the man of the world, who understood his interlocutor, and meant she should fully recognize his knowledge. In contrast with this passage I note a phrase in one of the early scenes of *Masks and Faces*. Triplet, the unpopular actor and starving dramatist, comes with tremulous confidence to learn the news of a supposed triumph in authorship, and in a brief soliloquy comments on his success: "I knew it was sure to come, soon or late, and it *has* come, — late." It was worth a long journey to hear and see Mr. Warren speak these fifteen words, — to observe the brisk cheerfulness with which every syllable up to the last was said, the hopeful spirit of the volatile man inspiring his tongue on the first glimpse of good fortune; then the sudden pause, the fetching of a sigh, and the utterance — in a changed key, in a lower tone, with a deep cadence interrupted by a half sob — of the single word "late." A remembered year of disappointment, of famine, of heart-hunger, of bitter shame and pain because of suffering wife and children, all borne to the ear and heart of the listener upon a single breath!

Mr. Warren's wide range as an actor has already been referred to, and, in the almost hopeless attempt to indicate the varied quality of his talents, a selection from his impersonations must be made which shall give some hint of his extraordinary versatility. A hint it can be, and nothing more. The artist who could represent with almost equal skill

and professional sympathy Pillicoddy and Touchstone, Jacques Fauvel and Polonius, John Duck and M. Tourbillon, Mr. Ledger and Michonnet, Templeton Jilt and Jesse Rural, Sir Harcourt Courtly and Tony Lumpkin, Goldfinch and Sir Peter Teazle, can be about as well compassed in a meagre essay as the pictures of the Vatican in a newspaper column. But I propose to sketch in a few lines five of Mr. Warren's most marked assumptions, which illustrate respectively his skill in English farce, in comedietta, in modern French drama, in Shakespeare's comedy, and in standard English comedy.

The John Peter Pillicoddy of Mr. Warren was almost worthy to be called a great creation. The old-time farce, which has nearly been superseded by burlesque and extravaganza, had a real artistic reason for being. It had the same place in the drama that humorous caricature has in painting, and served a like purpose. Farce simply took a natural human feeling or habit, magnified and intensified it, and showed how amusing a man might be who was entirely under its control. Mr. Pillicoddy is a nursery gardener and seedsman, a beautifully perfect specimen of the small but prosperous English Philistine. He is devotedly fond of his wife, who was the widow of a sea-captain named O'Scuttle, and all his spirit is possessed by a dread that Mrs. Pillicoddy's "first," who was supposed to have been drowned at sea, may turn up and claim his spouse. His fear soon has something substantial to feed on, for a Captain O'Scuttle does turn up and demand a wife, and the action is occupied simply with the display of Mr. Pillicoddy's emotions until he discovers that he is dealing with his predecessor's brother, and not with the predecessor himself. Absurd as the character is, it fairly glowed with life as well as drollery in Mr. Warren's hands. The farcical force of the scare was irresistible, and Pillicoddy's subjection to it,

body and soul, was so complete as to lay vigorous hold upon the spectator's imagination. The part, as he played it, was a sort of Sir Giles Overreach, humorously inverted. And, aside from this, Mr. Warren's John Peter was a delicious representative of the British *bourgeois* tradesman, timid, good-natured, obstinate, bombastic, narrow, and at once shrewd and credulous. The relations of the humbler English middle class to its servants, the dress, manners, habits, extravagances, economies, and pettinesses of that class, all seemed to be epitomized in Mr. Warren's performance, and could be learned from it as well as from a volume of John Leach's sketches. His acting was even more than worthy of the play, which is a gem of its kind, and from its opening scene, where the shop-woman, Sarah, comments upon the sea-captain's remark that he "had been detained by the *currents*," "Oh! not quite ripe, I suppose," to Mr. Pillicoddy's attempt to commit suicide with poppy seeds, which "when taken incessantly for several weeks produce instant death," is as self-consistent as a tragedy of Shakespeare.

In sharp contrast with Mr. Pillicoddy was M. Tourbillon, the usher of the boarding-school which supplies the personages for the admirable *petite comédie*, To Parents and Guardians. Mr. Warren's impersonation of this character was uniquely and delicately picturesque, being informed with a subtle humor, which in its drollest moment was near to pathos, and in its saddest phases touched the very secret place of tears. A member of the French *noblesse*, impoverished, exiled, bereaved, M. Tourbillon earns his bitter bread in disciplining a bear-garden of English school-boys and teaching them his language. The squalor of the old man's lot was brought out by Mr. Warren with just and vivid realism. He talked a dialect of French-English, which was pitifully and comically quaint; his face was

worn, his figure thin and bent, his dress as shabby as it was neat; his temper, sadly soured by petty trials, was querulous and irascible. Yet with and through all the high-bred gentleman was evidenced by a thousand exquisite touches, stirring even the crass school-boy consciousness; and I believe that many of my readers will, upon the mere suggestion, feel an old-time choking in their throats, as they recall the old man's passion for his native land, his heart-sick yearning for his lost daughter, — the sad yet strong vibration of the words, "Ma belle France!" and the tender stress of voice which lingered like a caress on every syllable of "Ma fille! Ma chère fille!"

M. Jacques Fauvel, the chief personage in *Le Centenaire* of MM. D'Ennery and Plovier, played in English under the name of One Hundred Years Old, is not so subtle a character creation as M. Tourbillon, but is painted in a larger way and appeals to a wider sympathy. Mr. Warren's portraiture of the venerable man had almost every charm which a fine sense of humor, a close observation of life and men, and a broad dramatic style could give to a work of art. His reproduction of M. Fauvel's physique was in itself a masterpiece, the vigor of the centenarian's natural powers, which a life of purity and temperance had permitted to remain in a sort of shadow or reflection, being suggestively mixed with that feebleness which showed the hour of dissolution to be near. In the exhibition of M. Fauvel's mental processes Mr. Warren's art was even more distinct, and I recall with a delight as fresh as yesterday's the scenes in which the mind of the remarkable hero displayed both his age and its native quality; its first dullness in seeing a new idea, then its slow gathering up of its forces as it gradually but surely recovered its penetration and adjusted its intellectual object-glasses, and the final intuitive flash when it was fully

aroused by the electric excitement of a great emergency. The spirit, also, of the old man was indicated with equal fullness and fineness, and the modern stage has scarcely shown a more lovely figure, a soul more beneficently rich in its sweet maturity, than that of Mr. Warren's Jacques Fauvel.

The satisfying fullness and completeness of Mr. Warren's Dogberry made it a matter for regret that the public had so few opportunities to see him in Shakespearean parts. It is vain, and I may say insolent, for an ill-trained or unread actor to essay the character of the chief constable of Messina. To get a thorough mastery merely of the meaning of his text would be a parlous undertaking for many a comedian whom I could name. Mr. Warren was, of course, equal to this as to every other labor involved in the true performing of the part. His Dogberry reproduced the humorous wealth and life of the great original adequately, easily, with clear intelligence, with imaginative insight. The largeness of Dogberry's vanity, his ponderous good humor, his mental poverty simulating opulence, the slow crassness which has such a glorious faith in its own subtlety; his profound concern for the dignity of his person, his place, and his years; and with these the solid English honesty of purpose, which the critics have generally overlooked, but upon which the *dénoûment* of *Much Ado About Nothing* directly depends, were all shown with generous, delicious amplitude in Mr. Warren's assumption.

The part with which, on the whole, Mr. Warren was most closely associated during the last ten years of his professional life was Sir Peter Teazle. His assumption of that character was not more remarkable than many another of his efforts in displaying the reach, variety, and sympathy of his art, but it had such a roundness, such perfect proportions, such exquisite finish, that I am not disposed to question the general ver-

dict which proclaims it to have been his masterpiece. This impersonation stands out even more sharply than his vivid etching of Sir Harcourt Courtly, who, in Mr. Warren's portraiture, was vain as a peacock, selfish as Iago, shallow, unscrupulous, affected, a fop whose refinement was a polished veneer as hard as adamant and a thousandth of an inch deep, whose gallantry was a peculiar compound of Don Juan's and Sir Roger de Coverley's. Mr. Warren's figure, as, with deliberate step, he first entered upon the scene in *The School for Scandal*, clad in an incomparable suit of pale green and gold, the anxious cast of his strong, expressive face, the carebetokening droop of his head, made a picture which many of us have not the power, even if we had the desire, to efface from our memory. As that picture rises before me, I hear again the quietly intense delivery of the opening lines, whose mode of utterance struck the keynote of the whole performance: "When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?" Some good critics, some of the best, indeed, of the largest American city, took exception to the lack in unctuousness in Mr. Warren's Sir Peter. A thousand thanks to the artist who practically eliminated that quality from the chief personage of the piece! The older comedies of this and the previous century are filled, to the point of nausea, with the men of beef and brawn; and one of these men, Sir Oliver Surface, is enough for Sheridan's best play. I have little reverence for the author of *The School for Scandal*, but his extreme cleverness seems to me to deserve at least the tribute of the actor's wisest and largest skill. Mr. Warren, by his interpretation of Sir Peter, builded better, perhaps, for Sheridan than Sheridan meant to build for himself. The player certainly made a distinct addition to the literature of the drama without defying the writer of the comedy. The text

may, without straining, be held to indicate a character whose cynical wit, careful scrupulousness, and extreme sensitiveness ally it to the modern type of gentleman. And upon this theory he was represented by Mr. Warren, who, while he obeyed the plain instruction of the dramatist, and made Sir Peter opinionated, testy, somewhat tyrannical, irritable, and not unerring in his judgments of men, saw also to the bottom of the author's thought, set out in strong and tender colors the manliness, probity, gentleness, and magnanimity of Sir Peter's nature, and made his wit and humor so significant of goodness and wisdom that, despite his weaknesses, he commanded entire sympathy and almost untinted admiration. This was a worthy triumph for Mr. Warren's art, and justified greater enthusiasm than any mere faultlessness of detail. It was interesting to see how, as Mr. Warren grew older, his assumption of this part grew more and more sober and touching; and it may be admitted that toward the last of his career its sobriety took an almost excessive sombreness of tone.

From Mr. Warren's career it is easy to draw a long lesson of warning and encouragement for the American stage. There is not, it seems to me, a temperament so finely fitted for the actor's art as that which has been developed in this country through the influences of climate, race-mixture, and popular education. The typical American appears to combine Anglo-Saxon phlegm and weight with Celtic alertness and sensibility. He ought to be able — indeed, he has already in many instances shown the ability — to unite, as an actor, the seri-

ousness and profound passion of the one race with the delicacy and swift precision of the other. To make the model player he needs only to be instructed. What personal painstaking, supplemented by the best teaching of his time, could accomplish for an American actor, who was also to the manner born, Mr. Warren has shown. It seems possible that now a better day is about to dawn upon our stage, and that the worthy seeker for histrionic honors will look not much longer in vain for the school or the master that is to educate him in his great and difficult art. It is to be added that Mr. Warren's contentment with the comparatively inglorious and retired career of a stock actor undoubtedly contributed to his attainment as an artist. To one of his mould the conditions were favorable. In his quiet corner, under the sun of steady popular and critical favor, his powers developed freely, equally, naturally; suffering neither the violent chills nor the furious fervors of a wandering professional life, and uncramped by the money-catching spirit which stunts the growth of so many performers.

It will not be deemed impertinent, I hope, for me to close by saying that Mr. Warren lived as he played. Such as he was as an artist he was as a man. Modest, gracious, refined, scrupulous, earnest, sincere, gentle in his judgments of others, unsparing in his criticism of himself, he led a life which not only matched, but inspired and sustained, his work. His life, too short, as is ever the artist's life, has ended, but his art must reach far beyond his day in its influence for the true, the beautiful, and the good. "Vir nullâ non donandus lauro!"

*Henry A. Clapp.*

## A CONVENT SCHOOL OF THE LAST CENTURY.

DURING the greater part of the eighteenth century, two famous convents disputed the palm of popularity in Paris as places of education for the daughters of the highest nobility. These were the Abbaye de Penthemont, and the Abbaye aux Bois in the Rue de Séve, known since the Revolution as the Rue de Sévre. St. Cyr, founded by Madame de Maintenon to furnish gratuitous instruction to girls of poor but noble families, was already out of favor, and contained but a pitiful sprinkling of scholars, while the two fashionable convents were crowded to excess.

It was in the month of December, 1771, that a little pupil entered the Abbaye aux Bois, who, happily for us, had a turn for keeping a diary. Her copy-books are still extant, — a pile of small volumes bound in faded black leather and levant morocco, written in ink which has grown pale with time, and with saucy, childish caricatures adorning the margins of their pages. The earlier records are in a large, almost illegible round hand, which in the later ones changes to precision and elegance. The childish entries, almost infantile in their simplicity, relating to cats and punishments and goodies, and the scrapes into which temper and greediness led the little narrator, give place in their turn to description and analyses of a very mature sort for so young an observer. These droll little *cahiers* afford a glimpse of the educational ideas of the time and of the interior life of a great convent, such as no other record has given us or could give. It is an epoch in civilization depicted by a child. Only a child could be so audaciously frank, only a child of remarkable parts so discriminating and analytical.

This small journalist was the Princesse Hélène Massalski, of a renowned

Lithuanian family. Her uncle and guardian, the Prince-Bishop of Wilna, having embroiled himself with the Russian authorities during the Polish outbreak in 1768–1770, found it convenient to leave hastily for Paris, taking his niece with him. She was just eight years old when she entered as a pupil of the Abbaye aux Bois.

The inmates of the convent at that time included sixty-three professed nuns, one hundred and four lay sisters, one hundred and seventy-eight *pensionnaires*, eight novices, and four spiritual directors. For the accommodation of this large family an immense establishment was kept up, with innumerable school-rooms, chapels, refectories, dormitories, an infirmary (often required), a pharmacy, a library occupying three enormous rooms, gardens, cloisters, guest-chambers, a theatre, — everything on a profuse scale. The abbess's *appartement* alone consisted of eleven rooms, besides quarters for her attendants. The professed sisters were all of high rank, and among their pupils the noblest families of France were represented.

“It was on a Thursday that I entered the *abbaye*,” writes the small eight-year-old Hélène. “Madame Geoffrin, the friend of my uncle, took me in, and led me to the parlor of Madame l’Abbesse, which was very pretty, all in white and gold. There Madame de Rochehouart met us, and La Mère Quatre Temps, who was head teacher of the younger class, in which I was to be placed. They were so good as to say that I was tall for my age and a pretty child, and that my hair was beautiful; but I uttered not a word in reply, because I had forgotten all my French during the long journey I had lately taken. I understood very well what was said to me, however. After Madame Geoffrin went

away they took me to another room, and the abbess, who was dressed in blue and white damask, put on my convent dress. When I saw that it was black, I began to weep so bitterly that they made haste to pacify me with blue ribbons and a quantity of sweetmeats, assuring me that in the abbaye they had nice things like that every day.

“Unfortunately, I heard them say, as they petted me, ‘Poor little thing, she speaks no French. Make her talk Polish a little, that we may hear what sort of a language it is. Oh, how droll to be a Pole!’ Then I knew that they were laughing at me, and I would not say a word. Mademoiselle de Montmorenci” (one of the older scholars) “took me on her knees, and asked if I wished her to be my ‘little mamma.’ I made a sign that I did, but I would not speak.”

The blue ribbons with which H el ene was consoled were the badge of the Classe Bleu, or youngest scholars; its members were from seven to ten years of age. Next in order came the Classe Blanche, which included those girls who were preparing for confirmation and their first communion; and lastly the Classe Rouge, or big girls, between whom and the little Blues a perpetual warfare existed.

The education given at the Abbaye aux Bois was distinctly different from that provided for the daughters of *bourgeois* families. Its aim was to fit the recipients for the *r ole* of *grandes dames*, to shine in the fashionable world. With this view, great stress was laid upon accomplishments. Music, dancing, and acting were taught with especial care. The first dancers at the opera directed the *ballets* which from time to time were given in the theatre of the convent. The older pupils were allowed occasionally to appear in society, and even to take part in plays enacted in the great salons of Paris, before large audiences. In contrast to these accomplishments and to the more ornamental studies of the

younger classes, the Classe Rouge was subjected to a most practical training. Its members were taught cooking, sweeping, book-keeping, the care of linen and stores, the compounding of medicines. This was to fit them to rule properly over great establishments and direct large expenditures with a discreet economy; the music and dancing to qualify them to adorn society.

On her first arrival, the little Pole was placed in a dormitory occupied by larger girls. These “young ladies,” as she considered them, were in the habit of supping on contraband dainties after they were locked in for the night. H el ene, who had suffered in health, — from the air of Paris, as she says, but, as we should suspect, from the defective drainage of the convent, — was ordered one night to take a powder; but the sister in charge forgot, and left the dormitory without having administered it. The big girls produced a *p ate*, and fell to work to devour it. H el ene demanded a piece, threatening to tell of them unless they gave it her. She had just begun upon the portion thus extorted when a rattle was heard at the lock. Sister Sainte Bathilde had recollected the powder. Every girl was fast asleep in a minute, and H el ene was forced to swallow her dose, sandwiched between two mouthfuls of *p ate*. The sister disappeared. Instantly the big girls with one voice began to upbraid H el ene as the cause of this untimely interruption. It was too much, they declared, quite too much, that a spoiled little brat like that should be put into their room. They then brought out a bottle of cider, and began to drink. The “spoiled little brat” insisted on having a share, and when they refused set herself to roar in such a loud and exasperating manner that they were forced to give her a glassful, which she drank at one gulp. This feat nearly cost her her life. Its result was an attack of fever, which kept her for two months in the infirmary.



After this she was pronounced too delicate for the ordinary life of the place, and was transferred to a separate appartement of her own, with a nurse and maid to herself. The Prince Massalski had given *carte blanche* for her expenses, and his banker had instructions to furnish thirty thousand livres a year, if need were, to secure the comfort of his niece.

Madame Marie Magdeleine de Charbrillan was abbess of the convent when our little princess entered it. Next to her in authority, and far more influential, was the *maîtresse générale*, Madame de Rochehouart, — sister of the former Duc de Mortemart, — who had control of the studies and largely of the discipline of the pensionnaires, and was regarded by them with an admiration and respect which were mixed with a sort of adoring fear. From the first she seems to have exercised a great influence over Héléne, and her name appears on nearly every page of the journal.

This beautiful and noble creature was but twenty-seven years old. She and her two equally beautiful sisters had taken the vows before they were fifteen years of age, in order that, according to the cruel custom of the time, the fortune of the Mortemarts might pass intact to the heir of the name.

“She was tall and finely made,” is the portrait drawn of her by her favorite scholar. “She had a pretty foot, a white and delicate hand, superb teeth, large black eyes, an air at once serious and proud, and a smile full of enchantment. She filled with the duties of her position the days — which else might have seemed overlong — of a vocation which had never been her own choice.

“I was extremely afraid of her. When she passed through the school-room, if by chance she spoke to me, I was so abashed that I could scarcely muster strength to answer. All the class trembled before her. If she entered

when we were all tumbling over each other, pell-mell, in the recess before breakfast, it was only necessary for her to clap her hands once, and instantly every girl was in her seat, and you could have heard the buzzing of a fly.

“When we bent before her on entering the choir, I always tried to read her eyes, and if I detected a look of displeasure I was much cast down. She possessed the love and respect of every pupil in the convent. A little severe at times, she was always just. We adored her and we feared her. She seldom caressed us, but a single word from her lips had an extraordinary effect. Madame de Sainte Delphine, her sister, used to say that no monarch in Asia exerted a more despotic power than she, and it was true that the homage we rendered her was a sort of *culte*; but I must say to her glory that her influence was stronger over our minds than over our bodies, for she rarely scolded, and she punished with justice. We were absolutely convinced that it was impossible that she should do wrong in any respect, and the confidence with which she inspired us was boundless.”

A room opening from that of the little Massalski was occupied by another favored pupil, Mademoiselle de Choiseul, daughter of the duke of that name. The two children became intimates and confederates in all manner of mischievous pranks. La Grise, a cat who figures largely in the earlier portion of the diary, was their first victim. They shod her with walnut shells, and watched delightedly her efforts to walk in this unpleasant *chaussure*. Then, finding a bottle of oil on the mantelpiece, they discovered that by rubbing it on the lock and hinges of their door it could be made to open without the least noise.

“My nurse slept in the chamber beyond,” writes Héléne, “and it was her custom to turn the key at night and leave it in the lock. Mademoiselle de Choiseul would wait till all was quiet,

and then would get up, creep to my bedside, and rouse me, after which, slipping on our dressing-gowns, we would open the door softly and run all over the convent; amusing ourselves by playing all manner of tricks, such as blowing out the lamps, rapping on the doors of the cells, gossiping with the novices, and eating sweetmeats and bonbons which we had privately procured." His Grace of Wilna's liberality in the matter of the thirty thousand a year seems to have been duly appreciated by his niece.

"One night," she goes on, "we emptied a bottle of ink into the holy-water vessel at the door of the church. When the sisters came together for matins, at two in the morning, it was their custom, as they knew the place by heart, to dispense with lights, except one small lamp, which lit the *benétiér* only feebly. Each crossed herself with the holy water, and went in without noticing the effect it produced. But as the day dawned toward the close of the service, each sister saw all the others striped in such a singular way that first one, and then another, began to laugh, and the service was interrupted. No one doubted for a moment that this piece of mischief was done by some pupil, but it was never discovered which it was.

"A few days later we tried something else. The smaller bell, which is called *Le Gondi*, because it was blessed by the archbishop of that name, was used for striking the hours of the early service, because the great bells and solemn chimes were in another clock-tower, which opened beyond the choir. These ropes hung just behind the abbess's chair. We contrived to climb up and to tie our handkerchiefs firmly round the clapper of the bell. When the novice came whose duty it was to sound the call for matins, she had fine work. The bell swung this way and that. She thought she was ringing, but not a sound proceeded from it; and the sisters, who were waiting their summons,

did not come down. At last, some one, perceiving that the hour was long passed, came to see what had happened; and there was the poor novice still vainly tugging away at the rope. They examined, and lo, our handkerchiefs! Unluckily they were marked 'H. M.' and 'J. C.'

"The handkerchiefs were carried to Madame de Rochehouart, who, in the school-room, next day, demanded to know to whom those initials belonged. Then, indeed, we wished that the earth might open and swallow us up! Madame de Rochehouart ordered us to come forward. We advanced, and fell on our knees, trembling. She asked severely if we supposed that the ladies of the convent were proper persons to play such foolish jokes upon, and said that she must beg that for the future we would exercise our imaginations in a different direction; and to cause us to remember this request, we were to kneel, in our night-caps, in the middle of the choir, during the grand mass on the following Sunday, to offer an humble apology to the ladies we had insulted. And as we must make up to God for the prayers that had not been said that day, we were to spend the hour of recreation in repeating the seven Penitential Psalms aloud in the hearing of the school."

Some of the more ill-tempered sisters attempted to stir up the abbess to punish the offenders more severely, and to treat the affair of the ink as a sacrilege. But Madame de Rochehouart, "who hated mummeries," told her that the act was, indeed, a black one, because it had to do with ink, but no one with sense could see anything worse in it than a bit of childish mischief, a little naughtier than usual. "She then left the abbess in rather a bad humor."

"All these scrapes," writes *Hélène*, "had the effect of delaying my first communion. Mademoiselle de Choiseul had been admitted to the White Class

some time previously, and by good rights I should have been there too, for I had at my fingers' ends all that the Classe Bleu had to teach."

She then gives this curriculum of her studies:—

"I knew ancient history, the history of France, and the mythology very well. I knew by heart the poem entitled *La Religion*, the *Fables of La Fontaine*, two chants out of *La Henriade*, and the whole of the tragedy of *Athalie*, in which I had once played the part of *Joas*. I had studied *Solfeggio*. I played a little on the *clavecin*" (protoplastic piano) "and a little on the harp. Drawing was the study in which I was most deficient. But the perpetual mischief into which I was led by *Mademoiselle de Choiseul* did me great harm. *Everything that went wrong in the convent was laid to our charge*. I loved *Mademoiselle de Choiseul* so much that I liked better to be in disgrace with her than to see her punished without me. She loved me reciprocally, so that if I were in disgrace for any fault she would plague the teachers till they ended by punishing her with me. The day was never long enough for what we had to say to each other. Everything was in common between us,—our books, our ornaments. We had a key to each other's drawers, even to each other's writing-cases."

Presently we hear of another adventure:—

"We were playing in the garden one day, when we heard a subterranean voice speaking. We began to search out the cause, and found that the voice came from the opening of a sort of drain which communicated with the kitchens of the *Comte de Beaumanoir*, whose house adjoined the grounds of the abbaye. At once half the class ran to distract the attention of the teacher in charge, while the other half began to call down the hole.

"It was the voice of a little boy that

we heard. We asked his name, and were informed that it was *Jacequot*, and that he had the honor to serve in the kitchens of *M. de Beaumanoir*. We called back that the play hour was over, but that we would return next day at the same time.

"We were terribly afraid that some one would discover our precious hole during the interval, but no such misfortune happened. Next day *Jacequot* was so good as to sing for us, and play an air on the flute. As often as one of us spoke he would demand to know who it was, and whether she were blonde or brunette. In the course of two or three interviews he had learned all our voices, and would call us by name: '*Hé! Daumont, Damas, Mortemart, hé!*' He wished to learn what we were going to do; and when we said that it was the lunch hour, he remarked that, except for the iron grating across the mouth of the drain, he could easily manage to smuggle in some good things for us. We all screamed in chorus that he absolutely *must* contrive some way to get rid of the grating, and were so absorbed in the conversation that *Madame de Sainte Pierre*, one of the mistresses, was in our midst without any one having seen her coming. We all fled in haste at the sight, but *Jacequot*, quite unconscious of his change of audience, continued to shout, '*Hé! Choiseul, Damas,*—do you hear? The grating shall be opened before to-morrow!'

"*Madame de Sainte Pierre* hastened to *Madame de Rochehouart* with her tale. She in her turn wrote at once to *M. de Beaumanoir* to say that she must ask permission to wall up the mouth of a water-spout, through which some of his servants had been talking to the children under her charge. The *Comte* replied that he was in despair that such a thing should have occurred, and that he would at once dismiss every servant in his kitchen. *Madame de Rochehouart* begged him to do nothing of the sort,

but she sent for masons, and had the drain-pipe effectually sealed that very day.

"She did not consider the adventure worth a formal reprimand, neither did she think it wise to make it seem of too much importance; so she contented herself with indulging, that evening, at roll-call, in a few satirical allusions to the charming conquest which some of us had made, and the good taste and delicacy which we had exhibited in forming an intimacy with a little scullion; adding, for the benefit of those who had told their names to Jacquot, that she thought a day would come when we would be very glad to recall our confidences, especially as our families were not at all likely to be gratified with them. Thus she lowered our conceit without a word of individual reproof to any one."

Next we find the little princess wearing "asses' ears in paper" and two tongues, a red one and a black one, for having told a lie about writing copies. Then she incurs the enmity of the *Classe Rouge* by complaining to a teacher of one of its members, who had forcibly carried away a book which *Hélène* was reading. All the class set itself to punish the offense after a somewhat brutal fashion. The big girls would push her slyly and throw her down, apologizing hypocritically: "Mademoiselle, a thousand pardons. I did not see you." She was so hurt by one of these falls that she had to go to bed. Madame de Rochehouart came to her room, and *Hélène* poured into her ears all her troubles and grievances. The reply is an indication of the quality of the great influence exerted by this lady over her pupils. "Nothing of this sort could happen if your companions loved you," she said. "You must, indeed, have grave faults of character to have all the classes turn against you in this way." "From that time," says little *Hélène* artlessly, "I never repeated the least

thing to the teachers, and I became so good that everybody loved me."

Madame de Rochehouart took advantage of this interval of reformation to advance *Hélène* into the *Classe Blanche*.

"She was really very fond of me, and laughed much more than she scolded at my mischievousness. Madame de Sainte Delphine loved me, also. She used to say that it would be a real loss to the convent if Choiseul and I reformed and became well behaved, and insisted that my worst pranks had a *cachet* of spirit and humor about them. In fact, my frolics never did real harm to any one; they only made people laugh.

"When the time came for me to leave the *Classe Bleu*, I asked pardon of La Mère Quatre Temps for all the trouble I had given, and thanked her for her goodness. She replied that she grieved to have me pass from under her daily care; for though I had often made her angry, the good moments more than made up for the naughty ones. She then embraced me. Many of my companions had tears in their eyes when she untied my blue ribbon."

*Hélène* was now a member of the *White Class*, and made her first confession and "retreat." After this her character developed in a remarkable way. She seems to have left her childish mischief behind her in the *Classe Bleu*, and her observations on people and events evince a singular maturity of understanding.

Two deaths which took place in the community about this time made a deep impression on her mind. One was that of Mademoiselle de Chaponay, "nine years old, and with a beautiful face," who was borne to the grave by four of her school-fellows, her pall covered with white roses, and the church completely hung with white. The other death, that of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, was far more terrible, and the account given by *Hélène* of her ailments, her suffer-

ings, and the tortures to which she was subjected by an ill-judging mother has extraordinary descriptive power for such a child.

This poor girl, the first match in France as to rank and fortune, seems to have fallen a victim to the ignorant medical practice of the day. She died at the Val d'Ajoue, in Lorraine, to which she had been dragged as a last resort for treatment at the hands of an empiric, who called himself "the Doctor of the Mountains." Some one told her at the end that she must have courage. "Yes," she replied, "I feel the necessity of it. It requires courage to die at fifteen." Mademoiselle de Montmorenci was Hélène Massalski's "little or school mamma." It was told of her that on her first arrival at the abbaye, at the age of eight, she had a violent dispute with the then abbess, Madame de Richelieu. "If you dare to do that again I will kill you!" said the angry abbess. "It would not be the first time that a Richelieu has been the executioner of a Montmorenci," replied, undauntedly, this fiery little scion of a long line of *preux chevaliers*.

Hélène was still a member of the Classe Blanche when a revolt, which almost amounted to a revolution, broke out against a teacher named Madame de Sainte Jerome. This lady possessed a violent temper and little personal dignity. When irritated, she would shake and cuff her pupils, or beat their heads against walls and doors. Madame de Rochehouart perceived her unsuitability, and remonstrated with the abbess for retaining her; but the abbess only said in reply that it was a matter about which she could not possibly trouble herself, and that she would better speak to the prioress. The prioress, in her turn, replied that Madame de Sainte Jerome could not be discharged without calling together a chapter of the order, which was not worth while, and that the affair must wait till the time of the regular

meeting. So, to Madame de Rochehouart's displeasure, nothing was done, and Madame de Sainte Jerome remained.

Secrets are ill kept in convents, and the sharp-witted little pensionnaires were not long in finding out that their beloved *grande maitresse* was in sympathy with their dislike of Madame de Sainte Jerome, and had been snubbed by the other convent authorities on the subject. This knowledge was like the addition of fuel to flame. An organization was at once formed, called Les Verts, because its members wore, as a badge, something green, a leaf or a ribbon. Its aim was to compel the retirement of the obnoxious teacher. Whenever two girls met, they uttered the cabalistic words, "Produce your green," which the initiated at once did. They only waited occasion for open rebellion. It came in this wise:—

On the feast of St. Madeleine, which was a general holiday, the teachers being scattered, and only Madame de Sainte Jerome left in charge, two girls fell into a dispute, and one of them struck the other. Madame de Sainte Jerome seized one, and forced her to her knees. The child said, "Madame, I assure you that it was not my fault," whereupon Madame de Sainte Jerome, losing all command of herself, gave her a blow which knocked her over, and made her nose bleed violently. Instantly the entire class precipitated themselves upon their mistress. She had killed one of their number, they protested, and they would throw her out of the window!

Terrified, and losing all presence of mind, Madame de Sainte Jerome committed the fatal indiscretion of leaving the class unwatched, while she fled to make complaint. Instantly the little De Mortemart, Madame de Rochehouart's niece, sprang upon the table. "All you who belong to the Greens produce your badges!" she cried. The leaves, and twigs, and scraps of ribbon were exhib-

ited; incendiary speeches were made, the enthusiasm spread, and finally the entire class decided to take possession of the kitchens and larders, and hold them till the convent authorities, starved out, should concede the dismissal of Madame de Sainte Jerome.

Like a flight of angry birds, the Classe Blanche flew across the courtyard, and precipitated itself into the kitchens, which were basement rooms of great size. Only two or three lay sisters were visible, and these were requested, "*fort poliment*," to withdraw, which they did. One little sister, Madame de Sainte Sulpice, sixteen years old, was detained, against her will, as a witness to the proceedings, and an older nun, Sister Clotilde, to serve as cook. The doors were made fast, and the heads of the conspiracy proceeded to draw up a formal recapitulation of grievances and of the terms on which the class would return to its duties. These were: —

- (1.) A general amnesty.
- (2.) The dismissal of Madame de Sainte Jerome.
- (3.) Eight days' holiday, in order that the class might have time to recover from its fatigues of mind and body.

This last item seems sufficiently amusing!

The little Choiseul was to be the bearer of this paper, and of course her faithful H  l  ne volunteered to accompany her. The reception they met with was decidedly chilling. Madame de Rochehouart regarded them with the utmost severity.

"I have nothing to say to you," she told them. "You have taken the best way to disgust me forever with being the conductress of girls like yourselves, who would seem much more at home in an army regiment than in a place like this, meant to teach the sweetness and modesty which are the charm of womanhood. Go and carry your complaints to whom you will. I am no longer your mistress."

In vain poor little Choiseul knelt at her feet, protesting that all of them loved her, that her word was law to them, but that "in an affair of honor one would better die at once than to appear like a traitor to one's comrades." Madame de Rochehouart did not relent, and the discomfited envoys had to withdraw. The abbess refused to see them or to read their paper, and they were forced to return to the garrison in the kitchens with the sorry news that nothing had been achieved by the embassy.

This, however, did not deter them from having a merry evening. The locks of the larder and bakery were forced. Sister Clotilde, with much laughter and little protestation, cooked them a good supper, and they drank the health of Madame de Rochehouart unanimously. After supper they played at all sorts of games; Madame de Sainte Sulpice, the little nun of sixteen, being by no means unwilling to join in the frolic. Then they dragged in some bales of hay from the courtyard, and made up beds for the younger children, pinning napkins and dish-towels over their heads lest they should take cold. Fancy the pretty group in the dark, roomy kitchens, and the quaint little mammas playing at care-taking with their live dolls! Thirty of the larger girls watched the doors all night for fear of a surprise; the rest disposed themselves on chairs and settees: and so between snatches of sleep and snatches of talk the hours wore away.

"It seemed as if we might be going to live like this always," says H  l  ne. But early in the morning an unexpected force was brought to bear upon the mutineers, in the shape of various mothers and aunts, who had been hastily summoned by the abbess to subdue the rebellion "without scandal." The Duchesse de Chatillon, the Duchesse de Mortemart, the Duchesse de Chal  t, and other great ladies appeared before the

doors of the kitchen, demanding their daughters and their nieces, who dared not disregard the summons. One by one the ringleaders were led away; and while this process of disintegration was going on, there appeared a lay sister to say that ten o'clock was at hand and the school-rooms were open, and that a general pardon would be extended to all those who presented themselves there before noon. The revolution was at an end. Every scholar was in her place when the clock struck. No one was punished, and as, a month later, the detested Sainte Jerome was quietly dismissed, the "wearers of the green" had reason to feel that their efforts had on the whole been tolerably successful; especially as Madame de Rochehouart made no allusion to the matter, and seemed to regard them all exactly as she had done before.

A little later, the journal is full of the details of a wedding. Mademoiselle de Bourbonne, twelve years of age, is solemnly contracted to the Comte d'Avaux. "She was so very melancholy," writes the unsparing Hélène, "that we asked her if she did not like her husband. She confessed frankly that he was very old and very ugly, and that he was to call on her next day. So we petitioned the abbess for leave to go into the Chambre d'Orléans, which had windows on the court, that we might have a peep at the future spouse of our friend."

The Chambre d'Orléans was the haunted room of the convent. It had been occupied for eighteen years by a cruel abbess, daughter of the regent Philippe d'Orléans, who had made the lives of the nuns miserable through her tyranny and exactions. Her sinful spirit was supposed to hover about the apartment, which no one cared to inhabit, and which was seldom entered, though it was the most beautiful in the abbaye. Curiosity, however, outbalanced superstition, and on the morrow, when the Comte

d'Avaux crossed the courtyard to call on his bride, a crowd of pretty and malicious faces gazed out at him from the windows of the room of ill omen. "We thought him abominable, as he truly was," remarks Hélène. "The moment that Mademoiselle de Bourbonne returned, we all cried in chorus, 'Oh, how ugly your husband is! I never would marry him if I were you. Oh, you poor thing!' To which she replied, 'I must marry him if papa desires it, but I shall never like him, — that is certain!'"

Mademoiselle de Bourbonne received her first communion eight days before her wedding, and returned to the convent immediately after the ceremony, covered with diamonds and jewels, and bringing with her a superb *corbeille*, furnished by Bolard. She was much diverted at being called "Madame," but her dislike to her husband grew with her growth. She would never see him if she could possibly help it, and on one occasion when he called to ask for her took off her shoes and stockings, that she might not be made to go down. One is not astonished to read in a later footnote that when this reluctant bride left the convent she almost instantly formed an attachment for the young and handsome Vicomte de Segur, which dominated and ruined the rest of her life.

Soon after this event came the important day when, dressed in a robe of white *moiré* embroidered with silver, Hélène received her first communion and was admitted to the senior class, that of the *rubans rouge*.

Her practical education now began. She was at first made one of the personal attendants of the abbess. Then she became a helper in the sacristy, then in the storeroom. After that she worked for two months in the refectory, setting tables, and putting in order the glass, china, and silver. Next we find her serving for a fortnight as assistant to the portress; no light duty, for the nuns of the



Abbaye aux Bois lived by no means in seclusion, and there was a continual coming and going of fine company through its portals. Still later she was transferred to the pharmacy, where she was taught to compound medicines; thence she went to the library. During all this period she had the advantage of continual intercourse with Madame de Rochehouart, in whose rooms she spent most of her evenings.

It was a gay and charming circle which she met there, with little of the convent atmosphere about it. Madame de Sainte Delphine, fair, indolent, charming, lay back in a reclining-chair, netting purses which were never finished, and saying droll things in a lazy way which made them infinitely droller. Madame de Rochehouart had a brilliant mind, wit, and wide interests. She read all manner of books, and they and the events of the day and of the society of Paris, with every detail of which she was acquainted, furnished endless subjects of conversation. She and all her circle of intimates had an absolute scorn for the petty gossip of the convent.

"They rarely spoke ill of their neighbors," says H el ene, "yet they were more dreaded than any one else, because everybody knew that they had more mind and were superior in all ways, and they were made a standard of taste and conduct. When I went back to the sacristy, after these evenings with Madame de Rochehouart, the nuns there would ask, 'Well, what have these marvelous beings been saying about us?' 'Nothing at all, madame,' I would reply in good faith. 'They have not said a word about you.' This caused undying astonishment, for they themselves ran about the convent gossiping all day long.

"Madame de Rochehouart and her sisters had a manner and style of their own, which all of us who were so happy as to be admitted into their circle caught in some measure. Intercourse with them, and the advice, full of tact and

*finesse*, which Madame de Rochehouart bestowed on her pupils, had an extraordinary effect in fitting them to play their parts with distinction in the great world."

It was at this period of her convent life that H el ene, sitting one day in the room of her admired friend, watched her writing for hours together, with the tears rolling down her cheeks. Her agitation so affected the girl that she wept, too. Madame de Rochehouart took her into her arms, and in a broken voice tried to explain. She was born with too lively an imagination, she told her pupil; it was impossible for her not to create ideal scenes for herself, and sometimes they made her unhappy. The contemplative life which she led gave her fancies too much power over her. The words furnish a pathetic picture of the suffering of a proud and tender spirit, bound to an unlovely destiny, conscious of its chains, disdaining complaint.

Of those tendencies in the life of the convent which Madame de Rochehouart and her intimates so justly scorned we get a sufficiently clear notion in the pages of the journal, — the superstitions, the scandals, the perpetual petty misunderstandings, the occasional coarseness of manners and spirit of irreverence. As a specimen of the paltry quarrels which were constantly going on, take this tale of a sugar-grater.

The grater belonged to Madame de Sainte Romauld, an old nun of eighty, and was lent to Madame de Sainte Germaine, aged seventy-five. These ladies were the oldest sisters of the order. They passed their days, spectacles on nose, reading over old letters, written by dead-and-gone abbesses, and telling every one how things used to be in the former times.

The sugar-grater was not returned. Madame de Sainte Germaine had lost or forgotten it. So one day in chapel, in the midst of high mass, Madame de Sainte Romauld put her withered face

round the corner of her stall, and said, "By the way, you never sent back my grater."

"What do you mean by your grater?"

"*Comment!* Do you pretend that I did n't lend you my grater?"

Madame de Sainte Germaine, grown angry, "I have n't got your grater."

Madame de Sainte Romauld, in a rage, "Give back my grater! I will have my grater!"

Louder and louder grew the dispute. All the pensionnaires were in fits of laughter. The abbess sent to ask an explanation of this unseemly interruption of the service. In the end she was forced to pacify the aged belligerents with the gift of a grater apiece!

And now it was the turn of the little Choiseul to be married.

"One evening, as we were walking," says H el ene, "she whispered that she had a great secret to confide to me. She was to be wedded almost at once to M. le Choiseul de Baume, her cousin, who was only seventeen years of age and extremely good-looking. Her title would be the Duchesse de Choiseul-Stainville. Her family were coming on the morrow to announce the affair to the abbess, and she begged me to make the announcement visits to the pensionnaires with her."

The Classe Rouge again begged the privilege of entering the Chambre d'Orl eans for a peep at the bridegroom, whose looks, this time, were much approved of. An immense corbeille — the bridegroom's gift, contained in a receptacle shaped like a basket — arrived from Madame Bertin, with a *parure* of diamonds set in blue enamel, and a purse containing two hundred *louis d'or*. Mademoiselle de Choiseul made presents to all her comrades: "forty fans and forty bags" to the Classe Rouge; to

H el ene "a souvenir in gold and hair, a fan, and a reticule." Then she departed in a blaze of glory, and a fortnight later came back to finish her education, and recount the fine *f etes* which had been given in her honor during the time of her absence. "She had to confess that her mother-in-law, who was very disagreeable, had not let one single day pass without a scolding; but as for her bridegroom, she said that she already loved him distractedly, he was so gay and so droll, and that although they had not been left together alone for a moment, yet he had contrived to whisper all sorts of interesting things in her ear, only she did not feel at liberty to repeat them to me!"

H el ene had just reached her fourteenth year when the great sorrow of her convent life fell upon her. Madame de Rochehouart sickened of a putrid fever, and twelve days later died, amid the lamentations of the whole community, and the despairing grief of the pupil to whom she had been as a mother. She was buried in one of the chapels of the choir.

A few months later, H el ene Massalski became the wife of the Prince Charles de Ligne. As the Bishop of Wilna had no establishment in Paris, the marriage was celebrated at the abbaye, with much pomp and ceremony. On its conclusion the bride went to change her dress, and, escaping from the friends who were assisting her, ran rapidly by a private way to the chapel, where, drowned in tears, she flung herself upon the grave of her lost friend, and there uttered the last prayer she was to offer as a young girl. When she rejoined the party, her pallor and the tears which still welled from her eyes startled everybody. In that prayer she had bidden adieu not only to her beloved teacher and her convent home, but to her childhood.

*Susan Coolidge.*

## THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.

## XXV.

EUGENE RATHBURN could hardly be said to have awakened from his deep sleep, that stormy night in the Great Smoky Mountains, when Jake Baintree kept his strange vigil by the side of the dying fire. The alien scenes of his dream were suddenly possessed by a wild, unrealized tumult. His dormant consciousness became in some sort aware of a piercing sound, a fibrous, funnel-shaped glare, fierce but fleeting, and then he saw no more, knew no more, not even thus vaguely. How long he lay there on the floor of the mountain hut, in a pool of his own blood, he never sought to compute. One morning, while the rain yet beat on the roof, and the gullies ran full beneath the eaves; while the mists still further secluded the solitary spot, practically as inaccessible as if it had been lifted amidst the clouds that closed about it, his memory came back to him, his identity renewed with his body its coexistence, and he realized who it was lying wounded, fevered, exhausted from the loss of blood, on the fireless hearth, where he had fallen asleep when it was all a-sparkle and aglow, his own pistol, smoke-blackened, albeit but freshly cleaned and oiled, on the floor beside him.

"When the corpse is found," he said impersonally, "if it ever is found, it might suggest a suicide."

He experienced a feeble surprise to gauge the interest with which he noted the relative position of his weapon and his helpless body, and vaguely presaged the deductions of the coroner's jury.

The fallibility of the supposititious verdict recurring to his mind after the sense of a long and vacant interval made him aware that he had again been unconscious, and had but now revived

anew. Somehow, he wondered that he had ever dwelt upon it. He no longer thought of himself as the lifeless shell that might lie here impassive till some chance — nay, the predestined urgency of retribution — should lead hitherward a stranger's step to discover Jake Baintree's crime. He felt the throb of a turbulent resentment. He thirsted for revenge. A frail tenement, to be sure, his shattered body afforded for these robust and full-pulsed passions. Professionally speaking, he presently recognized the symptom with a new hope, — he was stronger, far stronger, than he had thought. He had slept, he was sure, — slept despite his burning thirst, his gnawing pain. He had a dual series of impressions, the keenness of the one hardly mitigated by the poignancy of the other. He took note of his own sensations, both as physician and patient, and when he had lifted himself upon his elbow to examine the wounds, — there were two, the pistol-shots fired at such close range as to scorch his garments, — his face blanched to a yet more pallid tint as he looked; but with a sort of mechanical professional reticence he said not a word — not even a groan escaped his lips — that might have roused the alarm of a patient in like case. As he replaced the folds and lay back upon the blood-soaked rug, he closed his eyes to wait, — to hope that it might not be long. His wounds were serious enough in any case, but here, without food, parched with thirst, without skilled care or the merest ignorant help, it was only a question of time. His mind canvassed the alternatives, — to die of his wounds and the exposure, or to starve. As he thought of the relative anguish of the two fates that impended, he felt that his wounds were not so hopeless; he had doubtless exaggerated their

menace; he would starve to death, here in these lofty altitudes, very slowly very painfully; for although he was of no great stature or stalwart physique, his constitution was tough and promised resistance. "I'll have an awful time before I get off," he said to himself in a panic. He writhed slightly as he spoke, although he had sedulously sought to lie still, that the gaping wounds might not bleed afresh, and as he stirred his hand touched something cold, from which he recoiled. It was only the barrel of his pistol, sleek and shining, and with a ready suggestion lurking in its muzzle. The time might be no longer than he willed it, the pain no greater than he chose to bear. He had a definite technical knowledge wherewith to plant the ball in lieu of Baintree's clumsy haphazard ignorance. He drew back his hand from the cold touch of the insensate metal that beguiled him with this sophistry from out its hollow jaws; he shrank from the idea as if he definitely appreciated the crime to which he was tempted. "No," he said aloud in a strong voice, — "no, my good friend Jake, this is *your* job, and you shall swing for it. I'll do nothing to hinder, if I lie here a year and a day in the pangs of hunger."

Once more he recognized, with a start, the lapse of a vacant interval. His professional consciousness, first of all his mental faculties, took note of it. "Sleep is the best thing, — quiet and sleep, — itself a curative agent," he muttered feebly, drowsing off once more. He waked now, however, at frequent intervals. Once he noted that the rain had ceased its melancholy drone on the roof, and once he heard the wind. The mists fell away from the window, where he had dully marked their presence, close to the rift in the batten shutter, and feeble shafts of sunlight flickered across the melancholy, fireless hearth, and another faded out. Suddenly a galvanic thrill jarred every pulse, as he lay motionless,

his eyelids half closed. Delirium, surely. How hard it was, he thought, that he would have differentiated the symptoms so certainly were the hurt another man's, and that even his own professional skill could avail him naught, could not serve as the one friend in the world he had earned, as he lay here dying and alone in this innermost seclusion of solitude! Deny it however his reason might, call it fever, or fantasy, or fear, his eyes were fastened on Baintree's face peering in at the rifts of the shutter, — peering in, a pallid, drawn, distorted likeness of himself, such as might haunt the dying dreams of the man he had murdered. Fact or fiction, the sight petrified Rathburn. He did not stir a fibre; his half-closed eyes were fixed; his mind took eager cognizance of the probability that this should be the figure to loom in his fevered fancy: but he wondered that the delirium should so furnish forth the detail and circumstance of its delusion; that the face in the rift of the shutter should blanch, and shrink away, and come again, with a look of fascinated horror, to peer within; that the figment of fever should put up a hand, so long, so thin, so well remembered, to hold the flapping shutter still; that the mere idea of crafty, furtive, terrified eyes should scan the lines of his motionless figure with an expression he could never have imagined, never dimly conceived, as if hoping to detect a movement, yet fearing, and then despairing. Suddenly, with a spasm of remorse that naught but the actuality of anguish could depict upon a human countenance, the face disappeared. Was it fancy, too, or did he hear the dead leaves rustle beneath a shambling step? Other ears, hardly so keen, so expectant, as his own, took heed. There was the tramp of hoofs outside, trotting from the shanty of a stable and around the house, and his mare's shrill whinny of recognition sounded cheerfully, as if the creature welcomed the sight of any

familiar being, so long left lonely as she had been. Rathburn doubted no longer. An insidious chill crept along his nerves. He heard his feeble breath flutter, his faint heart beat, loud and obstructive in the silence; so did his ear yearn to follow the footsteps, hoping that they were bearing Jake Baintree away, satisfied that his work had been done thoroughly, and fearing lest he enter to reassure himself anew. It seemed long, long after he could detect no further intimation of Baintree's progress that the mare, whom he fancied standing still without, gazing after the slouching, retreating figure, turned, and slowly, with a suggestion of disappointment in the very thud of her hoofs, ambled back to her stall. Even in the tumult of his agitation Rathburn reflected with satisfaction that she was at liberty, with food and running water at hand. "Else I'd have to get out of this somehow," he said, for he would have sacrificed much in the sacred cause of physical suffering; even a brute's pain might not appeal to him in vain. Had he been a man of sentiment, the hope that came to him with the thought for the creature's welfare might have seemed in the nature of a requital. Could he but foster the strength to lift himself, to creep to the door, to make shift to mount the animal, he might still escape; he might reach some friendly hut, and, with food and nursing, save his life. With hope came a torturing fear,—a fear for that for which he had but now thanked his fate,—because the mare was at liberty. She would grow tired and lonely, and would wander away. She was used to being petted, to many strokings and words which she seemed to understand. She was fond of human companionship. She would wander away, vaguely seeking it, before he could lift his head from the floor. He heard already, again, the quick beat of her hoofs, as she came snorting forth once more, expectant of Baintree's return. He forgot her the

next moment, in the realization of what this possibility boded for him. Remorse, was it, on Baintree's face, as he peered in at the rigid form, so still on the fireless hearth? How long would it have lasted, Rathburn asked himself, with a sneer, had the rigid form moved, had the eyelids stirred, had Baintree possessed more expert knowledge of the signs of death? A chance might bring him back, as a chance had brought him first to gaze, with a fascinated horror, on the deed he had done, and then he would do it, in self-defense, more surely. No sound, no stir without, listen as he might, but the wind and the scudding leaf, till presently, with a long-drawn breath, the mare trotted back once more to munch her corn.

Rathburn was all on the alert, although he strove to lie still and calm his nerves. "All this excitement is bad," he rebuked himself, as if he were an unruly patient. And then relapsing into his other *rôle*, he strove to adjust his mind in obedience to the professional dictum. He could sleep no more, with the expectation, the fear, of Baintree's return vigilant in every nerve. He watched the sunlight strike across the floor, reddening now, with vague motes bespangling the broad bars, so still, so silent, that when a rat, swift and lean and whiskered, sped through it, he gave a start of repulsion that sent a pain as of dislocation throughout his frame, and roused a new terror in his helplessness. But the rat fled as he lifted his hand, and his attention was called to the lure that had brought it from its hole,—the broken bits of bread fallen from the table when overturned last night—last night?—he knew not how many nights ago, and never was the wiser. Some of the food was within his reach,—it had lain on the unswept floor, and the rats had perhaps fought over it; he had a strong loathing for it, but he felt better after eating a morsel of bread, and reflected that he was hardly likely

to relish daintier food if he had had it. So much of vigor did it impart that he dragged himself, after a time, by slow and agonized degrees, across the floor to the shelf whereon was the little medicine-chest whose gratuitous services he had proffered to Baintree. He lay still for some time, exhausted by his exertions, when he had crawled back to his pallet. At last, mindful of the dulling light, he opened the lid of the chest, and his hand poised hovering above the rows of bottles.

"This opportunity," he remarked satirically, "of trying one's remedies *in propria persona* is one which few young surgeons have the privilege of enjoying."

And then he was reminded to glance up warily at the window, trembling anew at the thought of Baintree and the conclusive significance of his attitude should the crafty mountaineer once more peer through the window, lured again by some morbid fascination to the scene of his crime.

He was glad to watch the red light fade on the brown walls, to note the purpling spaces of the twilight through the rift in the batten shutter; for as the shadows mustered about him he felt indistinguishable in their midst, — indistinguishable even to eyes so keen, so furtive, as those he fancied forever at the window.

He thought of the caution, the vigilance, the skill, that, were he the poorest charity patient in the wards of a hospital, his wounds would command; and the contrast of his plight here, to die so far from help, and the prospect of the suffering of the dreary interval before his release, forced a groan from his lips that was not all from merely physical pain. He distrusted the treatment he had administered; he had used perforce what he had, not what he would have chosen. His mind ran continually upon the remedies that he would have applied had the means been at hand. He kept thinking of himself as some impersonal

patient. A gnawing trouble beset his mind because of the deficiency of his resources.

"I ought to get somebody to look after that chap. He's a goner, I reckon, but somebody ought to go through the motions of trying to save him."

His fever was rising; more than once he caught himself lifted upon his elbow, and searching with dilated eyes amongst the rows of bottles, in the dim glimmer of the twilight, for he knew not what. "I ought n't to be trusted with these things!" he cried in a sudden lucid panic, as the realization of the rift between his discriminating mind and his groping, foolish hands, free to follow their own vague impulses amongst the powerful drugs, forced itself into his thoughts. He closed the lid with a snap, and gathering his strength and setting his teeth hard, he flung the chest from him, he knew not where, in the darkness. He heard it crash against the wall and fall to the floor, with a fine, high, crystalline shiver, as of the breaking of the vials within; then, as he lay still, with perverse ingenuity his uncontrollable thought began to canvass where it lay, deducing the locality from the sound. "Oh, I could get it again, get it mighty easy, if I am delirious, and could take enough poison to establish a suicide and set Jake Baintree free."

He dwelt upon the idea with irritable suspense, now and again starting violently, as if he truly harbored the fancied impulse that he sought to restrain. A stir without, the approach of a real danger, nullified this terror of the nerves. The dead leaves rustled. A step — the wind? He lay motionless, hardly daring to breathe. It came again, and presently a crunching sound and a snarl. He experienced momentary relief: some wild thing was gnawing the bones and bits of meat flung out into the yard, for the prospectors had not been careful housekeepers. He had often heard this as he chanced to wake at night, but now

he reflected that the door must be ajar, — a touch would open it; and with his wounds and fever and helplessness he was at the mercy of the wild beasts. He reached out his hand to make sure that the revolver was beside him. In touching it his confidence was restored in some sort, yet in this environment he could not sleep, despite the drowsy influences of weakness and fever. The repulsion of it even in a measure dominated delirium. Sometimes he would hear his voice break forth incoherently upon the air; then subdue himself to silence to listen to the jaws of the startled beast, once more at work upon the bones.

Toward midnight the moon rose. Through the rift in the batten shutter the melancholy golden bars struck across the floor. The scene within, so hateful to his eyes, revived from the encompassing gloom, — the few chairs, the overturned table, the great, wide, vacant hearth, his long figure stretched at length amongst the rigid, blood-stiffened folds of the rug, and the untouched pallet of the fugitive. And later, down the broad shaft of the stick-and-clay chimney the clear lustre burned amid the fireless gray ashes, all gleaming white. No sound from without now, and the wind was laid. Here all solitary, save for the moon. As the reminiscient, meditative mood that comes in her train drowsed down with quiescent influence upon his senses, he wondered vaguely that he should think of the great golden disk, waning and yellow, as it looked when it hung above the pines without, and silvered the frosted grasses of the great bare dome of the mountain, and made the vast spaces of the sky blue with that fine deep tint of the lunar nights; not as it had looked elsewhere, in foreign lands, or shimmering in deep sea waters, or in the grotesque incongruity of its melancholy and its poetry over the sordid streets of cities, — only here, where it seemed native. And it was not the faces

of those that he had known in that wider life of his, conventional, comfortable, eventless, that came to him; he seemed discarded by the past, an alien to the future. He could only think of the days just at hand, and of those who had walked through them, and his heart was bitter against them all, — all except Marcella. And somehow, with her face in his mind, and her name forming itself on his lips, he fell asleep in the silence of the dull gray dawn and the fading glammers of the yellow moon.

Her name was on his lips when he woke. "Marcella!" he cried aloud, with a vague idea that she was standing in the door. He lifted himself on his elbow, his heart throbbing with the thought that she had brought deliverance to him, and a fear that the image was but the distraught fantasy of his fevered brain. She seemed to change her identity before his very eyes. He had a vague sense that the walls were still resounding with a shrill cry; was it he who had uttered it, or she?

It was not repeated. Of all the possibilities to steady Mrs. Bowles's nerves in this unlooked-for emergency, naught could have been as efficacious as the error of mistaking her for another woman.

"T ain't Marcella!" she observed stiffly, while he still lay motionless, half lifted on his elbow, staring at her as if every faculty were merged in that of sight.

She made a motion as if to withdraw, albeit curiosity burned in every fibre; then she bethought herself of her inexplicable intrusion, the breach of good manners on which she piqued herself, and thus of her errand.

"I knocked, but nobody answered," she observed primly and politely, although her bead-like eyes, glancing to and fro, were distended to a size which had no precedent of elasticity in their experience, as she noted the paucity of furniture, the dust, the fireless hearth.



“The door was on the jar, an’ I ’lowed I’d push it open, an’ mebbe would see one o’ the wimmen-folks o’ the fambly.” She said this with a manner which implied that she did not preferably confer with the men-folks. She assumed a matronly air as she proceeded: “I be a-sarchin’ fur my leetle boy ez strayed off from home. Mebbe some o’ the wimmen-folks hev seen him — ef they air up an’ doin’.” Thus she conveyed a reproof upon his seeming sloth and late hours. Once more her bead-like eyes quickly took an inventory of the belongings. “Whar be the wimmen-folks? A-wash-in’ of clothes at the spring — *of a Wednesday?*”

Perhaps it was a pity, for the sake of discipline in the abstract and the promulgation of correct housekeeping principles, that these were merely mythical women to whose methods Mrs. Bowles thus definitely made known her objections. A somewhat lively life she might have led them on the Great Smoky, despite the wide, unpopulous stretches of wilderness. She turned her head as she stood on the vantage-ground of the doorstep, which commanded the descent to the left of the cabin, where the path in sinuous vagaries led down among the bowlders to the spring. The growth about it was leafless now, and she could see the steely gleam of the water under the dull gray sky. It did not seem to move; its margin was solitary; no whisking, spiral twirls of smoke climbed that unwilling gray sky; no flash of red and yellow flames made cheerful the dull, dun wintry day, merrily wreathing about the great wash-kettle, and singing a roundelay with the bubble of the boiling water, and the sharp crackling of the briery fuel, and the strokes of the paddles beating the clothes white as behooved them; no agents of all this domestic industry were visible, with skirts pinned back and sleeves rolled up from energetic arms. Some such picture Mrs. Bowles’s expectation had projected upon the gray back-

ground of wood and mountain; her eyes turned with a bewildered stare from the blank nullity of the prospect. Her flexible lips were more firmly compressed, the bead-like gleam of her eyes more definitely antagonistic, as she looked again at the recumbent figure. The tears had sprung to Rathburn’s eyes, — he was so weak, so full of pain, the deliverance she had brought near so sorely needed, so beyond all license of hope! He could hardly speak in answer to her query, and when he did a sob was in his throat.

“Don’t you see what’s the matter?”

Once more her unfriendly eyes dilated.

“Laziness,” she declared unequivocally. “Though I reckon ye’d ’low ye air aillin’ somehows.” There was a flush on her face other than that cast by the pink sun-bonnet, — the flush of conscious pride. “Waal, I hev got no time ter waste. I’ll jes’ leave” — She hesitated; she was about to leave her respects for the “wimmen-folks,” then concluded to deprive of the honor any housekeepers who maintained a hearth like that.

A low cry escaped Rathburn’s lips; he held out his hand. “Don’t you see I am dying — I am dying?” he exclaimed. “I have been murdered! I have been shot and left for dead!” Mrs. Bowles stared speechless at him. “Do you live near here? Can you get me away from this accursed place?” he continued, — “anywhere — anywhere to die but on this floor!”

“I live a good piece off,” she replied. “Yander at the Notch. I be Mis’ Bowles.” Then with a sudden recollection of his ecstatic cry “Marcella!” she added, “Ef ye air ’quainted in the Cove, ye mus’ hev hearn tell ’bout me. I war M’ria Price.” The name woke no responsive recognition in his face; he seemed agitated, exhausted, almost spent. “I be kin ter Marcella Strobe — ye hev hearn her talk ’bout’n me?”

His tact was not prolonged beyond his other waning faculties. He forlornly shook his head, and Mrs. Bowles's face suddenly hardened. He had something better, perchance, to talk of with Marcella Strobe; and he evidently had never even heard her name. They had already forgotten her in those precincts of the Cove, — forgotten her as if she had been carried away to her lifeless grave in the little burying-ground instead of her living grave up on the mountain. A cynical sob rose into the throat of the exile. A forlorn yearning she experienced, very poignant, for all it was so pitiful a paradise from whose meagre joys she was excluded.

"I reckon yer folks will be back presently. I mus' be a-goin'," she said stiffly.

"I have no folks!" he exclaimed, his eyes once more wide with the terror of being deserted. "I have been shot — Baintree, Jake Baintree, shot me, and has gone. Nobody lives here, — nobody! He left me here to die."

He could not account for the terror in Mrs. Bowles's face. She turned very pale; she had backed toward the door. "I 'lowed ye talked sorter funny, — sorter like they say the valley folks do. I mought hev knowed yer warn't from this kentry. I'm sorry fur ye, but I be 'feard o' the moonshiners myself, an' " —

"I'm not a revenue officer!" Rathburn almost screamed, divining her thoughts, so well had he come to know the country people and their state of mind toward the officials of the Revenue Department. "I'm just a plain fool."

She had hesitated. Somewhere in her limited spiritual capacity there was conscience enough to rebel against passing by on the other side. She wanted to believe him, and thus credulity was made easier. She looked at him more wistfully than might have seemed possible to those bright, soulless eyes.

"We have been trying to find silver," he gasped. "Baintree killed Samuel Keale in this same business, and now he has tried to kill me." The significant name, the mysterious tragedy, the bootless search for the precious metal, were all long familiar, and coerced belief in any subsequent development that might be predicated upon them. He noted the change in her face. "I wonder you have heard nothing about my being here; everybody in the Cove knows it now."

Mrs. Bowles winced to be ignorant of what everybody knows. Nevertheless she was equal to the occasion. "I be sech a stay-at-home," she said, her red lips parting over her fine teeth in a pleasant smile. "The mos' o' the news I know is what my chil'n air a-doin' of, an' how the pig-pen an' the poultry air a-thrivin'."

She is not the first woman of frustrated worldly ambitions who makes a boast of simple domesticity. But it was a sentiment eminently beguiling to the masculine mind.

She saw approval in his eyes; she saw, too, how handsome they were, albeit so hollow, — how intelligent. She relished an admiration calculated to be so discriminating. There was, however, nothing of the married coquette in Mrs. Bowles; she had far too much respect for herself. Her manner was all that a discreet matron's might be, but she thought it just as well that this stranger should appreciate that Marcella Strobe was not the only admirable woman in Broomsedge Cove. The utterly dead and cold aspect of the fireplace struck her anew as she came forward into the room. She was not a logical reasoner, but the dislocation of the domestic situation was sufficiently marked to smite even her ill-developed appreciation of cause and effect. "Who gin ye yer breakfus'?" she demanded, pausing to look down from under the roseate brim of her pink sun-bonnet.

He pointed at the broken fragments on the floor, beside the overturned table. "The rats," he said scornfully, but with tears in his eyes. "They have had a high old time dragging these scraps about the floor, and they were good enough to leave some in my reach."

Mrs. Bowles's shallow, round, shiny eyes looked from him to the bits he indicated, as if with difficulty she grasped the idea that a day could be begun, the light dawn, the sun go through the ceremony of rising, without the equally natural and essential phenomena of the getting of breakfast and the subsequent washing of dishes. "Waal, sir!" she exclaimed beneath her breath, coping at last with this revulsion of nature. "I'll make some coffee fust thing," she added aloud. "Leastwise," she continued, her eyes dwelling with disfavor on the array of cooking utensils, "ef thar's enny sech thing ez gittin' some o' the grime off'n that thar coffee-pot."

A starving man lay on the floor, but the coffee-pot in question was scoured outside with ashes, as well as inside, before the coffee was ground and set to boil; even the coffee-mill came in for energetic discipline of this sort, Mrs. Bowles merely replying to Rathburn's insistence that he did not care, and that she need not be so particular, by the tart inquiry, "Don't ye know dirt is pizen?" which choice axiom of toxicology he was at liberty to add to his store of scientific lore at his leisure. The reclaimed coffee-pot shone very cheerfully as it sat, somewhat battered as to shape, upright on a trivet over the live coals; and it began almost straightway to gurgle and to sing, and to give out a most refreshing fragrance. The fire seemed lean, somehow, after all its beds of ashes had been removed, for Mrs. Bowles sharply announced that she "warn't used to no such slack-twisted ways of keepin' a h'a'thstone," and wondered that he was not worse off than he was, being evidently of the opinion that the surplus of ashes

was as pernicious to the health as Jake Baintree's bullet. The spare brightness of the flames illumined all the room; its radiance cheered him; its warmth was a luxury; and as he drank the coffee she brought him in a cup, also chastened with severe applications of soap and water, he looked at her with great gratitude, and declared that he could never thank her.

"Waal, now, don't ye *do* it!" she said, flashing her bright dark eyes at him, and showing all her fine teeth. She sat in one of the rickety chairs beside the hearth, resting from her culinary exertions; the tint of her crisp pink dress here and there deepened and paled as the glow of the fire rose and fell; her face, still shaded by the pink sun-bonnet, was a trifle flushed, and its plump curves were illumined by the glancing light. A placid content rested upon her features. A cultured criticism could never have deemed her beautiful, but she seemed a well-favored creature, pleasing to look upon, and of the kindest expression. She had not at first impressed Rathburn thus, and he wondered at it as he lay comforted and tended, and enjoying the fire, and the cleanly aspect of things, and the good coffee, and the cheerful sight of her. In truth a change had been wrought in Mrs. Bowles's outlook at life within the last hour. It is a truism that all is for the best, but we accept it in exactly the proportion in which the dispensation adjusts itself to the requirements of our scheme of things. Mrs. Bowles found it easier to acknowledge the utility in Rathburn's misfortunes than the sufferer himself might have readily been brought to do. The fact that her benign ministrations to the wounded man, at the brink of starvation, in solitude, would be noised abroad throughout Broomsedge Cove, the excitement and sensation that so unusual an incident as her discovery of Baintree's victim in the nick of time would neces-

sarily rouse, must serve to mitigate any harsh criticism of her conduct to the fugitive Bob, if not altogether nullify it. Possibly her absence from home in the guise of good Samaritan would suffice to explain any commotion in the deserted domestic sphere, even Bob's flight itself. No one need know which had first left the roof. Her eyes, full of forecast, were on the floor. Her lips were adjusted primly as the words were dumbly fashioned upon them. "I reckon Bob mus' hev strayed off through sarchin' fur me," — she fancied herself thus accounting for the incident. What more natural to say and to credit? Rathburn's self-esteem had been grievously cut down of late, but even in its reduced estate he could never have dreamed that the chief significance of Baintree's crime and his own deep wounds could be to any one merely the means of innocuously accounting for the small Bob Bowles's flight from his home. He had not yet finished his coffee. He was too feeble to drink more than a few swallows at long intervals. Mrs. Bowles fixed her eyes upon him from time to time, evidently expecting that he would hand back the cup, and waiting to wash it. In the mean while she renewed her canvass of the place. "I 'lowed Jake Baintree mought hev been satisf'ied 'thout turmin' the furniture topsy-turvy," she commented upon the overturned table. She rose as she spoke and righted the article in question, gathering up the fragments of bread and the broken crockery, and going to the door to throw them out. "I'd like ter sweep this hyar floor. I reckon the dust would n't choke ye much." She spoke in a tone that curiously partook of a demand as of a right, and yet of a request as for a favor. She gazed searchingly into the corners. "Laws-a-massy!" she cried, her voice striking the high key of mingled surprise and ridicule. "I don't believe the man hev so much ez got a broom!"

Albeit this praiseworthy intention

was thus frustrated, she still dwelt upon the incidents of the floor. "Air that Baintree's shootin'-iron?" she asked, with knitted brows, as she noted the revolver.

"No, mine," said Rathburn.

"Did you-uns shoot back?" demanded Mrs. Bowles judicially, evidently not to be prejudiced against the absent Braintree.

"I?" exclaimed Rathburn. "I was asleep."

Mrs. Bowles turned suddenly pale. "Ye warn't a-fightin'?" she asked, amazed.

"I tell you I was asleep," said Rathburn angrily, the blood rising to his face. "We had had a quarrel" —

"What about?" interrupted Mrs. Bowles, eagerly relishing gossip so highly flavored, so fraught with danger, as this.

Rathburn was nothing loath. His attack upon Baintree seemed so small a matter in comparison with the dastardly crime which his enemy had committed that he had lost all the sense of humiliation, of repentance, that had so oppressed him. "Why, I made him tell me where that man Samuel Keale lost his life. That 's where I believe silver is to be found."

Mrs. Bowles glanced over her shoulder with a gleam of scornful laughter. All unmindful, Rathburn went on: —

"I choked him till he told me. He would n't tell me till I had half choked the life out of him."

"They say they can't try him no mo' fur that nohow," she said, becoming suddenly the partisan of her interlocutor. "I dunno what ails him ter be so tongue-tied 'bout'n it now. Whar war the place?" she queried, in sheer curiosity. She evidently attached little importance to his answer. She cared naught for justice in the abstract, and she had no special enmity toward Baintree. She leaned forward after she had spoken, and mended the fire, which was beginning to show a tendency to smoke.

"That's the queerest turn of all," said Rathburn. A gleam of excitement shone in his eyes. "He tracked this man Keale to a cave; he never saw him again. There were the prints of feet about the place, and the cave was on Teck Jepson's land."

The half-burned fagot fell from Mrs. Bowles's hand with a sharp crash upon the hearth; the smoke curled out into the room unheeded. Still bending over the fire, she turned her head and fixed upon him excited eyes, in which suspicion smouldered. "Teck Jepson!" she cried. "His bones hid in a cave on Jepson's land! No wonder, the jury floundered an' the law failed! Jepson! ah—h!" Her eyes narrowed and her lip curled. "I'll be bound Teck Jepson hed a hand in Keale's takin'-off; ennybody mought hev suspicioned it—ah—h!"

"I never said that," stipulated Rathburn warily, animated by that reluctance felt by all civilized men to unnecessarily assume responsibility. "I only know that I forced Baintree to tell where the place was, — fairly choked the words out of him; and because I declared that I would search that cave of Jepson's he shot me while I was asleep, and left me for dead — with my own revolver. Why, this old thing," he said, clasping its handle, "I could n't tell when it has been discharged. He had to clean it — rusty old" —

"Put it down, — put it down!" cried Mrs. Bowles, with an unwonted show of timidity, and shrinking back against the jamb of the chimney. "I can't abide them bob-tailed shootin'-irons, — I can't place no dependence in 'em, like rifles; they look ter me ez ef they'd ez soon go off ez not, an' a leetle ruther."

Rathburn had ceased to meddle with the "bob-tailed shootin'-iron," and went on: "He not only shot me twice, so determined was he to have me silenced and dead and out of the way, but long afterward — the next day, or the next — he

came there to that slit in the window, to look in and make sure that he had done his work thoroughly."

Mrs. Bowles turned half-way round in her chair, and fixed her dilated, startled eyes upon the crevice, as if she expected to see the long, keen, narrow face, with its furtive, crafty glance, peering through. "I lay as stiff and as rigid as a corpse could," Rathburn went on. "I'll bet you there was a glaze on my eyes, half shut I held 'em — What's the matter? Where are you going?" he broke off suddenly.

For Mrs. Bowles had risen so precipitately, with so wild an aspect, that despite the stiff neatness of her starched pink skirts and sun-bonnet she seemed suddenly disheveled. Her face was blanched, her eyes moved restlessly about. "Oh, my Lord!" she exclaimed, "I mus' be a-goin' — I mus' be a-gittin' away from hyar — I — I — I'm 'feard o' Jake Baintree."

"One minute, — wait one minute!" cried Rathburn, lifting himself upon his elbow, dismayed by the result of his graphic description of Baintree's visit. "He only came once, — that is, so far as I know; he is n't likely to come again; he has probably left the country."

"Shucks!" Mrs. Bowles summarily and contemptuously disposed of his logic, her suave graces and benign ministering disposition dispersing in thin air before the approach of personal danger. "Ef what he hev told 'bout that thar cave on Teck Jepson's land be wuth killin' you-uns 'bout, it air wuth killin' me too, an his comin' back shows he air powerful partic'lar 'bout'n his job. Leastwise I ain't goin' ter resk his comin' back agin an' murderin' me hyar." As her roving eye fell upon him, seeing his pain, his terrible straits, all expressed in his face, she recoiled a trifle before their dumb, unconscious, pallid reproach. "I have got a fambly dependin' on me," she said, justifying her care for personal safety. She spoke with flabby white

lips, and her eyes still maintained their hasty, restless movements.

"Oh, you're all right," Rathburn made haste to stipulate; the touch of satire in his voice was so light as to be almost unappreciable. "Altogether a matter of choice. Each for one's self, and devil take the hindmost."

"I'll put this bread an' water whar ye kin git it, an' pile up some wood hyar so ez ye kin make a fire."

"When I'm able," he seemed to assent.

"An'" — she turned upon him her disingenuous eyes — "I'll tell the folks in the Cove whar ye be, an' send some of 'em after ye."

He could not have explained how he knew it so definitely, he pretended to no gift of forecast, but he was sure that her lips would be sealed so far as the tragedy in the deserted mountain hut was concerned; that she would not dare to overtly frustrate Baintree's vengeance, since he was at large and bent upon it, or to aid to fix his crime upon him. She would send no help. She would ostensibly hope that he might recover, but feel that it was the solution of a dangerous perplexity if he should die, realize how much she had done for his comfort, and reflect that in no event was it any affair of hers.

"If it would take no more time, I'd thank you instead to buckle the girth of the saddle about that gray mare of mine, and hitch her bridle to the ring at the door. I may take a little ride to-day. Oh, I'm a great deal stronger than you think." He smiled affably to meet her dismayed glance.

She stood motionless, pondering and deliberating. He looked like death; but he was a physician, — he had told her this, — and he was a better judge of his strength than she. She could not retrieve the fact that she had been here and become cognizant of Baintree's crime, thereby incurring danger from him, and this Rathburn might detail

whenever liberated. If perchance he should ride boldly down into the Cove, — it seemed impossible, — the story of her desertion of him in such a time of need would furnish a terrible supplement as well as convincing proof of any deductions of cruelty to the fugitive Bob. Without this incident, indeed, Bob's flight could hardly be innocuously passed over.

He could not understand the change in her face; it brightened with sudden resolution.

"Why, to be sure I kin," she said cordially. "An' mebbe ye kin kem right along down the mounting arter me inter the Cove. I'd wait fur ye, 'ceptin' I be 'bleeged ter look arter that leetle boy o' mine; it pesters me mightily ter hev ter leave ye, an' ef 't warn't ez I be bound ter go down inter the Cove I'd ax ye ter kem an' bide at my house."

It assuaged her discontent in some sort to be able to go through this form of invitation and hospitality, meaningless as it was, for nothing could have induced her to harbor a man with a dangerous secret like this, and whose death Jake Baintree, already red-handed, sought.

"Thank you very much," Rathburn said civilly, but glad to show his independence. "I reckon I had better go to the Cove, to some friends I have there, — the Strobe family. I know they will take me in."

She once more remembered his ecstatic cry of "Marcella!" when she first stood in the door. She grudged a guest of this quality to the Strobes, albeit she had no wish to open her own house. She supposed that they had made his acquaintance through Eli's machinations with the strings of government. She had always believed that there was much social advantage in politics. Being so debarred, she was keener of perception in this regard, and quicker to appraise such opportunities, than most of the mountaineers.

She carried these thoughts with her while she buckled the saddle-girth about the mare, glancing fearfully ever and anon over her shoulder at the gray solitudes glooming round. If he were strong enough to reach the Cove, he would compass this without her aid, and would have much of her dereliction to report. If he were not strong enough, he would die by the way, and thus would tell no secrets, either of the crime that Jake Baintree had committed, or of the knowledge of it that she reluctantly possessed. The mare was a tall beast, frisky and fat, and unused to being handled by women. She lowered her head and flung up her heels as the pink skirts swayed about her hoofs, but bridled and saddled she was at last, and the hitching-rein was slipped through the ring on the door.

Mrs. Bowles was a little hasty in her leave-taking. "I'll tell the Strobes they mought ez well look out ter see ye, eh?" she called through the half-open door.

"If you will oblige me," he responded in turn.

There was naught of offense in the tone and the words, but her face was lowering beneath her jaunty pink head-gear as she once more slipped her foot in the stirrup, glad enough to feel it there again, and mounted into her worn old side-saddle. "Perliteness is on his lips, but not in his heart," she said bitterly, for there are none who so resent insincerity as the insincere.

As she jogged off down the bridle-path, she noted the threatening aspect of the day. All above the circling sombre purple mountains, on every side, dark gray clouds hung in sinister abeyance. Below in the Cove, the stretches of the broomsedge flared, in its tawny ruddy tint the only suggestion of light in the landscape; for where the forests intervened, the thickly massed myriads of bare boughs, even the heavily draped boughs of the pines, were null as to color, and lurked darkling in the valleys, in-

tensifying the great gloom of the scene. Only far away could she see lighter tints, albeit of a gray diffusiveness, and this was along the summit of a distant range, where the nebulosity of the cloud had been resolved into vague slanting lines betokening rainfall. The weather could hardly be more unpropitious for her journey to the Cove, but with the recent events in the forlorn little shanty in mind, with the terror of the possible propinquity of the murderous Baintree lurking in the wintry woods somewhere, she did not hesitate, she had no wish to linger. Only once she looked back: when she had progressed so far down the descent, at a thumping, lunging walk, — for her horse had a gait unique in its way, especially adapted to these precipitous descents and slippery verges of the Great Smoky, — that another turn amongst the leafless wands of the undergrowth would conceal the house from view, she halted for a moment, and glanced over her shoulder. The ragged, bare slope of the mountain stretched high above; amongst the leafless boughs of the gnarled old trees, imposed in definite lines against the slate-tinted sky, she saw the wreathing blue smoke of the fire she had made, and beneath the branches at the end of the vista, the little hut, its door still closed, the oblique line of the gray roof cut sharply against the sombre purple masses of a neighboring mountain, visible across the valley. The door was shut, and there rode down the path, mounted upon the gray mare, an emaciated figure, with a face all pallid and ghostly in the dim light of the day; and Mrs. Bowles, albeit unimaginative, received a terrible suggestion, as she looked upon it, of the Biblical Death upon the white horse, as the rider came swaying in the saddle between the slate-colored clouds and the purple black mountains in those forlorn altitudes, where solitude possessed the wilderness and the storm impended.

"He can't keep the saddle fur haffen



the way," she said speculatively to herself.

Then she turned, and urged her horse down and down the descent, losing as she went, being considerably in advance, the sound of the hoofs that followed.

## XXVI.

The gilded squares of light that the windows of Eli Strobe's cabin projected upon the outer darkness were hardly obstructed by the growth about them, so leafless had it all become. To be sure, here was the outline of the sweet-brier, sketched in a clear bronze in many-branched grace upon the yellow space, and at the other window a series of straight wands rose up above the sill, and betokened the withered estate of the "sweet Betty" bushes. Nevertheless, from afar off Mrs. Bowles could see the clear, illuminated chrome-tints, very distinct on the purplish blackness of the night, and they served beacon-wise to guide her along the dark reaches of the road, still reeking with the heavy rainfall, not long overpast, and intimated very definitely where she must turn aside to take the marshy turn-row in lieu of the red clay highway. She was glad enough to find herself at the familiar junction of the paths. She had shrunk away from the open doors of the forge, seeing in the red flare from within the figures of the blacksmith's cronies and hearing their loud hilarious voices, for the consciousness of Rathburn following hard upon her steps induced an unwonted caution. If he had quarreled with Baintree, it was possible that he had other enemies as well; and remembering how wild of aim were the bullets in a free fight, and how a stray shot might be endowed with pernicious possibilities, she forbore, as far as she might, attracting the attention of those within. She passed as silently as a shadow in the multitudinous shadows of the night, the

hoof-beats of her horse hardly audible in the deep mire on one side of the road. She was sure that a horseman whom she suddenly encountered, galloping down the road, was altogether unaware of her proximity, as he shot by in the gloom. He had come from the turn-row that led through the fields to Eli Strobe's house, and she wondered a little wistfully at this. "Some o' thar everlastin' visitors, through cousin Eli bein' sech a busybody in politics," she thought, remembering the social advantages of candidacy.

But they were not the cheerful faces which behoove an open house that came trooping out to the door when her incongruous feminine "Halloo!" weakly quavering from its soprano shrillness to an abashed silence, roused all the surprised inmates.

"Laws-a-massy, M'ria Bowles!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with her hand over her eyes, peering intently into the long shafts of light fluctuating out into the darkness from the lantern that Eli Strobe carried in his hand. "Mighty glad ter see ye, M'ria, enny time ye kem, though ye mighty nigh skeered me out'n seven years' growth, an' I never hed much growth ter be skeered out'n," remarked the little dame at long range, as Mrs. Bowles dismounted upon the horse-block and started up the path to the house, leaving the hitching-rein in the hands of her host. Even in the dim radiance of the shifting lantern and the gleam from the open door, her pink skirts rustled with much of their pristine stiffness, despite the dank atmosphere, the legacy of the storm.

"Ef she war dead, she'd 'pear at the gates o' heaven all fraish from the ironin'-board," Mrs. Strobe commented in a low tone to Marcella. "Her affection fur the sad-iron an' the washboard air all that M'ria Bowles ever showed ter prove she hed a heart. Some wimmen, though, ain't got so much ez that."

"Did ye kem down hyar ter git shet

o' the storm, M'ria?" she called aloud, for she could not allay her curiosity concerning so untimely a visit. "I see ye hain't been in the rain."

"Naw, cousin J'rushy," Mrs. Bowles replied, with an exceeding gravity, coming, out of breath, up the steps, her plump olive cheeks, her bead-like eyes, her flexible lips, all adjusted to an appreciation of importance. "I warn't out in the storm," she continued, mingling her account of herself with her greetings, which gave them a cavalier air, as of a preoccupied mind, which Marcella and Isabel visibly resented, their added pride of bearing perceptible even in their silence. "I rid my beastis inter a sorter niche in the rocks whilst the rain war fallin', kase I did n't want ter git wet myself, an' I hed a man along o' me ez war powerful ailin' through bein' shot."

Eli Strobe paused, hearing the last statement as he came up the steps, and flashed the light of the lantern into her face. It revealed the pompous dignity of his own. He frowned down this affront to the law, caring far less for the victim than for its majesty. He cast his lowering side-glance upon her. "Who done it?" he demanded gruffly.

"Jake Baintree," she said.

She did not note how Eli Strobe winced. He had sought to lend his personal strength and dignity to the feeble law which he was commissioned to administer, had upheld the justice of the verdict that had liberated Baintree, and had subsequently given him countenance. It seemed ill enough deserved, and for a man who piqued himself upon discrimination and consistency this was a blow.

"Yes, sir; shot him an' lef' him for dead in the old Pinnett cabin. An' bein' ez I passed by, I fund him starved an' 'thout no fire, an' the floor lookin' like it hed *never* been swep'." Mrs. Bowles set her lips primly. "So I jes' helped him on his mare an' fetched

him down the mounting with me." The sound of a hoof smote her ear, and she turned suddenly. "Thar he be now at the gate."

Rathburn, his every faculty jaded, his bones sore from the jolting of the journey, his wound poignantly aching, as he drew rein at last, had only an indistinct impression of glowing stationary lights a-bloom in the utter blackness, seeming to shed presently, as a petal, a fluctuating golden flake, dandering down the currents of the wind blowing toward him. His dazed senses took heed of it at last as Eli Strobe's prosaic lantern. He felt the mountaineer's strong arms encircle him as he lay, bending forward on the mare's neck, — for he could no longer sit upright, — and draw him out of the saddle, and carry him to the house almost as helpless as a child. He smelled, as he went, the dank mould of the autumnal borders, where all the flowers had gone to seed. He heard a detached pattering, a mere appoggiatura of musical drops falling from one of the stiff, sere, brown things, not recognizable in its wizened, wisp-like estate. The skeleton vines flapped about the porch; he saw the lights through them as they swayed, and then his consciousness failed for a time.

When he knew himself again he was stretched upon a lounge, drawn up at one side of a hearth upon which even Mrs. Bowles's broom could find no field of action. He tasted the strong flavor of the unadulterated mountain whiskey; it brought the tears to his eyes, and feeling the glow kindling in every chilled member, he was moved to marvel how much of the potent liquid Mrs. Strobe had assumed the responsibility of administering. For they were all sitting in a circle about the hearth, except Marcella, who knelt, holding one hand before her face to shield her flushed cheek from the flames, while she turned, with a long fork, the broiling venison upon the coals, from which an appetiz-

ing odor rose. She did not look up, although a general exclamation of satisfaction greeted his opening eyes.

"I think the reverend stuff would fetch ye," observed Mrs. Strobe triumphantly, as if she had invented the remedy. "I'm goin' ter gin ye some yerb-tea," she added benignly.

And then it dawned upon Rathburn that he had fallen into the practice of this ambitious amateur.

"Oh, I don't want any herb-tea," he declared with decision.

"Jes' like Dr. Bryce, — pore old man, ez bald-headed ez a aig." This ridicule seemed irrelevant, but the tone was of great power of depreciation. "He don't want no yerb-tea, nuther."

Rathburn had lifted himself on his arm. "Does he — this physician — live near here? Could he send him word to-morrow to come and see me?"

"Listen at him!" cried Mrs. Strobe, with an ebullition of laughter. "That jes' shows how much ye know, — how much of a doctor-man ye be, sure enough. Mighty willin' ter try yer ignorunce a-dosin' other folks, an' chuck-a-luck — git well or die. But ef ye air a-ailin' yerse'f, nare doctor-man 'mongst ye air willin' ter take his own med'cine, — rank pizen, — what he administers so free ter other folks." She cocked her head on one side and surveyed him speculatively. "I s'pose, now, ef Dr. Bryce war ailin', he'd want some other doctor ter physic him ez knowed more 'n hisself. That man oughter be powerful easy fund! I'll bet ye a cow an' calf he could n't be got ter swaller the ill-smellin' lotiums he gins other folks 'thout ye war ter hold his nose an' tie his hands ahint his back."

At this graphic account of the fraternal interdependence of the profession Rathburn could but smile.

"Now," exclaimed Mrs. Strobe cheerily, "ye look sorter like yerse'f, — some sorter like ye did that las' night ye war down hyar. I reckon ye hev hed yer

fill o' consortin' with sech ez Jake Bain-tree."

"I have indeed."

"Ef I hed n't happened ter kem along he'd hev been dead," said Mrs. Bowles plaintively, as she sat and sipped a cup of coffee; for the regular supper being some time ago concluded, the refreshments were served to the travelers thus informally about the hearth.

"I have no doubt of it. I have a great deal to thank Mrs. Bowles for."

Mrs. Strobe's little cynical squawk interrupted these amenities. "Laws-a-massy! Air Mis' Bowles the nangel ez ye said delivered ye afore, whenst ye got inter a pickle with the mounting folks? A nangel! I would never hev tuk ye fur sech, M'ria! I 'low ye weigh more 'n a nangel ginerally do, though mebbe ye air a nangel ez hev been fat-tened up by high livin'."

A certain smirking bewilderment was on Mrs. Bowles's round face. She was at first not disposed to repudiate the compliment, losing sight, in her confusion, of the fact that Rathburn surely knew to whom he had paid it. Then her cheek mantled with a glow of resentment at Mrs. Strobe's allusion to her avoirdupois, which was no more than might conveniently grace a plump angel; and it was Mrs. Bowles's firm conviction that heaven was not populated by slim divinities, — "scraggy," she called them, — like Marcella Strobe, who looked as if she might break in two.

"I 'lowed, too," said Mrs. Strobe, settling her feet on the rung of her chair, where she perched with an air as if she would flit away presently, and delighting in the confusion wrought by her sarcasm, — "I 'lowed, Eugene Rathburn, ez ye'd be too perlite ter call a married lady a nangel, even ef she *did* warn ye from the lynchers an' save yer life."

Mrs. Bowles changed color quickly. The word "lynchers" smote terror to her heart. Not for any consideration

would she incur the suspicion of having interfered between the wild, lawless mountain vigilantes and their intended victim; no suave delights of hyperbolic praises could avail for an instant.

"T warn't *me*, cousin J'rushy. *Naw'm!*" with emphasis. "I never seen that thar man till this very mornin', — never set eyes on him. I war glad ter help him ter kem away from whar he war bound ter starve, but I don' want ter be called no nangel," she added primly.

"How would cherubim do, then, or seraphim?" demanded Mrs. Strobe seriously, despite the whimsical corrugations about the small drawn mouth. The quality of her wit was disconcerting, and as Mrs. Bowles turned her reddening face aside her eye fell on Marcella. The girl had risen, and was standing partly in the shadow of the mantel-shelf; the breath of the fire still fanned the soft masses of her curling hair, tossed backward on her shoulders; her oval face was delicately flushed; her eyes, from under their long poetic lashes, shone like stars. The effect of this luminous head from out the soft nullity of the brown shadows about it, that canceled its more prosaic environment, might have impressed far less alert perceptions than Mrs. Bowles possessed. It never would have occurred to her to discriminate it as ethereal or unearthly, but the jealousy of her temperament was vigilant enough to recognize a possible applicability of the phrase and to grudge it. For Mrs. Bowles was jealous on principle; not that she coveted Rathburn's devotion for herself, but it irked her that Marcella should receive this homage, or that indeed anything that was generally esteemed of worth, whether she herself truly accounted it of value or not, should be at her option. The girl represented in some sort to her the estate which she had renounced for her life in Ben Bowles's household, of which she had tired. She had looked

upon herself so long as a sacrifice in some inexplicable sort to duty that she was prone to account each grace of person, each opportunity of position, as an advantage wrested from her and her inalienable right. To be sure, Mrs. Bowles could not have logically defended this position of holding a patent upon beauty and charm, and she had no desire to do so. It was enough that she chose to maintain it. Her bead-like eyes suddenly glowed, as she looked askance at the girl. Marcella would find it an expensive "beau-catchin'," had she indeed risked the wrath of the mountain lynch-ers and betrayed their secrets to commend herself to this dapper, yellow-headed young fool, who seemed only fit for the target for the pistol practice of the mountain desperado. Her eyes still followed the girl, growing hardly less attractively human in leaving the angelic mistiness of the shadows, and coming out into the full light, bearing the little blue bowl full of broth.

Rathburn looked up at her with his own eyes alight, as he lifted himself to a half-sitting posture amongst the pillows. His glance met with slight response; the expression seemed suddenly expunged from her eyes as they encountered his. They were bright as ever, it is true, but blankly indifferent, and presently averted. Mrs. Bowles, watching, deduced a new theme for poignant regret: it seemed hard that Marcella Strobe could so afford indifference to a handsome young swain like this, while she was yoked for life to an elderly, forlorn entity which met her ideal in no wise, like Ben Bowles. The only comfort in the desolating spectacle of the girl's independence was the reflection that such pride was apt to go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last; perhaps none, — not even such a broken reed as Ben Bowles.

The light faded out of Rathburn's eyes; he gazed questioningly, pleadingly, at Marcella, but she did not look at

him again, and after he had drunk the broth he sank back amongst the pillows, more definitely aware than before of his pain, the jeopardy of his wound, and his reduced estate.

"An' how do you-uns kem on, cousin Eli?" asked Mrs. Bowles, shifting her chair slightly, and turning to her host, who sat, with his hat on his head, his hands on either knee, his eyes on the glowing coals.

Mrs. Strobe looked keenly watchful. Marcella paused as she was going out of the door with the emptied bowl in her hand, and turned back. Quick as they were, they could not forestall a deep groan that suddenly burst from his lips as from a surcharged heart.

"Oh, powerful bad off, cousin M'ria. I be mightily troubled, — mightily troubled."

Mrs. Strobe broke into a laugh, seemingly the essence of light-hearted gayety, albeit her small, keen eyes burned like coals of fire. Marcella came back to the hearth, showing her face in the radiance with a gallant smile upon her trembling lips.

"Law, dad," she exclaimed in a tone of rallying mirth, "ye would n't think nuthin' o' the tricks an' wiles o' yer p'litical enemies ef ye hed yer health right good. They know they can't beat ye at the polls, — ye jes' stan' solid with the people, — so they hev ter try ter yank ye out'n yer office some other way."

"Laws-a-massy, what air they a-tryin' ter do?" demanded Mrs. Bowles, with a lively curiosity. Trouble was evidently a-stalk in the Cove, and gave its denizens many a twinge of anguish, although she had latterly felt as if the wellnigh inaccessible slopes of the mountain were exclusively its bailiwick. She experienced a certain reconciliation with her own lot in the knowledge that others were unhappy too.

"That's jes' like Eli, — he always war slow, sence he war knee-high ter a duck," said his small mother, with an

affectation of contempt. "Time he hev hed a day or so ter study 'bout it, an' turn it this-a-way an' that-a-way, he'll git ter the p'int o' view whar Marcella an' me jumped in one second. Men air pitiful critters, — so slow-minded!"

Eli Strobe looked wistfully from one to the other of his feminine supporters, eager to adopt their sanguine views, and yet unable to repudiate his own conviction and to shake off the palsy of his fears.

"Now, M'ria, ye mark my words, — an' ye too, Eugene," the little dame proceeded with unwonted jocularly, as if the whole matter were a subject for mirth, — "ef by ter-morrer Eli won't be a-struttin' 'bout hyar, a-laffin' an' a-chucklin' at Joshua Nevins's friends ez could n't keep him from bein' elected constable o' Brumsaidge Cove, but think they kin make out ez Eli ain't fit ter hold office, bein' insane! Ha! ha! ha!"

Even Mrs. Bowles, after a moment of stupefied surprise, burst into a laugh of derision. Strobe turned and eagerly gazed at her, as if to assure himself of her opinion of his sanity, taking testimony, as it were, in his own trial of himself.

"Yes, sir!" said Mrs. Strobe, wiping from her eyes the tears of this laughter on the corner of her apron. "The off'cer o' the law hev jes' been hyar, a-gallopin' ter sarve a notice ez in five days they hev a 'inquisition o' lunacy,' the fool called it. *He* looked like a maniac, so foolish, an' cast down, an' bashful; hed n't the face ter take a drink with Eli, though I fetched out the jimmy-john expressly."

"Air it Nevins hissself a-suin', or what he air a-aimin' ter do, — a brazen-faced buzzard?" demanded Mrs. Bowles in eager accents.

"Naw, — naw!" The old woman shook her head warily to intimate Nevins's crafty mode of procedure. "The man ez applied for the inquisition air some sorter kin ter Eli. Ye 'member

hearin' o' Pete Minton, ez old Squair Denly lef' some county bonds ter? Waal, 'cordin' ter the will, Eli, bein' named arter him, war ter hev the interus' through life; then arterward the bonds war ter go ter Pete, the Squair's nevy, an Eli war Pete's guarddeen. Now Minton, ez air twenty year old, purtends ter be mighty oneasy 'bout them bonds, an' wants the court ter 'quire inter Eli's bein' able ter manage this prawperty. Course he hev been put up ter sech by Nevins, kase ef the inquisition war ter 'low ez Eli be insane they mought git up a new 'lection, an' ef Eli war out'n the way Nevins would hev a walk-over an' strut around, an' be constable of Brumsaidge!"

"That he never shell!" cried the incumbent, springing to his feet. "I hev been man enough ter git the office, — I reckon I be man enough ter hold it. M'ria," — his voice suddenly dropped from its rotund resonance to an appealing quaver, — "did you-uns ever hear ez Teck Jepson war dead, — ez I hed killed him?"

"Laws-a-massy, naw!" cried Mrs. Bowles, her face flabby and white. "When?"

Rathburn's heart ached as he looked at Marcella. He saw the pain in her eyes; the suffusing flush mounted to her white brow, but she tossed back her bright hair, and her red lips parted in a cheery half smile over her white teeth as she explained: —

"Dad say somebody tole him — he disremembers now who 't war — ez Teck Jepson war killed in that scuffle at the horse-race, ez dad killed Teck. An' I fooled dad some, too." Her eyes danced, her laughter rang out. "I tole him whar Teck war buried. An' ef ye'll b'lieve me, dad b'lieved it, an' I hearn him 'quirin' roun' one day ez ter who hed preached the fun'el sermon. Granny say that 's what the folks purtend he air crazy 'bout."

Once more her laughter rang out clear

and metallic. It had a natural enough sound to Mrs. Bowles, who joined in, while Mrs. Strobe, with her birdlike head askew, remarked, "Eli air so sober-sided he'll b'lieve mos' ennything ennybody tells him with a straight face. He mus' be a leetle teched in the head fur that, kase long ez I hev been livin' I hain't hearn the truth tole in Brumsaidge Cove but wunst or twict, an' then 't war 'bout the weather."

Strobe listened with an eagerness to be convinced pathetic in its intensity. Rathburn watched the symptoms of his mania vacillating with his ambition, his sense of the jeopardy of his precious office, with an appreciation of the pathological significance of the scene which even sympathy with the actors could not altogether dull. Perhaps something of this showed in his face, turned fixedly upon Eli Strobe, as the burly constable, moody and meditative, evidently puzzling out the distraught contradictions of his convictions, relapsed into silently gazing into the fire.

Marcella was sitting in a low chair beside the lounge, stringing red peppers, her evening task, when Mrs. Bowles began to explain to Mrs. Strobe how Bob had chanced to disappear from his home, — the exposition somewhat complicated and lengthened by the perception that her craft availed little, and that behind Mrs. Strobe's specious politeness lurked an accurate divination of the true state of the case. Twice while it was in progress Rathburn fell under the impression that Marcella was about to speak to him; but when he turned his head suddenly toward her, her eyes were downcast upon the work in her hands, her long lashes seemed to touch her flushed cheek, the firelight dancing over the masses of her waving hair, and giving an added gloss and an intenser glow to the vivid scarlet of the string of red-pepper pods trailing over her dark, brownish-green dress. And again his attention reverted to Eli Strobe, sitting ponderously thoughtful

before the fire. When he next started with the idea that she was about to speak, he encountered her lustrous brown eyes fixed upon him; the delicate red lips were a-quiver; her straight brows were knitted sternly. "Ain't ye satisfied *yet*," she demanded in a low voice, that, albeit tense with satire, was inaudible to the gabbling Mrs. Bowles, still explaining Bob's flight, "but ye mus' stare-gaze him ter find out suthin' else ter tell?"

He was feeble, and had had much to endure. His courage failed on the instant before the idea of her antagonism.

"Why, Marcella!" he cried, amazed.

She reached down for another peppercod, not lowering her gleaming eyes. "Would n't ye like ter feel his pulse? Mebbe ye could gin the inquisition folks another p'int or two!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, forced to assume the defensive. "I never gave any points for the inquisition."

"Who tole on him, then? Who but ye hed larnin' enough ter sense how his mind air catawampus jes' on that idee, an' no other?"

"I? Never — never!" he exclaimed, so visibly shocked that his face constrained credence as well as his words.

She sat looking at him, the angry fire dying out of her face and eyes, holding the vivid coils of the peppers in her idle hands.

"Then," she said, darkly frowning, "'t war Andy Longwood. I always knowed he war silly ez a sheep, but I think ez harmless ez a sheep."

After a little she raised her eyes and smiled brilliantly at him, as if to make amends. She said no more, but as she strung the peppers silently listened to Mrs. Bowles, who now and then called on Rathburn to confirm her statements as to the plight in which she had found him. She met with a spirited response. Comfort and security did not annul in any degree his appreciation of his injuries or his suffering. The detail of

all that he had recounted to Mrs. Bowles elicited from time to time exclamations of surprise and horror, often but half articulate, from Mrs. Strobe and Eli. Marcella once or twice commented more at length. "Did ye choke Baintree — *hard*, sure enough — jes' kase he would n't tell ye whar the silver war?" she asked, her brilliant, dilated eyes dreamily fastened on space, evidently witnessing the scene reënacted before her in imagination. Her hands had fallen idly in her lap; the scarlet coil of the red peppers hung from her listless grasp, and trailed upon the floor.

"Indeed I did," asseverated Rathburn. "He had no right to fool me as he did all the summer."

"'T war *his* secret," Marcella suggested in a vague, preoccupied tone, still doubtfully staring into scenes that her own fancy painted. "He had a right ter keep it."

"And such a secret!" cried Rathburn, with a curling lip. "He never found the float. Samuel Keale found the float."

"An'," said Mrs. Bowles, lowering her voice mysteriously, "whar d'ye reckon he fund it, an' whar d'ye reckon his bones be hid now? In a cave on Teck Jepson's land, an' — ye mark my words — Teck Jepson hed some hand in puttir' him thar."

A galvanic shock seemed to pervade the circle. Then Marcella's laughter rang upon the air. "Never in this worl'," she cried gayly, composedly gathering up the long red cables of the peppers. "Teck Jepson never hid nuthin' he done. He'd hev been struttin' 'roun' hyar, callin' on folks ter admire how much his actions war like David, or Sol'mon, or G'liath, or somebody ez the law ain't 'quainted with, an' he'd hev been powerful s'prised when the sher'ff did n't 'gree with him." Once more the incongruity of the idea elicited a peal of laughter. "Naw, Teck Jepson air too sodden in pride ter hide what *he* do."



Mrs. Bowles began to eagerly set forth further reasons, reminding them of Jepson's antagonism to Keale, and under cover of the sound of her voice Rathburn spoke in a low tone to Marcella.

"You were quick enough to believe something mean of me," he said reproachfully, "but you scout the idea of Jepson's doing anything underhand."

He expected her to protest. She only stared at him for a moment, startled, with wide, questioning eyes and a convicted mien. Then she fell to dreamily studying the vermilion coals and the gathering gray ash, and said little more, while the group of gossips drew nearer and nearer the dying fire.

She was silent during the days that followed, meditative and absent, save in the intervals when she intently marked her father's manner and took heedful note of his words. For Mrs. Strobe's prophecy was in some sort verified. With greater familiarity with the idea that his cherished office was threatened came the resolution of resistance. Strobe had rallied his courage. He bore himself once more with his former burly dignity.

"T ain't nuthin' ter me whether Teck Jepson air dead or no. I ain't grave-digger, nor doctor, nor chief mourner. I'm constable o' Brumsaidge. I hearn fur news ez he war dead. Ef 't ain't true, I ain't keerin'."

Thus, imagining that he spoke of his independent convictions, he conned again and again the lesson his mother and daughter had set him to learn. Rathburn, still on the lounge drawn up to the side of the fire, in the midst of the domestic life, and thus suffering none of the dreary isolation of an invalid, felt his heart go out to the two women in troubled forebodings concerning the inquisition. They said little, but he noted an urgent anxiety as to the weather, and when the day broke chill and lowering their spirits visibly rose; in the afternoon, as the first snow of the season began to sift

down on the wintry mountain wildernesses, they became absolutely cheerful.

"Thar, now! fallin' weather!" exclaimed Mrs. Strobe, with the accents of vexation and a triumphant eye. "Eli, I ain't goin' ter let ye go over yander ter the store whar the sher'ff's app'inted ter hold the inquisition; a man ailin' in health hev ter be housed in fallin' weather. Let him bring his able-bodied jury over hyar an' examine te, an' hear mine an' Marcelly's testimony, 'cordin' ter the subpeeny. I'm goin' ter send him that identical word, an' see ef he won't."

And thus it chanced that it was under no new conditions, surrounded by no scenes to which he was long unaccustomed, that Eli Strobe made his fight anew for the office he had already won, and the ambition dearer to him than his life.

## XXVII.

The snow was deep upon the ground, drifts filled many a red clay gully, the dark boughs of the trees all bore a thick white line, the mountains were ghastly under a gray sky, and still the myriad flakes were falling, when the noiseless horsemen rode up to the door, and the jury of the inquisition came filing in. They met upon the threshold the subject of their deliberations, bluff, burly, with that genial political jocularly that discounts all other bids for popularity, his heavy bass laughter mingling with his gay greetings.

"Howdy, boys! Kem in, kem in! That's right, — stomp the snow off! Ye know mam's mighty partic'lar 'bout that thar new rag kyarpet o' hern. Kem ter see ef I hev got a bee in my bonnet, hev ye? Waal, waal; we'll listen ter hear that same bee buzz!"

More than one of the heavy mountaineers looked in blank surprise at each other at this address. The discourse seemed to them lucid as reason itself.

They had expected mere incoherent babbling, from the reports set a-flying about Broomsedge Cove. Marcella's face, smiling yet with a certain proud defiance, and Mrs. Strobe's jaunty, debonair salutation betokened scant anxiety, and did much to annul the effect of what they had heard. There were others besides the impaneled twelve, — witnesses, one or two lawyers, and a number of mountaineers who were merely spectators of the proceeding; some of them wore a sheepish, hang-dog air, notably Andy Longwood and Pete Minton, at whose instance the investigation was had. Clem Sanders was one of the jury, as reluctant a freeholder as could be found in Broomsedge Cove, or, for the matter of that, in the Great Smoky Mountains. He carried his shoulders slouched forward, in the heavy, aged manner which he sometimes affected, and he shambled along as if shackled by chains of his own forging; he looked with humble, beseeching eyes at Marcella, as if conjuring her to observe that he was not there in any sense of his own motion.

"Kem up close by the fire, gentlemen," said Eli. "Airish out'n doors, ain't it?"

As they ranged themselves about the broad hearth, they were all staring hard at Rathburn, who lay quite silent, since his host did not explain his presence, wondering a trifle within himself to feel so agitated, so partisan, so eager as to the result of the investigations.

Sundry questions were put to Strobe, to which he listened with his head a trifle askew, his legs crossed, one hand on his knee, the other arm akimbo, his eyes quizzically glancing from under his hat-brim. His whole air was that of gay good-humor, falling in naturally with the current of events, and in no wise resentful of the course they had taken. The queries, chiefly relating to matters of business usage and of certain processes of the law, the functions of his office, were promptly and decisively an-

swered. Once, Marcella, feigning to misunderstand their drift, handed him an open book, and the company enjoyed an exhibition of "dad's" rare accomplishment of reading, which he did in a full, rotund drone and with much vigor of emphasis. The girl's smile of triumph as she closed the volume and laid it on the high mantel-shelf roused a certain antagonism in the breasts of several of the diligent inquirers. There was a momentary pause; the batten shutter was open, the great glowing fire sufficiently warming the room although thus generously ventilated, and from where Marcella stood, her hand still on the high mantel-piece, she could see the silent flakes falling, falling, limiting the world, for hardly the nearest mountain was visible, — a mere dull, dun suggestion of wood and range and river, like the first faint washings of a scene in sepia. No sound came from without, albeit near a score of horses stamped the snow in the shed behind the house. The dog of the "frequent visitor," a hospitable animal, stood in the doorway suavely wagging his tail, pleased to see so many guests at once. They were all looking with expectant interest at Marcella's face as the next question was asked; so fixedly that perhaps it was not unnatural that Eli Strobe should turn and follow the general glance. A smile dawned in her eyes as they met his, so replete with an exquisite light, and hope, and love, that had a sudden sun-burst illumined that white, dead day it could hardly have seemed brighter. It was a fine display of nerve, of will-power, Rathburn thought, knowing her as he did.

"How did ye git hurt, Mr. Strobe?" was the significant demand.

"Teck Jepson rid me down," said the constable, his eyes fixed on his daughter.

The circle of mountaineers slowly shifted their chairs, and one or two spit profusely into the fire, aiming carefully at long range.

"Did you-uns hurt him?"

Strobe fixed his gaze on the talismanic brightness of his daughter's eyes.

"Bein' ez I war knocked senseless, sir, I could n't undertake ter say."

Another pause, so silent that naught could be heard save the roar of the flames in the wide chimney, and the footfalls of the dog turning away and trotting along to the end of the porch, where he presently found entertainment, peculiarly pleasing to his kind, in barking in a frenzy of affectation at the horses of the visitors.

"Did n't ye tell Andy Longwood one day ez ye hed killed Teck Jepson in that scuffle?"

"Sertainly I said so! Somebody tole me that fur news, an' bein' ez I war knocked senseless I disremembered what happened. An' this hyar mischievous gal o' mine, fur a joke on her ole dad, tole me whar they hed buried him. I 'lowed they would n't hev buried him 'thout he war dead. Ha! ha! ha!" his burly bass laugh rang out.

Clem Sanders had plucked up his spirits. He looked about amongst his confrères with a curling lip of scorn. Andy Longwood hung his abashed head. The political antagonists of Eli Strobe were visibly disconcerted.

"Only one more question now: Hev ye seen Teck lately?"

Eli Strobe nodded.

"How did he look, an' what did he talk 'bout?"

"Toler'ble nat'ral, corno'siderin'."

The long strain was beginning to tell on the constable's nerves. His glance had wandered from Marcella's face, out of which the light died suddenly, leaving it livid, with wild, dilated eyes. "Ye never would hev tuk him fur a harnt! He talked same ez ever, 'bout G'liath an' Sol'mon an' them, ez he used ter set sech store by."

There was a moment of terrible suspense to his mother and his daughter. Then the querist, evidently accepting the

reply as partly jocose, and taken in connection with his previous denials and declarations as satisfactory, said, "That will do for you!"

Mrs. Strobe's admirable elasticity was amply demonstrated by her rebound from this ordeal. She furnished the jury with a test for sanity which they all declined to apply. When asked if she considered her son sane, she declared he was as sane as any man could be, but in her opinion no men were sane.

"I never seen one ez could thread a needle," she declared, with her specious gravity. "An' yit enny female woman kin do that, an' kin do men's work too, — plough, an' drive, an' ride, an' shoot a gun. Nare one o' ye kin thread a needle. I'll try *ye*, sher'ff; I'll favor ye with a big-eyed needle an' a small, thin thread. I'll wax it," she conceded alluringly, reaching out for the big brown gourd that served as work-basket.

But the officer precipitately declined, and the examination broke up in a general laugh. After the jury had consulted apart and agreed upon their verdict, there was a more genial closing up of the circle about the fire. Mrs. Strobe and Marcella sat among the guests, indifferent to the conversation for a time and mentally exhausted. They perceived how signal a victory they had won against the facts and in defiance of the law, — hardly so potent a force as the crafty affection of a mother and a daughter, — and they experienced a glow of deep gratulation. But it was necessary to keep a guard upon Eli Strobe's words, and Marcella roused herself to listen as he made known to the coterie how Rathburn had fared at the hands of Jake Baintree, and the fact that the criminal had fled the country.

"Yestiddy I rid up ter his folkses' house, countin' on arrestin' him, bein' constable o' Brumsaidge," — he rolled the fine phrase under his tongue, — "an' his folks declared out they hed n't seen nor hearn o' him fur weeks an' weeks.

He done this crime jes' 'count o' Eugene Rathburn's makin' him tell whar Sam'l Keale los' his life, kase Eugene air mighty sharp set fur riches, an' he b'lieves the silver air thar in that cave on Jepson's land."

"I'll tell ye who hain't lef' the ken-try," said Bassett, with a grim nod and a fiery eye, — "Teck Jepson. Air one o' you off'cers o' the law hev got my corn-sent ter arrest Teck Jepson!"

Eli Strobe's eyebrows were lifted in surprise; his lips had parted, but the quick little mother struck in first: —

"Arrest Teck Jepson for what?"

"Let the sher'ff say." Bassett evaded a direct reply. "I seen him 'bout five days ago a-standin' in his porch, — 't war arter a heavy rain, — a-shakin' hands with this same man what he purtended wunst ter b'lieve so guilty, an' then purtected agin the lynchers, — *they say so*," he interpolated, becoming suddenly mindful of the significance of the presence of the sheriff, — "this man ez war tried fur killin' Sam'l Keale ez be dead, an' his body hid all these years in a cave on Jepson's land. Shakin' hands with him, sir, ez ef they war partners, — an' I say they *war* partners!"

The officer turned a serious face. "This must be investigated. I'll go thar ter-night."

"Jepson oughter be 'rested, or he'll foller Baintree, an' git away too. An' he mought be warned. Ye know" — Bassett turned to Rathburn's couch — "ye war warned yerse'f."

Rathburn shifted his position a trifle. He was flushed and conscious. He hardly dared to glance at Marcella; and when the firelight leaped up presently he saw that she had silently left the room. He was glad of that. In her presence he felt that he was not sure of keeping the secret under the lynx-eyed vigilance of these savage men, more than one of whom he suspected of belonging to the band of lynchers.

The night had come, — hardly to be

called darkness, for the white earth seemed possessed of a pallid persistence that asserted itself against the gloom of the sky. And the sky was not all gloom. Behind the clouds a moon lurked; now and then in thin folds of vapor showing a spectral, half-veiled face, and anon shifting along the highways of the skies, its presence barely suggested behind the denser mediums. A dreary night it seemed to Marcella. Never had she so revolted from the world. The great chestnut-oak tree at the gate was laden with snow; every gnarled, twisted bough how gaunt against the gray sky! The zigzag rail fence was all made definite, too, by its alternations of white and black lines. Why should her hands be cold — so cold? Had she not just come from the fire? She felt its warmth still in the folds of her dress. And why should she shiver so? She was choking, — a cord was stretched across her throat; her heart was beating fast and loud. She presently recognized her intention in astonishment, as if it were projected by another entity than herself. She was out among the horses. A score, at least, stood in her father's shed. One, a clean-built black mare, turned a shapely head, and gazed at her in surprise with luminous, moonlit eyes, for the moon was suddenly shining, and many a shadow was on the snow. She slipped under the neck of a raw-boned bay, who snorted and tossed up his head in fright. The fleetest, — the fleetest she must have, and her eyes dilated as she stood next a powerful iron-gray, full of spirit, that shied away as she caught his mane with one hand and pulled herself upon his unsaddled back. His bridle had not been removed; she slipped the hitching-rein, and the next moment the creature was speeding away upon the hardening snow with a snort of delight in the keen frosty air. The sound roused the men brooding over the fire within.

"Who's that gone?" said the sheriff, suddenly lifting his head.

Not a man had left the room. In vague agitation the group arose uncertainly.

"Somebody's after them horses," suggested one.

There was a pell-mell rush to the door. A wild excitement of horses kicking and pawing at close quarters ensued in the shed. Then a sharp cry, "My horse! My horse is gone!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Some man has got my good gray horse!"

The moon was out again, — a chill glitter, and the earth very white; and on the brow of the hill, speeding toward Jepson's cabin, was visible a swift equestrian figure. A score of men, save one, were in the saddle. A wild halloo rang through the air, and then, with all the fervor of the chase kindling in their blood, they were in pursuit. When the moon was out it showed rank after rank of the wild mountain men of the region; when the moon was in, a mystic company of mounted shadows slipping noiselessly over the snow. Swift as they were, their speed would not avail. They did not gain on the fugitive. The long lengths of glittering, moonlit snow or shadowy whiteness still remained the same between them and the sheriff's horse. It behooves an officer of the law in that country to be well mounted, and the iron-gray had no equal for speed or spirit. Only a bullet could be swifter, and presently one whizzed past. The gray horse had heard the like before, and plunged and snorted in fright. Another, — so close that it seemed to Marcella that it must have grazed her flying hair, all streaming backward in the wind of her flight, for she was bare-headed as she clung to the reins with one hand, with the other beating the horse with her sun-bonnet. The bullets served to accelerate his pace. The distance from the pursuers was widening. She came over the hill at a tremendous rush, and saw, to her joy, a light in Jepson's cabin.

It seemed to him at the time as if he were dreaming. He heard the thud of hoofs; he saw, as he opened the door, the equestrian figure reining up on the snow; he heard Marcella's voice beseeching him to fly, fly at once, for his enemies were upon his track; and then, straggling over the hill, came, one by one, the distanced pursuers. They had lost the fugitive long ago, but they noted, as she had done, the light in the cabin. As they approached, they saw Jepson advancing to meet them, — advancing boldly. His figure was very distinct in the light of the moon, which had shaken off its besetting clouds, and was crystal-clear in the sky, while the snowy earth responded with an opaque white lustre. His pose suggested all his arrogance. His arms were folded on his breast; his head was held very erect.

It was a frenzied impulse which animated them, for they did not connect him in any sense with the fugitive on the sheriff's horse. Perhaps it arose from the lack of a recognized head of the expedition, for the dismounted officer was still far behind, at Strobe's house. They were wild, fevered, riotous, their minds still full of the suspicions bruited about the hearth this evening. Most of all, it may be, they felt that fierce, chafing wish to break away from control which they shared with many a mob turning against its erstwhile leader. Jepson did not realize that he was reëacting the history of many a despot, with a sharp, whizzing sound split the night air, and he felt, in amazement, a keen tingle in his folded right arm, — another, striking above the elbow. Their aim was good for men who rode at full gallop.

He did not flee. He walked on, silent, proud, erect, toward them. They were upon him now, the smoking horses snorting and curvetting as they closed about him, the earth seeming to shake beneath their hoofs; and suddenly this

Cæsar of the Great Smoky Mountains sank down in the reddening snow.

No one knew afterward quite accurately who fired the shots. There were many mutual criminations and recriminations amongst the little mob, but the pistols were not available in evidence because of the frequent discharges at the fugitive on the sheriff's horse. These were considered justifiable, and thus the responsibility was never placed. Marcella was much reproved for her unwomanly interference in matters with which she had no concern. "Ef I hed known 't war you-uns, Marcelly, I'd hev loant ye my horse an' welcome," the sheriff declared gallantly. And more than one of the mountain desperadoes averred that it was frightful to think of having had to fire off pistols at "leetle Marcelly Strobe by mistake, whilst she war a-skitterin' along on that wild-goose chase through the snow on the sher'ff's horse."

Jepson felt that it was a forlorn and maimed existence that stretched out before him after Dr. Bryce came and took off his arm. Physical prowess was a sort of religion with him, and he could not call to mind any Biblical worthy thus afflicted. It was well that he had so much pride and so much courage, or he might have been more white-faced and cast down than he was, one afternoon, when Mrs. Strobe and Marcella went to his cabin to inquire concerning his well-being. The girl persisted in sitting on the doorstep, for the door stood open, the snow having melted and the air being fine and dry, and from his chair within, by the fireside, he could not see her face, — only the lustrous waves of her long curling hair tossing on her shoulders.

When Mrs. Strobe, interested in a matter of horticulture, stepped out into the back porch to cull sundry seed-pods from a vine sheltered by the eaves, he boldly offered his advice on a point on which he considered it sorely needed.

"Ye mus' quit these hyar dangerous ways, Marcelly," he said, in his domineering tone. "Leave the men's affairs alone. Ye'll git kilt some time. Ye mought hev been kilt kem'in' ter warn me, an' 't war powerful dangerous warnin' Rathburn."

"I reckon 't warn't none too much ter do fur a man I'm goin' ter marry," she retorted tartly, her back toward him, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand.

He had grown used to the idea that she would marry Rathburn. "I wish he war a better man!" he said bitterly.

"He ain't got no religion, sca'cely, I know," she resumed presently, "but he don't feel no lack."

"He ain't a hypercrite, then, — like ye called me wunst?" he said desolately.

"Oh, yes," she declared lightly, "jes' about yer size of a hypercrite."

"Waal — I hope he'll be good ter ye," he sighed.

"Dunno 'bout that, — he gits mad mighty easy," she responded cavalierly. "Tole me wunst ez he would never forgive me ez long ez he lived."

"Fur what?" Jepson demanded angrily.

She had risen from the doorstep. She was looking casually around, as if she were about to go. Her voice had sunk unaccountably. "Jes' kase I 'lowed it mought hev been him ez treated leetle Bob Bowles mean."

There was a pause. "Marcelly," he cried at last, "who be ye a-talkin' 'bout?"

"You-uns!" She turned away her scarlet cheek, then flashed a bright glance over her shoulder. "But I'm mos' wore out tryin' ter git it inter yer head, — ye 'pear so sodden in folly."

And then she was off.

Rathburn had bitter reproaches for her. "I thought you would marry me — not Jepson. I thought you cared for me."

"I never knowed my mind," she admitted, "till that night whenst I hearn 'em plottin' agin him, an' seen he war in danger. *Then* I fund out mighty quick who I keered fur."

"I believe it will kill me," he declared.

"Oh, no, 't won't!" she reassured him. "I hev hearn fower or five young men say that very thing, an' they air walkin' round in Brumsaidge now, well an' hearty, an' likely ter last a good while yit."

Mrs. Strobe was not surprised. "Whenst young gals gits ter talkin' 'bout 'despisin' handsome sinners with eyes blue an' deep ez a well, thar's apt ter be a heap o' foolishness in the wind." She earnestly counseled her granddaughter to wait until after an investigation of the cave was had, lest Jepson should be in some sort inculpated by the testimony which the dark and gruesome caverns might yield at last. "Ye could turn him off then," she argued, "ef ye ain't married ter him."

Her remonstrances had the unexpected effect of hastening the wedding. "I don't b'lieve he hev done nuthin' underhand an' mean. An' I 'm willin' ter share ennythin' they kin prove agin him," Marcella declared.

The first superficial investigation of those unexplored underground recesses resulted in naught. There was some delay while the sheriff secured and had brought from Colbury the requisite means for an extensive, safe, and efficient search, — lamps, ropes, etc.; and by the time they were in readiness Rathburn was sufficiently recovered to be with the party. He was in high hopes of realizing his dreams of rich deposits of ore, and eagerly examined the rock about the opening of the cave and within its passages. The only "find" was a ghastly spectacle. Not so far down the gloomy aisles of the cave, half hidden by a great fragment of rock, and by it supported in an upright posture,

was the skeleton of a young man, clad in tatters and shreds of brown jeans, his grasp still upon the handle of a hunting-knife held out straight before him, kept in position since its strong blade had pierced the heart of a great panther, now but a skeleton too, rampant, its claws and fangs fixed in the ribs where its savagery had dealt death. It was the simplest explanation of the mystery: the interlocked antagonists in this primitive duel — the hunter and the beast — had each perished because of the other. Keale had doubtless tracked the creature to the cave, and rashly venturing within her den, she had fought with the courage of desperation. There were the skeletons of the panther kittens, having died, perhaps, of starvation, scattered about on the floor, but no indications of precious metal, no sign that this gaunt thing that once was the adventurous mountaineer had ever sought it, save that in his pocket was a bit of float identical with the specimen which had so long proved a lure to Rathburn. The secret where he had found it perished with him.

Its influences were hardly so fleeting. Many a long and thoughtful hour Rathburn pondered on Baintree's fate: innocent of the crime of which he was accused; tempted by his cowardly terror of it to commit its counterpart, which though failing had left him its legacy of remorse, its brand of Cain to bear as long as he should live. For never again came news of him to Broomsedge Cove, although Rathburn, with a condoning compassion, a certain sense of responsibility, remembering his own sordid motives and their pitiless pursuit, which provoked Baintree's crime, a wish to lift the weight which must oppress him, sought him far and wide.

Rathburn lost his desire for wealth; somehow that bit of float, with all its unfulfilled promises, with all its inchoate curses, was a talisman to reconcile him to poverty. No one might know in



after years, when he was notably one of the "poor collectors" of his profession, how strong a proclivity for gains at all hazards he had conquered. He never became altogether unworldly, however, and when he had returned to his appropriate place in the heart of a city he was easily consoled for Marcella's choice, and esteemed it in the nature of an escape; for none could realize so well as he how the charming mountain flower would have lost grace and beauty, all its fascinations wilting, in the transplantation to an incongruous sphere. Nevertheless he suffers a pang occasionally — the finer æsthetic function of the heart — when he hears from Broomsedge Cove. Latterly it has been reported that Eli Strobe, whose mental malady has quite

disappeared, has been elected justice of the peace, and that the "dad" formerly so frequent a word on Marcella's lips has become a stranger to her vocabulary; for ever since she has solemnly spoken of him by the ambitious title of his office, as "the squair." Even while Rathburn laughed at this, he saw, with a sinking of the heart like homesickness, the stretches of the tawny broomsedge waving over all the abandoned land; the high encircling purple mountains touching the lofty sky; the trees bowing in homage to the passing of the royal wind; the river's silver gleam; the smoke curling up from the stick, and, clay chimneys of the little hamlet, so still, so still, while above the white clouds set sail.

*Charles Egbert Craddock.*

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## AT ALFRED DE MUSSET'S GRAVE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1882. LE JOUR DES MORTS.

POET of youth! when first I hither came  
 To this cold, silent garden of the dead,  
 Above an ebbing sea of blood and flame  
 Thy humbled country scarce could raise her head.

Pale-visaged, sable forms, in order long,  
 Among thy leafless paths moved to and fro,  
 As wan and voiceless as the phantom throng  
 That haunt the hopeless nether shores of woe.

Their footsteps sounded far away and still,  
 They hushed their sobs above the trodden clay  
 Where, healed of every mortal wound and ill,  
 Their best beloved in endless furlough lay.

Yet freshest wreaths thy mausoleum crowned,  
 The marble gleaming pallid through the bloom,  
 So thickly strewn the stranger hardly found  
 To add his offering a span of room.

Supreme fidelity! With tears undried  
 From new-made graves of sons in battle slain,

Thy sorrow-stricken country turned aside  
 To scatter flowers where thou so long hadst lain.

Ten years have gone. Again thy resting-place  
 I seek from distant shores with pilgrim tread,  
 And bring the buds of vanished spring to grace  
 The sweet commemoration of the dead.

Alas! thy sepulchre is almost bare;  
 Naught but a bunch of crimson roses, wet  
 With tear-drops of the sad November air,—  
 The gift, perhaps, of some poor Bernerette.

Can all be dead to-day who loved thee then,  
 Are none to cherish thee hereafter born?  
 Has sorrow fled the barren homes of men,  
 Has even grief forgotten how to mourn?

Has France the voice forgotten that so long  
 Rang vibrant through her moods with changeful tone?  
 Dear chosen child of passion, wit, and song,  
 Say, does the Muse herself forget her own?

Should yet another decade see me pass,  
 Were mine the only worship to return,  
 The only footprints on the rimy grass,  
 The only token laid upon thine urn?

Not so! While fire shall slumber in the flint,  
 While living wells from earth unbidden spring,  
 While nights of May shall blossom without stint,  
 And nightingales untaught their cadence sing;

Till human bosoms shall have ceased to thrill,  
 Till human pulses shall no longer throb,  
 The hand of Spring will crown thy marble still,  
 The heart of youth must still repeat thy sob.

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## TWO BOOKS OF ESSAYS.

AN abstract discussion of the æsthetic and ethical elements in the mind is a rare contribution to current literature; and one in which the logical treatment is so rigorous, the illustration so ample and apt, and the scope so broad as is the

case with this volume<sup>1</sup> is a treasure-trove. The claims of philosophy to be the science of all knowledge are dis-

<sup>1</sup> *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty.* By C. C. EVERETT, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

credited more often by the defects of its disciples in comprehensive thinking than by its own failure in the grand generalizations which it aims to make and is sometimes in haste to proclaim as ultimate truths. It is not to be disputed that such a treatise as this from the pen of a thoughtful scholar, well trained in the schools of rigid thinking, deals with the truths that underlie criticism; and the author has presented his views upon these matters of tragedy and comedy, in the earlier part of his volume, in a way to remind us forcibly that the weakness of literary criticism, the confusions of the controversial romanticists and realists, are due in large part to an imperfect apprehension of general principles. Philosophical criticism leaves but small play for those who would make personal impressions the sum and substance of critical opinion. It hardly stops to regard those who flout any principle of authority in literary judgment, and treat the decisions of the past as a matter of mere tradition, the baseless fabric of antiquated prejudice and discredited taste. The range of fashion in literature is wide, but it is not coextensive with the province; the immortality of the great masters is not a literary fiction, such as obtain in law; there are grounds on which enduring fame is built securely, and these are the object of real philosophical inquiry. The criticism which consists of personal impressions is quite adequate to pronounce upon the literature of fashion, but it fails to account for the works which survive that literature, and are seldom to be included in it. The philosophical critic feels the need of bringing his own perceptions and feelings into some relation with established general principles, which are the objective element in his art; he would not be abandoned to his own egoism, the prey of personal errors which may be so easily corrected. The lack of ably written volumes dealing with first principles has been one of the causes of an inefficient

and wandering criticism from which the public often suffers, and the evil is the greater because such hard matter as that of which these essays entertain is very slow in permeating common thought.

The old antithesis of the real and the ideal, for example, is a simple matter to Professor Everett, who is able to dispatch it in a very few lines. This is because the question does not contain, as some persons think, any element of mere preference; it is no more than one incident in a general logical analysis, and no more to be quarreled with than a chemical reaction. The true opposite to the ideal, as needs to be said more often than should be the case, is the actual; and when this is borne in mind there is little excuse for any one to lose his way in the discussion. The ideal is dealt with by the imagination, as the actual by the understanding; but both are real. To carry the point further, the ideal is the substance of beauty, and from this initial truth a whole system may be evolved, in which the respective claims of realism and romanticism, so far from being a leading question, will enter only as a corollary drawn from higher premises. It is the imagination which builds up the world which the mind knows, in a philosophical sense; it is this faculty which, by the aid of many perceptions of the actual, at last discerns the type of which the actual embodiments are imperfect and approximate instances; and this type, which is ideal, may be regarded as a perfected thing, which is the object of mere contemplation. This is the beautiful, in beholding which the mind is in the pure mood of contemplation, or, in other language, passes most completely out of itself. It is not to be expected that a bare and disjointed statement of Professor Everett's compacted thesis should do more than indicate his views and their general harmony. He goes on to show that poetry is one of the arts by which the beautiful, the ideal, the object of æsthetic con-

temptation, is represented to the mind in such a way, if we may coin a paradox of our own, that unreality is a necessary part of the illusion. In sculpture this unreality is so plain as hardly to require mention; in the theatre it is obvious, when scenic arrangement and mimicry have done their utmost, that if the audience were in fact deluded into believing the tragedy real they would rush upon the stage to interfere as they would do in the public square; and it is an acute suggestion of Professor Everett's that in poetry the metrical movement, the talking of blank verse, has a value in giving just that shade of unreality which is necessary to remind us that we are in the presence of the ideal. He aptly cites, in support of the remark, Goethe's letter to Schiller, in which he speaks of transforming the closing scene of the first part of *Faust* from prose to poetry, in order to soften the terror of it and let it be seen as through a veil.

These general matters, however, with which the author opens the subject, are of more special interest to the metaphysician. The particular topics with which he continues the discussion are nearer to the ordinary reader. One of the more important of these is the explanation of the poetical value of nature. He contrasts at the outset the two remarkably divergent essays of Mill and Emerson upon Nature. He grants the worst that the pessimist can say, and yet holds that in the intelligent comprehension of nature there remains material which affords delight to the mind. The very completeness of the antithesis between nature and mind is alleged as one source of our enjoyment. The sense of relief which is experienced in contemplating a realm not subject to those limitations which oppress the mind in its own life counts for much. As an example of such freedom in nature he turns to its unmoral character as the most striking trait of difference from human life, and he also gives full value to the sense we

have of being included in the large general movement of natural forces as a part in the whole, from which springs a portion of the repose of the mind. He is unwilling, however, to accept the scientific analysis which would refer our vague emotions in the presence of nature to the impressions of the race inherited from savage life. It is doubtful to our minds whether he assigns a sufficient place to the merely physical effects of light and sound and kindred sources of sensation in building up his theory of nature-poetry.

A second topic, which is the complement of this, is broached in examining the poetical element in human life itself. He naturally selects tragedy as the immediate subject of this portion of the treatise, inasmuch as it represents the concentration of life. Here his powers of clear logical distinction and of philosophical comprehensiveness are most manifest. He states a formula which fairly covers the subject in all literatures. The source of tragedy is found in the collision of two wills, but not merely two individual wills. The old distinction made between the ancient and modern dramas will be remembered. It has been said that the genius of Greek tragedy is fate, the power superior to men and gods alike, and that the genius of modern tragedy is character. This is a true difference, but it is only partially stated; for many Shakespearean commentators have remarked that in the great characters of the plays the presence of a controlling fate is felt in them as irresistible as the forces of nature. There is a necessity in the structure of mind akin to that in nature, and the freedom of the individual under it is limited; there is a secondary necessity in the circumstances which surround the individual, from which he cannot disinvolve himself. The collision of which Professor Everett speaks is therefore more than the strife of two wills; it is the impact on each other of two wills which

are themselves instruments of greater moral forces and subjected to unalterable conditions. Thus it is the same, whether one speaks of fate or character. In combination with this conflict there are also two other elements: one is the blindness of the individual in respect to the actual condition of affairs, his failure to comprehend the entire moral order to which he is sacrificed; the other is the retribution which comes upon the individual for his violation, perhaps unknown, of the law which ruins him. These three elements, necessity, blindness, and retribution, are essential to complete tragedy. We have not the space to follow out the admirable reasoning and full illustration by which this analysis of tragedy is supported. It is intimately bound up with truths of both art and life, and harmonizes with the practice of the great masters of the drama. It is of interest, also, for the ethical questions it starts, and the view of the moral progress of the individual which it involves. It may be extended beyond morals and art into history; and indeed, Professor Everett finds a place under his formula for the greatest of real tragedies, — the death of Christ. But these matters of detail can only be glanced at in passing.

Upon coming to the discussion of comedy, the author finds that the attitude of the mind is radically changed. In poetry, the mind goes out from itself into the world, and in a certain sense is absorbed in the larger life of which it is a part. In comedy, on the contrary, the mind recovers its independence and stands detached. It is like a visitor from another planet, and is amused, as if what it beholds were alien to it. This is partly because the comic, in Professor Everett's view, is a matter of form, and not of contents; it exists in the mind and is entirely subjective; as soon as reality enters into it, it changes its character, and is no longer comic. He discusses the view that the comic arises from the sense of incongruities, and also

Hobbes's theory that it implies a feeling of superiority in the one who laughs; and he observes that these theories are not exclusive. He goes on to direct very destructive criticism upon Bain's views on this question, and thus exhibits quite unconsciously the difference there is between the logician plus the philosopher and the logician solely. The subject of wit and humor, however, with the subordinate inquiry as to the physical explanation of laughter, is a very obscure one. The proverbial nearness of smiles and tears, the fine line that divides the comic from the tragic, and the readiness with which one changes into the other in consequence of slight modifications of the conditions embarrass the analysis. It may fairly be said, nevertheless, that the present essay is not only an interesting review of the best philosophical thought upon the matter, but by its fundamental position of the subjectivity of comedy, and its limitation to the form, and not the reality, of actions, is also valuable for itself.

In the last chapters of the volume, the ethical element is dealt with upon lines that harmonize with those already laid down. Under the impulse of duty, of which the springs are said to be love and honor, the mind attempts to realize the ideal. Its attitude is similar to that it holds toward beauty in art and poetry, except that the practical is substituted for the contemplative mood. The obligation felt in conscience is ascribed to the mind's consciousness of its relations to the larger wholes outside of itself, or in which it may be considered as included, such as the family, the state, humanity, and at its furthest reach in the moral order of the universe. Ethics, however, are not fairly treated in so brief a space as the author has allowed, and he seems rather to have had in mind the task of exhibiting the general analogies of the mind in ethical and æsthetic manifestations than that of unfolding a comprehensive and exact ethical theory.

In these chapters, as indeed throughout the volume, the constant presence of modern thought, the speculations of this century, is a very noticeable feature. The liberality of mind, the hospitality of the thinker, and the range of his acquaintance are enviable traits in a scholar. The influence of Hegel and Schopenhauer is acknowledged, and the schools of nineteenth-century science are felt to be contemporary. It is proper to observe, too, that the general conceptions of the book with respect to religious thought are distinctly those of Unitarianism. The attempt to correlate religion with poetry and art, the dignity ascribed to the imagination as an aid in apprehending the spiritual, the doctrine that there is no evil in nature, the idea of the moral law and the modes of its declaration, are all fundamentally in harmony with liberal theology, and the temper in which the new ethics, as they are termed, are met is similarly characterized. It would not be pretended that the contents of the volume are in any considerable degree original. The author, nevertheless, is by no means a retailer of other men's wares. He has published the fruits of his thoughts upon matters in which learning is a prerequisite to any thought. His style is remarkably clear and cogent, often acute, and not infrequently has the charm of a refined eloquence; but it would be more just to say that the thoughts are eloquent rather than the style. The value of such a work, the finished results of a rich and reflective mind, is inestimable to cultivated persons who have sufficient intellectual force to appreciate its fineness.

Miss Repplier's neat little volume of essays<sup>1</sup> appeals, like Dr. Everett's, to persons conversant with literature, but it makes no attempt at examining foundations. Rather it is occupied with a few simple themes which permit abun-

dant illustration from what used to be called "polite literature." Whether children are the same now as they once were, whether sentiment has decayed, how the world looks to the modern poet and thinker, — these and similar subjects are discussed upon the evidence furnished by a wide range of modern writers. Miss Repplier rarely draws upon any direct testimony from observation, even when discoursing upon *Children, Past and Present*, yet when she does it is with an acuteness which tempts one to wish that she would give freer rein to her power in this direction. How admirable, for example, is the rapid sketch of the modern school-girl, as she is followed "along the track of her self-chosen reading"! We quote the passage, though it appears in an essay originally printed in *The Atlantic*, for it is worth reading twice: —

"She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, but following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown-up, to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge; and with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love-making, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the 'Duchess,' at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea, even, of what she has missed in the world of books. She tells you that 'she don't care for Dickens,' and 'can't get interested in Scott,' with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of af-

<sup>1</sup> *Books and Men.* By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

fairs on the two great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for Northanger Abbey or Emma, she would as soon think of finding entertainment in Henry Esmond. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom visible on the street without a book or two under her arm."

Miss Replier, if she rarely uses life apart from books, uses the life in books themselves with singular freshness and discrimination. Evidently books are real to her, and she manages, by her citations and comparisons, to let a wonderful supply of fresh air into the library. Her vivacious, merry, and often very witty characterizations of the men,

women, and children of books has the effect upon the reader of making him know his old friends better. Her reading has been generous among the books which cultivated persons without hobbies are likely to know, and her illustrations drawn from them are so natural and her observations so piquant that to follow her lead is to renew acquaintance with familiar persons and to know them more familiarly.

This realization of literature makes Miss Replier a most entertaining interpreter, and it is worth while to find a companion in a critic, rather than a critic in a companion; for her bent of mind is clearly critical, only she has not felt it necessary to abandon her pleasure in books for the sake of creating a new pleasure in pecking at them. We suspect that the companionableness of this volume will disclose itself to many persons in the unwillingness which they will feel to read it alone. It is by all means a book to be enjoyed aloud.

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#### LETTERS FROM DOROTHY OSBORNE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WHEN Macaulay made the fragments of this correspondence<sup>1</sup> which were accessible to him the text for his philippic against the dignity of history, and expressed so earnest a desire for more such letters, in preference even to state documents, as a means of obtaining that information for the sake of which alone it is useful to examine the past, he little thought what a treasure he had missed. In this volume we obtain a sight of the way social life went on in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, quite the equal of that afforded in any other book, and much more interesting. It is the life of a young Englishwoman

in a dull old country-house, but by no means secluded from the world. One sees how she thought and acted, what her principles were and how she applied them, the things she observed about her in human nature; in fact, she lives before our eyes, and, to crown all, she was in love. Sir William Temple is a grave figure in our literature. It is a singular freak of fortune that he should now be known to us in the ways he followed when he was young, and be more entertaining for his mistress's sake than for his own. The letters he wrote have perished; but something of their character may be inferred from the letters which

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, 1652-54. Edited by EDWARD



he received in answer, and of these there is a good supply. He was only a youth of twenty when he first met Dorothy, herself but twenty-one. He fell in with her party while traveling, and a slight incident made them better acquainted. No one, however, would have been likely to prophesy a love-match from the encounter. It was the time of the civil wars, and their houses were hotly engaged on opposite sides of the great struggle. The balance had already declared for the fortunes of the Parliament. It was not long before Dorothy was living with her father at the family estate at Chicksands, taking care of him in his evil days, when the cause he fought for was lost, the master he had served ungrateful, and his peace made with the new order, which allowed him this quiet and lonely seat of his ancestors in Bedfordshire to end his broken life in undisturbed. Meanwhile, William had been traveling and studying, perfecting his French and his Spanish, leading the life of a young man of expectations yet to be provided for out of the exchequer of state-offices. It is four years since the first meeting in the island of Guernsey when this correspondence begins, but in what way the two young people came to so sure a footing with each other is matter of conjecture. Dorothy ascribes Temple's attraction to his good-nature, which is not the first quality one thinks of in connection with him. She mentions the matter in one of her ingenuous passages upon human nature: "No, in earnest, nor I could not love any person that I thought had it not to a good degree. 'T was the first thing I liked in you, and without it I should never have liked anything. I know 't is counted simple, but I cannot imagine why. 'T is true some people have it that have not wit, but there are at least as many foolish people I have ever observed to be fullest of tricks, little ugly plots and designs, unnecessary disguises, and mean cunning, which are the basest qualities in the world, and

makes one the most contemptible, I think; when I once discover them, they lose their credit with me forever." It had been urged upon her that her own good-nature made her apt to be deceived, and from a worldly point of view was a questionable quality; but with all its faults, she avers, she "would not be without it." There was something more, however, than this mutual amiability to unite the lovers, and it would seem that the beginning of the courtship was not different from the usual course of true-love. "Can I remember," she writes, in a time of despondency, "how ignorantly and innocently I suffered it to steal upon me by degrees; how under a mask of friendship I cozened myself into that which, had it appeared to me at first in its true shape, I had feared and shunned?" So the coil of their long lovers' troubles began; and in 1652 we come upon their history *in medias res*.

The difficulty arose from the worldly theory natural to the aristocracy, which insisted on the young of both sexes being "well married." Temple's father wished an heiress for his son, and Dorothy's kindred, and particularly the brother, who figures as the mischief-maker of the piece, desired that she should be mated with a fortune. It is the old story: the two lovers were poor. Their contests to prevent the alliance of their hands with wealth instead of with each other, and Dorothy's constant feminine survey of the matrimonial world about her, throw the strongest light on the marriage contract of the period in the great world, and illustrate one of the most unchanging characteristics of high society. Dorothy's task was incomparably harder than Temple's. He set aside at most one or two "good motions" of his father in his behalf. But Dorothy was a magnet; her very first letter confides to her unacknowledged "servant" the character and advances of five suitors, and before the end the list of the refused counts an incredible number. She writes very

freely of them, and gives them a short shrift in her letters. A certain skill she had in striking off individual peculiarities, and especially foibles and ridiculous incidents, makes the portraits in this gallery of rejected lovers very lifelike; and the exhibition of her own feelings is delightfully natural. Perhaps more than one would have been discouraged, had he been able to read her description of what she did not wish for in a husband. It is an inventory of contemporary character.

“There are a great many ingredients must go to the making me happy in a husband. First, as my cousin Franklin says, our humors must agree; and to do that, he must have that kind of breeding that I have had, and used that kind of company. Then he must not be so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than his wife; nor of the next sort of them, whose aim reaches no further than to be justice of the peace, and once in his life high sheriff, who reads no books but statutes, and studies nothing but how to make a speech interlarded with Latin, that may amaze his disagreeing poor neighbors, and fright them rather than persuade them into quietness. He must not be a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the university, and is at his furthest when he reaches the Inns of Court; has no acquaintance but those of his form in these places, speaks the French he has picked out of old laws, and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time. He must not be a town gallant, neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary, that cannot imagine how an hour should be spent without company unless it be in sleeping, that makes court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally; nor a traveled monsieur, whose head is all feather inside and outside, that can

talk of nothing but dances and duets, and has courage enough to wear sashes when every one else dies with cold to see him. He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor covetous; and to all this must be added that he must love me and I him as much as we are capable of loving. Without all this, his fortune, though never so great, would not satisfy me; and with it, a very moderate one would keep me from ever repenting my disposal.”

When Temple replied to this that she seemed to know better what she did not want than what she did, she answered, readily enough, that she supposed he knew that by his own exact pattern.

The suitors who presented themselves, in ignorance alike of her tastes and of the fact that so far as her own will and heart went she had already disposed of herself privately, were of all sorts, from the country squire and the rich Londoner's son up almost to the highest in the land. It was the time of Cromwell's height of power, and no less a person than the Protector's son, Henry, “the debauched, ungodly cavalier” of Mrs. Hutchinson, would have wedded her. She did not repress the reflection, later, when Parliament was dissolved, how great she might have been had she accepted him; but she also says that she prizes a letter of Temple's more than all Henry Cromwell. Another aspirant was her cousin, that Earl of Danby who afterward figured in politics as a great minister of the realm. The Londoner was the son of an alderman who had bought a great estate. “Well, the best on 't is I have a squire now that is as good as a knight. He was coming as fast as a coach and six horses could carry him, but I desired him to stay till my ague was gone, and give me a little time to recover my good looks; for I protest, if he saw me now, he would never deign to see me again. Oh, me! I can but think how I shall sit like the

lady of the lobster and give audience at Babram. You have been there, I am sure. Nobody that is at Cambridge 'scapes it." But the parvenu was not for her, either. There was a learned widower, Sir Justinian, who wrote Latin letters about her to his Oxford friends, and condescended to her own intellects. Thrice he made the attempt and was worsted, with a more laughing comment upon him each time in these private confidences; he is the butt among the lovers. There were numerous others, including one who had to have his letter thrown into the fire before his eyes, unread; and as they come and go they are successfully got rid of, though not without leaving tribulation behind them. The brother, who was by and observing all, and taking a more or less active part, remembered them, and would bring them up in the quarrels with his sister, — all the lovers she had ever had, "like Richard the III.'s ghosts," — to reproach her with. He was Temple's enemy in the fortress, and did not scruple to tell her once, in a heat, that her lover was without honor or religion, and would serve anywhere for advantage. But he had gone too far, and the brother and sister, who were esteemed as affectionate as any in England, did more than part with the "usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy," which seems to have marked the worst of their disagreements; on this occasion he "renounced" her and she "defied" him. The reconciliation scene after this incident is a characteristic passage: "The next day, I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped, but he did not. Afterwards Mr. Gibson and he and I talked of indifferent things till all but we two went to bed. Then he sat half an hour and said not one word, nor I to him. At last, in a pitiful tone, 'Sister,' says he, 'I have heard you say that when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because then it increases upon you, and you lie at

the mercy of all your sad thought, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to. I am at that pass now. I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown.' I, who resolved to take no notice what ailed him, said 't was a knowledge I had raised from my spleen only, and so fell into a discourse of melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion; and we talked so long of it and so devoutly that it laid all our anger; we grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit ne'er expressed more humble, charitable kindness one toward another than we. He asked my pardon and I his, and he has promised me never to speak of it to me while he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty." It seems, however, that he still found room for his opposition to the match, notwithstanding this edifying scene.

Dorothy, in the midst of all this seeking in marriage, was still living quietly in the old house, so far out of the world that one would think of her as forgotten by it. She gives in one letter the history of her day, — and every day at Chicksands was the same: early rising; the house and the garden; the "making me ready" about ten; attending upon her father till dinner; the meal with "cousin Molle" (a bachelor who spent his life in visiting his relations) in a great room; reading or working in the heat of the day; at six or seven the walk out on to the "common that lies hard by the house, where a great many wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads;" some talk with them; then supper, — this is the course of each day's events; and at the end, in the evening, comes this touch of sentiment, which is too pretty and natural to be missed: "When I have supped I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it, where I sit down and wish you with me

(you had best say this is not kind, neither). In earnest, 't is a pleasant place, and would be more so to me if I had your company. I sit there sometimes till I am lost with thinking; and were it not for some cruel thoughts of the crossness of our fortunes that will not let me sleep there, I should forget that there were such a thing to be done as going to bed." It must have been a rather lonely life; but there were neighbors, who called, and occasionally Dorothy herself went to some near country house for a dinner, at which she made shrewd observations upon human nature and the whims of fortune. There were visitors at Chicksands occasionally, but these were few. With such society and her books — the French romances, Lady Newcastle's poems, "ten times more extravagant than her dress," Pinto's travels, and the like — she passed her time; but writing and receiving letters were evidently the most vital matters. If we may give one more trifling scene, here is a lively account of the coming of the mail in the days before novels. The expected letter had not come, and with this the extract begins: "The loss put me hugely out of order, and you would have both pitied and laughed at me if you could have seen how woodenly I entertained the widow, who came hither the day before, and surprised me very much. Not being able to say anything, I got her to cards, and then, with a great deal of patience, lost my money to her, — or rather, I gave it as my ransom. In the midst of our play, in comes my blessed boy with your letter; and in earnest, I was not able to disguise the joy it gave me, though one was by who is not much your friend, and took notice of a blush that for my life I could not keep back. I put up the letter in my pocket, and made what haste I could to lose the money I had left that I might take occasion to go fetch some more," — in which purpose she succeeded, of course, and made, she

says, no such haste back. These letters were her life, and they show boldly and frankly her heart, with the love that thinks not of concealment. Yet Temple seems to have been an exacting lover; or was it the fashion of the day to complain of "unkindness," and turn every trifle and torture phrases into lover's doubts? This may pass with the remark that he was either very jealous or very ardent. There came a period of real trouble, however, when "in earnest," to use her pet phrase, Dorothy was melancholy. Their trials had been many, no doubt, and their union seemed as far distant as ever. She was not one to let romance run away with her, but would have their match seem prudent and made with the consent of the families; and one Christmastide, something, we know not what, occurred which brought out all the difficulty of their situation, and made the hopelessness of it bear more heavily upon her. Temple seems to have been in some way to blame. At all events, her courage breaks down, and she urges on him the worldly view of their position with all its force, and advises that they submit to circumstances; but in all this she seems to be pleading rather for his good than for herself. She makes the most devoted professions of her love and fidelity, but would not indulge a hope to the ruin of their lives. "Ah, if you love yourself or me, you must confess that I have reason to condemn this senseless passion, that wheresoe'er it comes destroys all that entertain it. Nothing of judgment or discretion can live with it, and it puts everything else out of order before it can find a place for itself. What has it brought my poor Lady Anne Blunt to? She is the talk of all the footmen and boys in the street, and will be company for them shortly, and yet is so blinded by her passion as not at all to perceive the misery she has brought herself to; and this fond love of hers has so rooted all sense of nature out of her heart that they

say she is no more moved than a statue with the affliction of a father and mother that doted upon her, and had placed the comfort of their lives in her preferment." She reminds her lover that a thousand accidents might have taken her from him, and that then he would have done well, perhaps, to have placed his affections elsewhere. "There is a gentlewoman in this country that loved so passionately for six or seven years that her friends, who kept her from marrying, fearing her death, consented to it; and within half a year her husband died, which afflicted her so strongly nobody thought she would have lived. She saw no light but candles in three years, nor came abroad in five; and now that 't is some nine years past, she is passionately taken again with another." But these are old arguments of lovers' quarrels, and they had their usual effect. The month passed away, and left the two more securely bound.

This private matter, however, though it is the plot of the story, does not monopolize it. These are by no means conventional love-letters. Dorothy had a strong mind, and took a lively interest in the affairs of society. She complains, indeed, that since she came out of France she had lost her gay spirits; she had the spleen, and occasionally drank the waters for it, and at home that infusion of steel which was a bitter draught of the old medicine. She refers many times to the criticism made upon her by her friends that she was grave in demeanor, with a certain stateliness of manner which was thought unamiable, but of the fault she says she is unconscious. It plainly belonged to her strong nature, and the blending of this strength with her frankness and good sense, together with the sprightliness of her pen, constitutes the charm of the correspondence. She was well born, and the gossip of society is frequently to be met with on the page, but so presented as not to be tedious or frivolous. There is

a great deal of the comedy of manners and of the pettiness of mankind in both sexes, of the humors of country life and the folly of the fashionable world, throughout the volume; this gives it great interest as a picture of the life of the times. London, even, sometimes appears, with its Presbyterian dinners, its masks at the gardens, the great duels, old Lilly the astrologist, whom she interviewed and found a fool, and many little incidents which show how daily life went on. Stephen Marshall, for example, was a great preacher; and this is how she saw him: "God forgive me, I was so near laughing yesterday when I should not. Would you believe I had the grace to go hear a sermon upon a week-day? In earnest, 't is true. A Mr. Marshall is the man that preached, but never anybody was so defeated. He is so famed that I expected rare things of him, and, seriously, I listened to him as if he had been St. Paul; and what do you think he told us? Why, that if there were no queens, no lords, no ladies, nor gentlemen, nor gentlewomen, in the world, 't would be no loss to God Almighty at all. This we had over some forty times, which made me remember it, whether I would or not. The rest was much at this rate, interlarded with the prettiest odd phrases that I had the most ado to look soberly enough for the place I was in that ever I had in my life. . . . Yet I'll say that for him, he stood stoutly for tithes." An observation that ranges from the Presbyterian meeting-house to Spring Gardens, from the maidens "singing of ballads" to Lady Isabella Rich, from the foolish squires, and booby husbands, and ridiculous widows of the country to the Sidneys and Cromwells, affords wide glimpses of seventeenth-century life; and to have all this mirrored in the letters of a young lady of a strong and vivacious mind, remarkable for womanly sense, and herself one of the acknowledged ornaments of her society, is great

literary good - fortune. The charm, however, is nine tenths personal. Dorothy Osborne will be the favorite of later times than her own. The soundness of the English nature was in her, and her letters remind us how much of this survived through all the eccentricities of the sects and the corruption of the courtiers, which together have monopolized the formal history of the time, and given a warped impression of the nation. It is a pleasure to find the story of her maiden life ending, after all, in a marriage of the long-waiting lovers, even the jealous brother joining in the busi-

ness of the contract. With the short notes preliminary to the wedding the correspondence ends. The life of the pair was happily and honorably lived, and in the single last letter, written late in life on a sad occasion, one finds the same qualities of mind and heart that have become familiar in the body of the volume. Extracts which, removed from their context and deprived of the full sense of Dorothy's personality, may seem trivial give an inadequate impression; but those who know and enjoy a human book will seek it out for themselves.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

More Remarks on Realism.

I WONDER if we shall ever arrive at fixed principles of art, or if the question between the realists and the idealists or romanticists is to be, like the Eastern Question in European politics, an "eternal" one. The war of opposed opinions is carried on with special liveliness in the field of literature, neither side admitting defeat or check. In the mean time artists continue to create, and each work of true art is safe to certify itself in the long run. I wonder what some of our earlier writers of fiction would have called themselves, if these conflicting theories had been brought face to face in their day as in ours. Did they work on any conscious theory, or simply follow the native bent of their minds? Miss Austen said of herself that she worked on a bit of ivory two inches wide, with so fine a brush as to produce little effect with much labor. The works of some of the realistic novelists of today have produced effects so strong, striking, even startling, that there seems little in common between them and Miss Austen's quiet tales, whose characters

are nowise remarkable either for exalted virtue or deep depravity, are placed in no unusual situations, and come to no tragic ends. Yet if these nicknames mean anything, we should class Jane Austen among the realists. Of course there are degrees of power among the disciples of any school of art. Miss Austen was not great, though Mr. Lewes pronounced her such. Charlotte Brontë, in a letter to Lewes, modestly but firmly expressed her disagreement with this judgment upon an author who, however "shrewd and observant, is totally devoid of poetry and elevation." While in her own work Charlotte Brontë drew largely on her narrow experience of life, she maintained the rights of the imagination. "We suffer reality to suggest, never to dictate," she remarks in the same letter. Her novels are surely no models of literary execution, though Jane Eyre, the best story and told in the most condensed style, has few defects. It may be called melodramatic; it lends itself, no doubt, to burlesque like that of Bret's Harte's Condensed Novels; yet after all there is present in it a



good sense and a good taste, embodied in the heroine, that saves it from pure sensationalism. And the work of her original, powerful imagination, evident in every page, — an imagination that was never inactive, burning with a clear flame, lighting up and peopling with its own visions the obscure solitude of Charlotte Brontë's existence, — what a contrast it presents to that of Miss Austen's well-ordered mind, practical and keen rather than fine or subtle, alert to seize on salient marks of character and the humorous aspects of common life, and hitting them off with such light and easy touches that a careless reader fails to do justice to a cleverness that gives itself no airs. Her limitations are very apparent; the author's mental and moral quality is much the same as that of the better sort of people she depicts, — persons of discreet judgment and kindly disposition rather than large intelligence and generous soul. In the eighteenth century "good sense" was highly prized; in Miss Edgeworth's stories it ranks almost as the highest of virtues. Unless good sense predominate, the most generous traits count for little. What model young women Caroline and Rosamond Percy and Belinda Portman are! The strength of mind they display in forming a matrimonial engagement is nothing less than heroic. Yet somehow Miss Edgeworth contrives to impress us with a belief in the real existence even of such paragons as Caroline and Count Altenberg. Miss Edgeworth was a more ambitious artist than Miss Austen; she used a larger canvas, and crowded it with figures, sometimes much too full for good management of their action. The excess of the didactic element in her novels injures them, and in this respect they are inferior to Miss Austen's; yet it was through their moral quality that they exercised so strong an influence on her contemporaries, who measured them by a lower ideal of literary art than ours, and who, having seen the unsettling ef-

fect of the French Revolution, recognized the value of Miss Edgeworth's sound views on matters of sentiment and conduct. In the work of both of these novelists there is a noticeable absence of the slightest reference to religion.

The literary artist may not contradict the facts of observation, but surely he should transcend them if he is to give us the truth of human nature and life; for truth is a universal, and the actual fact of observation is always a particular, a part which exists only as related to other particulars or portions of the whole. A keen eye and a good memory alone do not arrive at truth. The imagination lifts to a plane whence facts are seen to group and arrange themselves in rational relations, and on the discoverer's mind there flashes the light of a great induction, such as that in which Newton saw the law or truth of gravitation. How shall we name the greatest artists the world has known? Was Shakespeare a realist or an idealist? Was he not both? Does not the question seem a futile one with regard to any of the highest masters in art? The theory a writer holds of his art may have a certain effect upon his production, to make or mar it, but I am disposed to think that his theory is rather the outcome of his faculty, and that he works more independently of theory than he himself is aware, and according to his native gift, — in short, not as he will, but as he must, work. The homely proverb about the proof of the pudding comes to my mind very often: if the productions of some of our most convinced realists, those who proclaim and maintain their faith most loudly, are the result of their theory, then so much the worse for the theory, for the novels of these gentlemen are the most insipid pudding ever offered us. George Sand avowed herself an idealist, and so does Mr. Stevenson; George Eliot never gave out any theory of her art, and neither does Thomas Hardy. Let us have



such work as theirs, different in style, but alike unmistakable in quality and worth, and it may be labeled with any adjective the critics choose to give.

German Opera and the Voice. — I echo most emphatically the Warning Voice lifted up by a member of the Club at our last meeting. When the German opera was first introduced into America, there was no limit to the enthusiasm of the music-loving population of the great cities. But after a time discreet criticisms began to appear in the most advanced journals. The orchestra was sometimes complained of as too loud, and the principal singers were found to be not quite perfect in their art.

It is significant to note that the fault found with the voices was on account of the unevenness of the tones, the marked break between the registers, the disagreeable prominence of guttural sounds in the lower range; and these ruinous errors are entirely due to the method. Nowadays voices are pushed back and pressed down instead of being brought forward and held high.

The best singers of Wagner's music to-day are the singers who were trained in the old Italian school and developed through the practice of Italian opera. But, unfortunately, these singers are dying out, and their successors have neither their training nor their practice to fortify them against the demands of "the music of the future."

It is the fashion to assert that "Italian opera is dead," and this in face of the fact that the greatest living singer sings only in Italian opera. It is an absurd assertion, for there will always be voices for which florid music is better suited than any other, and there will always be listeners who prefer brilliant execution to heavy recitative. Patti will never want for an audience, nor will any other singer who is perfect in her art. The trouble is that the increasing popularity of German opera has caused a proportionate carelessness in the render-

ing of the works of the rival school, and therefore it is no wonder that the public prefer Lohengrin in full glory to Lucia indifferently performed. Des Teufels Antheil was recently given in the Royal Opera at Munich, and as Fräulein Dressler cannot sing florid music, Carlo Broschi's trills and runs, which make that rôle so attractive, were omitted! One of the daily papers acknowledged that the omission was a rather daring innovation, but excused it on the ground that "*we Germans do not care much for colorature.*" What made the incident still more surprising was the fact that only a short time previous to this maimed performance Lucca had sung the rôle in her most brilliant manner to a crowded and enthusiastic house. In the same theatre, Robert der Teufel was given not long ago with the part of Isabella omitted! Think of it, — Robert without the Gnadens aria!

The following anecdote will illustrate the indifference of the extreme Wagnerites to thorough vocal culture. One of the most prominent devotees of the Wagner cult in Germany was recently extolling the capacities of Marianne Brandt as an interpreter of Wagner, when a bystander ventured to interpose an adverse criticism respecting that artist's voice; whereupon the music director hastened to exclaim, "*Oh, she can't sing at all! She does n't know how to sing!*" and then proceeded in his eulogy of her great dramatic power, her immense capacity for expression. Now when a thorough musician claims preëminence for a singer who "does n't know how to sing," it is high time to stop and see whither this infatuation is tending. The man was more nearly right than most admirers of the new school of music would be willing to allow. Very few of the younger singers know how to sing; and at all the great musical centres there is an immense number of disappointed aspirants, pupils who have broken down before finishing their studies, *débutantes*

who have been forced to retire after a short and unsuccessful probation, artists who possess all the acquirements belonging to their profession excepting the voice, which has either been spoiled by wrong training or worn out by excessive demands upon its power.

The Wagnerites are accustomed to assert that Wagner's music does not injure the voice. But this pleasing delusion will not bear the test of experience. Let any one listen to Heinrich Vogl when he comes, fresh from his summer vacation, to such rôles as Severus or Don Ottavio, and then hear him again after he has been through the Nibelungen Cyclus, and there will no longer be the slightest question as to the effect of Wagner's music upon the voice. Vogl has the advantage of a perfect method added to the gift of an organ exceptionally strong. Yet the tired sound does not leave his voice for weeks afterwards, and there is no doubt that his power will fail prematurely in consequence of the tremendous strain so frequently applied.

The injury from which a powerful male voice cannot protect itself falls with still greater force upon the more delicate female organ. It is not only the great volume of sound required which does harm, but the abrupt transitions, the long leaps, the extended compass, are also cruel in their unnatural demands upon vocal endurance. Of all the artists who have attempted the rôle of Ortrud upon the Munich stage during the last decade, Frau Vogl and Frau Reicher-Kindermann are the only ones who have sung it in the right way; that is, without any change of register, any descent into guttural tones in the lower range. Frau Vogl (Frau Reicher-Kindermann died young, after a brief career) deserves universal recognition for her excellent method, her smooth, true tones, her entire avoidance of the faults of the new school. She and Frau Joachim are almost the only prominent

German singers who render alto parts with the mellow tones which were formerly considered indispensable to the lower range. The Vogl pair, with Frau Wekerlin (whose voice is like an organ, capable of sounding through and above even the orchestra and chorus of a Wagner opera) and Gura, whose thorough culture and depth of expression are rarely equaled, constitute the glory of the Munich stage at the present date. The younger members of the company are all crude, all more or less spoiled by bad training, especially by persistent use of the guttural chest tones in their lower notes, which involves thinness in the middle range and sharpness in the high tones. The débutantes who appear from time to time as graduates of the music school, or pupils of one or another of the famous teachers of the day, have the same faults and the same deficiencies, and altogether the musical outlook is discouraging.

It may be asked, Who and where are the good teachers, the adherents to the true method, the saviours of the perishing human voice? Alas, that is a question more easily asked than answered. The good teachers, like the good singers, are dying out, and we may be thankful if there are enough left to hand down the old traditions against the time when these shall be appreciated and followed. Certain it is that the teachers who are at present the most celebrated are not true to those traditions; otherwise their "stars" would be more brilliant and more enduring.

Strakosch, who trained Adelina Patti, and partially trained Nikita, was master of the old Italian method, and there was a teacher in Stockholm who knew the secret; but both these are dead, as is also Teschner, of Berlin.

Frau Sophie Förster, now living in Prague, has no superior in the art. Stockhausen, in Frankfort, an Italian professor in Paris (Sbolcia?), Madame Lanier, of Geneva, belong to the good

old school. There was at least one such teacher in London a few years ago, and one in Boston, and one in New York, whose names deserved to be carved in gold upon imperishable stone, but which are unknown to the writer.

One of the most prominent professors of vocal culture in Paris recently said, "*There is one thing I do know: I know how to train a voice. I have spoiled enough voices in my time to know how to avoid spoiling them now.*" Such a teacher is more to be trusted than one who is still engaged in the spoiling process. But best of all is to find one who knows from the beginning what is to be done and what to be refrained from in the delicate task of developing the human voice. Happy the would-be singer who meets with one of these safe guides; unhappy he who yields to the pressure of his day and generation, and wastes his time and his money to the destruction of his glorious gift.

As preventive of disaster, it may be suggested, as a general rule, to avoid any teacher who begins instruction by explaining the mechanism of the throat and the division of the registers, or who requires loud, strong tones before the voice is developed, or who allows the voice to descend into guttural tones upon the lower notes. To discover a teacher in our day who does not commit all these blunders is a hard task, in which it only remains to wish the seeker good-speed.

The Color that was not Akin. — My tea-gown was made of gray cashmere, and it was trimmed with yards and yards of "old rose" ribbon; my cousin Pamela had been a serious, literal person, with pale brown hair combed smoothly back of her ears. The tea-gown was pronounced in effect; my cousin Pamela was neutral, and yet the gown forever reminded me of her. Whatever it is, said I to myself, it is not the colors. They are not suggestive of a character

neutral and unaggressive! It was not the cut of the gown, because cousin Pamela's waists were rigid, the skirts voluminous. I puzzled over the matter, and then I discovered that, after all, the suggestion was in the colors, — in the psychological effect of one on the other, the pink on the gray. As contraries carry suggestions, what the pink was to the gray, that had life not been to cousin Pamela.

She was a pink gray, and was trimmed with blue. That made all the difference in the world to her. There are colors that stand up for themselves, as, for instance, yellow; and there are colors which depend on others, as there is a shade that is olive-green if brown is used with it, or brown if you put it against green. Then there are other colors which depend on the kind of lighting they get, so that stores must have dark, windowless rooms in which evening goods can be shown by gaslight. There are also the daylight colors: blue or pink in the sunshine; green, yellow at night; and as the twilight grows, what becomes more black than does red? It is easy to see how colors vary, and how they depend on conditions. There is a philosophy which discourses upon all this, but with that we just now have nothing to do. Here it is that colors differ from tones. A tone is an honest, uncompromising creation. Given so many vibrations, and you will get the tone you want, be it day or night, light or dark, noisy or still. If the medium be but true, and "untempered" by the hand of the tuner, A is A, and not G, and A sharp is not B flat. Colors are evasive, and have to be held to their promises, but tones travel in paths of truth.

My cousin Pamela was not consciously evasive, but I see now how subject she was to conditions, and she did evade herself and the world. Never was there a more simple-minded, sincere woman, but she was not well placed. She

was not the shade of gray she appeared to be, and so did not harmonize. I think that in spite of her quiet character every one felt there was a discordant element around her, and I remember the family used to explain and account for her. Yet I am sure there was nothing to explain or account for in her character, certainly not in her life. It was the blue with which her life was surrounded that brought out false effects. It made her character barren and cold where it should have been gently joyous. When she died, people thought of her as they might of a nun, and the clergyman said at her funeral that she had led a life of self-abnegation. I do not think so. She missed much, but she surrendered very little. She was one of the women who cannot make lives for themselves, but who take the bread offered to them. If I do not thrive on bran bread, it becomes me to get wheat; but if, like a young bird, I sit still and open my mouth for whatever comes, I must thrive as I can. There was no question of cousin Pamela's industry or devotion, and she took a great interest in people and in details. Thus she lived in the life of others. She was like the traveler who stays at home and reads stories of foreign lands. After a time he knows more of Africa than the African does, but no ship ever sets sail with him as passenger for the African shores. So cousin Pamela had opinions upon all she heard about, but there was little that her own experience ever touched. She was always interested in our affairs, living with us as she did. And it was easy to be interested in us, we were so merry, so much alive. My father and mother were exactly the same age, and had married young; and when I came to be old enough to share their busy social life, I took my place, and nothing was different between us, except that they had their friends and I had lovers. The play went on around cousin Pamela, but she never dreamed of going on the

stage, nor indeed of sitting in the audience. She busied herself about the wings, and saw the wrong side of the scenery. She fancied she knew how everything looked; but how could she, when the actors turned their backs on her, and the property-man was ever in her mind? Yet by her orderly supervision of affairs she helped keep the centre of gravity in its place; and I know of no greater cause of disturbance than the allowing of the centre of gravity to shift about. Everything pulls wrong, and readjustments are difficult.

Cousin Pamela knew that our view of life differed from her own; of course she made her own the standard of comparison, and was often sorry for us, but we took her for granted. We thought her old in years, and she was also an invalid; and these two facts accounted for a great deal, and stood for themselves. You had to surrender a good many things, but you did not care, because you did not want to do them. Being sick governed the whole case. As for age, she really was not much older than my parents, but she counted her years, and not her strength. In the circle to which she belonged, people "settled" early. From fifteen to twenty they went up-hill, from fifty to death they went down; and so there was a long level of thirty years, when unmarried women or women without children were middle-aged. And I am not sure that this is not a most comfortable division of life. You leave the fever and fret of youth, and have not come to the indifference of age. On such a plateau we should be serene, and there should be little force lost in friction. Perhaps cousin Pamela settled herself early because she had no thought of marrying. She had had her little dream, having, as might have been expected, fallen in love with her minister. She viewed him as a saint in the pulpit, and a suffering widower at home. What the odor is to the rose, so, to her, were his sermons to his character, and she spent

long hours, when she was busy with her needle, dreaming of all she could do to make him happy. After a while she came to know him personally, and love died from starvation. The seed was sown on a rock, and there was no nourishment for it. He was commonplace, selfish, and uninteresting, and the glamour faded before such facts. After this, she had no thought of love; she was too busy thinking of all she had to do.

People take it for granted that old maids must have histories, that every human being must go through a given experience; but hearts often sleep from birth to death. It is as foolish a mistake as to suppose that all married people who are content are so because they love. Real love is a key-tone struck in heaven, and very few of us can sing in the pitch it gives. Cousin Pamela sighed sometimes, remembering, but she had lost nothing; she had had nothing.

One of the shaping tenets of her life was her resolution in holding on to the position of a lady. She drew the line between the lady and the working-woman on the question of payment. A lady could do anything that was necessary, because work degraded no one, but a lady was never paid. It was payment that degraded. What my mother gave her in clothing cousin Pamela accepted as her due, but not as wages. She gave her services for protection, and because it became her, as a member of the family, to be useful.

This was cousin Pamela as we knew her, but she was in truth something different, because she was forever being explained. Why should so simple a character need explanation? I believe that if her soul was in death sown by us as wheat, in its new birth it came up a rose-bush, or a portulaca, or perhaps even a palm-tree, and so in the other life we shall never recognize her! That is why she was so curious in many ways, and what we thought eccentricities in her were the hints given by an un-

developed, suppressed creature. If she had had a fond mother, who would have placed her in a hot-house atmosphere, and then expected things of her, who can tell what she might have been!

I come back to it, — her life should have been trimmed with old rose, and not with blue. My parents and I found blue most satisfactory and becoming, but it made our poor cousin lead-colored. It killed the sensitive gray of her character, and I am sure we never saw her as she was. I fear she never knew herself, — not in this life.

A Day on the — Mr. Bradford Torrey, dismountain. coursing in his happiest vein of the charms of *An Old Road* (*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1887), allowed himself a gentle fling at the Byronic affectations or professional mountaineer's conceit of those persons who cannot be content to hold familiar intercourse with Nature along the beaten paths, but must be ever scrambling through trackless woods or keeping tally of the miles they traverse. I have my own favorite wood paths, and Mr. Torrey's delightful essay brought them all to mind, with their border of

“mosses, ferns, and flowers shy  
That hide like gentle nuns from human eye  
To lift adoring perfumes to the sky.”

But the forest has also its spell; at the risk of treachery to my cherished Wordsworthian traditions, and of classification in the Byronic category, I must confess to “a pleasure in the pathless woods,” and a passionate delight in the exercise of tramping. To start off on a clear August morning, with all the hours till sunset lying before one like a shining river, that dances and ripples, and curves away round the hill to a fairy-land of the unknown; and to return at night with the hours rolled up and stored back in one's heart, with a delicious fatigue through all one's bones, and a physical content which is almost equal to the mental gain of having made one's peace with the universe, — that is

a day's pleasure as rounded and complete as the Alpha of dawn and the Omega of slumber can make it.

I passed one such day in wandering over a shaggy New Hampshire mountain, which lay stretched at length like some uncouth animal, with its lower ridges, for the most part densely wooded, extended like broad, rough paws. I went on and on, with that restlessness which comes to one with the breath of the mountains, when motion seems a prime condition of enjoyment, and there is a synthetic pleasure in passing beautiful scenes with a mere glance, and obliterating details in the stark impression of loneliness and freedom. I came upon a little woodland dell between two ridges, wide and shallow, with sharply defined walls; on one side a steep wooded ascent, and on the other a perpendicular ledge of rock, covered with mosses and waving ferns. It was a spot where shade and silence were held as in a vessel. The trees were old and apart; there was no underbrush; the ground showed mossy dimples in which one would naturally look for a spring, but no spring gathered in its bosom the moisture of the dell, or interrupted with its tinkle the perfect silence. The ravine itself, in its transparent freshness and coolness, was like a hidden forest pool. The only living thing I saw there was a shy, olive-backed thrush, who appeared for an instant, and flew noiselessly away, accentuating, as it were, by his vanishing the absence of life.

From the greenness and cloistered loveliness of the little dell it was a transition almost as abrupt as scene-shifting which brought me, after a short climb, to an open summit of granite, with a bright vein of quartz running across it, and a large white boulder perched like a cairn upon the highest point. The sun shone brilliantly on the bare rock; the wind blew with a gusto, as it blows on high peaks, and two hawks, circling in the air at the

bend of the little mountain, strengthened the impression which it gave of heights and austerity. On one side the outlook was over undulations of forest; on the other was a view which was not unlike the ideal landscape in the first section of a school geography: a river starting from a background of mountains, and advancing through a valley sprinkled with trees and farmhouses, past a town, under a bridge, and round a little island. At one point, where it widened to a circle, the river had suddenly caught the sun's glance, and flashed back its rays like a mirror. Near by to the northward, across a wooded ravine, rose the massive forehead of old Shaggy-Top, a rounded granite cliff, with a mane of fuzzy pine-trees; not a path anywhere, — only tangles of scrub pine and larger forest.

I planned an attack, and struck into the woods. Half-way up the cliff I found the fragrant fern, said to be always a denizen of the damp recesses under waterfalls, growing high and dry in the blaze of a hot sun and in the lee of a projecting rock, its odor, faintly suggestive of mignonette, as sweet as in the moist haunts where it is usually found. And farther up, in the scant soil of a narrow ledge, was a little colony of delicate blue harebells, a flower which I had not seen in the valley below, and did not see again during the entire summer. From whence had its seeds been tossed to that high window-garden?

In the woods at the top of the mountain the ground was carpeted with deep, soft moss, of a light green hue, on which the leaves of the wood sorrel made everywhere a delicate starry pattern. The moss covered many a pitfall, where the roots of the trees had decayed and left deep hollows; but the feet move to a new measure in the woods, and take account of such dangers as quickly as the eyes. There is a curious, almost invented aspect about that high mountain vegetation: we hardly feel that we



have a right to it in New England. And away in the heart of the woods, in a slight depression of the mountain-top, I found a little lake, lying tranquilly amid its marsh, with red-tinged pitcher plants in profusion, and thick, low bushes of a grayish-green tint, which gave a sort of minor tone to the landscape. That was Dream Lake, and very soft and dreamy it looked in the afternoon light. A hare started from the marsh grass and ran; there were tracks in the soft black earth which I tried to identify as deer tracks. The marsh had a look of secrecy deeper than the mystery of the woods.

I chose as my homeward guide the brook which flowed from the lake, knowing that it was sure to go down, and pretty certain to seek the direction of the river. And down it went, merrily, in little falls and rapids; then, slackening its pace, it loitered and dallied in a sombre ravine. The sun had gone behind the western ridge, along which I trudged for some distance, walking of necessity on one side of my heels, and trying, by hugging the slope, to cut off some of the windings of the brook, which was always within hearing. I rejoined it at last, and suddenly my companion took a short leap, then a longer one. Scrambling and sliding down the steep bank, I gained a ledge of rock which projected across the stream, and found myself midway down a cascade, where a slender stream of water poured over a precipice which slanted abruptly above and below me. Close by, a feathery birch stood out from the rock, and, looking under its plumes, I could see the familiar mountains and the familiar road, perhaps a mile off by an air-line. A mile more of level road, restful and pleasant after the roughnesses of forest and brookside, was to end my long, happy tramp.

A Dakota  
Blizzard.

— As the time for blizzards comes round again, I propose to invite the Club to meet at our camp

in Rosebud Agency, southern Dakota. To prepare the minds of the members, let me recall our experience of last January. We knew before we got out of bed, in this little government school-house, that the most awful storm we had ever witnessed was imminent. Lilia drew the curtain back from the window by the bed to see if it were time to get up, and her exclamation brought me to the window at once. The sky was inky. In a few minutes the storm began, and in half an hour from this time it was at its height. Lilia ventured a few yards out of the front door at its beginning, and was near not getting back. The wind struck her with such violence as to bring her head down to a level with her knees, and take away her breath. She said she was near falling on her face, and she knew that if she fell she would not get up again. She got to the house, bent at the angle into which the wind had forced her. The storm raged, without one moment's abatement or lull, during the whole day and far into the night, when we fell asleep. At first the little frame building creaked and shivered like a ship at sea, and we wondered how anything constructed by the hand of man could stand against that wind. After the first half hour, it was impossible to distinguish the sound of groaning timbers, for the ears were filled with the rush of the elements. It was like the roar and surging of a mighty ocean.

We were glad that we were not the first inhabitants, for we should have thought the earth had slipped her orbit and was rushing through space, or that the Last Judgment was about to be ushered in.

Being in the house, we could see out a few yards on one side, — the side from which the storm did not come. On the other three sides, the snow beat and came in (though the house is close and tight), and went half-way across the school-room. It hung in a beautiful



fringe, several inches long, from the drying-rope stretched across the room, and festooned the maps on the walls, and finally blocked up the windows till they were as impenetrable as snow-banks.

It was a comfort to us to believe, as we then did, that this greatest of all the blizzards had set in as early in other camps as in ours, and that no human being was exposed to its fury. No sun had risen over our heads on that day, and we had rung no school-bell; we could not know that bells were ringing from many a prairie school-house, and that the fair promise of the day was lurking men, women, and children to their doom. We were gazing, awestruck but calm, from our window, and saying that we wished for a photographer to picture forth the arctic interior of a government school-house in a Dakota blizzard, and for an artist, great in portraying Nature's moods, to immortalize on canvas the tempest-tossed prairie without.

On the afternoon preceding this destructive day, no snow fell, but the force of the wind was so great that it lifted up from the boundless prairie the accumulated drifts of weeks, and carried them along in great waves, so that the whole earth seemed in motion and rising heavenward. The outline of these vast billows and the intervening troughs, as seen against the horizon, was the most impressive sight that had ever met our eyes.

On the morning of the 13th, the mercury registered twenty-five degrees below zero, and the wind was blowing cruelly. The drifts between us and the village were so deep that we thought it unsafe to ring for the children. But they came over the half mile, through drifts waist-deep to large children, and the two faithful policemen, Stiff Arm and Cut Foot, came to see how we had got through the blizzard. (Cut Foot's name was a sore trouble to us when first we came to these Indians. When I called him or spoke of him, *Cut Throat*

seemed invariably to slip off my tongue. Lilia objected seriously, but it was not till after some very plain words and several private rehearsals that I finally got the right name fixed in my head.)

The school-room was not to be thought of on that bitter day, and we brought the children and the policemen into our bedroom to thaw out. We run the mercury up to one hundred and ten degrees within two feet of the stove; at a distance of eight feet, it was ninety-five degrees lower. Not one of the children uttered a sound of complaint, but the big tears rolled silently down the swollen cheeks of one of the little girls when the genial warmth of the room began to make her comfortable.

Presently the third policeman, One Feather, rode up from the Agency, fifteen miles distant. His nose was badly frosted, and his usually thin face was swollen past recognition. As he had assured us, on our first coming, that he wished to be a "sister" to us, we put him in the warmest corner.

Our fifteen-mile-off neighbor, the young teacher at the next camp, stepped in one evening to ask if we could give him a bed for the night. He had been trying all day to get to his camp, and had consumed four hours in traveling one mile and a half. His plucky little Indian pony dragged the wagon through the heavy drifts by main force, the wheels not turning, and the horse *waddling* where he could not walk. The faithful creature was quite exhausted. A sheet of ice inclosed his nose, and an icicle more than a foot long hung from it. This gentle animal, during the blizzard of the 12th, not only broke his halter, but pawed down a thick stable door, with hinges a foot long. His master went out into the storm to see how he was faring. He spent two hours in looking for him, though he was only a few yards from him. When found, he was a mass of ice, his eyes nearly closed by it, and a giant icicle hanging from his

nose. Mr. Warner's own eye lashes froze every time he winked, and he had to hold his hand to his face and send the hot breath up to them before he

could open them again. We hear this is common enough in Dakota, but Lilia and I don't stay out long enough to wink.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Björnson's drama of Sigurd Slembe has been translated by William Morton Payne, who also supplies an admirable introduction. (Houghton.) The figures in this dramatic trilogy are tremendously real, but the realism is the powerful image of a poetic brain; and though the scenes lie back in the twelfth century, they have an immediateness of force which is the result of high poetic art. It should be said that there is no concession to the modern reader. Björnson has not tried to turn his drama into nineteenth-century idiom; and while there is no pedantic archaism, there is the broad, rude archaism which results from a strong imaginative handling, unafraid of the old facts and the old manners. — The Song of Miriam and other Verses, translated and original, by M. Woolsey Stryker. (Biglow & Main, Chicago). Chiefly religious in spirit, and not marked by any special form. — Madeleine, a Poem in Fragments, by Daniel Chauncey Brewer. (Putnams.) — Poems, by Richard Edwin Day. (Cassell.) There are commonplaces in this volume, but more than once the reader is struck by lines, passages, poems, which are very far from commonplace. Such is the line in *Katydid*, —

"Frail gossip by the couch of dying day,"

Such are the closing lines in *Daisies*, —

"Ye live a wakeful dream 'twixt sky and sod,  
And, when ye perish, die as would a god  
Last looking at the sun from maidens' laps."

And such is the poem *Spain*, which is full of force and flame. The poems on flowers have imagination as well as fancy, as witness *Lines on the Emperor Moth*; and altogether Mr. Day has a right to be called a poet. But he appears not to know when he has written an inferior poem. — It seems odd to see from *Buenos Ayres* a poem of *Rupert's*, translated from the German into Spanish by G. Puelma Tupper. — *Monadnoc* and other Sketches in Verse, by J. E. Nesmith. (Riverside Press, Cambridge.) There is a self-poise about this poetry which gives the reader an agreeable surprise. We know nothing of the writer, but his poetry

suggests a vigorous nature, a serenity of mind, and a fine disregard of the restlessness which affects most poets. Some of his sonnets have real virility, and his pictures of nature, if not charged with richness of imagination, have the quiet, translucent charm which springs from the reflection of nature in a trained and contented eye. — The Poetical Works of Gay Waters, including the *Wicota*. (Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati.) What is the *Wicota* which is thus included? Some notion of it may be obtained from the dedication "to Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and Sitting Bull, chiefs of the 20,000 Sioux." If the dedication would only set those gentlemen to reading Gay Waters's poems, it is possible that some of the lines in *Wicota* would make them question if it were worth while to whiten the red man. What sort of a civilization is it which can produce this young married woman? —

"Her husband's income? Fifty a week,  
Outside of what the servants eat.  
This is not much, but 't is enough  
To gain the journalistic puff,  
And buy her spring and winter 'gear,'  
And add a polish to her sneer,  
And bid her sawdust bosom heave  
Her collar-bone just where the sleeve  
Is padded with some pounds of wadding,  
To keep her ancient blood from clogging."

The italics are our own. It will take *Spotted Tail* some time to spell out these anatomical movements, and so allow his tomahawk to rust. — *Book of Day-Dreams*, by Charles Leonard Moore. (Lippincott.) It is a good while since we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Moore's poetry. Pleasure can pretty surely be counted on when his books turn up; not the pleasure which comes from an easy abandonment to a light-voiced singer, but that which springs from encountering vigorous imagination at work with material not altogether plastic, but yielding fairly good form. This volume contains a hundred sonnets, as Shakespeare conceived sonnets to be, and they have a sequence which, if not entirely intelligible on a single reading, will appear finally to the careful reader. There is a good deal of pomp

of words and many sounding phrases which refuse to deliver up clear sense; there is some want of melody; and how could Mr. Moore, in his last sonnet, produce such a line as

"Adieu, adieu, my dreams! but unto thou"?

The poem — for such the whole series is — contains the old quest of the soul for a satisfying solution of its being. Faults it has, but one could forgive faults to a poet who could write these lines at the end of his poem: —

"Still courage keeps my soul. Though baffled, this  
Broods like an eagle o'er the blank abyss.

O eagle, flown beyond this faded day,  
Thy height is won, thou hast thine heart's desire;  
A wider ether would thy wings essay,  
And the fire in thee sought the source of fire.  
Now is the end, now night thy gaze restrainest,  
On vacant space thy plumes can beat no more;  
Beyond thou canst not, and beneath disdainest,  
Thou hold'st devoured the deeps thou hast passed o'er.  
What is there left? In narrow circles flying,  
To wheel forever on this verge of life,  
Or solemn-souled and sure, and fate defying,  
Sweep in proud splendor past the shores of life,  
Ages on ages hence perchance to fall,  
Or to make covert and discover all."

— Moore's *Irish Melodies* and Leigh Hunt's *Tales from the Italian Poets* are two recent additions to the admirably selected Knickerbocker Nuggets series. (Putnams.) — Porter & Coates have issued a new edition, the twenty-seventh, of their excellent *Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry*, edited by Henry T. Coates.

*Fiction.* In *A Man Story*, by E. W. Howe (Ticknor), the author returns somewhat to the curious manner of his first book, *The Story of a Country Town*, and his humor sticks out in the same awkward fashion. — Molly Bishop's *Family*, by Catherine Owen. (Houghton.) Like this author's previous books, this is a domestic-economy treatise in the guise of a story; but it is unblushingly frank, and the reader takes the recipes for Windsor pie, meat fritters, and croquettes as a sort of substitute for the picnics which he is invited to in Mr. Howells's stories. However, this book deals more with the raising of a family than of a loaf. It is sensible, unpretentious, and realistic enough. What is more real than a pickled-up dinner, unless it be a dropped egg or a spoiled child? — *The Story of an African Farm*, by Ralph Iron, *alias* Olive Schreiner, appears at the head of Messrs. Roberts Brothers' new Handy Library. The book, while dealing externally with scenes on an ostrich farm, is most concerned with the religious experience of the hero. There is a singular suggestion of Björnson in the manner of this book. The author writes like one of little experience in book-making, who has brooded over her subject so intensely that the oddity of her form ceases to be an affectation. — *Autrefois*, *Tales*

of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere, by James A. Harrison. (Cassell.) Eleven stories, chiefly of Creole life. Mr. Harrison writes with enthusiasm, but the color in his stories, though laid on rather lavishly, is a color of words largely. His stories shrink when repeated only as stories, and one is likely to be rather fatigued with the brilliancy of their setting. — *The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot*, by William Minto. (Harpers.) An historical romance, the scene laid in Wat Tyler's insurrection. — *Doctor Ben*, by Orlando Witherspoon (Ticknors), is a reissue in paper form of a clever Canadian story brought out some half dozen years ago. — *Sinfire*, by Julian Hawthorne, and *Douglas Duane*, by Edgar Fawcett, are two stories in one volume. (Lippincott.) — *Behind Closed Doors*, by Anna Katharine Green. (Putnams.) Given an impossible situation, it cannot be so very difficult to weave a cunning web, first to conceal the situation, and then to disclose it. One would not guess Miss Green's plot, because by so doing he would convict himself of lunacy. — *A Pure-Souled Liar*. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) The drainage is bad in this book. — *The Elect Lady*, by George MacDonald. (Appleton.) Readers of this writer will find something of the old mixture of mysticism and Scotch shrewdness, but the story itself is somewhat novel. — *Through the Long Nights*, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. (Harpers.) Whatever the story may be, no one ought to ask any one to read it, either through long nights by the electric light, or through long days in sunlight, so long as it is printed in such wickedly small type. — *A Counsel of Perfection*, by Lucas Malet. (Appleton.) A short novel with a good deal of strength in it. Such a character as that of Lydia Casteen is worth drawing. — *The Graysons*, a story of Illinois, by Edward Eggleston. (The Century Co.) — *The Fatal Three*, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) The three are Clotho (or Clortio, as the printer will have it), Lachesis, and Atropos. Miss Braddon seems to have made her position without the aid of any special literary gift. — *The Rebel Rose*. (Harpers.) An English political and society novel, with a melodramatic touch, and a most matter-of-fact way of presenting the melodrama. Clearly the writer was a stage-carpenter by nature. — *Karmel the Scout*, and *The Gun Maker of Moscow*, both by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., are now reissued by Cassell. Is there a *Revival of Letters*? — *Master of his Fate*, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A *Tale of the West Riding*; a tale also of sin and sorrow, as Mrs. Barr's strong tales are apt to be. — *The Pagans*, by Arlo Bates, is reissued in Ticknor's Paper Series; as also *Fortune's Fool*, by Julian Hawthorne. — *The Silver Lock and other Stories*, by popular authors. (Cassell.) With

this and other books of the series, the reader is given, not a chromo, but lots of information about Sapolio, Pears' Soap, Ridge's Food, Perforated Paper, and the like. — The Guardians (Houghton) is a readable novel. Is it misleading to call it old-fashioned, when we merely wish by this term to indicate that it neither analyzes to death nor occupies itself with impossible situations? It is in fact a novel built upon lines familiar to all who know the history of modern fiction. It deals with character as disclosed by selected situations, and those situations are not commonplace, though they are matter of fact. The writers of the novel plainly were interested in it. — With the Immortals, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) — The McVeys, by Joseph Kirkland. (Houghton.) This novel carries forward some of the characters introduced by the author in his novel Zurly. — Nobody Knows, or Facts that are not Fiction, in the Life of an Unknown. (Funk & Wagnalls.) In a sort of Alfred Jingle style, the writer of this book has undertaken to make a hero of the unknown man in life who does the real work of the world. He has brought him into contact with toilers under many phases, and some of his representations of life are graphic; but there is no such unity to the book as would give great force to such a scheme. — The Young Seigneur, or Nation-Making, by Wilfrid Châteaunclair. (Drysdale, Montreal.) An interesting, unhackneyed series of sketches strung upon a semi-biographical string, the author's purpose being to forecast the destiny of Canada. The book is quite worth attention, especially by those who consider the problem of race which old Canada suggests. — My Aunt's Match-Making, and other stories by popular authors. (Cassell.) — Bewitched, by Louis Pendleton. (Cassell.) There is some promise in this melodramatic sketch, but it has the air of a juvenile production, written out of no real conviction of character and its movements. — Madame Silva, by M. G. McClelland. (Cassell.) With this, in the same volume and by the same author, is the tale of The Ghost of Dred Power. Both have a touch of the supernatural in them. — Putnam's Sons have issued a very pretty edition of Thackeray's The Rose and the Ring, with the author's quaint drawings.

*Books for the Young.* Tales of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, by Margaret Vere Farrington. (Putnams.) It is always commendable to bring the early English romances to the notice of the young, and probably each fresh book reaches some who might otherwise miss the knowledge; but this raconteur has no peculiar qualifications for her task, and we would rather give a bright boy or girl the jumble of Sir Thomas Malory, for

the English of that book is sweet and quaint and will affect the imagination, and it is comparatively of little consequence to straighten the stories. — Two Little Confederates, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) The story of two young boys on a Virginia plantation during the war. The scenes have the air of being recalled by the writer, and they are described with a constraint which impresses their general truthfulness upon the reader. — Sparrow, the Tramp, a Fable for Children, by Lily F. Wesselhoeft. (Roberts.) A pleasant little story, in which birds and animals take leading parts. Their fortunes and those of the human actors are skillfully interwoven. — Editha's Burglar, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Jordan, Marsh & Co.) The first presentation of this charming sketch in book-form.

*Education and Text-Books.* The Essentials of the French Language, by P. M. Clerc. (M. V. Lacage, San Francisco.) A book which embodies a teacher's work with pupils who are in a hurry to get command of a working French speech. The arrangement is orderly, and we should think that, with a good teacher behind it, the book might serve its purpose. — A Primer of Memory Gems, designed especially for Schools, by George Washington Hoss, A. M., LL. D. (Bardeen, Syracuse.) These gems are alphabetically arranged, different in this respect from Graham gems, which are arranged in order of merit. The impartiality of the selection is open to some question. The authors, to be sure, are taken from a wide range, including on one page Dryden, Shakespeare, H., Pope, Campbell, and H. The first essential of a gem is that it should not exceed three lines; the next that it should be alphabetically arranged, and it is clear from an examination of the book that H. has been sadly overworked. But he is nobly ready. When Shakespeare fails, Mr. H. steps firmly forward. Who is this H.? Not Mr. Ho — ? — The School Pronouncer, based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; a guide to correct pronunciation by means of exercises in the elementary sounds and their symbols, drills on the phonetic analysis of words, and lessons in words liable to be mispronounced. By W. H. P. Phyffe. (Putnams.) Besides the use of this book by teachers, — and an admirable one it is for them, — it would serve as a quickener of social intercourse. Where else can one find so easily such interesting facts as the pronunciation of "syzygy" and the spelling of "methylenhexphenylphosphonium"? — Inductive Language Lessons, elementary grammar and composition, with a new, simple and effective system of diagramming, by Harris R. Greene. (Lovell.) One of the ingenious methods employed by Mr. Greene is to give

a handful of sentences, some rightly, some wrongly, expressed, and then to set the scholar to correct the whole. His own language sometimes needs correction, as when he says, "Now build these verb-terms into sentences, then diagram them all." — *The Song Century*, compiled by C. W. Bardeen. (Bardeen, Syracuse.) There is considerable variety and liveliness in this small collection, and the editor has gone to good composers for most of his music. — *Aspects of Education, a Study in the History of Pedagogy*, by Oscar Browning. (Industrial Education Association, New York.) This pamphlet deals largely with conditions to be found in England, but by this very treatment it is likely to help American students, since they are enabled to stand off and see the application of principles. It is often confusing to have principles applied to ourselves. — *The New Model First Reader*. (George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.) Chiefly different from other books of its class in having its pictures in high colors. — *Aristotle and the Christian Church*, by Brother Azarias (Kegan Paul, London), belongs among the contributions to the history of education, for it deals with a large historic subject, one of fundamental importance, and touching closely upon the practical questions involved in the controversy between secular and religious education. — *Selected Poems from Premières et Nouvelles Méditations*, edited, with biographical sketch and notes, by George O. Curme. (Heath.) The editor confesses that Lamartine is to him the dearest of all French poets, and frankly warns the student that this partiality may affect his critical judgment; but it has at any rate made him an interesting editor, for he reads the poems with the student as if he cared for them, and did not regard them merely as grammatical exercises. — *Astronomy Note Book*, for High Schools, Academies, and Colleges: thirty-six printed pages, interleaved with blank leaves for notes. By Marion L. Berneike. (Lovell.) — *The Virtues and their Reasons, a system of ethics for society and schools*, by Austin Bierbower. (George Sherwood & Co., Chicago.) This treatise contains much reasonable thought, but we do not well see how it could serve as a text-book in schools. It may help the teacher, but could hardly answer the demands of the ordinary pupil. — *Physical Development, or the Laws governing the Human System*, by Nathan Allen. (Lee & Shepard.) Dr. Allen is a veteran in a field in which he was also a pioneer, and this volume is made up of a series of papers published at different times, many of which have to do with the problem of the education of the body. The author is sometimes somewhat extreme in his views, but

he is a vigorous hitter and has strong, sensible ideas.

*History and Biography*. Of *Many Men* is the title of a collection of anecdotal and reminiscential sketches by T. C. Evans, who was for many years an agent for lecturers and lions. (American News Co.) Thus he tells of his personal relations with Dickens, Bulwer, Sala, Yates, Webb, Weed, Grant, and others. In his capacity as impresario he did not always succeed in his purpose, but his efforts to succeed brought him for a while into close quarters with his noble game. The sketches, however, are not all due to this occupation, but the best things in the book are not Mr. Evans's fragmentary skimmings from new books, but his personal recollections, and these, though not very important, are often quite readable. — *The Advance Guard of Western Civilization*, by James R. Gilmore. (Appleton.) A very interesting study of men and events in the Southwest in the important years just following the Revolution. We are surprised not to notice any reference to James Harrod. — *Men and Measures of Half a Century*, sketches and comments, by Hugh McCulloch. (Scribners.) The reminiscences of a sturdy publicist, who not only narrates his personal experience and describes the men whom he has known, but makes shrewd and telling comments upon public affairs as he has known them and had part in them. Naturally he gives considerable attention to questions of financial management and policy, but in whatever he writes he shows himself a sturdy, hard-headed, and opinionated man, whose opinions are well worth consideration.

*Science*. An Enumeration of the Published Synopses, Catalogues, and Lists of North American Insects, together with other Information intended to assist the Student of American Entomology, by C. V. Riley. This pamphlet is published by the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, which also issues a serial, apparently, under the title *Insect Life*, devoted to the economy and life-habits of insects, especially in their relations to agriculture, and edited by the entomologist and his assistants, with the sanction of the commissioner of agriculture. Is not government going a little too far in entering the field with a free periodical? We cannot see how this differs from any publishing venture, except that the people at large pay all the expenses, and the subscribers get it for nothing. — *Entomology for Beginners, for the Use of Young Folks, Fruit-Growers, Farmers, and Gardeners*, by A. S. Packard. (Holt.) In effect an introduction to the same author's well-known Guide to the Study of Insects. Dr. Packard is always interesting, and has had

good training for just the work he has undertaken in this book; but is it not almost too cramped?

*Sociology and Economics.* Penological and Preventive Principles, with Special Reference to Europe and America; and to the Diminution of Crime, Pauperism, and Intemperance; to Prisons and their Substitutes, Habitual Offenders, Sentences, Neglected Youth, Education, Police, Statistics, etc. By William Tallack, secretary of the Howard Association, London. (Wertheimer, Lea & Co., London.) We give the title-page in full because it serves as an abbreviated table of contents. Mr. Tallack advocates the separate system in prisons, a reasonable culmination of penalties, substitutes for imprisonment, and relies especially upon an appeal to the religious motive. And indeed, when one considers how badly the world has got on, and what claims Christianity makes of possessing the secret of restitution, it would seem that the demand should unceasingly be made upon the religiously educated to find the corrective of monstrous evils in human life, and, above all, in social life.—*Problems of To-Day, a Discussion of Protective Tariffs, Taxation, and Monopolies*, by Richard T. Ely. (Crowell.) Mr. Ely contributed the papers which compose this book to the *Baltimore Sun*, and thus his work is not a *concio ad clerum*. He writes as a professor addressing a crowd, using the nearest illustrations to explain the principles which he holds. Mr. Ely is always interesting, and if he is not dispassionate, his impulses at least lead him to espouse the cause of the many, and not of the few.—*The Tariff and its Evils, or Protection which does not Protect*, by John H. Allen. (Putnams.) Here we have not a malignant professor, but an old ship-owner and merchant battering away at the foundation of all our prosperity.—*Industrial Liberty*, by John M. Bonham. (Putnams.) A thoughtful, well-written, and, we may add, very well-printed book, which traces the development now going on of individual liberty through the operation of industrial laws.—*The President's Message, with Annotations* by R. R. Bowker, is No. 48 of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) The editor, we think, would have made more telling points if he had quoted more freely from the various speeches and reports by Republicans which are in consonance with the message.—*The Tariff History of the United States, a series of essays*, by F. W. Taussig. (Putnams.) In this volume Professor Taussig has reprinted his paper on Protection to Young Industries, which first made him generally known, and has added other papers which he has printed in periodicals. They follow his own course of study, which was somewhat

chronological, so that when brought together they make a tolerably connected history from 1789 to 1887.—*The Centennial of a Revolution, an Address by a Revolutionist*. (Putnams.) An ironical criticism of the position taken by some publicists, notably in the *Political Science Quarterly*, that there has been a revolution, practically, by which the State has gone down before the nation.

*Mechanics.* Krupp and De Bange, by E. Monthaye; translated, with an appendix, by O. E. Michaelis. (Thomas Prosser & Son, New York.) A comparison of the two great European ordnance systems, to the advantage of Krupp. The book contains also an interesting description of the Krupp works at Essen. Messrs. Prosser are Krupp's agents in this country. The book is, of course, a special plea, but it has all the appearance of fairness.

*Dictionaries and Hand-Books.* The *Oxford Dictionary*, by James A. H. Murray (Macmillan), has advanced through Part IV., completing Volume I., which covers A and B, and beginning Volume II. with C, Cass. The first section contains an interesting preface, giving a history of the enterprise. More than two million quotations have been collected, and the names are given of the notable scholars who have aided in the work. No name, however, is so important as that of the editor himself, who has had the labor of organizing and ordering the work. We think readers are wise who subscribe to this work in parts, and so have the pleasure of dipping into the entertaining history of words. After all, there is no book quite so fascinating as a dictionary.—*Mr. Stedman and Miss Hutchinson's A Library of American Literature* has advanced through the fourth volume (Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York), which begins the period of United States history, and carries it in effect to 1820, although of course there can be no rigid demarcation of periods in such a work. As in the earlier volumes, there is evidence of thorough research. The editors have overhauled a great mass of material, and have exercised great economy in their citations, avoiding the prolixity which has been so marked a characteristic of our earlier literature. The biographical notes are brief and to the point, and altogether the work is likely to do what we fancy Mr. Stedman did not foresee,—distinctly add to his fame.—*Hints from a Lawyer, or legal advice to men and women; a law-book for everybody, with reference to property, family, and commercial affairs*. By Edgar A. Spencer. (Putnams.) Like similar books on medical subjects, the conclusion appears to be, In any case of real importance, consult a professional man. This book gives you only a smattering.











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